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FOR

INTER-COMMUNICATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY,
POPULAR SCIENCE, AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM KIDD, OF HAMMERSMITH.

VOLUME I.

COME!
Let us seek the bank, where flow'ring Elders crowd;
Where, scatter'd wild the Lily of the Vale
Its balmy essence breathes; where Cowslips hang
The dewy head; where purple violets lurk,
With all the LOWLY CHILDREN OF THE SHADE.
So shall our well-stored page the fancy lead
Through every rural scene.

THOMSON.

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TO THE READER.

THE TIME HAS NOW COME for us to present our good friends, the Public, with our collected Thoughts of the last Six Months. If they experience only one-half the pleasure in reading, that we have felt whilst writing,—our object will have been fully attained. So much, as regards ourselves.

We need add nothing further,—excepting indeed a hearty acknowledgment of the kind offices rendered us by our literary friends and allies in the paths of Science. We owe them a heavy debt of gratitude for favors received, and for their having cheered us on by the way. Many have been our besetting difficulties; but by their aid, we have survived them all.

Let us solicit a continuance of the same friendly offices; then shall we again appear in December—and with a still more interesting Volume, perhaps, than the present.

WILLIAM KIDD.

NEW ROAD, HAMMERSMITH,

July 1st, 1852.

TO THE READER

THE time was not long far as to present our good friends, the
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WILLIAM KIDD

For John Hamilton

July 1st 1822

INDEX TO VOLUME I.

- Address of the Editor to his Friends and the Public, 1, 8,
 Affectation of Sensibility, 135
 AILSA CRAG, Natural History of, 395
 Albatross, The, 368
 Alligator Hunt, 22
 Anatomy and Mechanism of Birds, 170
 Animalcules, 265
 Animals and their Young, 181, 226
 Animals, their Muscular Power, 379
 Art and its Origin, 366
 Artificial Incubation of Poultry, 247, 380
 Aviary, Occupants of, destroyed by Rats, 11
 Avidavats in Aviaries, 235, 313
 Barclay and Perkins; an Historical Parallel, 47
Battue of Pigeons in America, 80
 Bees.—The Queen, 37; the Drone, *ibid*; the Working Bee, *ibid*; Swarming of, 70
 — Battle of the, 329
 Birds of Song, Re-printed with Additions from the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, 161, 179, 195, 209, 228, 243, 260, 284, 291, 307, 331, 338, 356, 381, 390, 413
 Birds, Are they not sensible? 345
 — Egg-bound, Cure for, 298
 — in a Second Moul, 234
 — Ravages of, 413
 — What they do, and do not, 412
 — How many Eggs do they lay previous to Sitting? 347
 Bird Cages, 74, 91, 219, 249, 265
 Blackbeetles, 329, 379
 Black Snakes of Jamaica, 19
 Blackbird, The, 20, 170, 217
 — A Bald, 58
 — A White, 186
 Blackcap, 105, 314
 Blue Titmouse, Apology for the, 342
 Boa Constrictor, its "Digestive" Powers, 111
 Botanical Explanations, 256
 Brandy, Origin of, 352
 British Warblers, 229, 250, 266, 285, 316, 326
 Bullfinch Killed by Improper Food, 186
 Bullfinches, 43, 153, 170
 — Paired with Canaries, 155
 Butterfly, Chrysalis of, 80
 Butterflies, Migratory, 155, 186
 — Remarkable Flight of Brown Migratory, 58, 122
 Can I?—or can I not? 416
 Canaries Living and Breeding in the Open Air, 289, 321
 Canary, The, 57, 58, 74, 105, 137, 139, 153, 154, 186, 195, 209, 228, 243, 244, 245, 250, 260, 261, 282, 284, 291, 307, 331, 338, 356
 — Lines on the Death of a, 363
 — with Bad Habits, 235, 346; the Surfeit, 298
 — Folly of early Breeding from, 235, 296
 — On "Pairing," 235
 — Sagacity of, 250
 Cat and Rabbit, Anecdote of a, 202
 Cat, A, touched by Remorse, 315
 Cats, 31, 40, 73, 107, 138, 204, 249, 250, 378, 409
 Cats, Distemper in, 380
 — known as "Tier-rangers," 202
 — without Tails, 249, 330, 331, 379
 — Whiskers, Use of their, 320
 Chimney Swallow, a Cage Bird, 283, 393
 Cleanliness next to Godliness, 336
 Cockroaches, 329, 379
 Conscientious Fowl, A, 346
 Cookery, a Positive Science, 79
 Coral Zoophytes, 192
 Crocus, The, 119
 Cow-house, with a Glass Roof, 330
 Crab, Notes on the, 263
 Crow, A perfectly White, 320
 Cruelty to Birds, 192
 Crystal Palace, The, its Prostitution, 327
 Crystallisation, 304
 Cuckoo, 9, 52
 Curiosity of Children, 64
 Daguerreotype, Improvements in, 365
 Death's-Head Moth, The, 349
 Death Watch, The, 359
 Decision of Character, 379
 Diamond, History of the, 343
 Difficulty and Impossibility, 66
 Dog and Kitten, 25
 Dog (Terrier), Troubled with Worms, 139
 Dog-Rat (a Nondescript), 4
 Dogs, Anecdotes of, 23, 24
 — Turnspit, 23
 — Newfoundland, 265
 — Terrier, 265
 — Distemper in, 201, 248, 283, 380
 Domestic Pets, The Squirrel, No. 1, 113
 Dormouse, The, 234, 347
 Drowning, Physiology of, 279
 Duck Eggs Hatched by Fowls, 57, 153, 393
 — ———— Turkeys, 153
 Early Appearance of the Swallow and Night-
 ingale in 1852, 281
 Eggs, Artificial Incubation of, 90, 91, 170
 — On the Fecundation of, 123, 139
 — Remarkable, 249, 347
 Eels, Propagation of, 59, 73, 89, 106, 121, 202
 — Singular Habits of, 218
 Electric Fluid, The—Is it attracted by Color? 222
 Electro-Biology (Carpenter's Lecture), 199, 252
 Elephants, Art of Catching in Ceylon, 53
 Entomological Inquiry, 325
- ESSAYS AND SKETCHES.
- Bathing, 336; Botanical Ramble in the Neighborhood of Abbotsford, 149; Catalogues of the Great Exhibition, or Curiosities of Literature, 302; A Chapter on Aunts, 123; Close of Autumn, 45; Clouds and Sunshine, 100; A Cold, 172; "Comfortable," 109; Country Rambles—Hanger Hill, &c., 273; May-day Ramble near Totnes, 337; London to Dulwich and Norwood, 385; Delights of Fresh Air, 299; Difficulty and Impossibility, 65; Domestic Cogitations, "Buttered Toast," 132; Ease and Elegance Contrasted, 165; An Editor's Letter-box, 42, 216, 360; Educa-

INDEX.

tion of Children, 253, 395; Farmer's Wives in 1550, 415; Flowers and their Associations, 236; Flowers and their Amabilities, 252; A Frost in London, 117; On Genius, 14; Getting up on cold Mornings, 76; The Hawthorn, 70; "He is so Amiable!" 71; "How easy he Writes!" 10; Leap-year, 92; London Bird-catchers, 39; Love of Offspring in Animals, 268; Manners and Independence, 143; Nature and Art, or Modern Follies in Ladies' Dress, 133; Naturalisation of Foreign Birds, 258; "No!" 286; Picture of an English Village, 68; Poetry of Love, 74; Progress of the Seasons, 145, 225, 232, 248, 264, 280, 296, 312, 328, 329, 360, 392, 401; Poor Relations, 207; Rambles in Devonshire, and early Spring Flowers, 155; Reason in Animals, 49; Reminiscences of a Visit to Brignall and Rokeby, 353, 369; Safety Coach, as driven by the "Editor," 88; Salt, the Curse of Old England, 251; Signs of the Times, 358; On "Snow," 55; St. Valentine's Day, 98, 192; Sunset from Mont Blanc, 143; Symptoms of Winter, 60, 69; Thoughts on the New Year, &c., 17; Temperance and Drunkenness, 280; Town and Country Life, 17; Twelfth Day, 13; Two Styles of Living, 77; "We'll see about it," 175; "Who is the Editor? his Invisibility and Un-come-at-a-bility,—a Tale of Mystery, 104
 "Evil World," a Misnomer, 57, 66
 Evil of Hanging Birds in the Sun, 218
 Facts v. Fiction in Natural History, 16
 Fairy Rings, 262
 Fatigue of Standing up in Church, peculiar to the Fair Sex, 144
 Fauvette, The, 357
 Female Costume, the "Bloomers," 29
 Fig-tree, The, 359
 "Five Sundays in February," 215
 Flowers and the Fair Sex, 240
 Flower Gardens on a small Scale, 346
 Frog, The Domestic, 233

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Choice of Company, 15; Excellence, the Result of Labor, 2; Female Loveliness, 16; Folly of Anger, 15; How to break off a bad Habit, 16; Judgments and Perverse Judgments, 15; Sea, The, a great Cemetery, *ibid*; Sorrows of Authors, *ibid*.
 Fleas, How to Destroy, 190
 Fox, Anecdote of a, 107
 Friendship of the World, 135
 Garden, The:—Succulent Plants, 67, 170, 236; Annuals, Biennials, and Perennials, 68, 72, 329; Strawberry Forcing, 110
 Gathering of the Vine, 393
 Geese, Curious Habits of, 25
 Geological Inquiry, 218
 German Paste, 218, 249, 313
 Goldfinch, The, 138, 364
 — Paired with a Bullfinch, 235
 — Mules, 347
 Gold Fish, 91, 267, 314
 Governesses, A kind Word for, 327
 Great Exhibition of 1851, 256, 302, 327
 Greenfinch, The, 123, 235
 Green Food for Birds, 283
 Groundsel, Is it good for Birds in Winter? 73
 Grub in a Coffin, 331

Guinea Pig, 139
 Gull, A Rapacious, 234
 Hard Names in Natural History Deprecated, 27
 Hedgehog, 345
 Hedge-sparrow, The, 26
 Hints to all who keep Song Birds and Domestic Pets, 10
 Hints on "doing Good," 394
 Hoopoe, Specimen of the, 335
 Horse, Anecdote of the, 55
 Humanity to Animals, 278, 314, 328, 329
 Hyæna Hunt, 127
 Igneous Origin of Rocks, 282
 Innocence, Simplicity of, 208
 Insects, 153, 203, 218, 220, 234, 249, 281, 410
 Inscription for an Arbour, 256
 Instinct and Reason, 43, 49, 154
 Irish Bishops, Feathered and Unfeathered, 185
 Jackdaw, A Sagacious, 136
 Jealousy, 98, 112
 "Kidd's Journal" and its Opponents, 103, 119, 120, 134, 136, 152, 168, 184, 312, 344, 376, 408
 Kitten, Singular Anecdote of a, 25
 Lamb and Spaniel, Anecdote of a, 345
 Landscape, Influence of a Fog on a, 16
 Landscape Scenery, *ibid*
 Leech, The, 363
 Liverpool in Disgrace, 88
 Locusts, 160, 330
 London Bird Catchers, 39
 Manchester in Disgrace, 136
 Mastodon, The, 215
 Meal-worms, 251
 Minds, The, of Animals, 116

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

Age, 6; Advantages of Living, 222; Chancery, 375; Comparison, 78, Contention, 304; Delights of a well-stored Mind, 351; Epistolary Proofs of Ardent Affection, 192; Education, 56; Exercise, 270; Experience the Test of Truth, 287; Fancy, 24; Good Temper, 407; Grapes spoilt by Mildew, 411; Gutta Serena, 412; Hops, 411; Hope, 259; Importation of Eggs, 279; Importation of 3000 Quails, 319; Indolence, 67; Insanity, 271; Insignificance, 335; Land of Pearls, 416; Law and Equity for once Identical, 368; Letters, 272; Light of Nature, 208; Lizards in the Human Stomach, 203; Things Lost for Ever, 48; Love, 416; Luminous Appearance presented by Dead Wood, 201; Man, 47; Nice Distinctions and Small Differences, 319; No place like Home, 271; Prejudice, 176; Pressure of the Sea, 279; Progress of Knowledge, 271; Reading and Thinking, 343; Scandal, 295; Scylla and Charybdis, 407; Spring Physic, 315; Strawberries grafted on a Rose, 271; Talent and Genius, 64; Thought in Dreaming, 271; A Time for Everything, 379; Time, 151; True Philosophy, 165; Truth and Falsehood, 127; Vegetarians, The, 272; Vice, 352; Waste of Life, 295; Word against Encores, 416; Wisdom, 24
 Model for a Periodical, 24
 Modern Science—the Magnetoscope, 7, 211
 — Marriages, 402
 Modern Miracles and Impostures—Electro-Biology, 156
 Mole, The, 2, 51
 Moon's, The, Influence on the Atmosphere, 151

INDEX.

Moonlight in the Tropics, 19
 Mosquitoes, &c., in the Brazils, 127
 Moth, Antler, 186
 — Goat, 110, 186
 Moths and Butterflies—How to Attract, 297
 Natural History, On the Study of, 33
 Natural History of Song Birds,—Nestling and Incubation, 241; Language of Birds, 305
 Naturalists, Notes for, 85, 177
 Nests of Birds, Notes on the, 393
 Nightingale, The, 20, 217, 314, 326, 381, 390, 413
 — hatched by Canaries, 365
 — will they Breed in Cages? 283
 — Cages, 203
 — Food, 298
 — in Moscow, 217
 — Eggs hatched by Robins, 138
 Nuthatch, The, 169
 Obituary—Mr. W. Thompson, the Naturalist, Belfast, 187
 — Thomas Moore, the Poet, 206
 Orchis, The, and the Bee, 400
 Ostrich, The, 9, 25
 — Immense Speed of the, 185
 Our "New Title," 352

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

Affections, 240; Brother and Sister, 63; Busy World, 240; Colors in Ladies' Dress, 240; Distinctions, 288; Elegant Motto, 63; Emulation, 128; Father and Son, 163; Good Name, A, 78; Good Heart of Charles Lamb, 128; Habit, 239; Howard's (Mrs.) Spending-Money, 128; Husbands and Wives, 303; Human Animal Economy, 78; Jokers, 128; Joyous Childhood, 303; Love's Sorrow, 63; Moisture Condensed by Cold, 78; Moral Beauty 78; Phrenological Development no Excuse for Crime, 63; Protection to Nightingales, 288; Rustic Baskets for Flower Beds, 239; Superstition gendered by Trifles, 128; World beyond the Eye, 288
 Oysters, Beautiful and Ugly, 135
 Pairing of Birds, 146, 162
 Parrot Tribe, The, 153
 — African, 43, 89
 — Amazon, 105
 — Green, *ibid*
 — Grey, 139
 Parroquets, Australian, 26, 89
 Partridges, 131
 Persecuted Animals, An Apology for, 194, 257, 276
 Photography, Improvements in, 187
 Phrenology for the Million, 118, 129, 147, 164, 182, 197, 213, 230, 261, 293, 310, 341, 373, 405
 Pigeons, 42, 130, 219, 331
 — Bred in a Room, 169
 — Tumblers, 58
 — Diseased, 105, 155

PICKINGS UP AND DOTTINGS DOWN.

Benevolence of Domestic Life, 32; Character, 31; Deceit of Zeal, 31; Distinguished Men always Hard Workers, 12; Genius, 32; Ladies' Hands and Lips, 12; Moisture in Connection with Health, 31; Reflections for 1852, 12, 16; Sleep, Thoughts on, 32; Vitality of Good Men's Deeds, 31; Wit, 12
 Pike, A remarkable, 111

POETRY.

Address to Nature, 270; Ages pass'd away, 87; Albanian Love Letter, 66; Bachelor's Lay of the Olden Time, 128; Blackbird, 20; Day of Spring, 228; Dearest, The, 144; Delights of Spring, 358; Ending of the Drought, 320; Faith and Hope, 279; First Mild Day in March, 146; Flower of Youth, 38; Flowers and Maidens, 80; Forget not the Unhappy, 10; Gentle Boy, 67; Good Temper, 240; Human Life, 224; Keepsake, The, 13; Lines to Mary E. B., 336; Love's Good-Morrow, 191; Love Song, A, 192; Miniature, The, 271; Mother's Petition, The, 112; Moss Rose, Origin of the, 400; Nature and Art, 320; Nightingale, The, 20; Ode to Julia, 76; The One Great Pleasure of Life, 336; Our Own Fireside, 10; Poor Ronald, 56; Poverty, 304; Rosa May, 232; Robin's, The, Appeal, 64; Robin, To the, 87; Scene in May, 343; Skylark, The, 20; Sleep, 168; Snow-drop, 49; Song for January, 32; Song for February, 96; Song for March, 192; Spring, 256; Spring is Coming, 272; Step-Mother, The, 29; Summer is Nigh, 252; Thoughts on a Poet, 56; Up and be Doing, 64; Violet, The, 48; Winter, 80, 112
 Polypi, Tenacity of Life in, 63

POPULAR DISCUSSIONS.

Booksellers' Question, The, 403; Cattle Grazing in Churchyards, 340; The Salmon, 292, 309, 324, 389; on Trout Breeding, 355, 388
 POULTRY, 44, 169, 247, 248, 283, 333, 347, 364, 378, 380
 — Houses, 346
 — who eat their Eggs, Cure for, 347

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Burford's Panorama of Nimroud, 41; Marionette Theatre, 111; Robin's Soirées Parisiennes, 92, 174; Hungarian Musical Company, 223, 253, 415
 Punctuation, &c., Uses of, 400
 "Rape of the Lock," 191
 Rats, Aviary destroyed by, 11
 — How to get rid of, 9, 28, 44
 — Instinct of, 4
 — Want of Instinct in, *ibid*
 — Contrivance of, to escape when caught, 250
 — Water, 363
 — Hanoverian, 363
 Rat and the Serpent, 4
 Raven, a Sagacious, 87
 Rearing young Birds, 297
 Reason as applied to Animals, 49
 Redpole, The, 154

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Anecdotes of Animals, by Mrs. Lee, 4; Bee-keepers' Manual, by Taylor, 36; Country House, The, 5, 52, 114; Critic, The, a Literary Journal, 6; Favorite Song Birds, by H. G. Adams, 20; Flowers, their Language, etc., by H. G. Adams, 66; Flora Tottoniensis, by S. Hannaford, jun., 83; History of British Birds, by Rev. F. O. Morris, 52, 243; History of the Nests and Eggs of Birds, by the Rev. F. O. Morris, 52, 243; History of British Butterflies, by the Rev. F. O. Morris, 243; History of Birds, by Dr. Stanley, 130; Home Influence,

INDEX.

by Grace Aguilar, 5; Junius, Character and Works of, compared, by Wm. Cramp, 23; Mother's Recompense, by Grace Aguilar, 5; Naturalist, The, by Dr. Morris, 2, 51, 243; Naturalist's, The, Sojourn in Jamaica, by Gosse, 19; Outlines of Physiology, by Agassiz and Gould, 3, 34; Reason and Instinct, by Gordonius, 83; Scinde, etc., by Lieutenant Burton, 21; Something New from the Flower Garden, 22; Steam-engine, by H. Reid, 84; Study of Natural History, by F. Crisp, 114; Trout Fishing, Vade-mecum of, by G. Pulman, 162. Ring Ouzel, 187.
 Robin, The, 26, 72, 86, 185, 204, 345, 361, 363, 371, 394, 409.
 ----- Food and Proper Cages for, 393
 ----- A Mesmerised, 234
 Rock Thrush, 266
 Rook, A remarkable Grey-headed, 250, 281, 297
 Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park 157
 Salmon, Cause of its Scarcity, 201
 Scales of Fish viewed by the Microscope, 186
 Seasonable Comforts, a Good Fire, 126
 Sense, Inordinate Gratifications of, 176
 Shop-lifting an Innate Propensity, 165
 Showy Accomplishments, 199
 Silkworms, 234
 Siskin, The, 101
 Skylark, The, 28, 101, 178, 205, 206, 220, 221, 222, 297, 315, 347
 Snakes in Australia, 303
 Soft-billed Birds, Food for, 26, 217, 393
 Soft Eggs, or Eggs without Shells, 298
 Song Birds, Natural History of, 81
 Song Birds in England and Ireland, 43, 204, 220.
 Sparrows, 219
 Spider's Web, 281
 Spring in Scotland in 1852, 217
 Squirrel, The, 113, 169, 170
 Starling, The, 203, 245, 347, 348
 Swallow, The Chimney, 393
 Swine, Fertility of the, 53

TALES AND SKETCHES.

Kate Coleman, 94; Keeping up Appearances, 223, 238; Live Dolls, 350; Man of Many Adventures, 254, 269, Man and Woman, a Romance of Real Life, 317; Modern Accomplishments, 158, 188; Old Periodicals, 300; Miss P. Firkin, 45, 61: Two Coats, 382, 396;

Town and Country, 139; Trying it on, or the Mis-Fit, 366; Widows, 333; Whitebait at Greenwich, 414

THINGS IN GENERAL.

Affection of William the Conqueror, 79; Caloric in America, 2: Elegant Compliment, 109; Epitaph on the Tombstone of a Young Lady, 79; Epping Sausages "Real," 109; Fox and the Leopard, 109; Leap Year, 79; Nice Distinctions, *ibid*; Pastoral Sympathy, *ibid*, Rural Maiden, A, *ibid*; Times Past and Present, 109; What is a Sensation? 79
 Things Wonderful and True, 115
 "Thought Reading," 295
 Thrush, Confidence of the, 345, 410
 ----- Piping, 57
 ----- Food for, 89
 ----- How to tell the Sexes of, 186
 ----- A Nest of, 163
 Thrush, Rock, 266
 Toad, A remarkable, 298
 Tree Frog in Scotland, 224
 Trout in Derwentwater, 372
 Turn out your Toes, 266
 Turnspit Dogs, 23
 Unknown Ships, The, 311
 Vegetable Diet, 48
 Venus Lizard, The, 20
 Viper, A strange, 87
 Wagtail, The Grey, 220
 ----- in a Cage, 316
 Water-glasses for Birds, a Caution, 364
 Wheatear, Nest of the, 219
 Whisper in a Mother's Ear, 160
 Wild Duck, The, 313, 347
 Wild Flowers, 374

WISDOM IN MINIATURE.

Good Hours, 64; Health, *ibid*; Industry, *ibid*; Justice, *ibid*; Obstinacy, *ibid*; Perseverance and Genius, *ibid*; Sympathies of Mind, *ibid*
 Woman's, The, Elevation League, 327
 Woodlark, The, 265, 282, 297
 Wood Pigeons, Alleged Docility of, 58
 Worms in Flower-pots, 256
 Wren, The, 26
 Wryneck and Tern, 345
 Yellow-hammer, The, 411
 Young Birds, Proper Food for, 364, 409

KIDD'S LONDON JOURNAL.

A LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, AND INSTRUCTIVE FAMILY PAPER.

Conducted by WILLIAM KIDD, of Hammersmith,—

AUTHOR OF THE FAMILIAR AND POPULAR ESSAYS ON "NATURAL HISTORY;" "BRITISH SONG BIRDS;" "BIRDS OF PASSAGE;" "INSTINCT AND REASON;"
"THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS," &c.

"THE OBJECT OF OUR WORK IS TO MAKE MEN WISER, WITHOUT OBLIGING THEM TO TURN OVER FOLIOS AND QUARTOS.—TO FURNISH MATTER FOR THINKING, AS WELL AS READING."—EVELYN.

No. 1.—1852.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3.

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Or, in Monthly Parts, Price 7d.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

IT IS now several years since we last chatted with some ten thousand of our good and well-tried friends, the Public, in the character of a "London Journalist." We have, nevertheless, been conversing with them from time to time, in OTHER channels, though not (in all of them) avowedly under our signature proper.* We trust, nay firmly believe, we may now number in our train "another ten thousand." This would be "protective." May our "faith" prove the substance of what we "hope" for!

Since the termination of the last Volume of our "London Journal,"—when, it will be remembered, severe illness caused us to lay aside our pen—a new era has sprung up. HABITS have altered; FASHIONS have altered—on which subject we purpose anon to be eloquent; MANNERS have altered. Whether the change in some, or all of these, be for the better, we shall presently inquire.

A variety of circumstances, on which it is unnecessary to dwell here, have prevented until now, our re-appearance before the Public in the first person singular; nor should we now, perhaps, have made such a venture, had it not been to a certain extent "forced" upon us. We have however received such kind, such pressing solicitations from all quarters to renew the suspended intimacy, that we see no alternative but to let the New Year be the signal for the *réunion*. We have thought it advisable to retain the original Title of "Kidd's London Journal," inasmuch as, by it, we formerly became so extensively known. We may remark, *en passant*, that SIX goodly tomes of our "London Journal" are already before the public;

which "speak volumes," as they were bound to do, of our handiwork. It is pleasing to find, on diligent inquiry made among the Booksellers, that out of so very many hundreds issued by us, *not a single copy* of them can now be obtained at any price.

It will be readily surmised, and as fully expected, that Natural History, and the Habits of Animals, will be our principal matters for consideration—including of course Observations on Poultry, Bees, Dogs, Insects, Flowers, Fish, the Cultivation of Gardens, &c., &c.; indeed *all* those Elegancies, Refinements, and Utilities of life, which have now happily become so attractive and so popular. "Correspondence" on these and similar subjects we earnestly covet.

Au reste; we can hardly do better than transcribe, almost literally, the Prefatory Remarks which appeared in a former Volume:—

"Our object," as we then recorded, "is to render our Paper *Amusing* as well as *Instructive*, and to introduce Science in a *popular* and *pleasing* form; presenting our readers with CHOICE EXTRACTS from every WORK OF MERIT, new or old, that may come under our observation—not confining ourselves to any limited or particular subjects, but introducing *all* in turn. Also, to perpetuate in our columns the ESSENCE OF EVERY THING THAT IS GOOD—Instruction and Entertainment being rendered inseparable friends, and Morality keeping her foot firmly fixed upon the neck of Vice.

"Not a TOPIC of any PUBLIC INTEREST (Politics alone excepted), shall escape our observation, without being commented on; neither shall any PUBLIC GRIEVANCE exist, without our voice and pen being cheerfully and vigorously raised to assist in putting it down. We name this here, in order that it may form a legitimate feature in our Paper *when needful*.

"One great object with us will be, to gather up in a manner peculiarly our own,

* We are at present engaged in furnishing to the "GARDENERS' CHRONICLE" Newspaper, a long and interesting Series of Articles on "BRITISH SONG BIRDS." Of these, Sixty Chapters have already appeared, and the subject will be continued WEEKLY (with our name attached), until completed.

certain 'Elegant Trifles' that otherwise might wander down the stream of time and perish in forgetfulness. Another—to foster and encourage latent talent; and a third, to throw open our Columns for fair and temperate Discussion on ALL Subjects connected with the best interests of Society and the Useful Arts. This will enable us to arrive at 'truth,' which *ought to be* the basis of every branch of Science."

Here we must halt.

Now that our Friends know the tack on which we wish to sail, let us ask them frankly for a helping hand. Everybody has something interesting to relate, something new to tell. In helping us, they help themselves, and the public too. ALL are gainers thereby. Such "mutual exchanges" are indeed "profitable investments."

Our next immediate step, adopting the practice of both Houses of Parliament, will be—to Order that

"This Paper be Printed."

If our legion of anticipated readers will follow another equally good example, set by the same honorable Assemblies, and Order that our Paper

"Do lie upon the Table,"—

THEN will our fondest wishes be realised. Our "good ship" will soon be "under weigh." The fires are lighted, the steam is being generated, and our machinery is in excellent trim. But as we shall have sometimes to put on *extra* power, and work by "high pressure," it rests with our kind patrons, the Public, to keep our "boilers" in order by pouring in plenty of their *copper*. Half-pence and penny-pieces will do nicely. So far as WE are concerned, *that is* our "Safety Valve." *Verbum sat!* But we hear the Captain shouting out to us—"GO ON!" we must therefore at once to our post.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

As it is our desire to make this Periodical useful as well as readable; and as much knowledge is to be found in books—we purpose, not so much to shew our critical acumen in the analysis of their contents by sitting in judgment upon their deficiencies, as to extract from them that which is really good. It may fairly be inferred that, if the books noticed are not worthy of that honour, they would never have been selected by us. We shall always cultivate conciseness, believing, as we do, that "brevity is the soul of wit," and the very essence of wisdom; and there can be no doubt that as we progress, this particular department of our "London Journal" will be one of very considerable interest.

The Naturalist,—A popular Monthly Magazine, illustrative of the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms. Conducted by BEVERLEY R. MORRIS, ESQ., A.B., M.D., T.C.D., Mem. Wern. Club.—Nos. 1 to 10. —Groombridge and Sons.

This is a monthly periodical, established with the laudable view of eliciting "facts" connected with the various branches of Natural History; and the Editor has shown much judgment in requiring the names and addresses of all contributors *before* their articles can appear. This gives the public, confidence in the authenticity of the communications; and it takes all undue responsibility from the Editor. Among the writers, we recognise many estimable, clever men, and we have been pleased to mark the amiable spirit which pervades all their writings. The work has now been before the public nearly a twelvemonth, and each successive number has shown an improvement; we do not mean in the value, but rather in the extent of the communications.

Natural History seems now to be a favorite study with the public, and we attribute this, in a great measure, to the popular and agreeable form in which, from time to time, the subject is brought before them. Dry and mere matter-of-fact books have had their day, and a spirit of inquiry is abroad that promises well for the future.

From the mass of valuable matter contained in these ten numbers, we might enrich our pages to a considerable extent; for singular anecdotes and remarkable peculiarities of birds, animals, &c., drawn by graphic pens, abound. But we shall, on the present occasion, merely make one selection, with a view of correcting an error put forth by Mr. Smee, in respect to the want of sight in the Mole. Mr. S. Hannaford, junior, a very observant naturalist, and regular contributor, writes thus at page 193:—

"I was much surprised, on reading Mr. Smee's 'Instinct and Reason,' to observe the following: 'There is a common animal in the fields, which, being almost exclusively in the dark, in subterraneous passages, has no eyes. This creature is the sleek-skinned Mole. It is a common proverb to speak of a person as blind as a mole, but it is equally common to hear the casual observer speak of the error of the proverb; because on turning aside the hairs on each side of the head, a little black tubercle appears, which is called an eye. These black tubercles have no optical contrivance, and a distinguished physiologist has shewn that the little tubercle is not supplied by the optic nerve. In consequence of this creature having no eyeballs, there are no sockets in the skull to receive the eyeballs.'—*Instinct and Reason*, page 26.

"This was so much at variance with my own ideas on the matter, that I immediately consulted all the works on Natural History in my

possession, but did not find a single corroboration of Mr. Smee's assertion. I give the following extracts, as it is a pity that any such statement, if unfounded, should remain unfuted :—

“The smallness of the eyes is to this animal a peculiar happiness; a small degree of vision is sufficient for an animal ever destined to live underground; had these organs been larger, they would have been perpetually liable to injuries, by the earth falling into them; but nature, to prevent that inconvenience, hath not only made them very small, but also covered them very closely with fur. Anatomists mention, besides these, a third very wonderful contrivance for their security, and inform us that each eye is furnished with a certain muscle, by which the animal has the power of withdrawing or exerting them, according to its exigencies.”—*Pennant's British Zoology*, vol. 1, page 130, 8vo. ed.

“The mole, though not blind, has eyes so small and so covered, that it can have little benefit from the sense of seeing.”—*Buffon*, vol 5, page 358.

“The eyes are so small, and so hidden beneath the hair, that their existence even was denied for a while. They have been ascertained, however, to be tolerably sharp-sighted.”—*Cuvier*.

“The actual existence of a visual organ, though in an imperfect state of development, is well known; and the open condition of the eyelids, in the common species, at least, would lead to the conclusion that this sense is not absolutely wanting to it.”—*Bell's Quadrupeds*.”

That the eyes of the mole were designedly made to assist its sight when above ground, cannot reasonably be doubted. However glimmering and faint the ray of light presenting itself, yet it well answers the required purpose, and gives notice to the animal when to withdraw from observation. All the old writers agree in this; Ray, in particular, says :—

“I have made divers accurate dissections of the eyes of moles, with the help of microscopes, having a doubt whether what we take to be eyes, were such or no; but upon a strict scrutiny, I plainly could distinguish the vitreous and crystalline humours; yea, the *ligamentum ciliare* and the atramentaceous *mucus*. The *pupil* I could manifestly discern to be round, and the *cornea* capped or conical. The eye is at a great distance from the brain, the optic nerve very slender and long, reaching from the eye through the intermediate flesh. It so passeth to the brain, along with the pair of nerves reaching to the nose, which are much the largest in all the animal. These creatures, I imagine, have the faculty of withdrawing their eyes, if not quite into the head as snails, yet more or less within the hair, as they have more or less occasion to use or guard their eyes.”

We have been somewhat particular in our remarks about *The Naturalist*, because it will save us hereafter the necessity of doing more, or little more, than merely quoting

from it. It is a very valuable addition to our knowledge of the habits of animals, and issued at so cheap a rate as to be accessible to the masses. In the hands of its very able editor, Dr. Morris, it has flourished exceedingly the first year; we hope it will more than treble its circulation ere the sun has again run his annual course.

Outlines of Comparative Physiology, touching the Structure and Development of the Races of Animals, Living and Extinct. By Louis Agassiz, and A. A. Gould. H. G. Bohn.

When we mention that this forms one of the volumes of Mr. “Bohn's Scientific Library,” we have said all that is needful to give it a hearty welcome with the reading public. Of all living publishers, Mr. Bohn stands pre-eminently alone, for the extreme beauty, correctness, and *excessive cheapness* of all his modern issues. Nor are these their only recommendations, for he has brought out some, and he contemplates bringing out many more, of the most valuable books that ever saw the light. If the public fail to avail themselves of the hitherto unheard-of opportunities thus afforded for their edification and improvement by Mr. Bohn, they deserve to die and be buried in their ignorance. Thus much for the worthy bibliopole. Now to examine the volume before us.

Professor Agassiz, from the numerous and important additions he has made to natural science, renders any eulogium on his fame as a naturalist unnecessary. In conjunction with Mr. Gould, he has produced this goodly volume, which consists of the first portion of the “Principles of Zoology.” It is avowedly intended as a text-book for the use of our higher schools and colleges; but no treatise could be better suited for giving the general reader a sound and wholesome knowledge of the Philosophy of Natural History, and the principles of Physiology. The arrangement is throughout clear, the style simple and lucid, and the range of subjects important and comprehensive.

The editor of the work, Dr. Thomas Wright, tells us, in a modest preface, that he has enhanced the value of the original work by “making large and important additions to several chapters.” In so doing, he has wisely and judiciously availed himself of the valuable treatises of Cuvier, Carus, and Meckel on Comparative Anatomy; and those of Tiedeman, Müller, Valentin, and Wagner, on Physiology.

We need hardly say that this will be a most valuable work for a journal like ours, as its pages are replete with information of the most interesting nature. At the present moment we can but direct attention to its publication. We must however add, that

the volume is magnificently got up; and we may say that it is splendidly illustrated by no fewer than 390 fine engravings on wood. Some twenty years ago the price would have been at least five guineas, instead of that number of shillings. Again, we repeat—Mr. Bohn is a patriot, whose love for the moral intellect of the public is, we should imagine, far greater than his zeal for *his own* interests. We could not say more—it would be unjust to say less. By the aid of this now extensive series of “Libraries,” we hope, without injuring the worthy proprietor, to give our readers many a treat of savory mental fare.

Anecdotes of the Habits and Instincts of Animals: By Mrs. R. LEE, Author of “The African Wanderer,” &c.—Grant and Griffiths.

We have taken occasion, recently, to deprecate the publication of any anecdotes connected with animals that are not strictly consistent with truth. We feel quite sure that science suffers from it, and that the public faith is shaken by it: so that persons are reluctant to believe what really is true. This volume is filled with anecdotes to “amuse children,” and, perhaps, “children of a larger growth.” It will “amuse” them, no doubt, and so it has us. Without offering further comment, we subjoin a few specimens by way of “examples,” leaving the public to judge between our few remarks, and the “facts” stated. We thought we knew something about the “instinct” of animals; but the annexed cases puzzle us:—

“INSTINCT” OF A RAT.—“Rats are nocturnal in their habits, and like to live in subterranean, or mysterious abodes. They are found in islands lying in the midst of the ocean, till the moment of their discovery to us supposed not to have been visited by man, and yet the question still remains unsettled, whether the differences which exist in rats were caused by locality, or whether they were so from the beginning. There is now no known spot free from the Norway rat, and the greater the number, of course the more impudent they become. In Ceylon, I am told, where they are innumerable, they perch on the top of a chair, or screen, and sit there till something is thrown at them, at which they slowly retreat. A noise is heard in the verandah close by you, and you see a party of rats disputing with a dog for the possession of some object. A traveller in Ceylon saw his dogs set upon a rat, and making them relinquish it, he took it up by the tail, the dogs leaping after it the whole time; he carried it into his dining-room, to examine it there by the light of the lamp, *during the whole of which period it remained as if it were dead; limbs hanging, and not a muscle moving.* After five minutes he threw it among the dogs, who were still in a state of great excitement; and to the *astonishment of all pre-*

sent, it suddenly jumped upon its legs, and ran away so fast that it baffled all its pursuers!”

The following also is a very strikingly curious, if

“TRUE” ANECDOTE OF A (SO-CALLED) DOG:—“Two ladies, friends of a near relative of my own, from whom I received an account of the circumstance, were walking in Regent-street, and were accosted by a man who requested them to buy a *beautiful little dog*, covered with long, white hair, which he carried in his arms. Such things are not uncommon in that part of London, and the ladies passed on without heeding him. He followed, and repeated his entreaties, stating, that as it was the last he had to sell, they should have it at a reasonable price. They looked at the animal; *it was really an exquisite little creature*, and they were at last persuaded. The man took it home for them, received his money, and *left the dog* in the arms of one of the ladies. A short time elapsed, and *the dog*, which had been very quiet, in spite of a restless, bright eye, began to show symptoms of uneasiness, and as he ran about the room exhibited some unusual movements, which rather alarmed the fair purchasers. At last, to their great dismay, the *new dog* ran squeaking up one of the window curtains, so that when the gentleman returned home a few minutes after, he found the ladies in consternation, and right glad to have his assistance. He vigorously seized the animal, took out his pen-knife, cut off its covering, and *displayed a large rat to their astonished eyes*, and, of course, to its own destruction.” (Fact!)

We subjoin two other extracts:—

THE RAT AND THE SERPENT.—“One afternoon, the commandant of Bathurst was quietly reading, when he heard a violent squeaking and hissing in the room below him, which was even with the ground, and contained stores. He took the key, and followed by his servants armed with sticks went to ascertain the cause. On opening the door they beheld a rat and a venomous serpent engaged in mortal combat. Nothing could be more beautiful than the action of both animals; the rat had retreated for a moment, and stood with flashing eyes; the head of the serpent was reared to receive a fresh attack; again and again they closed and separated, but the reptile, although much bitten, gained the victory; the rat fell, foamed at the mouth, swelled to a great size, and died in a very few minutes. The serpent glided away, but was afterwards discovered in her nest with several young ones, in a crack of the store-room wall, close to a staircase, which we were in the habit of descending daily, and where, in fact, I had often seen the serpents’ heads peeping out, and had waited till they were withdrawn.”

“WANT” OF INSTINCT IN THE RAT.—“One evening, when at Bathurst, St. Mary’s, I was sitting at work in an upper room, and in the midst of the stillness, heard something breathing close to me. There was no other person in the chamber except my child, who was asleep in bed. Although startled, I did not move, but casting my eyes round I saw a huge rat, sitting upon the table at my elbow, watching every move-

ment of my fingers. *I could scarcely help laughing at his cool impudence*, and suppose I had been too much absorbed by thought, or employment, to notice his approach. *I gradually laid down my work, and slipping quietly out of the room, as if I had not perceived him*, called the servants. It was supposed that there were nests of rats in the chimney; for the Government House had been wisely provided with the possibility of having fires in the rooms during the rainy season; and the hunt began. I jumped on to the bed, not only to be out of the way, but to keep the rats from the place where my child was. Two of the men, furnished with sticks, routed the enemy from their hiding-places, and four others squatted at the corners of the room, holding a cloth spread between their hands. They said it was most likely the rats would run round the walls, and they should therefore catch them in the open cloth. The event proved them to be right; *the frightened animals rushed to them*, were immediately enclosed, and their necks were wrung *in a moment*. After the hunt was ended, they were thrown over the verandah into the garden, to the number of at least fifty. In the morning, however, they were all gone, but the foot-marks of the Genet cats told how they had been removed."

Verily, as saith Hamlet, "There are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy!"

The Country House—The Poultry Yard.—Charles Knight.

In Mr. Charles Knight we have an excellent ally. No sooner are we in the field to try and open a cheap weekly communication with the public on the various domestic conveniences and elegancies of every day life, than we find material fitted to our hand, ready at command; and at so cheap a rate too!

This little brochure is one of a series of 12; which, when completed, will form three handsome volumes. They will comprise, *The Dictionary of the Farm, the Dairy, the Piggery, the Stable, the Sheepfold, Kitchen Garden, Flower Garden, &c. &c.*

We never remember to have met with a better work on poultry than this; nor with one so correctly illustrated. The wood-cuts are admirable; the arrangement of the matter is excellent: *all* breeds of Poultry are enumerated and commented upon, and very sensible remarks made about their proper care and management; also, ample directions are given for their cure when ill. Then we have, *inter alia*, an interesting discussion on the whole race of doves and pigeons; and as much practical information afforded on each subject as is usually confined to large volumes. Such books as these must become popular. In justice to the author, we select a specimen of his descriptive and attractive style. Speaking of the exodus of a newly-hatched chick from the shell, he says:—

"Let us now suppose that the chick has opened the door of its egg. Feeble trembler, on the verge of an unknown state of existence! what are its sensations? Had it but reason, how applicable to it would be Buffon's eloquent description of man, springing up at the bidding of his Creator into life and light, at once enraptured, perplexed, and bewildered. But the chick is guided by instinct, and by instinct alone; it has nothing to learn, no ideas to be conceived through the medium of the senses, and yet it is interesting to watch it at this juncture. It is free; the first thing it does, while yet on the threshold of the egg, is to draw its head from under its wing, and to direct it forwards, the neck trembling beneath the weight which it has now for the first time to sustain. With its neck stretched forwards, and scarcely able to raise itself on its legs, it rests for a few minutes, till its strength be recruited; the fresh air revives it, it raises itself up, it lifts its head, it turns its neck from side to side, and begins to feel its innate powers. Its downy plumage, the precursor of feathers, being wet with the fluid of the egg, lies close to the skin, in stripes down the body and on the wings; besides, it is not yet fairly free from the sheath in which every plumelet is inclosed. As it dries, every tuft expands, or opens, like a feathery flower; the little membranous sheaths split, and fall off; and the chick rises in its nest, clothed with a downy garment of exquisite delicacy."

Home Influence; A Tale for Mothers and Daughters. By Grace Aguilar. 4th edition. 12mo.

The Mother's Recompense; A Sequel to the Above. By the same author. Second edition. 12mo.—Groombridge and Sons.

Grace Aguilar, now no more, was, while she lived, a wonder amongst women. Before she attained the age of 19, we are told, she had completed the structure of these two admirable volumes. We say admirable, because their conception and execution are alike happy. They are written with a fervour of feeling, eloquence of expression, and power of argument, quite irresistible. Full of love for mankind, and anxious by her pen to consult their best interests, we have, wrought up in these two volumes, all that we can conceive of human excellence conveyed by both precept and example.

"Home Influence" is a tale possessed not only of a charming moral, showing how impossible it is to be truly happy without continuing in the paths of rectitude and uprightness; but it is written with a nervous energy, and in graceful language, which are quite captivating. Happy they, who have a kind and affectionate parent so to direct them in the "Battle of Life!"

"The Mother's Recompense" is another book equally well written, and by the same pen, and forms a suitable companion to its predecessor, "Home Influence." Happy parent, again say we, to live to see the fruit

of her labour ripen, and all her fondest hopes realized! It would be good for society had we a few more Grace Aguilars.

The Critic, London Literary Journal.—John Crockford, Publisher

We have watched with great curiosity, for many years, the gradual progress of this literary paper; now most assuredly, so far as merit, aye, and *circulation* are concerned, at the head of the so-called "organs of communication" with the reading public.

The difficulties that have beset the worthy proprietors and their staff in establishing this periodical, have been such, that—but for untiring energy, unity of purpose, and a *fixed determination to conquer* (which, in nine cases out of ten, wins the battle), they must have suffered fatal shipwreck.

Opposed, *manibus pedibusque*, by "the Trade" and their minions, no helping hand could they get *there*. No books would be sent for "review;" no advertisements sent in to reduce the cost of production. "We have *our own* organs," said the publishers; "you are an interloper, and we shall not support you." They spake, and it was done!

Thwarted, baffled for the time, but *not* "put down" as intended, these lions among letters held a consultation. "In the multitude of counsellors, there wanteth not wisdom." A plan was projected, discussed, approved—acted upon.

A phalanx of scholars was summoned to take the helm of the good ship, whilst fitting out. Soon a fair breeze sprung up; the vessel was launched, and glided steadily over the waves of opposition. *Merit* was recognised throughout the pages of the *Critic*. It was methodically made known by public advertisement, and by gratuitous distribution. The difficulties of parturition safely over, a healthy offspring stood confessed.

It were needless for us to pursue the inquiry more closely, as to *how* its present high eminence was reached. Suffice it to say that, by means of unceasing canvass, conducted in a gentlemanly manner by intelligent men, the paper now finds its way *direct from the office of publication*—a master-stroke of long-sighted policy—into the hands of very nearly *seven thousand* of the reading public!

How gratifying must this be to the projectors—how galling to their grovelling, narrow-minded opponents! Fearlessly independent as we ever have been ourselves, how we revel in the thought of this signal triumph of "right" over "might!" The pithy saying—

"*Aide toi et le Ciel t'aidera,*"

never was more happily confirmed. Let this "pursuit of extending knowledge under diffi-

culties," and its results, be written with a pen of iron on the memory of every reader of our LONDON JOURNAL.

We must not stop here. It is too notorious to need comment, that the so-called "organs" of "the trade" are in the habit of noticing books for a *con-si-de-ra-ti-on*—not indeed directly offered in current coin, but in the form of advertisements, for the insertion of which heavy prices are charged. This is not, of course, objected to by the publishers, "under the circumstances." Which way the reviewer's bias leads, "under the (aforesaid) circumstances," *this* deponent sayeth not.

Proudly return we, for one moment, to the *Critic*. No favor have we here—no promise; no tacit hint of a "favorable review *if an advertisement accompany the book sent*." "Send your books," say they, "and we will notice them according to their merit." What is the consequence of this grand line of demarcation between the *Critic*, and the "organs" of "the trade?" Why this. We find that a book "cut up" by the *Critic*, is lauded to the skies by the opposite party. "*Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis!*"—much to the astonishment of literary *parvenus*, and to the bewilderment of the casual reader. In the one case, the *Critic* purchases all the books it reviews, and can therefore afford to be honest; in the other—but we need not go over *that* ground again.

The proud position now occupied by the *Critic*,* decidedly THE literary "organ" of the public—impels even US, in *our* little venture, to hold up our heads manfully. We shall do our best in a plain, straightforward manner, to please our friends, and leave the issue in the hands of the public.

Let us add in conclusion, that we do not know, even by name (sad ignorance we grant!), one single individual who writes for the *Critic*. An "offering" therefore of this kind, without their privity, must prove that our sentiments are as honest as the exercise of our duty is imperatively called for—

"*Palnam qui meruit ferat!*"

* We should name here, that the *Critic* is *not* a "weekly" periodical. The proprietors wisely remark, that they can, by issuing it *every fortnight*, bring down the information required to the very latest moment; and thus afford a mass—a mass, indeed!—of intellectual and instructive matter that will require at least a fortnight comfortably to read and digest. It is, in truth, a masterly production, viewed in every department of its numerous and well-arranged subjects; and the price, notwithstanding, simply that of a common Newspaper!

AGE.—Age is like the air we breathe; every one feels it, but no one sees it.

MODERN SCIENCE,—No. 1.

The Magnetoscope.

This important invention, the discovery of which is vested in MR. RUTTER, of Black Rock, Brighton, *alone*—has recently been introduced to the London public by means of a series of Popular Lectures.

We have attended one of these lectures, delivered by Dr. T. LEGER, a gentleman of considerable scientific acquirements. The subject excited great attention from a large auditory, many of whom, although giving evidence of their having come as sceptics, left the room (Hungerford Hall) fully satisfied as regards the "Discovery," that there was something in it. So thought WE, simply because what was asserted by the lecturer, as having been discovered by Mr Rutter, was fully *proven* to the eye.

As we shall have occasion, repeatedly, whilst discoursing on matters of popular science (for we wish to make *all* our essays "popular," and intelligible to the masses), to speak of this wonderful instrument as connected with certain curious, astounding, and interesting phenomena,—we will now only give a succinct account of its nature and singular properties. The elemental particulars are gleaned from a lecture on the instrument, delivered by Dr. Madden of Brighton. The lecture given by Dr. T. LEGER (before referred to) will form occasion for further comment hereafter. We may just mention, that the last-named gentleman has constructed an instrument, which *he* considers an improvement upon that of Mr. Rutter, inasmuch as it confirms, he says, by undeniable demonstration, the *truth* of the discovery. But now for

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MAGNETOSCOPE.

"From a stand fixed firmly to the table, there rises perpendicularly a rod of wood, say eighteen or twenty inches high, having a brass knob on the top. From the knob projects at right angles with the upright a brass arm, say nine inches long, tapering to a fine end. A fine silken filament is attached to one end of a small spindle-shaped piece of sealing-wax like a fisherman's float—but the shape is not material. This is hung from the extremity of the brass arm; and the line being merely a raw thread taken from the cocoon, there is no twist or tendency to turn in it, but the plumbob hangs free to vibrate or circulate, or adopt any motion in obedience to the *infinitesimal influences* which are to act upon it. "Immediately underneath the centre of the bob is a small circular wooden plate, say four inches in diameter, so made as to be fixed in a horizontal position, higher or lower—that is, nearer to or farther from the lower point of the bob. On this is placed a glass dish, rather less than the tablet it rests on, and about as deep as the bob is long. The tablet is then moved upwards, until the lower end of the bob *almost* touches the centre of the glass dish. The bob,

thus hanging down into the dish, is protected from the accidental movements of the surrounding air. If it be thought desirable, however, the whole line and bob can be surrounded with a glass shade, such as are placed over artificial flowers or small statuary, having a hole in the top for the string to pass through. [This is preferable.]

"The apparatus being thus prepared, and the sealing-wax bob hanging dead from the brass arm, and all parts at rest, the operator placed the finger and thumb of his right hand upon the brass knob, and almost without any perceptible interval the bob was evidently moved; in a few seconds it was decidedly making an effort to swing round, and *in less than a minute was steadily careering in a circle parallel to the sides of the glass dish*, the lower end of the bob tracing a circle of perhaps two inches in diameter, or the size of a crown-piece, from left to right, as the hands of a watch move. The lecturer said he would call this the *normal* motion, being that which was invariably produced, at least after some practice; but it was a curious fact, and as yet unaccountable, that *many of the movements were different with different individuals*—that they were often even different with a given individual on first experimenting and after considerable practice; but that there came a time when an operator could depend on the movement peculiar to himself *occurring without exception*. This left-to-right movement invariably occurred, however often the experiment was made, the bob invariably beginning to swing with the sun a few seconds after the application of the finger and thumb to the knob. He stated, too, that *many experiments which at first were difficult or gave dubious results, became sure and unvarying as the operator increased in delicacy by practice*.

"The mode of stopping the movement is by taking a piece of bone in the left hand, when the motion gradually slackens and ceases. *With Mr. Rutter, the bob will stop almost immediately*, but with Dr. Madden the time occupied is tediously long, and therefore more forcible means were on the present occasion employed when it was wished to commence a new experiment. [This deserves attention.] The lecturer, however, shewed an equally satisfactory experiment. Placing the finger and thumb of the right hand to the knob, and holding a piece of bone in the left, no movement whatever could be produced; *on dropping the bone from his palm*, the bob was instantly *stirred*, and, in a few seconds, *once more traced out the normal circle*. [Curious this.]

When only the *finger* was applied to the knob, the bob set up, not a circular but a to-and-fro movement, like a clock pendulum. On stopping it, and applying the thumb only, a similar pendulation was produced, *but in a direction directly across and perpendicular to the former*. The direction of the swing for finger and thumb respectively, was always the same, however often the experiment might be tried—that is, calling the direction for the finger N. and S., that for the thumb was E. and W.; and if while the finger was producing the N. and S. swing, the thumb was substituted, the bob was instantly affected—staggered, so to speak—and shuffled itself into the E. and W. direction.

"While the lecturer held the knob by his finger and thumb, a person standing by touched the operator's left hand with his own right, when, instead of a circular motion, an oscillatory one was produced, *but in a direction different from the other two*. On this, a chain was formed by the gentlemen present joining hands, and as the chain increased, the arc of oscillation increased until the bob swung as far as the sides of the dish; the contribution of a few more hands, and it must have struck the glass. If the bystander touched the experimenter with his finger (index) only, *the same effect was produced as if the experimenter touched the instrument with his finger only, and so with the thumb*.

"Now came the extraordinary and 'mysterious' part of the subject. The lecturer stated that if, while the operator's finger and thumb were producing the left-to-right movement, *a woman were to touch his left hand, the bob would immediately refuse to proceed in the normal direction, and be carried round in the opposite direction—right to left*. [This is quite true; for we saw it proved by Dr. T. Leger, at Hungerford Hall.] No ladies were present, but the lecturer stated that anything which had been worn or carried about by a female for a length of time, or even a letter written by one, would do as well. Incredible as this may seem, it was put to the proof and succeeded. The instrument being at rest, the operator placed his right hand on the knob, *and a letter written by a lady was laid in the palm of his left, when the bob immediately commenced a circular movement from right to left*. This was tried with several documents, one of which was of the date of September 27th, twenty-four days previous. One of these experiments was startling, and touches on a disputed and much-vexed question; but we may venture to state what really occurred. One letter, placed on the hand, produced an apparent indecision on the part of the bob to such an extent, that the lecturer 'gave it up'; he could not tell what sex the writer was. It proved to be a woman; but the writing had been penned while in the mesmeric sleep—on which the lecturer remarked, that *Mr. Rutter had already ascertained the fact of the disturbing influence exerted by a somnambulist*."

The above abridgment of "facts" must suffice. We hardly need remark, that if the "principle" herein involved be "true," (and we by no means pledge ourselves thus early to affirm that it is so), the doctrine of Homœopathy is likely to go rapidly a-head. We gather this, not only from what we have given above, as evolved by the "experiments;" but from the further and striking experiments submitted by Dr. T. LEGER at Hungerford Hall. We shall have an eye upon this subject, and our readers shall reap the benefit of our observations. Meantime, let us thank Mr. Rutter most cordially, and most sincerely, for the disinterestedness and energy he has displayed towards the public, from first to last. To him *alone*, we repeat, is *all* the honour of the discovery justly due. "*Suum cuique!*" is our invariable motto.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALPHA.—By all means send your proposed contribution. It has reference to a subject likely to be of very general interest.

CANTAB.—It is impossible for us, at this early period, to define what you wish to know; but every successive week will assist in developing it more clearly.

PHILOS.—Yes, such subjects are quite admissible; but we wish *all* communications to be as concise as possible.

ARGUS.—Now that our First Number is issued, and our desires are made known, you will see (with your 'hundred eyes') *what* aid it is that we so much covet. We are as anxious to *expose abuses*, as we are to inform the public mind. Your assistance is gladly accepted.

OUR 'EXTRA' CONTRIBUTOR's article on "Female Costume" is received. It is "pointed"-ly clever, and shall assuredly have a place in our next number. It comes *quite* within the scope of our Journal to insert it. Thanks for your earnestness in the cause of Reform.

SPECTATOR.—Any hint of the kind that may strike you, we shall be glad to receive. Drop it into our Letter Box. Only give us a text, and we shall well understand how to "handle it."

LEGION.—We prefix this signature to express to our friends collectively how sensible we are of their kind promises of literary aid, which will be at all times most acceptable.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any "facts" connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS.—It having been deemed expedient, to meet the views of *the Trade*, that this Journal should always be published by *anticipation*, CONTRIBUTORS AND OTHERS will be so kind as to bear in mind that they must give us an *extra* "week's grace," and *wait patiently* till their favours appear.

All persons who may send in MSS., but which may not be "accepted," are requested to *preserve copies of them*, as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for their return.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S LONDON JOURNAL.

Saturday, January 3rd, 1852.

IT MAY very naturally be asked,—Why is another Literary Journal added to the already large number of those at present existing? The answer is short and simple.

The popularity of the subjects on Natural History, which we originated in the year 1849, in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, (and which series of Articles are still in course of publication in that extensively-circulated paper) is such, that we are urged, positively urged, by those who wish us well, to issue a cheap Weekly medium of communication with the reading public, in which all such interesting topics can be *more fully* discussed, and entered upon in greater detail. It would indeed be unreasonable to expect these matters to be assigned more than a very limited space in a first-rate *Horticultural* paper, their introduction being incidental rather than needful.

Having given the matter our mature consideration, and calculated the chances of success, which, if our friends kindly rally round our standard as promised, we should hope cannot be doubtful—we have let the casting vote be in favor of the public voice.

Our good friends, the Publishers, can aid us materially in our enterprise; and we make no scruple in asking them to do so. "*Unita vis fortior.*" There is nothing comparable to the "pull altogether."

Now for a passing word about our appearance to-day.

It is an undeniable fact, that all FIRST NUMBERS of a New Periodical ought to be the *best* of any. It is as undeniable, that they are invariably the *worst* of any. The reason is obvious. It is just as impossible to collect and arrange the necessary *materiel* for a forthcoming literary work, in a few short days, as it would be to get a new machine to work perfectly when first taken, for an experimental trial, from the hands of the manufacturer. There always remains some slight improvement to be made, some little alteration or amendment to be introduced. Nevertheless, we are well content to let our first Number speak for us, so far as regards the new features which it holds out, and the plan, in outline, upon which we purpose to proceed.

We see before us, a prospect of intense interest; and our weekly task, as the seasons advance, will indeed be a "labour of love." As we well know *who* will be our readers, our pen will move with as much freedom of thought, as it does with celerity of touch; and having the good will, and hearty wishes of the Public for our success, we have every reason to believe we shall—"go a-head!"

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

"*How can I get rid of Rats?*"—I am told you know all about this; having been so cruel a sufferer by their frightful depredations. I wrote to you some time since, though the Editor of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, for full particulars of your loss, and also to know how you exterminated the intruders. You referred me to three back numbers of that paper, for which I have applied vainly. They are, I am told, out of print. Now I cannot help thinking, that if you were to put the public in possession of the little affair *ab initio*, you would not be a loser thereby; for the ravages made by rats are, I fear, in many parts of the country, alarming. Will it be asking you too great a favor, to assist me in this matter? I am sure it is of public interest, and therefore well suited to the "object" which you recognise so decidedly in your prospectus.—J. T., *Hants.*

[We will gladly reprint these three articles, having, fortunately, a copy of the papers in our possession. The *first* will be found elsewhere, the others shall appear weekly.]

The Cuckoo.—I have just read in the *Family Herald*, a periodical which finds its way I believe into every corner of the globe where there is a family—and so it ought,—some account copied from your writings, of the

cuckoo. It would appear from the remarks made by the editor of the *Family Herald*, that there has been some "most interesting controversy" about this bird, a visitor so little understood in its singular habits. Do you mean to allude to it at all in your LONDON JOURNAL? I feel curious to know all that has been ascertained about its peculiarities; for, in our part of the country, all sorts of stories are told, yet few of them, I imagine, true.—ALFRED M.

[It is our intention, shortly, to collect *all* the *materiel* which has been recently brought before the public in "shreds and patches." The true habits of the bird are now fully known—not all, perhaps, but those which have hitherto been matters of dispute among vulgar minds.]

Gold Fish.—Can you tell me if gold fish are easily tamed, and how I must teach them to feed from my hand? I have had a pair given me in a glass bowl, but they take little or no notice of me, or any one else.—A. W.

[Gold fish are very easily tamed; but their tameness is more pleasing when they are seen disporting in a pond, or large body of water. Read the following, which appeared in the *Gardeners' Journal*, Nov. 15:—"About the middle of July, 1850, four gold fish were put into the Victoria tank in the house in which the royal water lily is growing in the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park. The four fish in question were, at the time they were put into the tank, full grown. The water has been kept at about 85 deg., with a supply of fresh water constantly falling into the tank. In the course then of these fifteen months, these four golden fish have laid many thousands of golden eggs, and become the progenitors of three or four generations of young goldings, numbering a visible offspring of several hundreds, and many hundreds more below a line in depth which we regard as invisible. It was found that the Victoria lily, as well as the fish, rejoiced in brilliant sunbeams, as well as heat; no shading was therefore used during the brightest sunlight of the past summer, though abundance of top air was given. About a barrow-load of rough gravel was laid into a shallow part of the water in the tank, and in this neither soft nor smooth bed the gold fish delighted to nurse and rear their young. The animalcules in the water are not now so plentiful as in summer, and there is besides a vast increase of little mouths to be fed. Their pasturage is therefore not so rich as it was some months ago; and so keenly do they now watch to be fed that a finger dipped into the water, and slightly agitated, will instantly bring every fish in the tank to the same spot. They are quite tame, and if the hand be dipped into the water, it is immediately surrounded by scores of little nibbling mouths seeking for a few crumbs."]

The Ostrich.—I fear you have been lately *too* severe, whilst writing about the unnatural habits of the ostrich. I have seen somewhere in print, but cannot now remember in what publication it appeared, that this animal is very affectionate, and careful to provide for her young. If you insert this in your LONDON JOURNAL, as a query—no doubt, out of your host of readers,

some one of them will be able to supply what I regret it is not in *my* power to send you.—J. F.

[This discussion is now going on elsewhere, and the inquiry promises to be very interesting. Thanks, however, for your vigilance.]

"HOW EASY HE WRITES!"

"WITH what ease he writes!" said a young lady, as she laid down one of Washington Irving's volumes. Straightway we made up our mind that the young lady did not know what she was talking about. Had she said "How easy it is to read his works," we could have sympathised with her amazingly. Then, finding we could not make a satisfactory reply without compromising our honesty, we fell to making a comparison in silence. The steam-boat glides majestically and gracefully through the waters, but it is no easy power that gives to the water-traveller her steady and rapid motion. It is true she is tastefully painted and gilded; her cabins are pleasant, and her prow is decorated with specimens of the sculptor's art. But descend with the engineer to his fiery domain; swelter there in the burning pit; see the heated grease, and listen to the bursting steam; see the tremendous power of fire and water combined, until the strained and groaning boiler threatens to burst asunder, and deluge the decks with the heated fluid. You will perceive that *Ease*, although a mild and pleasing damsel, has a confounded rough old father. Little dreamed the admirer of Irving how much agonising toil was required to beget that ease which she so much delighted in! Yet she was not alone in her error. How many a publisher thus lightly estimates the labour of his weary author! How many tradesmen smile at the *trifling employments* of the man of Genius. We have been mad enough to eat a tripe supper, when we have heard the peasant draw an invidious comparison between himself and the poor wight whose intellect supplied him with bread. "I get my living by the sweat of my brow," said he, "while you are trifling away your time with books and papers." Yes, see that pale and hungry being, startled from his task by the sound of the midnight bell. See how his fingers grasp the pen convulsively, as he fears his task will not be accomplished in time—a slave to men whose pockets are better lined than their pericraniums, and who mete out to him his starveling pittance with the unwilling hand of an upper servant dealing out cold pancakes and sausage-ends, to a beggar. See him place both hands upon his snapping brain, as the fires of fancy dart from Apollo's mount upon his withering soul. Yes—"how easy he writes!"

When our friends, who know what the solace of a leisure moment is, peruse our "London Journal" to-day—perhaps they will imagine "*how easily*" it has been produced!

HINTS ON SONG BIRDS, AND OTHER DOMESTIC "PETS."

A hint or two have just been seasonably thrown out to us in connection with our LONDON JOURNAL, of which we think it highly desirable to avail ourselves. An unknown, but zealous correspondent, writes:—"Nearly every family, Mr. Editor, keeps a bird of some kind, and feels greatly interested in all that concerns its welfare. Of these there are, of course, many sick, many ailing; and their owners, being for the most part ignorant of the mode of cure, or proper treatment, often lose their 'pets' in consequence. A vast number, no doubt, perish every year in this way. Now, if you were to encourage all persons having invalid birds, to write and consult *you* about them, from week to week, you would not only enlighten the public generally, and make them greatly your debtors by the remedies you would propose; but you would 'interest' many thousands of persons, who would gladly take in your paper *if it were only to obtain this particular class of information*. There is no doubt that 'self-interest' sways us in *all* we do. Why not, therefore, avail yourself of this 'weak point,' and turn it to your own particular advantage? Rely on it, it would cause the sale of your journal to increase rapidly, and procure you a host of staunch friends and supporters in all parts of the country. Rich and poor, high and low, old and young, gentle and simple—all have a *penchant* for a bird of some sort; and I very much question, whether this class of readers would not *alone* render your speculation a successful one. Then again, the 'breeding-season' is coming on; when there will be questions innumerable put to you. You will be consulted also upon a variety of other matters, to which there is scarcely any limit; all, bear in mind, having reference to the expressed object of your LONDON JOURNAL. For instance, squirrels, 'pet' dogs, rabbits, pigeons, the choice breeds of fancy fowl, and I know not how many other such matters, are *sure* to be brought under your cognisance for 'advice;' and how exceedingly interesting is the discussion of these affairs, treated as *you* treat them, in a pleasing, 'popular' form!

"Again, let me put the question in another shape. There are a class of people—a numerous class—who have the (pardonable) vanity of loving to appear in print. These, when they write to consult you, will look

every week for the appearance of your Paper, containing *their* letter, and your answer, with all the avidity of young authors. This will materially aid your circulation; for these individuals will purchase many extra copies of your paper with a view to give publicity to their own lucubrations. If you understand these 'little amiable weaknesses' of society as well as *I* do, you will readily estimate and fall in with my suggestions. I offer them in a friendly spirit, and with full confidence that, by and by, although unknown to you, I shall reap your thanks."

We have printed the letter of our good-tempered correspondent *verbatim et literatim*, for there is something in it that pleases us. The idea is not a bad one, to work upon the "little amiable weaknesses" of society; especially, when we give the *quid pro quo*. As we have made the feathered tribes our study, in doors and out of doors, for nearly thirty years—we *do* think ourselves duly qualified to hold "a consultation," when applied to.

TO ALL WHO HAVE AVIARIES.

As the study of birds, and a love for the innocent amusement created by a careful observation of their habits, is daily increasing, we offer no apology for inserting, or rather reprinting, the particulars of our own *unique* Collection of Birds, destroyed by those pests of the farm and the garden—RATS. We shall, in our next, give the precise explanation of *how* we destroyed the enemy: for we are well aware that this subject is but *too* interesting to very many who will read our LONDON JOURNAL. We have been already, as will be seen elsewhere, consulted on the matter. The following letter was addressed by us to the editor of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, and appeared in that paper, January 12, 1850. Not being now obtainable, it will be the more welcome:—

"SIR,—I have very frequently read in your columns, remarks on the best and most effectual means of getting rid of these atrocious vermin; but as I have not myself been personally interested at the time in their destruction, I have only become theoretically acquainted with the subject in its general bearings. I am now about to crave the kind aid and advice of yourself and correspondents on a matter, to me, of vital import, and shall then be prepared to combine practice with theory; the result shall assuredly be made known *pro bono publico*. But to my grievance.

"For the last twenty years I have been an amateur or "fancier" of song-birds; and many little anecdotes connected with their

personal history have appeared in your paper during the last few years. I built my birds, at starting, a large commodious aviary, and fitted it up in a style worthy of its inhabitants—the *agrémens* of well-polished looking and toilet-glasses, everlasting fountains, and leafy foliage, not being wanting to render their house an "ornithological palace." My collection has been noted as one of the most select of its kind extant; comprising nightingales and other foreign song birds, and including specimens of nearly every chorister of the English woods and forests.

"The extreme number of birds my aviary has contained at one and the same time, has been 366; it having been a "weak point" with me to boast of having more birds in my possession "than there were days in a year." Alas! I cannot say so now!

"Built as it is on a most picturesque spot, and arched over by a number of lofty fir trees growing immediately in its rear (in Ravenscourt Park)—Nature and Art have vied with each other to render the *personnel* of my aviary unexceptionably beautiful. I have been thus explicit, with the view to place my yet unexplained grievance in a strong light. I say grievance, for the aviary is now completely dismantled, my birds are reduced to the number of eleven only,—what a descent from poetry to prose!—and these, confined in wire cages, are kept simply as mementoes of what they once were. '*Troja fuit!*'

"Now I trace all my misery to an army of rats, which, since the heavy rains of autumn, have quitted their usual haunts and unceremoniously "billeted" themselves upon me. These murderers first made their appearance at night, through holes eaten in various parts of the floor; and every morning I as carefully nailed over the said holes flattened pieces of zinc: this, for a night or two, kept the marauders at bay. However, they very soon reappeared, until at last my flooring was almost completely "tesselated" with zinc. Not imagining for some time that they came to prey upon the birds, I placed poisoned food in their runs; also "Harrison's Pills," &c., as strongly recommended by your correspondents. All these, however, remained untouched; and the frightful diminution of my feathered friends, now apparent day by day, soon convinced me of the awful extent of my misfortune.

"The climax is soon reached. On opening the aviary door one morning, about a fortnight since, a scene of devastation presented itself which I will not, indeed cannot, attempt to describe. Suffice it to say, my eye fell instinctively on a large hole in

the centre of the floor, which had been gnawed through an immensely thick protective piece of wood; and on counting the number of inmates, I found them just eleven! To remove these, and in a fit of desperation to convert their late habitation into a greenhouse, was the work of a short half hour; and thus, "my tale is told."

"The cunning of these rats has been immense. They must have carried on their operations of gnawing, while mounted one on the back of another (a system of theirs I have before now heard of); for the flooring is laid on wooden sleepers, and the distance from the ground below to the flooring above, is at least eight inches. To exterminate these monsters is my full determination, and I shall anxiously look for instructions from you as to my best mode of procedure; the more especially, when I add that I have in the immediate vicinity of the aviary nearly 100 head of poultry, many of them the choicest gold-spangled bantam breed of the late Sir John Sebright, and the finest specimens of the gold-spangled Hamburg. I am told by a knowing neighbour, by way of comfort, that I may fully expect some morning to find the entrails of some of these torn out by the rats. What a lovely prospect! Wm. Kidd, Sanders' Cottage, New Road, Hammer-smith, Jan. 1, 1850."

"Pickings up and Dottings Down."

DISTINGUISHED MEN ALWAYS HARD-WORKERS.—When we read the lives of distinguished men in any department, we find them almost always celebrated for the amount of labour they could perform. Demosthenes, Julius Cæsar, Henry the Fourth of France, Lord Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Franklin, Washington, Napoleon—different as they were in their intellectual and moral qualities—were all renowned as hard-workers. We read how many days they could support the fatigues of a march; how early they rose; how late they watched; how many hours they spent in the field, in the cabinet, in the court; how many secretaries they kept employed; in short, how hard they worked. All this power arises from energy, and a mind well directed. Patience and perseverance would cause the word "impossibility," to be expunged from our modern dictionaries; the sooner the better, say we.

"NOT" SO BAD, EITHER!—Methinks to kiss ladies' hands after their lips, as some do, is like little boys, who, after they eat the apple, fall to the paring, out of the love they have to the apple.—*Selden.*

WIT.—Wit I consider as a singular and unavoidable manner of doing or saying anything, peculiar and natural to one man only, by which his speech and actions are distinguished from those of other men.—*Congreve.*

REFLECTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.—At a season when all is cheerless without, and some

have very little cheer within, we have pleasure in "dotting down" a few remarks from the elegant pen of that very choice, feeling poet, Charles Swain. We should like to have the honour of his acquaintance. The lines are entitled:—

FORGET NOT THE UNHAPPY.

Forget not the unhappy
Amid the bright and gay,
The world can give you nothing
It will not take away;
Make much, then, of the moments
Ye never can renew,
And forget not the unhappy,
For oh, their friends are few!
Their friends are few, and faintly
They whisper comfort now;
And offer scant assistance,
With cold and cautious brow:
Each minute they are gazing
Upon their watch to go;
Oh, forget not the unhappy,
For kindness cometh slow!
Forget not the unhappy;
Though sorrow may annoy,
There's something then for memory
Hereafter to enjoy!
Oh, still from Fortune's garland
Some flowers for others strew;
And forget not the unhappy,
For oh! their FRIENDS are few.

If people only knew *once* the happiness enjoyed from doing a kind, brotherly action, bringing with it *its own rich reward*,—Oh! what a happy nation would ours be! Try it.

POETRY.

Our Own Fireside.

Domus et placens uxor.—HOR.

Who by sad fate relentless taught
Thro' distant climes to roam,
That has not sigh'd when memory sought
To tell the joys of home?
There's holy music in that sound,
A source of graceful pride;
There's a heavenly charm that hovers round
Our own bright fireside.
Cares may distract, and sorrow's sting
May vex the anxious breast;
Still there's a spot to which we cling—
One where we hope to rest.
Yes! altho' tempest toss'd we sail!
O'er life's eventful tide,
There's one sure port will never fail—
Our own bright fireside.
When round the hearth with fond delight
The joyous faces smile,
And friendship sheds its holy light
All sorrows to beguile;
'Tis then we feel that though on earth
Some blessings be denied,
There's one—'tis sure of heavenly birth—
Our own bright fireside!

The Keepsake.

The tedded hay, the first-fruits of the soil,
The tedded hay and corn sheaves in one field,
Show summer gone, ere come. The foxglove
tall

Sheds its loose purple bells, or in the gust,
Or when it bends beneath the up-springing lark,
Or mountain-finch alighting. And the rose
(In vain the darling of successful love)
Stands, like some boasted beauty of past years,
The thorns remaining and the flowers all gone!
Nor can I find, amid my lonely walk
By rivulet, or spring, or wet road-side,
That blue and bright-eyed flow'ret of the brook,
Hope's gentle gem, the sweet Forget-me-not!
So will *not* fade the flowers which Emmeline,
With delicate fingers, on the snow-white silk
Has work'd (the flower which most she knew I
lov'd)

And, more beloved than they, her auburn hair.

In the cool morning twilight, early waked
By her full bosom's joyous restlessness,
Leaving the soft bed to her sleeping sister;
Softly she rose; and lightly stole along
Down the slope coppice to the woodbine bower,
Whose rich flowers, swinging in the morning
breeze,

Over their dim fast-moving shadows hung—
Making a quiet image of disquiet
In the smooth, scarcely moving river-pool.
There, in that bower where first she owned her
love,

And let me kiss my own warm tear of joy
From off her glowing cheek, she sat and stretch'd
The silk upon the frame, and work'd her name
Between the Moss-rose and Forget-me-not—
Her own dear name! with her own auburn hair!
That forc'd to wander till sweet spring return,
I yet might ne'er forget her smile, her look,
Her voice (that even in her mirthful mood
Has made me wish to steal away and weep),
Nor yet the entrancement of that maiden kiss
With which she promised that when spring
return'd,

She would resign one-half of that dear name,
And own thenceforth no other name than mine!

COLERIDGE.

THE TWELFTH-CAKE.

Young kings and queens, to every house,
The jolly twelfth-cake brings;
And all around the merry board
Are happier far than kings.

THERE is always an infusion of heartfelt glee and young life into the whole family upon those occasions, which are regarded as more particularly jubilees of direct and positive enjoyment for the younger branches; and in those lightings-up anew of the lamp of life in themselves, parents receive the sweetest reward for those attentions which nature so strongly prompts them to bestow upon their offspring, and which are in fact nothing more than an equitable return for what the parents themselves received from a former

generation. It is thus that society becomes the type or the copy of the life of a judicious and happy individual, by the succession of generations in the one, being linked together in the same bonds of pleasurable feeling as a succession of days is in the other. Gratitude for the past and hope in the future, are the best foundations of present enjoyment and future improvement; and when gladness of the heart can thus be made a constant companion in the path of life, it is truly astonishing how sweet and flowery that path becomes!

Nor is there any better arrangement in domestic society than that this grand annual infusion of young life should take place at the commencement of the new year. Every year has of course its cares; for care is not only inseparable from the lot of man, but "taking care" forms no small item in the aggregate of human wisdom. Care is however only for the present execution and the future plan, and the moment that it becomes a care of yesterday, we should leave it behind and forget it, as useless and unprofitable. Hence it is wise that there should be some period of the year at which the whole of its cares should be sent to "the tomb of all the Capulets;" so that we may start anew in the course of life, with all our energies and all our hopes full and fresh upon us. We can do this more completely, just as the old year is closing and the new one opening, than we can at any other season. This is the time when all nature around us makes the most profound pause. The last leaf has fallen, not one bud has begun to swell, and so much do living creatures partake in this cessation of activity, that not a sparrow on the house-top will so much as chirp. There is therefore nothing around us to entice our attention, and we are left far more to each other for enjoyment than at any other time of the year.

But this has had its effect not only in those out-door occupations which depend upon the seasons, but in the in-door labours upon which there can be supposed to be little seasonal influence. Previous to Christmas, every one whips and spurs to have all matters brought to an issue; and then, who would think of entering upon a new project in business, or taking a journey; or in short, beginning anything calculated to occupy the attention, until the twelfth-cake has been divided?—and as this lapse of twelve days is the grand sabbath of the year, it is wonderful how much, meantime, the tone of the mind and the vigour of the body may be strengthened.

One of the main causes of this renovation unquestionably consists in the blending of all ranks and ages at this particular season. During the months of toil and labour, each

must pursue his own occupation; and there is no doubt that the remembrance of these twelve days carries very many forward with light hearts and willing hands until half the year has gone by, and the hope of the next season of free and general enjoyment takes them up for the remaining half. Perhaps it is in the country where the full enjoyment of this season is felt; and it is well that such should be, for it is there that the natural desolation of winter comes most home to the feelings. It is therefore a very judicious decree of the fashionables of this country, that the Christmas festivities should be by them marked in the calendar as the close of the summer; and that they should invariably be celebrated at the family hall. Nor can we imagine a greater blessing to a neighbourhood than a frank, free, and feeling landlord, whose hall of fifty generations shall be thrown open, and whose Christmas festivities shall be tasted and talked of by every individual within his wide horizon. This is the very end and purpose for which a country gentleman, of whatever rank, was ordained; and if he discharges not this duty, he had better at once become a statue in his own hall, or a dangler at some gaming table in town, in order that that which he neglects and spoils may get into better management.

But in our zeal for the Country, in which so much might be done at this season of festivity, we must not altogether forget the Town; for though there are not the same facilities for hearty glee and renovated enjoyment on the great scale there, and though one man has it not in his power to contribute to the happiness of so many—it by no means follows that towns' folk are to be miserable. Their's is more an individual, or, more strictly speaking, a family matter; but this is the time at which the members of the family are brought more completely together, and consequently it is the time at which they should contribute the most to each other's enjoyment; and especially when the young should be practically taught those lessons of kind-heartedness and warm feeling which are to make them amiable through life.

The circumstances of a town, especially one of such magnitude and such multifarious occupations as London, perhaps render it necessary, or at all events custom has so ruled it, that the younger branches of the family are "dispersed" during the greater part of the year; and it is only at this season that they are brought together. Now it were wise that the feeling of home which is impressed upon them at this season, should go a little deeper than pantomime and plum-pudding. To these we have no objection, either in theory or in practice; but they

should be always seasoned with something which shall make the school-boy and the piano-devoted "miss" continue firm in their belief, till next Christmas, that papa is the wisest man and mamma the most kind and sensible woman on the face of the whole earth;—that every brother is so "manly and clever," and every sister "the sweetest girl you ever saw." How this is to be done, we pretend not to point out; and though we have an opinion upon the subject, we shall not obtrude that opinion. We may teach folks how to toil, and every lesson is in some sort a labour; but if people do not find out their own enjoyments, their chance of having any is small indeed!

But we have forgotten the Cake!! This after all is no great matter, as our young friends are sure to remember it. Let them have it and enjoy it; and while they are sustaining their "characters for the night," let older heads bear in mind that they have also "characters for life;" and let them take care that these are well chosen and nobly sustained.

ON GENIUS.

Genius!—What a World of imaginations and recollections are wakening at the name! One sense of ineffable, unenviable glory, the pinnacle of a precipice, which some desire, but all dread: the height to which we climb perhaps in a dream, and slip from, only to perdition; or, waking, thank our stars that we never tried it in reality. Such is genius in its own proud, solitary, and irrevocable position, from which, like the thoughtless sea-boy who placed his foot on the top-mast head, there is no medium, no descent, but a plunge into the yawning sea. Such was Napoleon's, who conquered all things, even hope; too great to leave himself the possibility of permanence. Such was Scott's, accumulating lands and debts; such Byron's, dazzling Europe, to die in its obscure corner! and such, though in minor degree, the lot of those who can boast nothing of credit but dishonoured bills, and whose sole hope of remembrance rests, not in their own, but their tailors' books, where they stand immortalised from generation to generation, without a chance of their names being effaced!

But what is Genius? a spirit that makes all happy but itself and its tradesmen. This is scarcely a sufficient definition—folly itself might rival half this. Does it bring happiness to its possessor, in despite of storms?—goodness alone can do so much; or does it join with others to make every moment happy?—assuredly not, by any means—but if the contrary, there is a vast deal of unsuspected genius in the world.

But Genius when it works, which is not often, works prodigies,—and without any apparent means; it is a kind of mental engine, substituting steam; and empty pockets are its locomotive power; a power, unfortunately, never new, but yet in constant activity. Nature, said the philosophers, terribly abhors a *vacuum*, and every effort to obtain a *plenum* by the *materia subtilis*; so does her favoured son; both on the same system, carry it out to the utmost of their means, and spread it wherever they go: it is a power that is substance in vacuity; and in obscurity light; that in coldness wakes warmth, and glows amid destitution: that whispers to leaves, and feeds the fountains of the stars, and mingles for ever with the soul's overflowings; bears the voice of winds, and holds the planets in their aerial course, and fills, though unseen, the blank intervals of life itself with a glow and a balm of ethereal ecstasy. In short, it does everything—but get money!

Food for Thought.

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

CHOICE OF COMPANY.—There is a certain magic or charm in company, for it will assimilate and make you like to them by much conversation with them. If they be good company, it is a great means to make you good, or confirm you in goodness; but if they be bad, it is twenty to one but they will corrupt and infect you. Therefore be wary and shy in choosing and entertaining, or frequenting any company or companions; be not too hasty in committing yourself to them; stand off awhile till you have acquired of some that you know by experience to be faithful, what they are; observe what company they keep; be not too easy to gain acquaintance; but stand off and keep a distance yet awhile, till you have observed and learned touching them. Men or women that are greedy of acquaintance, or hasty in it, are oftentimes snared in ill company before they are aware, and entangled, so that they cannot easily get loose from it after, when they would.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

THE FOLLY OF ANGER.—Two disputants arguing upon a religious subject, one of them grew angry, and began to use very violent language, which put an end to the debate. Some time after, when he had grown cool, he began to make excuses for his intemperate heat—he was interrupted by his opponent, who said, "Oh, sir, make no apology; I was flattered by the circumstance; for I felt assured that if you could have replied *satisfactorily* to my argument, you would not have become angry." This should be read by all the world; for we hold it to be an inviolable rule, that when men once get angry, argument is at an end. They are fairly worsted, and their quiet, reasoning opponent, always comes off victorious.—*Probatum est.*

JUDGMENTS, AND PERVERSE JUDGMENTS.—When misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion, we call them

judgments; when to those of our own sect, we call them trials; when to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to impute them to the settled course of things.—*Shenstone.*

THE SEA A GREAT CEMETERY.—The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All other graveyards, in all other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and small, the rich and the poor; but in that ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same wave rolls over all—the same requiem by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats and the same sun shines; and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonored, will sleep on until awakened by the same trump when the sea will give up its dead. I thought of sailing over the slumbering but devoted Cookman, who, after his brief, but brilliant career, perished in the President—over the laughter-loving Power, who went down in the same ill-fated vessel we may have passed. In that cemetery sleeps the accomplished and pious Fisher; but where he and thousands of others of the noble spirits of the earth lie, no one but God knoweth. No marble rises to point out where their ashes are gathered, or where the lover of the good or wise can go and shed the tear of sympathy. Who can tell where lie the tens of thousands of Africa's sons who perished in the "middle passage?" Yet that cemetery hath ornaments of Jehovah. Never can I forget my days and nights as I passed over the noblest of cemeteries without a single human monument!—*Thoughts by a Wanderer.*

EXCELLENCE is never granted to man but as the reward of labour. It argues indeed no small strength of mind, to persevere in habits of industry without the pleasure of perceiving those advances, which like the hands of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.—*Sir Josh. Reynolds.*

Stray Meditations.

SORROWS OF AUTHORS.—Many an immortal work, that is a source of exquisite enjoyment to mankind, has been written with the blood of the author, at the expense of his happiness and of his life. Even the most jocose productions have been composed with a wounded spirit. Cowper's humorous ballad of Gilpin was written in a state of despondency that bordered upon madness. "I wonder," says the poet, in a letter to Mr. Newton, "that a sportive thought should ever knock at the door of my intellects, and still more that it should gain admittance. It is as if harlequin should intrude himself into the gloomy chamber where a corpse is deposited in state." In the *Quarterly Review*, it has been justly observed, that "our very greatest wits have *not* been men of a gay and a vivacious disposition. Of Butler's private history, nothing remains but the record of his miseries; and Swift was never known to smile." Lord Byron, who was irritable and unhappy, wrote some of the most amusing stanzas of Don Juan in his dreariest moods.

In fact, the cheerfulness of an author's style is always but a doubtful indication of the serenity of his heart. An author is an abstract creation—"alter et idem," a living puzzle to himself, to his friends, and to all his acquaintance.

FEMALE LOVELINESS.—Female loveliness never appears to so good advantage as when set off with simplicity of dress. No artist ever decked his angels with towering feathers and gaudy jewellery, and our human angels, if they would make good their title to that name, should carefully avoid ornaments which properly belong to Indians and African princesses. These tinselries may serve to give effect on the stage or upon a ball-room floor, but in daily life there is no substitute for the charms of simplicity. A vulgar taste is not to be disguised by gold and diamonds.

—“Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.”

So think WE—not so, the million!

HOW TO BREAK OFF A BAD HABIT.—The late Mr. London, the celebrated writer on gardening, &c., during the time he was suffering so severely from the pain in his arm, found no ease but from taking laudanum; and he became at last so habituated to the use of this noxious potion, that he took a wine-glassful every eight hours. After the amputation of his arm, however, he wished to leave off taking it, as he was aware of its injurious effects upon his general health; and he contrived to cure himself by putting a wine-glassful of cold water into his quart bottle of laudanum every time he took out a wine-glassful of the potion, so that the mixture became gradually weaker every day, till at last it was little more than water; and he found that he had cured himself of this dangerous habit, without experiencing any inconvenience.—Ergo; cold water is the real panacea for nearly “all the ills that flesh is heir to.” Thus much is certain; if a trial were made of it, our doctors' bills would soon grow “small by degrees, and beautifully less!” We shall be happy to publish “authenticated cases” in our LONDON JOURNAL.

“FACTS” v. FICTION IN NATURAL HISTORY.—There could not perhaps be a more fitting season than the present for us to enter our strongest protest against the excessive “tales of Wonder and Imagination,” connected with animals, that from time to time find their way into print, to the great and serious detriment of science and truth. Let it ever be borne in mind, that even truth itself becomes positive falsehood, if it be presented in any other than its right relations. There can be no truth but the whole truth! Whatever is recorded contrary to the law of nature in any animal, and impossible to be traced to any sound principle connected therewith, must be regarded as apocryphal. It is just as impracticable for us to become acquainted with a perfect knowledge of animals, from popular and highly-coloured anecdotes and stories, as it would be to obtain an insight into human nature from the lavish outpourings of friendly partiality and parental fondness. A firm conviction of this truth always induces me to relate nothing but

what I can corroborate—none but literal facts.—*Kidd's Essays on Instinct and Reason.*

A Sober Reflection for 1851-52.

Watching the clear sky on a summer's evening, and the bright stars which glitter on its face and dart their radiance around, whilst the earth smiles in their presence, we fancy that we may rejoice in such enchantments for ever; but alas! in a few brief moments, darkening clouds arise, and sweep across our firmament. One by one the beaming orbs disappear, and the horizon, sparkling no longer, is enveloped in a dreary expanse of cheerless gloom. So it is in the social system. For awhile the brilliant lights of its sphere shed their halo around, and all is glowing and dazzling where they shine. The gleams of imagination and the flashes of intellect illumine the scene, and we fondly hope that the fleet pleasure will be immortal; but the glories fade away, and the shadows of death gradually wrap the whole in oblivion. The stars will shine again from the heavens, and our own and others' eyes will again and again behold them; but there is no returning for the friends we have loved and lost—there is no rekindling of the luminaries, and sometimes the meteors, of our brief existence, who have cheered its thorniest paths, and adorned its very sterility with the lustre of their gladsome influence. *The feast of reason is concluded, the flow of soul is o'er!*

Landscape Scenery.

No landscape, however admirable in other respects, is complete without “motion.” We who are lovers of nature in all its beauties, gently insist on this. The swan must glide along the river; the eagle wheel among the crags; the goat must bound among the precipices; the herds and flocks graze in irregular groups along the valley. For this reason it is, that the poets never fail to animate their ideal landscapes with some interesting associations which imply “motion”—such as the waving of woods, the falling of waters, and the flight of birds. We cannot to day, offer “examples” of this, although our mind is full of them. In the motion of landscape, what can be more agreeable than the waving of corn or trees, the calm gliding or the fierce rushing of rivers, the rising of columns of smoke, the unpremeditated motion of animals? Let us add to these, the majestic movements of the clouds marching before a storm, or gliding in stupendous masses along the vast expanse of the horizon!

INFLUENCE OF “A FOG” UPON A LANDSCAPE.—The most long-lived plants are not those which grow the fastest. So it is with friendship—that is commonly the most firm and durable, which grows up but slowly; while that which is hastily contracted is most liable to be dissolved.

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THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR;

WITH A GLANCE AT
TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE.

THE old year—peace to his *manes*!—has departed. The sayings and doings of 1851 are now mere matters of history! "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*" is an epitaph, than which none more appropriate could have been composed for our good friend's tomb. Let us record it on his grave-stone, to his honor; for his reign has been a great, a good, a glorious, an ever-memorable reign—the blessings he has conferred upon his loving subjects have been neither few nor small. Nor have the feathered tribe reason to forget his lavish bounties; for every successive season has yielded them a perfect "heaven of delights." All of us who have ranged the fields throughout the year, can and will most willingly testify of *their* unbounded happiness, and of the unlimited provision the Creator has made for them from first to last. Let us here breathe an aspiration, that the mantle of our late most gracious sovereign, "1851," may descend on the shoulders of his successor, "1852,"—to whose advent let all his lawful subjects shout—"All hail!"

As it has been our wont to notice, from time to time, the aspect of Nature, and to try to win, by the effort of our humble pen, as many admirers of this gentle handmaid as possible—we purpose, as the singing time for birds is not yet fully come, to offer a few stray thoughts on the opening year, which may not be irrelevant to the study of natural history generally. In the *country* alone, let us remark, can the habits of birds be fully arrived at.

With us, Southrons, the "winter" season nominally commences on the 21st of December; so that, at the present time of writing, we may fairly bid good-bye to autumn and its lingering beauties. It is even now lovely in its death; and it leaves traces

behind it of many pleasant hours, the remembrance of which will be ever sweet:—

Farewell, dear Autumn, with thy yellow bowers,
Thy waving skies, thy fields of fallow hue!
Farewell, ye perishing and perished flowers,—
Ye shall revive when vernal skies are blue;
But now the tempest cloud of Winter lowers,
Frosts are severe, and snow-flakes not a few;
Lifting their leafless boughs against the breeze,
Forlorn appear the melancholy trees.

Those who live in towns and cities are apt to imagine the season of winter a severe visitation, bringing with it necessarily "all the ills that flesh is heir to." To escape these as effectually as may be, they make up their minds either to sleep it away, or beguile the time by all manner of in-door amusement. Thus, should it snow, all the inmates of a family crowd round the hearth; a fire is made up, or rather heaped up in the drawing-room, and the party becomes half-roasted (on one side only). Or perhaps, the same individuals, feeling sleepy after partaking largely of a substantial dinner, fall back into an easy chair, and indulge in "40 winks"—an atrocious practice truly, even for adults. Thus are Nature's laws abused; thus is common sense outraged; and illness "invited" into the house.

The same occurs too frequently, when it is a fine, frosty, bracing day. Instead of bounding joyously forth, to take advantage of the weather, and so create a healthy tone in the system—how very many of us are there who prefer seeking refuge under the protecting influence of a large, well-filled, blazing stove! Let me gently remind such unthinking folks of the extreme liability they incur of taking cold, when leaving the room, and passing to and fro through the various currents of air; also let me urge upon them the folly of so endeavoring to produce a circulation of the blood, the want of which is the *avant-courier* of nearly all domestic diseases. Well may our medical

men take off their hats with obsequious courtesy, to Christmas and the New Year! Happily, most happily, have their "customers" been christened "Patients!"

Whilst however, our aristocracy, our gentry, our good citizens and their respectable families, "pity" us who live in the country (as they *do*), viewing us in the light of people "doomed" to behold nothing save naked trees and leafless hedges, and imagining us to be equally affected as themselves by the rigorous season—let us in turn pity *them*, and show the reason why. At the same time, let us in fairness confess that if we lived where they live, we should do just as they do.

People residing in towns and cities have no *inducement* to early rising. Were they to quit their warm nest even at six or seven o'clock in the winter, raise the blind, and ask "what of the morning?"—I fear the "answer" would cause them soon to return to their rest! All without looks dreary, murky, heavy, dull. No sight presents itself, save some poor diminutive, shivering lass, fluttering by with water-cresses; or some bed-less wight shuffling along the street, to be first in the field to discover the elements of a morning's meal. These can only be realised by some stray paltry article of by-gone utility being swept out of a tradesman's shop; unless, indeed, he boasts of "sympathy" with some tender-hearted cook, who may look him up a plate of broken victuals. These and the "early (portable) coffee-shop" at the corner of the street, are all perhaps that arrest the eye of the sleeper awakened. With *such* a prospect, is it a matter for wonder that resolution forsakes him, and that—

"A little more sleep, and a little more slumber"

appear preferable to going down stairs into a cold room, in which no fire has been lighted by the equally-reluctant-to-rise Abigail—and where the remains of an over-night's *conversazione* yet remain but too palpable to sight? Thus much for a city life. Now for a glance at our country life.

At early dawn, even at *this* season, we rise to the voice of chanticleer, and spring from our place of rest to examine the prospect from without. If it be wet and drizzling, we, like the city folk, at once return to our bed. But if it be frosty, or snow is seen to fall, then do we rise betimes to view the glory of the scene. A splendid sight is a frosty morning! How beautiful are the sparkling brilliants, pendant from the twigs and the spray! What fantastical shapes do we see in the objects formed by the rime, richly reposing on the shrubs, the trees, and the evergreens, until resolved into its elements

by the rising sun! And when the day has broken, and a gleam of bright light illumines the scene—what a picture of loveliness does there not lie before us!

As for Snow, and its effects on the whole face of the country, its brilliant scintillations, its romantic embodiment of fairy conceptions, its endless diversity of colors, seen in the various rays of light emitted by the sun in his feeble but gradually-increasing light—of Snow, I could be eloquent for a twelvemonth. These and similar treats await all who reside in the country, and who love Nature.

Now for a word or two about the little birds, whom, of course, we shall take henceforward under our special protection. To understand the habits of the feathered race, you must live in the country, where *alone* they can be studied; and you must rise early throughout the entire year, if you would minutely observe their movements—for they change with the seasons. By adopting this plan, you will find that you make some new friends and acquaintances daily; for these little creatures are very observant of what is going on; and intimacies out of number may be formed amongst them, whilst half the world are fast asleep.

If you enter your garden, or if you ramble into any particular field or lane at a certain hour every morning, *there*, rely upon it, you will find awaiting you every little friend whose attention you may have secured; and in this way you may become in a very short time, and in the true sense of the word, a "Naturalist."

It is curious, but, as I have before very often remarked, it is true, that birds well know by an intuitive feeling *who* take pleasure in their society, and who do *not*; so that on ourselves depends our success, or otherwise, in rendering them tame and familiar.

These topics are very fruitful, and our pen will be exercised on them for many months, perhaps years to come!

Let us not forget, amidst our festivities, the claims, which our little patient friends meantime put forth to a large share of our hospitality. The winds are bleak and cutting, the frost is keen, and the aspect, from without, "wintry" in the extreme. 'Tis now their plaint falls persuasively and pleadingly on our ear:—

"The snow's coming down very fast,
No shelter is found on the tree;
When you hear the tempestuous blast,
I pray you TAKE PITY ON ME!"

Let not this little Christmas Carol—savoring of love and confidence—be chanted in vain! Then shall OUR "Christmas log" burn all the brighter, OUR joys be the more joyous—OUR happiness the more complete!

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica. By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, A.L.S. ASSISTED by RICHARD HILL, Esq. Longman and Co.

This is *indeed* a book on Natural History, penned by a man worthy of being called a naturalist. He has not purchased an old obsolete book or two, and stolen from them the errors of by-gone days; but he has put before us, in all their freshness, anecdotes and descriptions whose perusal is a matter of real delight.

We are much struck with the remarks of Mr. Gosse on the study of Natural History. He says: "That alone is worthy to be called natural history, which investigates and records the condition of living things, of things in a state of nature; of animals, of *living* animals; which tells of their sayings and doings, their varied notes and utterances, songs, and cries; their actions in ease, and under the pressure of circumstances; the affections and passions towards their young, towards each other, towards other animals, towards man; their various arts and devices to protect their progeny, to procure food, to escape from their enemies, and defend themselves; with many other inherent qualities." In another place, Mr. Gosse remarks: "If we *are* to have their portraits let us have them drawn from the life, while the bright eyes are glancing, and the flexible features express the emotions of the mind within; and while the hues, so often fleeting and evanescent, exist in their unchanged reality, and the attitudes are full of the elegance and grace that free, wild nature, assumes."

It is really quite refreshing to get one's own ideas conveyed in such noble, yet, such plain phraseology. Every real lover of natural history must lend his hearty "Amen" to all Mr. Gosse has said. Reading is good, but observation and research are far better.

In selecting from a book like this, nothing hardly comes amiss; for the author's sojourn in Jamaica, some eighteen months, has enabled him to get together a large quantity of useful as well as agreeable information. Let us first extract the particulars of

"THE BLACK SNAKE.—It climbs with facility, mounting perpendicularly the smooth trunk of a tree, and gliding along the branches, on which it loves to lie in the sun. If alarmed, it will sometimes move along the branch, but generally drops to the ground, lowering its fore parts gradually, but very quickly, and letting go with the tail last of all. The mode in which colubrine snakes (and, perhaps, others) mount trees is, I think, misunderstood. We see them represented in engravings as circling the trunk or branches in spiral coils; but this, though it may do well for stuffed specimens in a museum, is not the way in which a living snake

mounts a tree. It simply glides up with the whole body extended in a straight line, doubtless clinging by means of the expanded ribs, as we can see that the body is perceptibly dilated and flattened. In fact, a snake finds no more difficulty in passing swiftly up the vertical trunk of a tree than in gliding over the ground. I have been astonished to remark, how slight a contact is sufficient for it to maintain its hold. The black snake will allow the greatest part of its body to hang down in the air, and thus remain still, while little more than the tail maintains its position, by clinging (straight, not spirally, and not half round it) to the upper surface of a branch; and it will often pass freely and gracefully from one branch to another at a considerable interval. The motions of a snake in a tree are beautifully easy and free, and convey the impression that the reptile feels quite at home among the branches.

"This is a bold and fierce snake, often turning when struck, and approaching its assailant with the head erected in a most menacing attitude; the mouth opened to its widest extent. I have seen one thus endeavoring to attack when foiled by being struck, and thrown off by a stick, at length become quite enraged; the neck being dilated to nearly an inch in width, and perfectly flattened, so that the white skin could be seen within the scales.

"Tollentemque minas et sibila colla tumentum.

VIRG. Georg. iii. 421.

"It is this dilatation of the neck, but in a much higher degree, which gives so remarkable an appearance to the deadly najas or cobras of Africa and India. A black snake, which I had tied by the neck with a string while I made a sketch of it, struck fiercely at me with gaping jaws as far as its cord would allow, every time I looked up or down. The Creoles say, that if a dog attacks it, it always strikes at his eyes, and not unfrequently produces blindness."

Our eye next falls upon a very graphic description of—

"MOONLIGHT.—There is something exceedingly romantic in the nights of the tropics. It is pleasant to sit on the landing place at the top of the flight of steps in front of Bluefields House, after night has spread her "purple wings" over the sky; or even to lie at full length on the smooth stones; it is a hard bed, but not a cold one, for the thick flags, exposed to the burning sun during the day, become thoroughly heated, and retain a considerable degree of warmth till morning nearly comes again. The warmth of the flat stones is particularly pleasant, as the cool night breezes play over the face. The scene is favorable for meditation; the moon "walking in brightness," gradually climbing up to the very centre of the deep blue sky, sheds on the grassy sward—the beasts lying down here and there, the fruit trees, the surrounding forest, and the glistening sea spread out in front—a soft but brilliant radiance unknown to the duller regions of the north. The babbling of the little rivulet, winning its seaward way over the rocks and pebbles, comes like distant music upon the ear of which the bass is supplied by the roll of the

surf falling on the sea-beach at measured intervals—a low hollow roar, protracted until it dies away along the sinuous shore, the memorial of a fierce but transitory sea-breeze. But there are sweeter sounds than these. The mocking-bird takes his seat on the highest twig of the orange tree at my feet, and pours forth his rich and solemn gushes of melody, with such an earnestness as if his soul were in his song. A rival from a neighboring tree commences a similar strain; and now the two birds exert all their powers, each striving his utmost to out-sing the other, until the silence of the lonely night rings with bursts and swells, and tender cadences of melodious song. Here and there, over the pasture, the intermittent green spark of the firefly flits along; and at the edges of the bounding woods, scores of twinkling lights are seen, appearing and disappearing in the most puzzling manner. Three or four bats are silently winging along through the air, now passing over the face of the vertical moon like tiny black specks, now darting through the narrow arch beneath the steps, and now fitting so close over head that one is tempted to essay their capture with an insect net. The light of the moon, however, though clearly revealing their course, is not powerful or precise enough for this, and the little nimble leather wings pursue their giddy play in security."

We must take our leave for the present, by bringing under our readers' notice, the account of—

"THE VENUS LIZARD.—One day in February, having ascended the ridge with a companion, my attention was arrested by a lizard about a foot long, and of a lively green color, on the trunk of a small tree, head downward, intently watching our motions as we stood near. My young friend suggested the possibility of capturing it by slipping a noose over its head, while its attention was engaged by whistling. I laughingly proceeded to try the spell; and having made a noose of small twine, which I tied to the end of a switch, I gently walked towards him whistling a lively tune. To my astonishment, he allowed me to slip the noose over his head, merely glancing his bright eye at the string as it passed. I jerked the switch; the music ceased; and the green-coated forester was sprawling in the air, dangling greatly to his annoyance at the end of my string. He was very savage, biting at everything near; presently his color began to change from green to blackish, till it was of an uniform blueish black, with darker bands on the body, and a brownish black on the tail; the only trace of green was just around the eyes. I carefully secured, without injuring him, and brought him home in the collecting basket; into which I had no sooner put him, than he fiercely seized a piece of linen in his teeth, and would not let it go for several hours. I transferred him to a wired cage, linen and all; and at length he suddenly let go his hold, and flew wildly about the cage, biting at anything presented to him. At night, I observed him vividly green as at first; a token, as I presumed, that he had in some measure recovered his equanimity. The next day he continued very fierce. I hung the cage out in the sun. Two or three times in the course of the day, I

observed him green; but for the most part he was black. The changes were quickly accomplished. After he had been in my possession about four days, I observed him one morning sloughing his skin; the delicate epidermis, loosened from the body and legs, looked like a garment of thin white muslin, split irregularly down the legs and toes, and separated from that of the tail, on which the integument yet adhered unbroken. Throughout the day, the loosened skin hung about the animal, though more and more loosely. He had not abated a whit of his fierceness; leaping at a stick pointed at him, and seizing it forcibly with his teeth.

"Another individual, caught in the same locality and by the same device, I introduced into the cage of the former, who did not offer any molestation to the intruder. After they had remained in my possession, the one about six weeks, and the other about four, they both died, almost on the same day, and both in the process of sloughing. In this operation, the skin appears to be first separated from the head; for in one of these it was perfectly loose from the whole head, and was removable in one piece, but to the neck and entire body it still adhered by organic union. I suspect that the sloughing of the skin is, at least sometimes, the result of universal excitement. All that I have taken alive and caged (amounting to many individuals), after most violent behavior at first, soon sloughed; usually the very next day."

Favorite Song Birds; interspersed with Choice Passages from the Poets.—EDITED BY H. G. ADAMS. 12mo. W. S. ORR AND CO.

It appears to have been so ruled by the Fates, that on ourselves should devolve the necessity, perhaps the misfortune, of writing "*Popular Treatises on the Treatment of Birds in Confinement.*" The author of this book was born under a happier planet; and seems to sing of the feathered tribes who roam the fields at large, as if he were one of themselves, and understood their language.

We can fancy Mr. Adams—and we should like well to be in his company—ranging the fields, and the lanes, the woods, and the forests; and picture his delight as the lark rises on the wing, and carols its early praise for the safe repose of the night.

Every page of this book on "*Song Birds*" is richly illustrated by apposite quotations from the Poets; Poets with whose fancies and inspirations Mr. Adams is identified in the highest degree. We should imagine that he must have ransacked all the treasures of a well-stored library, to have acquired so much avicular lore.

Having done him justice as a "poet," we must prove the truth of our remarks; which we cannot do better than by letting some of his well-selected passages nestle in our pages. They will be recognised as literary gems, and extend the taste for the "sublime and beautiful."

Let us, just with a view to anticipate what we shall *all* hear in a few short months, quote the harmonious strains of CLARE, that lovely poet, on—

THE NIGHTINGALE.

“Up this green woodland path we'll softly rove,
And list the Nightingale; she dwelleth here.
Hush! let the wood-gate gently close, for fear
Its noise might scare her from her home of love.
Here I have heard her sing for many a year,
At noon and eve, ay, all the livelong day,
As though she lived on song.—In this same spot,
Just where the old-man's-beard all widely trails
Its tresses o'er the track and stops the way,—
And where that child the fox-glove flowers hath
got,
Laughing and creeping through the moss-grown
rails,—

Oft have I hunted, like a truant boy,
Creeping through thorny brakes with eager joy,
To find her nest, and see her feed her young:
And where those crimped ferns grow rank
among

The hazel boughs, I've nestled down full oft,
To watch her warbling on some spray aloft,
*With wings all quivering in her ecstasy,
And feathers ruffling up in transport high,
And bill wide open—to relieve her heart
Of its out-sobbing song!*—But with a start,
If I but stirred a branch, she stopped at once,
And, flying off swift as the eye can glance,
In leafy distance hid, to sing again.
Anon, from bosom of that green retreat,
Her song anew in silvery stream would gush,
With *jug-jug-jug* and quavered trilling sweet;
Till, roused to emulate the enchanting strain,
From hawthorn spray piped loud the merry
thrush

Her wild bravura through the woodlands wide.”

Mr. ADAMS shall now be quoted as a poet, on—

THE BLACKBIRD.

“Methinks, methinks, a happy life is thine,
Bird of the jetty wing and golden bill!
Up in the clear fresh morning's dewy shine
Art thou, and singing at thine own sweet
will:

Thy mellow voice floats over vale and hill,
Rich and mellifluous to the ear as wine

Unto the taste; at noon we hear thee still;
And when grey shadows tell of Sol's decline;
Thou hast thy matin and thy vesper song,

Thou hast thy noontide canticle of praise,
For HIM who fashioned thee to dwell among
The orchard-grounds, and 'mid the pleasant
ways

Where blooming hedge-rows screen the rustic
throng:

Thy life's a ceaseless prayer, thy days all sab-
bath days.”

Now for “our own” pet, immortalised in these pages by WORDSWORTH:—

THE SKY-LARK.

“Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!

Dost thou despise the earth, when cares
abound?

Or, while thy wings aspire, are heart and eye

Both with thy nest, upon the dewy ground?—

Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music
still.

To the last point of vision, and beyond,

Mount, daring warbler! That love-prompted
strain

(“Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)

Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain!

Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege, to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale the shady wood—

A privacy of glorious light is thine,

When thou dost pour upon the world a flood

Of harmony with rapture more divine.

Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam,

True to the kindred points of heaven and home!”

Before laying aside this elegant tome, shining in its cloth of gold—we must remark that, although it is not adapted for the use of those who *keep* birds, yet it is an essential “Companion” for all who *love* birds. Its circulation, therefore, ought to be universal.

Mr. Adams has himself contributed largely to the poetical imagery of the volume, and he has superintended the getting up of some beautiful illustrative colored engravings of birds, designed by Edward Gilks. There are no fewer than twelve of them.

Scinde; or the Unhappy Valley. By Lieut. R. F. BURTON, Bombay Army. Two Vols.

Mr. Burton has before committed authorship; his former attempt being *Goa and the Blue Mountains*. This was a failure. The present performance is more creditable, and his field of inquiry wider and more generally interesting. If we say, *sub rosâ*, that the worthy Lieutenant throws the hatchet with admirable dexterity, we shall speak but the truth. We name this lest, by quoting the following animated sketch, we might be held answerable for its authenticity. We had rather not!

“HUNTING AN ALLIGATOR.—In the dark recess, formed by a small bridge built over the narrow brick channel which supplies the swamp, and concealed from eyes profane by the warm, blueish, sulphureous stream, lurks the grisly monarch of the place. An unhappy kid is slaughtered with the usual religious formula, and its life-blood is allowed to flow as a libation into the depths below. A gurgling and a bubbling of the waters forewarn us that their tenant has acknowledged the compliment, and presently a huge snout and slimy crimson case, fringed with portentous fangs, protrude from the yawning surface.

"Wah! wah!—hooray! hooray!!" shouts the surrounding crowd, intensely excited, when Mr. Peacock, after being aroused into full activity, (as his fierce, flashing little eyes and uneasy movements denote,) by a succession of vigorous pokes and pushes with a bamboo pole, condescends to snap at and swallow the hind quarter of a young goat—temptingly held within an inch of his nose.

"Now there will be something to laugh at. Out of the neighboring tent sallies a small but select body of subalterns, in strange hats and stranger coats. They are surrounded by a pack of rakish-looking bull terriers, yelping and dancing their joy at escaping from the thralldom of the kuttewala. There is a gun, too, in the party. They seem just now at a loss what to do. They wander listlessly among the date trees, wink at the ladies, 'chaff' the old fakir a little, offer up the usual goat, and playfully endeavor to ram the bamboo pole down Mr. Peacock's throat. The showman remonstrates, and they inform him, in a corrupt dialect of 'the Moors,' that he is an 'old muff.' A barking and a hoarse roaring from below attract their attention; they hurry down towards the swamp, and find their dogs occupied in disturbing the repose of its possessors. 'At him, Tim! go it, Pincher! five to one in gold mohurs that Snap doesn't funk the fellow; hist 'st, Snap!'

"Snap's owner is right; but the wretched little quadruped happens to come within the sweep of a juvenile alligator's tail, which with one lash sends him flying through the air into the 'middle of next week.' Bang! bang! And two ounces of shot salute Snap's murderer's eyes and ears. Tickled by the salutation, the little monster, with a curious attempt at agility, plunges into his native bog, grunting as if he had a grievance.

"Again the old fakir, issuing from his sanctum,—that white dome on the rock which towers above the straggling grove,—finds fault with the nature of the proceedings. This time, however, he receives a rupee and a bottle of cognac,—the respectable senior would throttle his father, or sell his mother for a little more. So he retires in high glee, warning his generous friends that the beasts are very furious and addicted to biting.

"When 'larking' does commence, somehow or other it is very difficult to cut its career short. No sooner does the keeper of the lines disappear, than the truth of his caution is canvassed and generally doubted. The chief of the sceptics, a beardless boy about seventeen, short, thin, and cock-nosed,—in fact, the very model of a guardsman,—proposes to demonstrate by experiment 'what confounded nonsense the chap was talking.' A 'draw it mild old fellow,' fixes his intentions.

"The ensign turns round to take a run at the bog, looks to see that his shoes are tightly tied, and charges the right place gallantly; now planting his foot upon one of the little tufts of rank grass which protrude from the muddy water, now lighting on an alligator's back, now sticking for a moment in the black mire, now hopping dexterously off a sesquipedalian snout. He reaches the other side with a whole skin, although his pantaloons have suffered a little from a

vicious bite: narrow escapes, as one may imagine, he has had; but pale ale and plentiful pluck are powerful preservers.

"A crowd assembles about the spot; the exultation of success seems to turn the young gentleman's head. He proposes an alligator ride, is again laughed to scorn, and again runs off, with mind made up, to the tent. A moment afterwards he reappears, carrying a huge steel fork and a sharp hook, strong and sharp, with the body of a fowl quivering on one end, and a stout cord attached to the other. He lashes his line carefully round one end of the palm trees, and commences plying the water for a mugur. A brute nearly twenty feet long, a real Saurian every inch of him, takes the bait, and finds himself in a predicament; he must either disgorge a savory morsel, or remain a prisoner; and for a moment or two he makes the ignoble choice. He pulls, however, like a thorough-bred bull-dog, shakes his head as if he wished to shed it, and lashes his tail with the energy of a shark who is being beaten to death with capstan bars.

"In a moment, the rider is seated, like an elephant driver, upon the thick neck of the reptile, who not being accustomed to carry such weight, at once sacrifices his fowl; and running off with his rider, makes for the morass. On the way, at times, he slackens his zigzag, wriggling course, and attempts a bite, but the prongs of the steel fork, well rammed into the soft part of his neck, muzzle him effectually enough. And just as the steed is plunging into his own element, the jockey springs actively up, leaps on one side, avoids a terrific lash from the serrated tail, and again escapes better than he deserves."

These little anecdotes certainly are amusing; but as records of "facts" in Natural History they should be assigned "a separate ward." Our duty compels us to notice all works brought under our eye; hence the above illustration of one of the gallant Lieutenant's Flights of Fancy.

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Something New from the Story Garden.
18mo. Groombridge & Sons.

We imagine there is scarcely a respectable family in the kingdom, in which that lovely little work, the *Story without an End*, is not to be found. Its pure diction, extreme simplicity, and witching garb, have procured it entrance wherever there are children to be taught and to be pleased. Side by side with that little book should be placed—this *Story Garden*. It is no servile copy, but an elegant offering of friendship from one member of a family to her two sisters. In style and object it resembles the story of Miss Austen, and is equally attractive in every respect. Nor are the illustrations one whit less beautiful. They are perfect *bijoux* of art, and reflect honor on the designer, the engraver, and the proprietor,—all of whom seem to have vied with each other to produce a literary gem. In what a beautiful

garment, too, is this little tome clad! Gold without, and gold within, we pronounce it, at this season more particularly, to be one of the most acceptable presents that could be conferred on youth; nor ought we to exclude from our unqualified approval the handiwork of the printer, whose labor in producing such sharp and effective impressions of the embellishments (on wood) must have been indeed great.

Junius and his Works Compared with the Character and Writings of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. BY WILLIAM CRAMP. 8vo.

Fac-Simile Autograph Letters of Junius, Lord Chesterfield, and Mrs. Dayrolles. BY THE SAME AUTHOR. 8vo. Hope & Co.

Mr. Cramp, with much energy of purpose, has labored to prove that Mrs. Dayrolles was the amanuensis employed to copy the MSS. of Junius' letters for the printer; and he has produced parallels both from Chesterfield and Junius, that lead to the belief that the former and the latter were identical. The two books are full of curious matter; and we recommend a very careful perusal of them. The subject yet possesses sufficient interest to command attention, and when it is considered how intimate Lord Chesterfield was with Mr. Dayrolles, we think Mr. Cramp has probability on his side.

ANIMAL INSTINCT—DOGS.

We shall have many original anecdotes to relate of the Dog; meantime, we select from Thompson's "Passions of Animals," recently published, some few particulars that may prove interesting to the admirers of this faithful Domestic Companion:—

"The race of turnspits is almost extinct, as their services have been superseded by machinery, but in some places this has not been of long date. These dogs knew the roasting day most distinctly. At the Jesuits' College at Flèche, the cook took one of these dogs out of its turn to put it into the wheel of the spit; but the animal, giving him a severe bite, ran away, and drove in from the yard the dog whose turn it really was. Arago describes something similar: he saw several dogs at an inn, whose duty it was to turn the spit in regular rotation, one of which skulked away, and obstinately refused to work because its turn had not come round, but went willingly enough into the wheel after its comrade had turned for a few minutes. A dog, which was in the habit of accompanying his master from Paris to Charenton, where he spent the Sunday with a friend, having been locked up on two successive occasions, ran off alone to Charenton on the Saturday evening, and waited there for its master. A gentleman writing from Edinburgh,

and speaking of the Scotch shepherd's dog, describes it as one of the most intelligent of the canine family, as a constant attendant on his master, and never leaving him except in the performance of his duty. In some districts of Scotland, these animals always accompany them to church; some of them are even more regular attendants than their masters, for, by an extraordinary computation of time, they never fail resorting thither, unless employed in attending their charge. To a stranger, their appearance is somewhat remarkable in such a spot, and the propriety with which they conduct themselves during the service is remarkably singular. On one occasion, towards the close, one of the dogs showed an anxiety to get away, when his master, for this unmannerly conduct, very unceremoniously gave him a kick, which caused him to howl, and break the peace of the assembly; and, to add to his distress, some of his fellow dogs attacked him, which dogs are wont to do when they hear one of their species howl. The quarrel became so alarming that the precentor was forced to leave his seat, and use his authority in restoring peace, which was done by means of a few kicks. All the time of this disturbance the minister seemed very little discomfited, continuing his preaching without intermission, which showed that such occurrences were not rare. In one parish, great complaints were made against the disturbances occasioned during divine service by the quarrelling or otherwise unmannerly conduct of the dogs, when it was agreed that all those who had dogs should confine them, and not allow them to come to church. This did very well for the first Sunday or so; but the dogs not at all relishing to be locked up on a day when they were wont to enjoy themselves, were never to be found on the Sunday mornings, to be tied up: they by some instinct knew the Sunday as well as their masters, and set off before them, whither they had been in the habit of going on that day. It was now evident to the members of the congregation that this plan would not do, and another scheme was laid before them, which was to erect a house close to the church, in which they might be confined during divine service. This was adopted, and the kennel was accordingly built, in which the dogs were imprisoned; but the animals being more accustomed to freedom than confinement, took this restraint upon their liberty in ill-part, and set up a most dreadful howling, to the great annoyance of the people in the church. They however persevered in confining them for a considerable time, thinking the animals would get accustomed to their incarceration; but in this they were mistaken, for instead of the howling diminishing, it got worse and worse. So it was agreed they should again be set at liberty, and have freedom of access to the place of public worship; but their manners had been so corrupted, that they were with difficulty brought even to their former discipline."

We have a proof in this last anecdote, how necessary it is to teach even dogs good manners; and how difficult it is to un-teach what they have acquired in the way of bad manners. Just so is it with the human race. By the by this book, though interesting,

might have been rendered more "valuable" by weeding out apocryphal matters, and sticking closer to "facts."

AN ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF THE DOG.—Of the dog we can all be eloquent; and I could relate "true anecdotes" of some of my canine favorites that would hardly be credited. Still, with all my success in teaching dogs to do marvellous things, *I never could teach them that when they jumped up with dirty feet, there was an injury done to my clothes.* When they obeyed the command of "Down, sir!" sometimes enforced by a gentle *coup de main*, they never could reason about the "why and because." Nor have I ever yet met with any dog, or ever heard of any dog, that *could* be "argued with" on these moral proprieties and observances. Talking of the memory of dogs—one of mine, "Dash" by name, was once stolen from me. After being absent thirteen months, he one day entered my office in town, with a long string tied round his neck. He had broken away from the fellow who held him prisoner³. Our meeting may be imagined. I discovered the thief; had him apprehended; and took him before a magistrate. He swore the dog was *his*, and called witnesses to bear him out. "Mr. Kidd," said Mr. Twyford—I see him now—addressing me, "Can you give us any satisfactory *proof* of this dog being your property?" Placing my mouth to the dog's ear—first giving him a knowing look—and whispering a little masonic communication, known to us two only, "Dash" immediately reared up on his hind legs, and went through a series of gymnastic manœuvres with a stick, guided meanwhile by my eye, which set the whole court in a roar. My evidence needed no further corroboration; the thief stood committed; "Dash" was liberated; and amidst the cheers of the multitude we bounded merrily homewards. The *réunion* among my "household gods" may be imagined. It would be farcical to relate it; nor must I dwell upon certain other rare excellencies of this same dog; with whom, and his equally sagacious better half, "Fanny," I passed many years of happy intimacy.—*Kidd's Essays on Instinct and Reason (in the Gardeners' Chronicle).*

FANCY.—Fancy turns her sister's wizard instruments into toys. She takes a telescope in her hand and puts a mimic star on her forehead, and sallies forth as an emblem of astronomy. Her tendency is to the child-like and sportive. She chases butterflies, while her sister takes flight with angels. She is the genius of fairies, of gallantries, of fashions; of whatever is quaint and light, showy and capricious; of the poetical part of wit. She adds wings and feelings to the images of wit; and delights as much to people nature with smiling ideal sympathies, as wit does to bring antipathies together, and make them strike light on absurdity.

WISDOM.—Wisdom is the talent of buying virtuous pleasures at the cheapest rate.—*Fiehlung.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C.—Very many thanks. Pray correspond with us regularly.

J. H.—Accept our warmest thanks for your earnest endeavor to serve our interests. *All* the newsvendors in Dublin will keep our LONDON JOURNAL on sale.

J. P.—The "principles" you so approve, will ever be advocated by us. You may therefore safely circulate our Paper in your own, and your friends' family circle. We shall write, with a view to benefit *all* mankind.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS, and CASUAL READERS, are referred to the LEADING ARTICLE in our First Number for the DETAILED OBJECTS of the LONDON JOURNAL: to these we shall rigidly adhere.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them. Our time is more profitably occupied. All vacancies, as they are called, are filled up. Let this general answer suffice.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any "facts" connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS.—It having been deemed expedient, to meet the views of *the Trade*, that this Journal should always be published by *anticipation*, CONTRIBUTORS AND OTHERS will be so kind as to bear in mind that they must give us an *extra* "week's grace," and *wait patiently* till their favours appear.

All persons who may send in MSS., but which may not be "accepted," are requested to *preserve copies* of them, as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for their return.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only order it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S LONDON JOURNAL.

Saturday, January 10, 1852.

OUR first number—the '*pons asinorum*' with us—has appeared; and we rejoice to say that it is very rapidly *disappearing*. We augur from this, that we have some friends—somewhere. "Friends," now-a-days, are "rarities." WE, then, are 'Fortune's favorite!'

We are right glad to have got rid of our first issue, because the egotism necessarily inseparable from an "opening day" needs no longer to be resorted to. We have stated our plan, defined our object, and launched our vessel. It now rests with the public to take us up, if, like Abdiel, we be found "faithful,"—or to reject us, if unworthy of their regard. *Nous verrons.*

We wish to make only one or two other passing observations. From our having been much in public company of late, we have had excellent opportunities for warily "feeling the public pulse." We have asked, incidentally, certain questions about the 'cheap periodicals,' and gathered from the general remarks that which we wanted to know.

Some journals were voted "tame;" some "heavy;" some "badly arranged;" and most of them, from the interminable 'continuations' of the articles admitted, as "ill-suited for the general reader."

When people are reminded by an inward monitor that it is time to recruit the body (having sometimes to wait a long time before their wants can be supplied)—it is then they require something to beguile the awful *interregnum* between the order given, and the order executed. What can be better, under such 'disastrous circumstances,' than to have recourse to something smart, something striking, something pithy, something pleasingly-instructive? The vacuum, the aching void, should be filled up in some such way—to satisfy NATURE'S requirements. "Nature abhors a vacuum," as we all know.

We quickly learnt that *this* was THE desideratum. Had it been a mere matter of opinion with some few only, we should have paused; but we are quite convinced that the general mind leans towards our view.

Having therefore satisfactorily ascertained what is "good" for the public health, and how to keep their pulse "evenly" beating—we shall endeavor, all that in us lies, to establish ourselves as a Literary Physician in all parts of her Majesty's dominions; and so vary the matter we introduce, as by all means to please some, instruct others, and secure ALL (?)

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Instinctive Habits of Geese.—I have noticed with pleasure your Essays upon "Instinct," &c., in various birds, animals, and so forth; and as I quite agree with you, and consider your arguments conclusive (although I have never given the subject half the attention which it is evident that you have done), I beg to hand you the following communication, tending to throw a little more weight into your side of the scale:—A day or two ago, I was passing through Leadenhall market, and observed several large hampers, called in the trade (I believe) "flats," freighted with live geese. They were in the process of being opened, having come from a distance—probably from Ostend; and from long and close confinement, evidently were much cramped through being in one position for a long time. I was much struck at seeing each goose (I saw perhaps 100 or more of them), directly it was liberated, stretch out its neck at an angle of about 35 degrees, then make a hissing noise, and finally, flap its wings. The uniform manner in which this was done was very remarkable. I asked myself the question: Are these possessed of reason? if so, they would not all of them do this thing in *precisely the same manner*. If any should doubt this, I would refer them to the stations of some of our large railways, on the arrival of some of the heavy trains from the country. Here many of the genus "*Homo*," possessed of "reason," show by their *different* movements, that they exercise that reason as they think best, and *not* all in the same manner.—N. B.

A Dog's Attachment for a Kitten; a Remarkable Fact.—Your paper holds out such direct encouragement for people who have any curious facts to relate, to relate them, that I feel a pleasure in sending you the annexed particulars. The dog and cat are both living, and I should indeed be happy to show them to any of your readers whose faith in my narrative may be "weak." A few months since, a favorite cat of mine had three kittens. Deeming *one* sufficient for preservation, the other two were drowned. When the kitten was about three days old, my terrier, christened by my little girl, "Rover" (although of the female sex), paid marked attention to it. First, she went up and smelt the basket, as dogs will do, to reconnoitre; then she jumped into the basket, side by side with the cat, and "nestled down" with the mother and child very cosily. The strangeness of this proceeding on the part of Mistress "Rover," who, let me remark, had not given birth to any children of her own since 18 months previously, induced me to let her remain some little time to see where all would end. The cat, however, not quite approving of this intervention in her domestic affairs, and evidently becoming unhappy, the dog was removed. At night, after my household had retired to rest, an incessant barking from poor "Rover," told us of the anguish she endured at the separation. The barking was kept up till the following morning. Much to our surprise, we found, on coming down stairs (the door having been opened by the servant), that "Rover" had *again* installed herself guardian of the basket; and, on *this* occasion, she expelled the mother, barking furiously at her to keep her away, which she did all that day. At night, when preparing to retire, we debated what should be done in the matter. Humanity settled the question. Mistress "Rover" was ejected forcibly, barking furiously the while; and the cat was restored to her kitten. At night, the same occurrence again took place; and next day we were obliged to drive the dog away, to prevent the kitten being starved for want of its natural nutriment. The most remarkable part of this communication yet remains to be told. The affinity between "Rover" and the kitten was such, that at last the latter had positively produced in the former a *supply of milk*, which it preferred to that of its own parent! Under these circumstances, we interfered no more, and the dog and kitten were inseparable. If the mother put in a claim for "a right" to join in a game at play, a quarrel was the inevitable consequence. To be brief, I thought it better to part with the kitten, which I have done. I may truly say I have inflicted more pain on the wet-nurse by this decision, than on the mother!—T. B.

The Ostrich.—In your last week's paper you referred to some remarks you had made somewhere, about the ostrich. I have just read them. You have termed the bird, I see, unnatural; and insinuated that it "lays its eggs in the sand, and there leaves them to be hatched by the sun." As you court information, I forward you a paragraph which I have copied from *A Hunter's Life in South Africa*. In it you will see a nest is made, and that it is large enough to hold a man! The following is taken from the book to which I have

referred:—"A favorite method adopted by the wild bushmen for approaching the ostrich and other varieties of game, is to clothe himself in the skin of one of these birds, in which, taking care of the wind, he stalks about the plain, cunningly imitating the gait and motions of the ostrich until within range, when, with a well-directed poisoned arrow from his tiny bow, he can generally seal the fate of any of the ordinary varieties of game. These insignificant looking arrows are about two feet six inches in length; they consist of a slender reed, with a sharp bone head, thoroughly poisoned with a composition, of which the principal ingredients are obtained sometimes from a succulent herb, having thick leaves, yielding a poisonous milky juice, and sometimes from the jaws of snakes. The bow rarely exceeds three feet in length; its string is of twisted sinews. *When a bushman finds an ostrich's nest, he ensconces himself in it, and there awaits the return of the old birds, by which means he generally secures the pair. It is by means of these little arrows that the majority of the fine plumes are obtained which grace the heads of the fair throughout the civilised world.*—J. B., *Chelmsford.*

[We thank our observant Correspondent, and yet thirst for more particulars.]

Australian Parroquet.—I have a much valued "pet," who is just now very sick and very ailing. During the last week more particularly, she has suffered much from a tumour which has formed under the wing, the use of which is lost. The tumour is very large, and must have been forming for some considerable period. It is only recently, however, that we have discovered it. As this bird is an especial favorite with the family, can you, or any of your readers, kindly propose a mode of cure?—F. A.

[This is a class of birds with which we are not conversant; we therefore crave assistance from those whose knowledge exceeds our own.]

Proper Food for Soft Billed Birds,—the Difficulty of Keeping them in Vigorous Health during the Winter Months entirely Removed.—As we have unquestionably some of the sweetest songsters, nay, that "Prince of Melody," the Nightingale, among the soft billed warblers, how strange is it that so few persons, comparatively speaking, can keep them in health, indeed, can keep them at all! It cannot be that their gentle pleasing manners are less fascinating, or their gratitude one whit less than those of their more generally-kept graminivorous brethren. To what then shall we attribute it? It is attributable solely to the want of GOOD FOOD—a natural food, agreeable to their habits and tastes, and adapted to their nourishment; a food which will preserve the life and vigor of their constitutions, without which you will have no song (remember, "no supper, no song"), neither can they live long. That this really is a fact, may at first excite great surprise, seeing that we have "Dr. B.'s celebrated German paste," and many other elaborate mixtures, expressly intended for their use. True; but are they *fit for the purpose*? I say, "no." Our little friends need no "*domestic cookery.*" What they require is a simple, unmixed, natural

food, having analogous reference to good, ripe seed, for their harder-billed brotherhood; and not a stale, musty compound, whose very essence is dyspepsia concentrated. This is the panacea, and *how* shall we make up for the want? Simply by going to Nature herself for her children's food, and by looking amongst the insect world for the supply of the insectivorous family, just as we should do with seeds, for our other favorites. Taking this position, and having had some little experience, I have adopted a sure method of obtaining a constant supply of this great essential, during the "winter of the birds' discontent;" even when snow is on the ground; and that too in a perfectly fresh, unaltered state—aye, in a living state. This food, I would remark, can be as conveniently kept in a good condition by a natural law, as good seed; and what is more to the purpose, it can be obtained at a most economical rate. I enclose you *in confidence*, a full description of the food, how obtained; together with drawings of the small apparatus required. After a due inspection, I think you will agree with me, that it is a most desirable object attained towards enabling us to keep the *soft-billed* as easily as the hard-billed. I may add that with this *food*, they will breed as freely in confinement as other birds. In offering this to the notice of fanciers, let me remark that it will entirely supersede all those indescribable messes, called "German paste," &c. Let these be prepared with all due care and skill, yet are they, so to speak, totally deficient in true nourishment; although, use being second nature, birds eat them *because they have nothing else to eat!* The apparatus I have constructed is very simple; cleanly in its use, and of trifling cost. Moreover, under my direction, it can be easily made by any carpenter or amateur.—WALTER.

[As this appears an interesting discovery for the lovers of nightingales, &c., we will take charge of any private communications, if left at the office of our publisher.]

The Wren, The Hedge-Sparrow, and the Redbreast.

THE song of these three well-known warblers may be termed perennial. Formerly it was very rare for me to hear the notes of the second, whilst the storms of winter raged through this little valley. But now, it is otherwise; for the yew shrubs, which have grown up into a spacious cover, seem to be more congenial to the habits of the hedge-sparrow than any other evergreen; and it may be seen perched near the top of these, and warbling there, from time to time, in every month of the year.

As I am not yet a convert to the necessity or advantage of giving to many of our British birds the new and jaw-breaking names which appear on the page of modern ornithology, I will content myself with the old nomenclature, so well-known to every village lad throughout the land.

There is a problem to be solved in the economy of these three soft-billed little birds, before we can safely come to the conclusion that severity of climate, and want of food, are the real causes why our summer birds of passage leave us shortly after the sun has gone down into the southern

hemisphere. Like them, the wren, the hedge-sparrow, and the robin, are insectivorous, and they differ not in the texture of their plumage; still, they do not accompany their departing congeners, but prefer to remain in this cold and stormy quarter of the world, throughout the whole of the year. They may certainly suffer more or less, during the chilling period of frost and snow; nevertheless, their breed is always kept up; and we find, on the return of spring, that they have not suffered more than others which are apparently better suited to brave the rigor of an English winter than they are.

There is yet another point which wants settling in the habits of these birds. I allude to their song. When we are informed that *incubation is the main inducement to melody in the feathered tribe*, we have only to step out after sunrise into the surrounding evergreens, and there we are sure to hear either the wren, the hedge-sparrow, or the robin, in fine song, although not a single twig has been laid, or a piece of moss produced in furtherance of a nest, wherein to raise their future young! Certainly, in *this* case, neither love nor warmth could have had any hand in tuning the winter lyre of these little sons of Orpheus!

The WREN is at once distinguished in appearance from our smaller British songsters by the erect position of its tail. Its restlessness, too, renders it particularly conspicuous; for, when we look at it, we find it so perpetually on the move, that I cannot recollect to have observed this diminutive rover at rest on a branch for three minutes in continuation. Its habits are solitary to the fullest extent of the word; and it seems to bear hard weather better than either the hedge-sparrow or the robin; for whilst these two birds approach our habitations in quest of food and shelter, with their plumage raised as indicative of cold, the wren may be seen in ordinary pursuit, amid icicles which hang from the bare roots of shrubs and trees, on the banks of the neighboring rivulets; and amongst these roots, it is particularly fond of building its oval nest.

The ancients called the wren, *Troglodytes*; but it is now honored with the high-sounding name of *Anorthura*; alleging for a reason, that the ancients were quite mistaken in their supposition that this bird was an inhabitant of caves, as it is never to be seen within them. Methinks that the ancients were quite right, and that our *modern masters in ornithology are quite wrong*. If we only for a moment reflect, that the nest of the wren is spherical, and is of itself, as it were, a little cave, we can easily imagine that the ancients, on seeing the bird going in and out of this artificial cave, considered the word *Troglodytes* an appropriate appellation.

The habits of the HEDGE-SPARROW are not quite so solitary as those of the wren. It will approach the window in cold weather, and there pick up a scanty meal with the robin, the chaffinch, and the house-sparrow. Still, we very rarely see three hedge-sparrows in company. As these birds inhabit low shrubs and the bottoms of hawthorn fences, and are ever on the stir amid old pieces of wood and lumber, put apart for the use of the farm-yard, we cannot be surprised that they, as well as the robin and the wren, which

are fond of such localities, should fall an easy prey to the cat, the weasel, the fowmart, and Hanoverian rat, which last all the world knows to be uncommonly ravenous. To these plunderers, we may possibly attribute the cause why, from year to year, there is no apparent increase in the number of these lowly winter-songsters, be the protection afforded them never so great.

The last of this sweetly warbling trio, whose habits I am attempting to describe, is pretty COCK-ROBIN—the delight of our childhood, and an object of protection in our riper years. Wherever there is plenty of shelter for him, his song may be heard throughout the entire year, even in the midst of frost and snow. In the whole catalogue of British birds, cock-robin is the only one, which in his wild state can be really considered familiar with man. Others are rendered tame by famine and cold weather, and will cautiously approach the spot where food is thrown for them; but the robin will actually alight upon our table, and pick up crumbs on your own plate. When I have been digging in the pleasure-ground, he has come and sat upon my spade; and by every gesture proved his confidence. You cannot halt for any moderate time in the wood, but cock-robin is sure to approach, and cheer you with an inward note or two; and on such occasions he has more than once alighted on my foot. This familiarity is inherent in him, and not acquired. I am not acquainted with any other wild bird that possesses it.

In Italy, this social disposition of his does not guarantee him from destruction by the hand of man. At the bird-market near the Rotunda in Rome, I have counted more than fifty robin-redbreasts lying dead on one stall. "Is it possible," said I to the vendor, "that you can kill and eat these pretty songsters?" "Yes," said he with a grin, "*and if you will take a dozen of them home for your dinner to-day, you will come back for two dozen to-morrow.*"

It is the innocent familiarity of this sweet warbler which causes it to be such a favorite with all ranks of people in England. Nobody ever thinks of doing it an injury. "That's poor cock robin!—*don't hurt poor cock-robin!*" says the nursery maid, when her infant charge would wish to capture it. Mrs. Barbauld has introduced cock-robin into her plaintive story of *Pity*; and when we study the habits of this bird, and see that his intimacy with us far surpasses that of any other known wild one, we no longer wonder that the author of that pathetic ballad, *The Children in the Wood*, should have singled out the red-breast amongst all the feathered tribe, to do them the last sad act of kindness. They had been barbarously left to perish, and had died of cold and want. Cock-robin found them; and he is described as bringing leaves in his mouth, and covering their dead bodies with them.

"Their pretty lips with black-berries
Were all besmeared and dyed;
And when they saw the darkness night,
They laid them down and cried.

No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives
Till robin-redbreast, painfully,
Did cover them with leaves."

This ballad has something in it peculiarly cal-

culated to touch the finest feelings of the human heart. Perhaps, there is not a village or hamlet in England that has not heard what befel the babes in the wood; and how poor cock-robin did all in his power for them when death had closed their eyes. I wish it were in my power to do only half as much in favor of some other birds as this well-known ballad of *The Children in the Wood* has done for poor cock-robin!—*Charles Waterton.*

TO ALL WHO HAVE AVIARIES.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

In our Paper of last week, we inserted some very minute and interesting particulars connected with the total destruction of our choice birds by RATS. We then promised to relate at an early day, *how* we vanquished the enemy. The subjoined was an amateur contribution to the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, February 9, 1850. As that paper is quite out of print, and many persons have vainly tried to obtain it, there needs no apology for its insertion here:—

"Rat's-bane," properly so called—a Settler for the Million.

"SIR,—When I published, in your paper of January 12, the irreparable loss I had sustained by an army of rats, who had remorselessly eaten up all save eleven of my large and favorite family of "pet" birds, collected at much cost and with considerable trouble during a period of twenty years—I felt sure that some, at least, if not all of your correspondents would sympathise with me, and assist me to the utmost of their ability in placing the enemy *hors de combat*. Nor did I reckon without my host.

"From all parts of the United Kingdom have I received letters of condolence, many of them conveying hints invaluable for my guidance in carrying on the war of extermination with certainty and despatch; and emphatically requesting that the "result" of my proceedings might be made publicly known. In the columns of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, too, there have appeared each week some very valuable suggestions which I have carefully noted, and for which I hereby tender my best thanks to the kind writers. For the benefit of all who may hereafter fall victims to the rapacity of rats, I will now, as briefly as may be, lay before them my military tactics, and explain how I finally brought up my *corps de reserve*, which gained me a decisive victory.

"Instead of commencing hostilities at once, on discovering the extent of the ravages committed—I gave encouragement to the enemy, by throwing in his way divers articles of food, such as dripping, lard, meat, bones, fish, and other dainties. This gave

him confidence, and threw him off his guard, so that he revelled unsuspectingly among all the good things of this life, while I was secretly plotting his destruction. I took care, meantime, to secure all the hen-houses, and shut the inmates up every night, to protect them from their blood-thirsty foe. The great field-day was Friday last, a day I shall long remember. I devoted it entirely to strategy.

"*Nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum*, I completed all my arrangements before the hour of dusk, impatiently waiting for the rising sun of the morrow. Poison was my weapon; fresh herrings and sprats were my *aides-de-camp*. The poison was common *carbonate of barytes*, ground to an impalpable powder—and phosphorus. An incision was first made in the backs of the herrings, and the carbonate of barytes well rubbed in. The parts were then, as artistically as possible, reunited. The sprats being smaller than the herrings, and more plastic, were pierced through their sides with a sharp piece of deal wood. Had a knife, a fork, or the human hand touched them, all would have been vain! The barytes was then "drilled in," and other sprats, not poisoned, were placed above and below them, so that suspicion was disarmed. "*Latet anguis in herba!*"

"It should be borne in mind, that the barytes is without taste and without smell; hence its great value. The way in which I applied the *phosphorus* would take more space to detail than you can well afford in one number of your paper. At a future time I will gladly furnish particulars of this, and other interesting matters, connected with my recent experiments: for I have been both a "sapper" and a "miner!"

"When the preparations were all completed, I stationed my trusty messengers in every part of the garden and shrubberies—some under trees, some in flower-pots, some hidden by a brick, others partly imbedded in the garden walks. They "did their bidding" right well. On coming down stairs the morning following, I found the enemy had fallen into the snare. There was a serious diminution of the provisions furnished for their repast, and the hand of death was observable on every side. To use an expressive, and most appropriate classical quotation, there was a visible "*Decessio pereuntium — successio periturorum*," which clearly proved I had won the day. In a word, two days and two nights effectually routed the whole army, and I was left master of the field.

"If it be urged by some, as perhaps it will be, that I am cruel, consider the aggravation!—an unprovoked and brutal attack upon a large affectionate family of sleeping

innocents, who were ruthlessly snatched from their beds at midnight, torn limb from limb, and their agonised bodies crunched—ay, crunched is the word—between the fangs of murderous assassins! Oh, 'Had all their hairs been lives, my great revenge had stomach for them all!'—*William Kidd, Sanders' Cottage, New Road, Hammersmith, Feb. 5, 1850.*"

Pictures of Domestic Life.—No 1.

THE STEPMOTHER.

WELL, I will try and love her, then,
But do not ask me yet;
You know my *own* dear, dead Mamma,
I never must forget!

Don't you remember, dear Papa,
The night before she died
You carried me into her room?
How bitterly I cried!

Her thin white fingers on my head
So earnestly she laid,
And her sunk eyes gleamed fearfully,
I felt almost afraid.

You lifted me upon the bed,
To kiss her pale cold cheek;
And something rattled in her throat,
I scarce could hear her speak:—

But she did whisper,—“When I'm gone
For ever from your sight,
And others have forgotten me,
Don't *you* forget me quite!”

And often in my dreams I feel
Her hand upon my head,
And see her sunken eyes as plain
As if she were not dead.

I hear her feeble, well-known voice,
Amidst the silent night,
Repeat her dying words again—
“Don't *you* forget me quite!”

It sometimes wakes me, and I think
I'll run into her room;
And then I weep to recollect,
She's sleeping in the tomb.

I miss her in our garden walks;—
At morn and ev'ning prayer;
At church—at play—at home—abroad—
I miss her every where:—

But most of all I miss her when
The pleasant daylight's fled,
And strangers draw the curtains round
My lonely little bed!—

For no one comes to kiss me now,
Nor bid poor Anne—“Good night!”
Nor hear me say my pretty hymn;
I shall forget it quite!

They tell me *this* Mamma is rich,
And beautiful, and fine;
But will she love you, dear Papa,
More tenderly than mine?

And will she, when the fever comes,
With its bewild'ring pain,
Watch night by night your restless couch
Till you are well again?

When first she sung your fav'rite song,
“Come to the Sunset Tree,”
Which my poor mother used to sing,
With me upon her knee,—

I saw you turn your head away;
I saw your eyes were wet;
'Midst all our glittering company,
You do not quite forget!

But must you never wear again
The ring poor mother gave?
Will it be long before the grass
Is green upon her grave?—

He turned him from that gentle child,
His eyes with tears were dim;
At thought of the undying love
Her mother bore to him!

He met his gay, his beauteous bride,
With spirits low and weak;
And missed the kind consoling words
The dead was wont to speak.

Long years rolled on; but hope's gay flowers
Blossom'd for him in vain;
The freshness of life's morning hours
Never returned again!

PROPOSED MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

No. 1.—Female Costume.

[BY OUR “EXTRA” CONTRIBUTOR.]

“Reform it altogether.”—SHAKSPEARE.

HE were indeed a bold man—such are not we—who would dare to utter *all* his thoughts upon so serious a question as Ladies' Dress! Neither would we allude to it, did not our position as journalists, and our promise to notice passing events, lend a sanction to it. We are avowedly “lovers of Nature;” and this induces us to speak freely when her “laws” are outraged. We also greatly admire art, but only when kept in its proper place. This premised, we will let a few, and a few only, of our thoughts ooze out. Being a man blessed with a large family, we feel we are privileged to do so.

Our eye has for many weeks been fixed upon the rise and progress of “Bloomerism,” and our pen has been rampant for an opportunity to stifle it in its birth. It was well-meant, certainly, to try and introduce what was considered a change for the better; and

so far, so good. But the projectors of it,—where are they? The aiders and abettors of it,—where are they? The principal performers in it,—where are they? Gone—all gone! Our pen, at the eleventh hour, therefore, is useless.

We have no wish to be regarded as over-scrupulous. The public seem to think that a black-eyed, roguish, trim-built hoyden, decked in all the “taking” insignia of “Bloomerism,” and vegetating behind the bar of a tavern, is a smart sight! So it is. It is, moreover, in keeping with the character of the house, and brings grist to the till of the proprietor. But for any person *seriously* to contemplate the general introduction of short skirts, fore-shortened *pan-talettes*, wide-awake “tiles,” and the cerise streamer, to be worn by any of our really modest maidens—out upon him for a fool! We would die rather, pen in hand!

Now that the farce is over, we may fairly be allowed to avail ourselves of the opportunity to offer a few observations on the existing costume of our fair countrywomen. Had we not a real regard for them, we should be silent. Their mode of attire is, undeniably, unbecoming. We say so—the world says so. Nature has benignantly given them, for the most part, beautiful figures; and what use do they make of them? They are, if truth be spoken—we speak submissively—simply “pegs” whereon to hang a most ineffective drapery. Their form—

“If form that can be called which form hath none”—

is painful to a common beholder—distressing to an admiring beholder; simply because his admiration must necessarily be qualified.

Time was—long since WE were boys—that things were mightily different. It was not *then* thought indelicate for ladies’ dependencies to terminate some one-and-a-half inches above their ankles—thus disclosing a neat, pretty foot, and a clean dress; sights which—*honi soit qui mal y pense*—we should like to see again, but quite despair of the prospect. Their habiliments, too, were in unison, and we could form some pleasing idea of the “human form divine.” Not so now. All is vague conjecture. They wear *our coats and wrappers too!*

If it were related by any wag of a traveller, that the ladies of some foreign land were in the habit of attiring themselves in the way *ours* do—and if minute details were given in a supposed book of travels, setting forth as actual facts the habits which exist here; our countrywomen would be shocked exceedingly.

“*Nomine mutato, narratur fabula de te,*”

says the poet; but, as we all know, none

are so blind as those who wilfully refuse to see. “’Tis true, ’tis pity; pity ’tis, ’tis true!” How have we shuddered, how do we shudder, whenever we have the misfortune to walk behind any of our ladies fair on a wet day! What a disclosure, when the heavy folds of drapery are raised! What awfully-dirty stockings! What filthily-muddy accoutrements! Well and truly have the wearers of these long draperies been christened “street-sweepers!” We say nothing about the *extra* costs out of “the governors’” pockets—to buy new dresses!

It is mere maudlin affectation to say that these habits are induced by feelings of *delicacy*; for the very same persons will appear, night after night, at a party or a theatre, in a state of semi-nudity; and no blush mantling upon their cheeks. We love modesty—dote on it—but we equally detest “mock”-modesty. It has been wisely said—

“*In medio tutissimus ibis;*”

this is always the safest course, for extremes are ever bad: *verbum sat*.

What we propose is—a return to the “good old times;” when our sisters, our mothers, our “heart’s delight,” and our female acquaintance, could skip, run, romp, dance—ay, and assist us in weeding a garden, and potting our plants. This, now, is out of the question. *They cannot stoop*—their drapery sweeps the ground, even when they stand erect! Thus are we deprived of what we ought to expect *by right*. In sober truth, our lot is—“dummies!”

We were in hopes, that Mrs. Amelia Bloomer would at least have been the means of introducing a modified change of female apparel; and Jullien, by the aid of a clever artist, who produced a most chastely-attired, well-formed figure, has materially prompted the move; but, alas! the fancy-balls, public-houses, and tobacco-shops, —each had their “Bloomer!”—quite destroyed the last spark of hope; and things, worse luck! remain as they were. We are glad to see that our much-respected contemporaries, *Chambers’s Journal*, *Eliza Cook’s Journal*, with many others, quite agree with the spirit of our remarks. A correspondent of the former, even goes so far as to question whether our ladies are really possessed of “any sense!” Let us charitably call them “monomaniacs,” and pray that they may have a lucid interval. By the way, it was the *Morning Post* and the *Morning Advertiser* that “scotched” Bloomerism. It was reserved for that bright luminary, the *Sun*, to “kill” it. We never saw a blow struck with such fatal effect. To improvise a small joke, it was a “*coup de Soleil!*”

[“Our ‘Extra’ Contributor,” in his zeal

for reform, has usurped the editorial "We." However, we have cheerfully given up the reins to him for this once, as we should have spoilt both the tone and the force of his remarks by mutilation. He is of opinion, it would seem, that the truth is at all times to be spoken !]

HISTORY OF THE DOMESTIC CAT.

Anecdotal Reminiscences.—No. 1.

BY A LADY.

[A correspondent, attracted by the announcement of our LONDON JOURNAL, (which seems indeed to have "attracted" many, and we hope *will* attract many more) has kindly sent us some MSS. Notes, expressly prepared for our Paper. We purpose giving the public a few of the anecdotes therein contained, week by week. They exhibit some very curious traits in the feline tribe, *not* so well known as they ought to be. We imagine from the *exordium*, that the fair writer has been perusing our "*Essays on Instinct and Reason*;" but we are of a truly liberal disposition, and like to hear both sides of every question.]

It is generally believed that Man alone is endowed with reason, while the lower animals possess instinct only. There are, however, so many instances where animals have, under peculiar circumstances, acted in a manner so contrary to their usual habits, that we are almost compelled to believe that they *do* reason, though in a limited degree.

The common Cat is a creature whose instinct is to destroy; yet these animals differ from each other in their temper, pursuits, and amusements, as much as do human beings. Some are docile and anxious to be caressed; others will not be touched with impunity. I know one, of the most savage disposition: she was well fed and kindly treated, and every endeavor was made to change her nature; but we only succeeded in making her a hypocrite! She would appear well pleased with my caresses until she had put me off my guard; then she would suddenly dart her teeth and claws into my hands, suddenly springing thereafter through the window or door. She lived twelve years, but never underwent any alteration.

I once had two cats, who were always fed together; but, unless they were watched, one of them would get nearly the whole of the food. She did this by hiding her own meat; and having taken this precaution, she would return and eat that of her companion, who, although of larger size and stronger of the twain, was never known to dispute the point with her. She was always well fed; yet, to the day of her death, she provided against con-

tingency. In opposition to this character, a friend of mine had a lank, apparently underfed cat, who was a terrible thief; but never ate what he stole. He always called his companion, and would watch him eat with great satisfaction. He was frequently chastised for acts of theft; but whenever an opportunity occurred, he never failed to cater for his weaker friend.

Persons, "who like cats in their place;" that is, hiding in a cellar to watch their prey—say they are stupid; but if treated as companions, they will be found intelligent and affectionate, though they have sometimes "a strange way of showing it." An old lady had a grave-looking grimalkin, who always sat on a chair beside her at the breakfast table, and looked as though engaged in conversation with her. She was absent a fortnight; and during that time he never presented himself, although I offered him milk, &c., with a view to induce him to do so. When the lady returned, he took not the slightest notice of her; but the next morning he was found in his old place at breakfast.

This reminds me of a generally-received opinion, that "cats have no memory, and soon forget their friends." Unlike the dog, they show no outward signs of recognition; but, from observation, I feel convinced they *do* remember old friends. It is difficult, however, to explain the apparent indifference with which they meet them after a long absence.—M. T.

"Pickings up and Dottings Down."

CHARACTER.—How different is the human mind according to the difference of place! In our passions, as in our creeds, we are the mere dependents of geographical situation. Nay, the trifling variation of a single mile will revolutionise the whole tides and torrents of our hearts. The man who is meek, generous, benevolent, and kind, in the country, enters the scene of contest, and becomes forthwith fiery or mean, selfish or stern; just as if the virtues were only for solitude, and the vices for a city!—*Bulwer*.

THE DECEIT OF ZEAL.—There is nothing in which men more deceive themselves than in what the world calls zeal. There are so many passions which hide themselves under it, and so many mischiefs arising from it, that some have gone so far as to say it would have been for the benefit of mankind, if it had never been reckoned in the catalogue of virtues.

VITALITY OF GOOD MEN'S DEEDS.—Does not the echo of the sea-shell tell of the worm that once inhabited it? And shall not man's good deeds live after him and sing his praise?

MOISTURE has been considered as a great enemy to health; and all our late investigations on the subject have pronounced on the evils of

inhaling vapors even of an aqueous nature. How will men of these notions be able to combat the oldest practice for the preservation of health—viz., early rising? The sun, first risen from its bed, spreads its effulgent calorific rays over the earth's surface, and causes evaporation; it is this watery vapor, so often objected to by valetudinarians, that is so conducive to the free respiratory action; it is this, with the genial warmth of the luminary, that gives salutary influence to the circulation; not by expediting the circulation, but by the moisture and the electric rays equalising and improving all the functions of life. All old people have uniformly adopted the practice of early rising.

THE BENEVOLENCE OF DOMESTIC LIFE.—As great and exalted spirits undertake the pursuit of hazardous actions for the good of others, at the same time gratifying their passion of glory; so do worthy minds in the domestic way of life deny themselves many advantages, to satisfy a generous benevolence which they bear to their friends oppressed with distresses and calamities. Such natures one may call stores of Providence, which are actuated by a secret celestial influence to undervalue the ordinary gratifications of wealth, to give comfort to a heart loaded with affliction, to save a falling family, to preserve a branch of trade in their neighborhood, and give work to the industrious, preserve the portion of the helpless infant, and raise the head of the mourning father. People whose hearts are wholly bent towards pleasure, or intent upon gain, never hear of the noble occurrences among men of industry and humanity.

SLEEP.—There is no better description given of the approach of sleep, than that in one of Leigh Hunt's papers, in the *Indicator*:—"It is a delicious movement certainly, that of being well nestled in bed; and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past; the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more, and with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye; 'tis more closing—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds."

GENIUS.—Genius is the instinct of flight. A boy came to Mozart, wishing to compose something, and inquiring the way to begin, Mozart told him to wait. "You composed much earlier." "But asked nothing about it," replied the musician. Cowper expressed the same sentiment to a friend:—"Nature gives men a bias to their respective pursuits, and that strong propensity, I suppose, is what we mean by genius." M. Angelo is hindered in his childish studies of art; Raffaele grows up with pencil and colors for playthings. One neglects school to copy drawings, which he dared not to bring home; the father of the other takes a journey to find his son a worthier teacher. M. Angelo forces his, Raffaele is guided into it. But each looks for it with longing eyes. In some way or other the man is tracked in the little footsteps of the child.

A Song for January.

By H. G. ADAMS.

FLING sad memories to the wind,
Wipe regretful tears away;
Cast no ling'ring looks behind,
Time will not his progress stay—
Therefore *now* his call obey.
He hath turned another leaf,
And he says, "make no delay;
Write thereon "the hour is brief,"
Quickly write "the hour is brief!"

On the past we'll look no more,
Unto most it is a page,
Sadly blurr'd and blotted o'er—
As we pass from youth to age,
Foolish thoughts our hearts engage;
And the record of our deeds
Shames us in our moments sage.
Ground o'ergrown with noxious weeds,
Is that record of our deeds!

Now no more the mournful dirge
Soundeth sadly on the ear;
With a bound we pass the verge
Of the new and untried year;
While the joy-bells ring out clear,
And the soul exultant springs
Forward; and Hope hovers near,
Poised on outspread radiant wings;
Yes, on rainbow-tinted wings.

Fresh and fair the landscape lies,
All o'erspread with spotless white;
We have seen the young sun rise,
Tinging it with roseate light.
We have stepped from out the night
Of the tempest and the tomb,
Into sunshine clear and bright.
Let us not, in love with gloom,
Turn again unto the tomb.

Through a grand triumphal arch,
Deck'd with glittering pinnacles,
Hath the year begun its march;
Leaps the pulse, the bosom swells,
As the music of the bells
Vibrates in the frosty air;
And the bounding footstep tells
Health and youth are passing there,
Breathing free the cold, keen air.

Lo! the snow-clad hills sublime,
Rise like pillars to the sky;
They have, since the birth of Time,
Seen full many a year go by
With proud step and flashing eye;
Smiling grim the while, as though
They would say "Ah, courage high!
Soon the lofty is brought low,
And the quick step rendered slow!"

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"THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS," &c.

"THE OBJECT OF OUR WORK IS TO MAKE MEN WISER, WITHOUT OBLIGING THEM TO TURN OVER FOLIOS AND QUARTOS.—TO FURNISH MATTER FOR THINKING, AS WELL AS READING."—EVELYN.

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ON THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Preliminary Observations.

WE already perceive by the channels into which our LONDON JOURNAL is fast finding its way, that Natural History, or a proper knowledge of God in his WORKS, *is*, as we asserted it to be, a study that is daily becoming more interesting, more popular. Indeed, it is delightful to know that we have made so happy a hit, in launching with the new year a medium of communication with the intelligent public, for which there was so good an opening, and for which there is so extensive a demand. The heads of schools, private families, parents, governesses, teachers, guardians, and all who try to win and woo youth to the admiration of Nature (in this matter we should *all* be as children), in her manifold operations—*ALL* are largely interested in the circulation of a work such as we are determined the LONDON JOURNAL shall be.

Nor shall we lose sight of the many kind "hints" that have been incidentally dropped, conjuring us to study "variety" as much as possible. It is considered—*mirabile dictu!* that our FIRST NUMBER is as admirable a model of what the LONDON JOURNAL ought to be, both in its objects and subjects, *as could have been produced by long protracted study*. This is gratifying; as the model and the idea were the result of a happy thought, in a happy moment—one of those happy thoughts that sometimes cross us *once only* through a long life. We shall not fail to profit from the universal bias shown towards our "No. I."

It is yet early for us to talk about having "matured our plans." Each successive week, as Contributions fall in from all quarters, will itself decide the tone that our Paper is likely to take. The feathered race, in *all* that appertains to them, is evidently one of our "strongest" points; and as one of our intelligent correspondents has observed, seeing that nearly every

respectable family in the kingdom has a "pet" of *some* sort, it may readily be foreseen that a consideration of their respective claims *must* be one of our most prominent features. It shall be so.

We are not at all sorry for this; for we have observed with pleasure, that whenever children show kindness to the dumb, or irrational creation, *much* may be expected from them at a future day, provided their minds be properly cultivated. On the contrary, wherever we have seen innate cruelty, and a pleasurable delight in inflicting pain on any dumb animal, we have not failed to observe rank weeds defiling "that man" in his riper years. Early education either lays the basis for a virtuous, happy life—or it lets a person loose upon society, to carry out stealthily and wickedly the precepts instilled into him from his very childhood. Hence, the sights—revolting to humanity, and dishonoring to the Almighty, that meet us at the corner of every street in this modern Babylon! Happy shall we be—thrice happy, if in our humble vocation we can assist, even in the smallest degree, to win the attention of youth; and when won, to instil into their minds by wholesome instruction and pleasing amusement, the delight that must ever be experienced from following that which is good."

Ours, let us observe, is a most righteous cause. Our sentiments are truly "Liberal." Sectarianism haunts us not; and most heartily do we hate cant. Wherever we see virtue, we admire it; and we shall always give the right hand of fellowship to those who will aid us in this our pleasurable weekly task.

The field we labor in is so fertile; the flowers we seek to cultivate are so numerous, and so sweet; and our employment in keeping the garden clear from weeds, will be so very constant—that if we promise "inexhaustible entertainment," we can hardly run any risk of being deemed "rash." WE MAKE THIS PROMISE.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Outlines of Comparative Physiology, etc.—
By Louis Agassiz and A. A. Gould.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

As we have before commented on this very admirable book, and promised, at an early day, to give our readers a profitable advantage from our labors in its perusal—we now detach some miscellaneous passages, all bearing upon the legitimate objects of our LONDON JOURNAL in this particular department; and tending to make the inquiring mind thirst for more knowledge from the fountain head. Knowledge is the only thing, perhaps, of which we cannot possess too much; for it does not “perish in the using.”

Let us first glance at the powers inherent in us by an especial gift, and which, as being “reasonable” creatures, are vested in us *alone*. We will then, *pari passu*, take a peep into this our lower world:

Man, in virtue of his twofold constitution, the spiritual and the material, is qualified to comprehend Nature. Having been made in the spiritual image of God, he is competent to rise to the conception of His plan and purpose in the works of Creation. Having also a material body, like that of animals, he is prepared to understand the mechanism of organs, and to appreciate the necessities of matter, as well as the influence which it exerts over the intellectual element, throughout the whole domain of Nature.

The spirit and preparation we bring to the study of Nature, is not a matter of indifference. When we would study with profit a work of literature, we first endeavor to make ourselves acquainted with the genius of the author; and in order to know what end he had in view, we must have regard to his previous labors, and to the circumstances under which the work was executed. Without this, although we may perhaps enjoy the perfection of the whole, and admire the beauty of its details, yet the spirit which pervades it will escape us, and many passages may even remain unintelligible.

So, in the study of Nature, we may be astonished at the infinite variety of her products, and may even study some portion of her works with enthusiasm, and nevertheless remain strangers to the spirit of the whole, ignorant of the plan on which it is based; and may fail to acquire a proper conception of the varied affinities which combine beings together, so as to make of them that vast picture, in which each animal, each plant, each group, each class, has its place, and from which nothing could be removed without destroying the proper meaning of the whole.

It is but a short time since it was not difficult for a man to possess himself of the whole domain of positive knowledge in Zoology. A century ago, the number of known animals did not exceed 8000; that is to say, in the whole Animal Kingdom, fewer species were then known than are now contained in many private collections of certain families of insects alone. At the present day, the number of living species which

have been satisfactorily made out and described, is more than 50,000.

The number of vertebrate animals may be estimated at 20,000. About 1500 species of mammals are pretty precisely known, and the number may probably be carried to about 2000.

The number of birds well known is 4 or 5000 species, and the probable number is 6000.

The reptiles, like the mammals, number about 1500 described species, and will probably reach the number of 2000.

The fishes are more numerous; there are from 5 to 6000 species in the museums of Europe, and the number may probably amount to 8 or 10,000.

The number of mollusks already in collections, probably reaches 8 or 10,000. There are collections of marine shells, bivalve, and univalve, which amount to 5 or 6000; and collections of land and fluviatile shells, which count as many as 2000. The total number of mollusks would therefore probably exceed 15,000 species.

Among the articulated animals it is difficult to estimate the number of species. There are collections of coleopterous insects which number 20 to 25,000 species; and it is quite probable, that by uniting the principal collections of insects 60 or 80,000 species might now be counted; for the whole department of articulata, comprising the crustacea, the cirrhipeda, the insects, the red-blooded worms, the intestinal worms, and the infusoria, as far as they belong to this department, the number would already amount to 100,000; and we might safely compute the probable number of species actually existing at double that sum.

Add to these about 10,000 for radiata, echini, star-fishes, medusæ, and polypi, and we have about 250,000 species of living animals; and supposing the number of fossil species only to equal them, we have, at a very moderate computation, half a million of species.

The fossils already described exceed 6000 species; and if we consider that wherever any one stratum of the earth has been well explored, the number of species discovered has not fallen below that of the living species which now inhabit any particular locality of equal extent, and then bear in mind that there is a great number of geological strata, we may anticipate the day when the ascertained fossil species will far exceed the living species.

These numbers, far from discouraging, should, on the contrary, encourage those who study Natural History. Each new species is, in some respects, a radiating point which throws additional light on all around it; so that as the picture is enlarged, it at the same time becomes more intelligible to those who are competent to seize its prominent traits.

To give a detailed account of each and all of these animals, and to show their relations to each other, is the task of the Naturalist.

Every well-educated person is expected to have a general acquaintance with the great natural phenomena constantly displayed before his eyes. A general knowledge of man and the subordinate animals, embracing their structure, races, habits, distribution, mutual relations, &c., is calculated not only to conduce essentially to our

happiness, but is a study which it would be inexcusable to neglect.

A sketch of this nature should render prominent the more general features of animal life, and delineate the arrangement of the species according to their most natural relations and their rank in the scale of being; and thus give a panorama, as it were, of the entire Animal Kingdom. To accomplish this, we are at once involved in the question, what is it that gives an animal precedence in rank?

In one sense, all animals are equally perfect. *Each species has its definite sphere of action, whether more or less extended,—its own peculiar office in the economy of nature; and is perfectly adapted to fulfil all the purposes of its creation, beyond the possibility of improvement.* In this sense, every animal is perfect. But there is a wide difference among them, in respect to their organisation. In some it is very simple, and very limited in its operation; in others, extremely complicated, and capable of exercising a great variety of functions.

In this physiological point of view, an animal may be said to be more perfect in proportion as its relations with the external world are more varied; in other words, the more numerous its functions are. Thus, a quadruped, or a bird, which has the five senses fully developed, and which has, moreover, the faculty of readily transporting itself from place to place, is more perfect than a snail, whose senses are very obtuse, and whose motion is very sluggish. [This we have elaborately shown in our "Treatise on Animal Instinct."]

In like manner, each of the organs, when separately considered, is found to have every degree of complication, and, consequently, every degree of nicety in the performance of its function. Thus, the eye-spots of the star-fish and jelly-fish are probably endowed with the faculty of perceiving light, without the power of distinguishing objects. The keen eye of the bird, on the contrary, discerns minute objects at a great distance, and when compared with the eye of a fly, is found to be not only more complicated, but constructed on an entirely different plan. It is the same with every other organ.

We understand the faculties of animals, and appreciate their value, just in proportion as we become acquainted with the instruments which execute them. The study of the functions or uses of organs therefore requires an examination of their structure; Anatomy and Physiology must never be disjoined, and ought to precede the systematic distribution of animals into classes, families, genera, and species.

In this general view of organisation, we must ever bear in mind the necessity of carefully distinguishing between *affinities* and *analogies*, a fundamental principle recognised even by Aristotle, the founder of scientific Zoology. *Affinity* or *homology* is the relation between organs or parts of the body which are constructed on the same plan, however much they vary in form, or serve for different uses. *Analogy*, on the contrary, indicates the similarity of purposes or functions performed by organs of different structure.

Thus, there is an analogy between the wing

of a bird and that of a butterfly, since both of them serve for flight. But there is no affinity between them, since, as we shall hereafter see, they differ totally in their anatomical relations. On the other hand, there is an affinity between the bird's wing and the hand of a monkey, since, although they serve for different purposes, the one for climbing, and the other for flight, yet they are constructed on the same plan. Accordingly, the bird is more nearly allied to the monkey than to the butterfly, though it has the faculty of flight in common with the latter. Affinities, and not analogies, therefore, must guide us in the arrangement of animals.

Our investigations should not be limited to adult animals, but should also be directed to the changes which they undergo during the whole course of their development. Otherwise, we shall be liable to exaggerate the importance of certain peculiarities of structure which have a predominant character in the full-grown animal, but which are shaded off, and vanish, as we revert to the earlier periods of life.

Again, we have a means of appreciating the relative grade of animals by the comparative study of their development. It is evident that the caterpillar, in becoming a butterfly, passes from a lower to a higher state; clearly, therefore, animals resembling the caterpillar, as, for instance, worms, occupy a lower rank than insects. There is no animal which does not undergo a series of changes similar to those of the caterpillar or the chicken; only, in many of them, the most important ones occur before birth, during what is called the embryonic period.

The life of the chicken has not just commenced when it issues from the egg; for, if we break the shell some days previous to the time of hatching, we find in it a living animal, which, although imperfect, is nevertheless a chicken; it has been developed from a hen's egg, and we know that, should it continue to live, it will infallibly display all the characteristics of the parent bird. Now, if there existed in nature an adult bird, as imperfectly organised as the chicken on the day before it was hatched, we should assign to it an inferior rank.

How very striking are the relations that exist between animals and the regions they inhabit! Every animal has its home. Animals of the cold regions are not the same as those of temperate climates; and these latter, in their turn, differ from those of tropical regions. Certainly, no one will maintain it to be the effect of accident that the monkeys, the most perfect of all brute animals, are found only in hot countries; or that it is by chance that the white bear and reindeer inhabit only cold regions.

Nor is it by chance that the largest of all animals, of every class, as the whales, the aquatic birds, and the sea-turtles, dwell in the water rather than on the land; and while this element affords freedom of motion to the largest, so is it also the home of the smallest of living things.

Such are some of the general aspects in which we shall contemplate the animal creation. Two points of view should never be lost sight of, or disconnected, namely, the animal in respect to its own organism, and the animal in its relations to creation as a whole. By adopting too exclu-

sively either of these points of view, we are in danger of falling either into gross materialism, or into vague pantheism. He who beholds nothing in Nature besides organs and their functions, may persuade himself that the animal is merely a combination of chemical and mathematical actions and reactions, and thus becomes a materialist.

We have here thrown together a mass of valuable observations, which will greatly induce to "thought;" and we have little doubt they will pave the way to much useful meditation.

The Bee-Keeper's Manual; or Practical Hints for the Management and Complete Preservation of the Honey Bee.—By Henry Taylor. 4th edition, Revised, Enlarged, and Improved. 12mo. Groombridge and Sons.

"Twelve years," says the author of this valuable little book, "have elapsed since the original publication of the 'Bee-keeper's Manual.' For the fourth time the author is called upon to revise his little book; and he still thinks that the leading object in offering it to public notice will best be explained in the words with which it was first introduced. The existence of the following pages had its origin, some time ago, in the request of a friend, that the author would give him a brief practical compendium of the management of bees, on the humane or depriving system. Similar applications came from other quarters. The subject is one which has of late acquired increased interest; but the hints following would perhaps never have been prepared for the press, had not the hours of a protracted confinement by illness required some diversity of occupation and amusement. On reviewing his experience as an amateur bee-keeper, the author was led to believe that the result of it, added to a concise view of such particulars as are usually spread over a large surface in works of this nature, and arranged according to the progressive order of the seasons, might be useful to others, seeking like himself occasional relaxation from weightier matters in watching over and protecting these interesting and valuable insects. Step by step this or that defect of construction in his hives had been remedied, and such conveniencies added as necessity or the spirit of improvement from time to time had suggested. These are briefly described in the following little work. If it have the good fortune, though in a small degree, to smooth the path (usually a rough and uncertain one) of the apiarian novice—of removing ignorance and prejudice, or of obviating any portion of the difficulties with which a more general cultivation of bees has to contend—why may not the contribution of this mite be considered a

humble addition to the store of USEFUL KNOWLEDGE?

"In its present renewed form, the author has been induced partially to extend his first design (originally much restricted in its scope), by entering somewhat more at large into the subject of Bee-management, and the general details of practice. Although not professing to offer his remarks to any particular class of readers, he is, nevertheless, inclined to think they will frequently be found, in an especial degree, applicable to the position of the amateur apiarian. For the peculiar use of cottage bee-keepers, tracts and scraps innumerable have been issued—probably with very uncertain effect. In short, there is little room for doubt that these can be more effectually benefited by example and verbal advice, than by any kind of printed instructions. Be this as it may, leaving out of the question the long train of contingencies incident to locality, season, &c., much must often be left to individual judgment and careful observation; and no writer can be expected to meet every supposable case of difficulty in dealing with insects, confessedly often so intractable as bees. The author, therefore, must be considered as merely laying down a scheme of general recommendations; aiming much less at novelty than at plain practical utility; not hesitating occasionally to borrow the language of other unexceptionable authorities where it clearly expressed his convictions, or coincided with the results of his own experience; but carefully abstaining from any interference with the dogmatists and hypercritics in the settlement of the affairs of their peculiar vocation.

"If some of the recommendations relative to the construction of hives or their appurtenances appear to be tedious to the general reader, it must be borne in mind that these directions are chiefly addressed to the mechanic, who will rarely be found to object that his particular department has been aided by a careful attention to matters of detail in description.

"On the whole, the author is induced to hope that the improved arrangement, additional information, and variety of illustration now introduced, will render superfluous any apology for a small unavoidable increase in the size of the book."

We have chosen to give the Preface to a modest, unpretending book like this, *entire*. When we say that the contents bear out what has been advanced by the author in his Preface, any comment of ours beyond this would be superfluous. The volume is full of interesting matter, and we shall frequently, no doubt, have occasion to extract "honey" from it. We will therefore now only give Mr. Taylor's neat and intelligent comments on the Queen, or Mother Bee;

the Common, or Working Bee; and the Drone, or Male Bee:—

THE QUEEN, OR MOTHER BEE,

Is very rarely to be seen: she is darker, longer, and more taper towards the end of her body than the common bees, has shorter legs and wings, and is of a yellowish brown color underneath. She reigns supreme in the hive, admitting no rival or equal; and is armed with a sting, which is somewhat more curved than that of the common bees. Where she goes, the other bees follow; and where she is not, none will long remain. A queen bee has been known to live four or five years; she is the mother of the entire community, laying the eggs from which all proceed, whether future queens, drones, or workers. Separate her from the family, and she speedily resents the injury, refuses food, pines, and dies. Without a queen, or a prospect of one, labor is suspended, and a gradual dispersion of the community ensues. The young queens are not bred in the hexagonal cells of the common bees, but in much larger ones, which, when complete, present in form the appearance of a pear, or an oblong spheroid, generally appended perpendicularly to the sides of the combs, the small end or mouth being downwards. They vary in number from five or six to a dozen, and sometimes more. The eggs deposited in the royal cells, are laid after those of common bees and drones, the young princesses arriving at maturity on the sixteenth day. Of these we shall speak more at large hereafter. This is the common course of events; but it is a well-established fact, that in case of an emergency the bees have the power (provided there is brood-comb in the hive at the time) of filling the casual vacancies in the sovereignty, by the creation (as it may be termed) of a young queen, thus in fact proving that the prevalent notion as to an inherent difference between royal and common eggs is erroneous. They select one of the common grubs in a certain stage, enlarge and alter the cell that contains it, and by a different kind of nurture (a point, however, questioned by some naturalists), a sovereign is reared, and the work of procreation recommences.

THE COMMON, OR WORKING BEES,

Are the least in size, and in point of numbers are variously calculated at twelve to thirty thousand, according to the bulk of the swarm; though at certain times they are often much more numerous. As regards sex, there is no reason to doubt they are females in which the reproductive organs are not fully developed; and like the Queen or Mother Bee, each has the power of stinging.

The eggs of the bee are about the size of those produced by a butterfly. Those for workers are deposited in the cells in the centre of the hive, being the part first selected for that purpose. The brood of common bees, more or less advanced, is to be found in a stock hive nearly all the year round; but the great laying of the queen takes place in April and May, when the number of eggs produced by her has been estimated at from 100 to 200 in a day. Taking as our guide the calculations of many apiarians, a good queen (for they are not all prolific alike) will lay in a year from 40,000 to 80,000, or more.

Dr. Bevan remarks, "This sounds like a great number, but it is much exceeded by some other insects." In four or five days the eggs are hatched, remaining in the larva or grub state four to six days more, during which time they are assiduously fed by the nurse-bees. They then assume the nymph or pupa form, and spin themselves a film or cocoon, the nurses immediately after sealing them up with a substance which Huber calls wax. It is, however, thicker, more highly colored, and apparently less tenacious, probably to facilitate the escape of the imprisoned bee. This takes place about the twenty-first day from the laying of the egg. It is speedily cleaned by its companions, and in a day or two has been known to be gathering honey in the fields.

As soon as the young bee comes forth, the others clear the cell from all impurity, and it again receives an egg; this being often repeated—four or five times in the season. Afterwards the cell becomes a receptacle for honey; but with all their attention, the cells are found in time to become contracted or thickened by this rapid succession of tenants. When this takes place, it is best gradually to remove the combs, in the way hereafter to be pointed out, which the bees will soon replace with new ones. It has been asserted that young bees, bred in old contracted cells, are proportionately smaller in size.

Though we have, as I conceive, no actual proof that the occupations of individual bees are at all times unchangeably directed to one point (as some naturalists have imagined), observation shows that the division of labor is one of their leading characteristics. Some are engaged in secreting and elaborating wax for the construction of combs in the hive; others in warming the eggs, and feeding the brood; in attending on their queen, to whom they are devotedly attached; in guarding and giving notice of attacks or annoyance from without; and the rest in searching the fields and woods for the purpose of collecting honey and farina for present and future store. The working bees are short-lived; and it is shown pretty clearly by Dr. Bevan and others, that six or eight months is the limit of their duration; for notwithstanding the immense annual increase, the numbers in a hive dwindle down very perceptibly towards the end of the year. Even in the middle of the summer their wings become torn and ragged. There is no doubt, I think, that every bee existing at Christmas was bred during the latter part of the spring or summer: and this may be a sufficient answer to those who sometimes inquire what becomes of the accumulation of bees, managed on the depriving system, where neither swarming nor destruction takes place.

We might here allude to a prevalent error as to any inherent difference in the characteristics of the common honey bee. When we hear it said, that some are "better workers" than others, all that ought to be understood is, that the family has the advantage of being under favorable circumstances as to locality or season: with a fertile queen, and an adequate population.

THE DRONE, OR MALE BEES,

Are computed in the spring at one to two thou-

sand, and upwards, in every good stock hive. They are larger and darker than the common bees; have no sting, and are easily distinguishable by their louder humming or *droning*. The drones take no part in the collection of honey, nor in any other perceptible operation of the hive.

Drone eggs are laid by the queen in cells larger and stronger than those intended for common bees, and further removed from the centre of the hive. They pass through their various stages in about twenty-five or twenty-six days, the drones being seldom seen till about the beginning of May (though occasionally earlier), and then only in warm weather, in the middle of the day. These are the produce of the first-laid eggs; but a second smaller laying of drone eggs commonly takes place about two months later.

Of all the theories on the subject of the part allotted to the drones in the constitution of a hive of bees (and some of these have been sufficiently absurd), that of Huber is undoubtedly the true one—the impregnation of the young queens. Perhaps the annual destruction of the drones by the workers, is the operation most likely to throw light on the design of their creation. This process varies in point of time according to circumstances. Deprive a hive forcibly of the young queens, and, according to Bonner and Huber, no expulsion of drones takes place. “In such cases,” says the latter, “they are tolerated and fed, and many are seen even in the middle of January.” They are retained in case of need, for other queens may yet be produced. Where swarming has been rendered unnecessary, as in hives managed on the depriving system, there are either no royal cells, or the young queens meet with premature destruction. Then frequently commences an early expulsion of the now useless drones; they become merely consumers of the wealth of the community, and as such are driven unceremoniously from the hive, to perish; nor are even the larvæ allowed to escape. This expulsive process often commences in such hives in the middle, or at any rate towards the end of May, as I have witnessed. On the contrary, in the common swarming hives it does not take place till July, or even later; when all the royal brood is disposed of. The circumstances differ in the two cases; and the bees in this, as in other parts of their practice, are sufficiently utilitarians to modify their proceedings accordingly. In the one instance, the office of the males is not required, and a speedy massacre follows; in the other, young queens are left successively to come to maturity. Such of these as go forth with swarms, become fertilised in two or three days after, followed by the laying of eggs in about a similar distance of time. Once impregnated they become fruitful, perhaps ever after, as is the case with some other insects; at all events for a year, for eggs are laid by them, and young produced, without the presence of a single drone, except during a few weeks in that period. The destruction of the drones, therefore, may be considered an indication that the hive contains no queen brood, and, consequently, that no swarming is to be expected.

“Naturalists,” says Huber, “have been extremely embarrassed to account for the number of males in most hives, and which seem only a

burden on the community, since they fulfil no function. But we now begin to discern the object of nature in multiplying them to such an extent. As fecundation cannot be accomplished within the hive, and as the queen is obliged to traverse the expanse of the atmosphere, it is requisite that the males should be numerous, that she may have the chance of meeting some one of them. Were only two or three in each hive, there would be little probability of their departure at the same instant with the queen, or that they would meet in their excursions; and most of the females might thus remain sterile.”

Conflicting opinions among apiarians have been formed, as to the desirableness of assisting the working bees in the task of expelling the drones; often a protracted and irritating process. If it can be done at once, without annoyance to the workers, I think much fighting and valuable time may be saved by it; but no advice can be worse than that of attempting to accomplish the work piecemeal. When attacked, the drones, to avoid persecution, will congregate together in a remote part of the hive. Observation led me to think they would at such a time be glad to retreat for still greater safety into a separate box, so placed as to be accessible to them. Accordingly, on the 14th of June, in one of my collateral stock hives, where the drones for a day or two had been hard pushed by the others, I opened a communication on the ground floor into an empty side box. My theory was completely realised, for the poor drones gladly made their way into this, where they remained clustered at the top like a swarm—not a single common bee accompanying them, and would probably have been starved. The following morning, I took away the box of drones and destroyed them, counting rather more than 2200, besides some few that had escaped. I did not find among them a solitary working bee; nor could I discover in the parent stock hive one remaining drone. The bees peaceably at once recommenced work, and did well; as if glad in this wholesale way to be rid of their late unprofitable inmates. What was the cost of their daily maintenance? And what proportion to the entire population of the hive did the drones bear? After this apparently large abstraction, no sensible difference was observable in the crowding. In this hive the usual second laying of drone eggs took place, and a good many more drones were expelled at the end of July. I have not been enabled to repeat this experiment, but have no doubt it would always succeed, under similar circumstances.

If we say that the possession of this book ought to be universal, we speak but the truth. It is the production of a gentleman, whose humanity and kindly feeling are visible on every page.

A PRETTY IDEA:—

Born and dies in *sunny* hour,
The lovely flower
Of early youth! one moment stay
The golden ringlets; then turn grey.
From Metastasio.

LONDON BIRD-CATCHERS.

he business of *Bird-catching*, which supports a vast number of people in the vicinity of London, is founded on the annual removals of those singing birds, which are termed *birds of flight*, in the language of that art. The metropolis affording a ready sale for singing birds, this trade has long been established in its neighborhood; where it is carried on at a great expense, and with systematical perfection.

The wild birds begin to fly, as bird-catchers term it, in the month of October, and part of the preceding and following months. The different species of these birds do not make their periodical flights exactly at the same time, but follow one another in succession. The *pipet* commences his flight, every year, about Michaelmas; the *woodlark* next succeeds, and continues his flight till towards the middle of October.

It is remarkable, that though both these tribes of birds are very easily caught during their flight, yet, when that is over, no art can seduce them to the nets. It has never hitherto been found what is the nature of that *call* by which the tame birds can arrest their flight, and allure them under the nets at that particular season, and at no other. Perhaps it is from their anxiety to carry the tame birds along with them, that these may avoid the severity of the winter. Perhaps, as the tame birds are *males*, it is a challenge to combat; or it may be an invitation to love, which is attended to by the females who are flying above, and who, in obeying it, inveigle the males, along with themselves, into the net. If the last be the case, they are severely punished for their infidelity to their mates; for the *females* are indiscriminately killed by the bird-catcher, while the *male* is made a *prisoner*, and sold at a high price, for his song.

The *flights* of these birds begin at day-break, and continue till noon. *Autumn* is the time when the bird-catcher is employed in intercepting them on their passage. The nets are about twelve yards long, and two and a half broad. They are spread upon the ground, at a small distance from each other, and so placed, that they can be made to flap suddenly over upon the birds that alight between them. As the wild birds fly always against the wind, the bird-catcher who is most to the leeward has a chance of catching the whole flight if his call-birds be good. A complete set of *call-birds* consists of five or six linnets, two goldfinches, two greenfinches, one woodlark, one redpole; and, perhaps, of a bullfinch, a yellow-hammer, a titlark, and an aberdevine. These are placed, in little cages, at small distances from the nets. He has likewise his *flur-birds*,

which are placed within the net, and raised or let down according as the wild birds approach.

This, however, is not enough to allure the wild bird down; it must be *called* from the cages by one of the call-birds which are kept there, and which have been made to moult early in the summer, in order to improve their notes. PENNANT observes, that there appears a malicious joy in these call-birds, to bring the wild ones into the same state of captivity. After they have seen or heard the approach of the wild birds, which is long before it is perceived by the bird-catchers, the intelligence is announced from cage to cage with the utmost ecstacy and joy. The note by which they invite them down is not a continual song, like that which the bird uses in a chamber; but short "jerks" as they are called by the bird-catchers, which are heard at a great distance. So powerful is the ascendancy of this call over the wild birds, that the moment they hear it, they alight within twenty yards of three or four bird-catchers, on a spot which, otherwise, would never have attracted their notice. After the fatal string is pulled, and the nets are clapped over the unsuspecting strangers, should one half of the flock escape, such is their infatuation, that they will immediately after *return to the nets*, and share the same fate with their companions. And should only one bird escape, the unhappy survivor will still venture into danger, till he be also caught; so fascinating is the power which the call-birds have over this devoted race!

All the *hens* that are thus taken are immediately killed, and sold for threepence or fourpence a dozen. Their flesh is so exquisite, that they are regarded as a delicate acquisition to the tables of the luxurious. The taste for small birds is however far from being so prevalent in England as in France and Italy; and even the luxury of the Italians will appear parsimony when compared with the extravagance of their predecessors, the Romans. Pliny says, that Clodius Æsopus, a tragedian of Rome, paid no less a sum than *six thousand eight hundred and forty-three pounds for a single dish of musical birds*; an immense tribute to caprice and gluttony. The highest price given for these singing birds in London is five guineas a piece; a strong proof how much more their *song* is relished here than their *flesh*.

We cannot conclude this subject without alluding to a most cruel practice which is common among the bird-fanciers, in the neighborhood of London; it is the *acceleration of the moulting season*, and we notice it only to deprecate it in the strongest terms. The moulting of birds, even when left to the operation of nature, is a severe

malady; its fatal effects, however, have been greatly increased by the interference of man, in endeavoring to bestow artificial accomplishments on those birds which he reduces into captivity for the sake of the beauty of their colors, or the melody of their song. The bird-catchers, chiefly to gratify the whimsical and capricious, have invented a method of accelerating the season; to effect this, by which it is pretended that birds are improved both in their song and beauty, they shut them up in a dark cage, closely wrapped up with woollen cloth, allowing their dung to remain and increase the heat of the cage! In this state of confinement, which continues for a month, they are only now and then supplied with water—the putrid air, and the fever which it occasions, depriving them of all appetite for food! By this violent operation, which is termed “*stopping*,” an artificial and premature moult is produced, at the expense of the lives of many of the ill-fated creatures who are subjected to so unnatural a regimen. The price of a “stopped” bird rises in proportion to the danger attending it; for it is pretended that its note is not only louder and more piercing than that of a wild one, but that its plumage is also more vivid and beautiful: in short, that there is as much difference between a wild and a stopped bird, as between a horse kept in body-clothes and one at grass.

We are no advocates for these brutalities; we merely record them with a view to expose and assist in putting them down.

HISTORY OF THE DOMESTIC CAT.

Anecdotal Reminiscences.—No. 2.

BY A LADY.

I REMEMBER well, having two cats, who were much attached to the person who fed them. They knew his ring, and were always at the door to welcome him. He was absent three weeks; and for the first few days, it was really painful to see the anxiety with which the poor creatures watched at the door; aye, for *hours*, in patient expectation of his return, refusing to eat food offered by another hand. Nature, however, resumed its course. They began to eat; but every time the door-bell rang, they rushed to the door expecting to see their friend. After so much demonstration of true feeling, we naturally felt anxious to witness the outburst of joy at the first meeting. We were doomed to be disappointed. Neither of the animals would look at their friend; and they sulkily received his caresses with an expression that seemed to say:—“You have kept away long

enough; you might as well have kept away altogether.” I was convinced they knew him, for one animal is timid, and always hides from strangers; while the other is fond of admiration, and courts their attention.

I sometimes think this peculiarity may be traced to a disposition similar to that of the Bosjesmans, which makes them look at something indifferent, instead of the object which really attracts their attention. If I see my cat looking fixedly and cautiously to the right, I turn to the left, and probably see some poor wretch of a cat, crouching down with terror—fully aware that his enemy has seen him. Put a piece of meat and a piece of soap on a table behind you; turn round suddenly, and however rapid your motion may be, you will find puss with her nose close to the soap, as though she were earnestly studying its properties. Of course, the meat has quite escaped her observation!

I once had a cat which examined a tube of flake-white very attentively, and with evident signs of dissatisfaction. On the following day, I had occasion to use a portion of it. Puss had concealed herself on the top of a book-case, and must have watched my actions with that patient attention for which cats are remarkable. The moment I proceeded to put a small quantity on my palette, she showed the greatest uneasiness; jumped on the table; mewed plaintively; and rubbed against me, so as to keep my hand which held the tube, at the greatest possible distance.

Finding I persisted in using the noxious color, she threatened me with her claws, although she had never done so before; and I could not proceed with my work until I had turned her out of the room. I have had several cats since, but none of them ever objected to my using this poison.

Some time after, this same cat was very jealous of a kitten, which she never appeared to notice unless I found fault with it, when she would instantly box its ears. I repeatedly tried the experiment without altering my intonation, and always with the same result.

One black fellow of a cat understood the words “milk,” “meat,” “buns;” however unemphatically they were pronounced in ordinary conversation. He had a great relish for buns in particular, and in whatever part of the house he might be, he seemed to know—by some inward sense—when they were sent for; and although, at other times, persons went out twenty times a day without the animal observing them, yet, whoever was sent on *this* errand, was sure to find “Jack” at the door, waiting their return.

We once had an old cat, who suddenly disappeared, leaving a small kitten, which

we should probably have thought it merciful to destroy, had not a young cat, nearly full grown, taken on himself the duties of nurse, and reared it with the greatest care. When the young creature began to eat, the older one took to the roof of the house and killed a sparrow; he returned, growling in a tiger-like manner, which, as he was naturally docile, attracted my attention. When, however, he had done so for some time, he abandoned the prey to his *protégé*, who, being an apt pupil, imitated his gestures in every respect—the other watching its gambols most complacently. This kitten could afterwards open one particular door, or let herself out of one of the attic windows, which was fastened by a catch. We can scarcely suppose the animal “gifted” with a special instinct to open a particular door or window.

The most remarkable traits of character I have ever observed in the feline tribe, are shown in an Angora, which I have had about two years. He is remarkably fond of strangers, particularly if they are good-looking, or well dressed. He will strut before them, waving his tail, till it looks like a feather. He knows Sunday, which he seems to think a “dull day.” The bell is rung every morning at seven o'clock; and on six days it would almost seem as though the man, by simply touching the bell-wire, pulled “Frank” out of bed—so instantaneously does he respond to the summons. But on Sunday, bell after bell peals in vain; he knows there is no business to transact, or friends to call; and on that day he seldom rises till near noon. He was the most gentle, tractable, affectionate creature that ever lived, until about three months since. At that time, we had an Angora kitten given us, and suddenly “Frank’s” character changed. He became morose; shunned society; would not look at any of us; refused to eat; and would bite and scratch if we attempted to comfort him. He, however, played in the most friendly manner with the kitten, and appeared to take great care not to hurt it.

At the end of two months, the kitten was taken away suddenly; and when “Frank” wished to play with it, he looked first in the basket, and then in a cupboard. Missing it, he seemed instantly to know that his rival was gone, and resumed his former affectionate manner.

All went on happily until a fortnight since, when a friend presented two Angoras, about a month old. When “Frank” saw them, he threw himself on the ground with an expression of despair, which seemed to say—“I will die! there is nothing worth living for.” I went to console him, when this naturally-gentle creature darted his talons into my hand. He is very friendly,

I should remark, with strangers who have not seen the kittens; but he will not come near any of the family, and if I take him up, he utters a piteous moan, which ends in a tiger-like growl. He never condescends to look at the kittens; nor does he offer to injure them. He has always slept near a bedroom fire in winter; but now he is determined to lie on the damp stones under the cistern, from which we have much difficulty in dislodging him. He struggles to escape, and we are obliged to carry him off by force; yet, when we do succeed in getting him near the fire, he appears perfectly happy. In the morning, however, he is as intractable as ever, and we do not know how to prevent him from killing himself with cold and hunger, or dying of a broken heart. Does this extreme jealousy, Mr. Editor, proceed from reason, or instinct? From wounded self-love, or blighted affection?—M. T.

[Let us leave this as an “open question.”]

PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS.

Burford's Panorama.

Mr. Burford has just added a new panorama to his collection in Leicester Square. The view is Nimroud, the scene of Mr. Layard's discoveries, and an extensive range of the surrounding country. The picture is taken from the highest point of the Mound of Nimrod, from which the whole of the excavations made by Mr. Layard can be distinctly traced. Immediately beneath the spectator is seen the great northwest palace, the most ancient and interesting portion of the discoveries yet made; what is supposed to have been the principal façade is fully exposed, the two great entrances guarded by colossal winged lions, and on either side some of the sculptured slabs of alabaster, with the figures as fresh as when first cut from the block. In other parts of the mound are seen numerous trenches, opened into others of the palaces which have been found there. Further on, are perceptible the remains of the city walls, marked by a series of elevations, showing where ramparts, towers, and gates formerly stood. Beyond, in all directions, is seen the plain of Nineveh, which in summer and winter is bare, sterile, and desolate; but the view being taken in the spring, is here shown fertile and luxuriant. In the remoter distance we trace the winding course of the Tigris, with its varied scenery.

There is no place in London, where an hour or two could be more profitably spent than here. Whilst gazing upon the graphic embodiments of Mr. Burford's admirable conceptions, you might almost imagine yourself at the places represented. This is the triumph of Art.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN INQUIRER.—Your views are correct. We shall, at every fitting season, endeavor to “render unto Cæsar” his due. *All* animals are equally endowed with a useful gift—differing only in degree. In *each* individual there is much to admire.

H. W. B.—Our space is so circumscribed, that “Fugitive Poetry” can only be admissible under very peculiar circumstances. We are already overwhelmed with similar “kind offerings.” This “reply” will suffice for *all* the writers. Their favors have *merit*, and would be readily available in a Monthly Magazine.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS, and CASUAL READERS, are referred to the LEADING ARTICLE in our FIRST NUMBER for the DETAILED OBJECTS of the LONDON JOURNAL: to these we shall rigidly adhere.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them. Our time is more profitably occupied. All vacancies, as they are called, are filled up. Let this general answer suffice.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any “facts” connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS.—It having been deemed expedient, to meet the views of *the Trade*, that this Journal should always be published by *anticipation*, CONTRIBUTORS AND OTHERS will be so kind as to bear in mind that they must give us an *extra* “week’s grace,” and *wait patiently* till their favors appear.

All persons who may send in MSS., but which may not be “accepted,” are requested to *preserve copies of them*, as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for their return.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S LONDON JOURNAL.

Saturday, January 17, 1852.

AN EDITOR'S Letter-box! DID any layman ever stand by, whilst the Editor of a popular journal, after taking from his private pocket the “open-sesame” to his *sanc-tum*, gazed with dismay upon the scene before him? If not, we fear any description, however graphic, will fail to give more than a very faint idea of an Editor and his letter-box.

Twice a day, sometimes oftener, is the task ours, to call at our publisher's and there make an examination of WHAT has been dropped into the “lion's-mouth.” Already the influx of “communications,” on tinted and satin papers, is alarming; nor is the task of perusing them one whit less alarming. We have daily fine specimens, and very many of them, in round-hand, running-hand, and German text; and some *recherché* specimens of *that* character of writing known as “gentlemanly.” This last occupies us as much time in getting through as *all* the other united hands put together. If our “well-wishers” would be so good as to write distinctly, and on *one* side of their paper *only*, how greatly would their favors be enhanced!

It is not for us to abuse the confidence of our correspondents, and therefore we

never let any of their “offerings” go beyond the precincts of our private room; but really, *some* of the letters we receive are of so marvellous, so curious a nature, that it seems a pity the *Eccentric Magazine* should have been discontinued.

We imagine *all* NEW Periodicals must be liable to this visitation; indeed, we remember having passed through a similar ordeal on some three or four previous occasions. We venture a guess, and a shrewd one, that these our present would-be patrons, who thus haunt us, are but “*old* friends with a new face.”

We have no wish to damp the ardor of *any* aspirants after fame, but we must not allow ourselves to be made sponsors for the offspring of a heated brain, or to be answerable for the mad follies of those who *will* rush wildly into print. In pity to many of these scribblers, we have made our Christmas fire burn brightly at their expense. Known to the flames alone—and to the unfortunate Editor of this paper, are the contents of all these heavy *billets*.

We trust that every person who has perused our first three Numbers, will now be able to see *what will* and *what will not* suit us. Intending contributors, if they have any judgment, will act wisely in economising their own time as well as ours, and avoid sending us in future such articles as can be of no use beyond kindling a fire.

By the way, we have as yet only hinted at our *London Letter-Box*. WHAT of *our own private postman*? We see him now, with his smiling countenance—making the best of his way to our country villa, with another large bundle of letters, which it will take us nearly a week to peruse! We must therefore quit this important subject, on which we intended to be eloquent, and at once resume our public task.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Pigeons.—I am about keeping pigeons; but profess ignorance about their habits. Are they affectionate to their owners, and also to themselves? And are they (as you are so great an observer of Nature) pleasant companions for those who love a country life, and are much at home? May I ask one or two lines, by way of reply to this?—AMELIA L.

[The habits of pigeons are delightfully agreeable. They are so affectionate, if cultivated, that they will come on your head, shoulder, or lap, and eat from your mouth. They are, moreover, more “moral” than most birds. When they “pair,” it is *not* with a view to *sepa* a in the autumn, but their union is “for life”—with some few exceptions, as with ourselves. Both parents assist in making the nest, and regularly “relieve guard” whilst the trying pro-

cess of incubation is going on. The number of eggs is *two* only, for each "sitting;" and when the young first *break the yolk*, and burst into life, you will see something "a shade uglier" than you have ever before witnessed. Of all "monstrosities," a newly-hatched chick is perhaps the most monstrous. However, they soon outgrow their apparent deformity, and thrive wonderfully fast. They are fed carefully by their father and their mother; and soon afterwards are themselves in a position to feed their own children! This information will suffice for your present purpose. We shall not forget to supply further particulars anon. Write freely, when you want our "advice;" for we shall seek to create a love for the keeping of domestic pigeons.]

African Parrot.—I observe a query in your last week's paper, having reference to an Australian parroquet, suffering from a tumour. I am anxious to observe what remedy will be proposed for its cure, or removal. Will you, meantime, tell me how to cure my *African Parrot*? It is unwell, cross, dull, mopish; and refuses its food. It has been in this sad state for several days. A journal like yours has long been wanted; and allow me, as one of the many, to bid you God-speed in your enterprise.—W. S., Belfast.

[The real truth is, these poor creatures are martyrs to the changes of temperature in this climate of ours. They are never well long together; and very seldom "happy." We have eschewed all the race, from boyhood upwards; observing, go where we might, that their owners were always in distress, and the poor birds looking as lugubrious as the holder of "a dishonored bill for £1,000." Change of air, food, and scene, are all we can propose. Try them, until we obtain through our pages some more efficient remedies; by all means let the food administered, be of the two, rather too dry than too moist.]

Food for Bullfinches.—Will you please inform me how I can keep my bullfinches in fine plumage? Mine are quite dull, and their bodies over-fat. Can I "pair" them with canaries; if so, at what season?—J. T., Aberdeen.

[You have ruined the constitution of your bullfinches, and quite spoiled their feathers, by giving them hemp-seed. They are "fond of it." True. We are "fond" of many things, which are not "good" for us. Discontinue the hemp-seed *gradually*; and as a rule, administer flax and canary only. The bird's *personnel* will soon exhibit better proportions, and when next he moults (if not sooner), his native colors will shine out in full lustre. You ask about "pairing" these birds with canaries. Do not attempt it. You might as well try to arrest the progress of "Father Thames," at London Bridge, by throwing a blanket across the river at "low water." You may suspend a canary near his cage, if you will, by way of company; and no doubt they will enter into friendship. That friendship, however, will be "platonic."]

Song Birds in England and Ireland.—I rejoice to recognise your arrival amongst us, as the avowed, the tried friend of all the winged choir—of whom you have sung so long, so loud, and so sweetly; and, let me add, of whom we shall kindly insist upon your "singing" *again*! You are aware, no doubt, that while you are revelling in your praises of the nightingale, blackcap, woodlark, and redstart—we, in Ireland, are denied their sweet presence, deprived of the harmony of their melodious voices! How is this? By the way, I think it right to tell you that you have very many friends in Ireland; who, if they cannot *hear* the birds you "discourse about," yet love to *read* what you *say* about them. I send you my address, and offer you a hearty welcome, whenever your steps may be directed hitherward.—J. P., Athlone.

[Too truly, my good friend, have you said, that *our* "pets" shun your "neutral ground." Disturbed as Ireland is by conflicts, which "fright" the very inhabitants "from their propriety," *how* can the amiable vocalists you have named sing their song in so strange a land? If we were in the habit of exercising our vocation as a "singer" (which we rejoice that we are *not*), rely on it, we should never be able to sing in *your* land. You have seen it recorded, that even the "larks" in Ireland are *unnatural*. They "try" to sing; but the farmers annihilate them by the million, bringing every engine of murder they can invent, to riddle holes through their little bodies! At the proper season, we shall immortalise your *protégés*, and so aid you in the earnest desire you show to hear more of their excellencies. Many thanks for the other favor, contained in your note. We accept your kind offers of aid gladly, and in return will bear all your wishes actively in mind.]

"Instinct and Reason in Animals."—We have some little reason to pick a quarrel with you, Mr. Editor, for so abruptly terminating the popular discussion in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, on this subject. After promising us that the "last chapter" (the most interesting of all) should mark "the Progress of Human Reason, from the Cradle to the Grave,"—a lapse of one week occurs *without any article appearing as promised*! You then wind up the year by saying, that with it "the inquiry must terminate, and *patience* do the rest!" If the space allotted to you was insufficient to admit of your completing the series of articles, I *do think* you stand pledged to do so in your own paper; and I leave it to yourself to say if the request be unreasonable. The care and close reading you must have given to the whole matter, deserve a better termination. What say you? May we look for it? I speak the language of very many of your admirers, when, on their behalf, I call on you to *redeem your promise*.—W. F., Clifton.

[You bear rather hard upon us! Our thoughts are now "fugitive," and you ask us to go into metaphysics! However, it shall never be said that we broke faith; and as there was not room for the termination of the inquiry in the *original* channel, we will try and collect our thoughts, and give them utterance in our own columns next week.]

Cochin China Fowl.—I have a Cochin China cock, 8 months old, who has just fallen ill. Can you tell me how to cure him? He is much reduced in flesh, and cannot stand for a minute together; but advances a step and then drops on his thighs. Still he eats voraciously.—C. P., *Boston*.

[Your bird is suffering from atrophy. He has also taken the cramp. His limbs are paralysed,—no doubt by cold. Feed him generously. Try some boiled rice,—boiled hard and dry. Give him, also, now and then, a little raw beef; and by all means let him have the run of your garden. At this season he can do no harm. A little toasted bread, soaked in ale, is also a good remedy,—anything, indeed, to work a change. All animals—ourselves included—need this “change” repeatedly, to keep them in robust health.]

TO ALL WHO HAVE AVIARIES.

[THIRD ARTICLE.]

WE now subjoin, as promised, the precise mode in which RATS may be destroyed by PHOSPHORUS; but we think it right to state, that this compound unless very carefully prepared is dangerous. Phosphorus should never be *handled* under any circumstances. It is a fearful agent for evil, in the hands of a novice:

The following was an amateur contribution to the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, March 16, 1850; and the paper bearing that date having long since been out of print, its re-appearance in our columns will be well-timed—we say well-timed, because we are daily hearing of the continued ravages by RATS in all parts of the country.

“Rats: their Destruction by Phosphorus easy and certain.”

“Having already detailed at some considerable length in your Paper of Feb. 9, the success—I may say the complete success—of my experiments in the destruction of a colony of rats by the use of *carbonate of barytes*, I will now, according to promise, tell you how to use with unfailing effect, under certain circumstances, another fatal weapon—phosphorus. I publish this at once, and through the medium of your columns, for a most particular reason.

“Very considerable attention has been directed to the subject, by the quotation in nearly every paper in the kingdom of my two several contributions to the *Gardeners' Chronicle* of Jan. 12 and Feb. 9. This has brought me such a multitude of letters—every successive post adding to their number, and has involved me by consequence in so extensive and serious a correspondence; that I positively begin to despair of ever again being *in equilibrio*. I can only hope for repose by seeking the aid of the press, whose power of extending information

I can, alas! but too feelingly vouch for; and which power I trust to their generosity again to accord me, seeing the peculiar ‘fix’ in which I am placed. Their timely assistance will prevent my having the necessity for employing an amanuensis. *Mais revenons à nos Rats*.

“The phosphoric compound is as follows:—I have purposely divided the materials into small quantities; according to the number of the enemy to be vanquished they must be lessened or increased. Procure of lard or dripping a quarter of a pound, of phosphorus 1 drachm, of spirit of wine 1 gill; place the whole of these in a pint wine bottle, thoroughly cleansed previous to use. This should be covered, up to its neck, or rather middle, with hot water, which may be managed by putting the bottle into a saucepan deep enough to hold it; and by gradually heating the water.

“When the lard or dripping is dissolved, remove the bottle from the water, cork it firmly, and shake it until the contents are thoroughly incorporated. When cool, pour off the spirit of wine. By this time, the ‘charm’ will have nearly been ‘worked.’ Little more remains to be done. Procure some Wheaten flour, and having rubbed sugar into it, warm the contents of the ‘charmed’ bottle, and pour sufficient from it to make the whole into a paste of ordinary consistence.

“Flavoring the above is the ‘seventh bullet,’ the master-piece. To this, much attention must be paid. Get some oil of rhodium and some oil of aniseed, both powerful oils; and dividing your dough into two portions, ‘charm’ the one half with rhodium, the other with aniseed. The quantity of oil requisite is very trifling. Having made up the paste into a number of small globular pieces (like marbles), place them carelessly wherever the rats abound, and the existence of the latter will soon become a mere ‘matter of history.’

“I need only add, that when rats are running about, and revelling in an abundance of animal food, the barytes *only* must be used; in conjunction with garbage, fish, the entrails of rabbits, poultry, &c. These, if untouched by the human hand, are subtle emissaries, and deal destruction right and left. Where, on the contrary, the rats have little to prey upon in the form of flesh—phosphorus, cooked as per receipt, will be esteemed a dainty luxury, worthy of our own Soyer—and they will sit down to it with the appetite of a London alderman. Would, for their sakes, that their digestion were equally good! I should be glad to have it in my power to *rat-ify* the fact. —William Kidd, *Sanders' Cottage, New Road, Hammersmith, March, 13, 1850.*”

THE CLOSE OF AUTUMN.

THERE is something in the final appearance of this season, just as we step from Autumn into Winter, that is well calculated at all times to excite feelings of a melancholy interest in the reflective mind. The garden is rife with homilies on the "wreck of matter," and mementoes of mortality are abundantly depicted in the withered flower and drooping shrub; whilst the woodlands and groves are no less prolific in memorials of all things passing to their original dust. There is a funereal characteristic about autumn which none of the other seasons possess: she is the messenger of fruition and death; fruits ripen and flowers wither at her approach—nor does this power cease until vegetable vitality is subdued and laid prostrate. Spring is the season of hope; the first crocus that peeps from beneath its pure white mantle of snow is greeted with gladness, because it is the precursor of brighter and more beautiful flowers. Summer is the season of buds, blossoms, and fruit; nature then puts on her richest jewellery, and we are dazzled with the splendor and the beauty of their colors. Autumn is the season of plenitude—but then, before we have scarcely done gazing at the lovely products of Pomona, the "sere and yellow leaf" parts from its spray, and, rustling scarcely audible along, rests at our feet, warning us to prepare for another change. It is not, however, amidst the fogs and smoke of a London atmosphere that this change can be felt. Autumn to be appreciated, must be enjoyed some miles from town. The "green and yellow melancholy" which there steals over the landscape, and the mild and steady serenity of the weather, with the transparent purity of the air, speak not only to the senses, but to the heart. There is a silence in which we hear everything—a beauty that will be observed. The cinquefoil, with one lingering blossom, yet appears, and we mark it for its loneliness. Rambling with unfettered grace, the tendrils of the briony festoon with its brilliant berries the slender sprigs of the hazel and the thorn; it ornaments their plainness, and receives a support its own feebleness denies. The agaric, with all its hues, its shades, its elegant variety of forms, expands its cone sprinkled with the freshness of the morning—a transient fair, a child of decay, that was born in a night and will perish in a night. Anon the jay springs up, and screaming tells of danger to her brood. Then comes the loud laugh of the woodpecker, joyous and vacant—the hammering of the nut-hatch, cleaving its prize in the chink of some dry bough—whilst the humble bee, torpid on the disc of the purple

thistle, just lifts a limb to pray forbearance of injury, to ask for peace, and bid us—

"Leave him, leave him to repose."

All these are distinctive symbols of the season, marked in the silence and sobriety of the hour, and have left, perhaps, a deeper impression on the mind than any afforded by the profuse luxuriance of summer, or the verdant promises of spring.

MISS PHILADELPHIA FIRKIN.

By MISS MITFORD.

CHAPTER I.

IN Belford Regis, as in many of those provincial capitals of the south of England, whose growth and importance have kept pace with the increased affluence and population of the neighborhood, the principal shops will be found clustered in the close, inconvenient streets of the antique portion of the good town: whilst the more showy and commodious modern buildings are quite unable to compete, in point of custom, with the old, crowded localities, which seem even to derive an advantage from the appearance of business and bustle, occasioned by the sharp turnings, the steep declivities, the narrow causeways, the jutting-out windows, and the various obstructions incident to the picturesque, but irregular street-architecture of our ancestors.

Accordingly, Oriel Street, in Belford, a narrow lane, cribbed and confined on the one side by an old monastic establishment, now turned into alms-houses, called the Oriel, which divided the street from that branch of the river called the Holy Brook, and on the other bounded by the market-place, whilst one end abutted on the yard of a great inn, and turned so sharply up a steep acclivity, that accidents happened there every day; and the other *terminus* wound, with an equally awkward curvature, round the churchyard of St. Stephen's—this most strait and incommodious avenue of shops was the wealthiest quarter of the borough. It was a provincial combination of Regent Street and Cheapside. The houses let for double their value; and, as a necessary consequence, goods sold there at pretty nearly the same rate; horse-people and foot-people jostled upon the pavement; coaches and phaetons ran against each other in the road. Nobody dreamt of visiting Belford without wanting something or other in Oriel Street; and although noise, and crowd, and bustle, be very far from usual attributes of the good town; yet in driving through this favored region on a fine day, between the hours of three and five, we stood a fair chance of

encountering as many difficulties and obstructions from carriages, and as much din and disorder on the causeway, as we shall often have the pleasure of meeting with out of London.

One of the most popular and frequented shops in the street, and out of all manner of comparison the prettiest to look at, was the well-furnished glass and china warehouse of Philadelphia Firkin, spinster. Few things are, indeed, more agreeable to the eye, than the mixture of glittering cut glass, with rich and delicate china, so beautiful in shape, color, and material, which adorn a nicely-assorted show-room of that description. The manufactures of Sevres, of Dresden, of Derby, and of Worcester, are really works of art, and very beautiful ones too; and even the less choice specimens have about them a clearness, a glossiness, and a nicety, exceedingly pleasant to look upon; so that a china-shop is, in some sense, a shop of temptation: and that it is also a shop of necessity, every housekeeper, who knows to her cost, the infinite number of plates, dishes, cups, and glasses, which contrive to get broken in the course of the year (chiefly by that grand demolisher of crockery ware, called Nobody), will not fail to bear testimony.

Miss Philadelphia's was, therefore, a well-accustomed shop, and she herself was, in appearance, most fit to be its inhabitant, being a trim, prim little woman, neither old nor young, whose dress hung about her in stiff regular folds, very like the drapery of a china shepherdess on a mantel-piece, and whose pink and white complexion, skin, eyebrows, and hair, all tinted, as it seemed, with one dash of ruddy color, had the same professional hue. Change her spruce cap for a wide-brimmed hat, and the damask napkin which she flourished in wiping her wares, for a china crook, and the figure in question might have passed for a miniature of the mistress. In one respect they differed. The china shepherdess was a silent personage. Miss Philadelphia was not; on the contrary, she was reckoned to make, after her own mincing fashion, as good a use of her tongue as any woman, gentle or simple, in the whole town of Belford.

She was assisted in her avocations by a little shop-woman, not much taller than a china mandarin, remarkable for the height of her comb, and the length of her ear-rings, whom she addressed, sometimes as Miss Wolfe, sometimes as Marianne, and sometimes as Polly, thus multiplying the young lady's individuality by three; and a little shopman, in apron and sleeves, whom, with equal ingenuity, she called by the several appellations of Jack, Jonathan, and Mr. Lamb—mister! but who was really such a cock-o'-my-thumb as might have been served

up in a tureen, or baked in a pie-dish, without, in the slightest degree, abridging his personal dimensions. I have known him quite hidden behind a china jar, and as completely buried, whilst standing on tip-toe in a crate, as the dessert-service which he was engaged in unpacking. Whether this pair of originals was transferred from a show at a fair to Miss Philly's warehouse, or whether she had picked them up accidentally, first one and then the other, guided by a fine sense of congruity, as she might match a wine-glass or a tea-cup, must be left to conjecture. Certain they answered her purpose as well as if they had been the size of Gog and Magog; were attentive to the customers, faithful to their employer, and crept about amongst the china as softly as two mice.

The world went well with Miss Philly Firkin, in the shop and out. She won favor in the sight of her betters by a certain prim, demure, simpering civility, and a power of multiplying herself, as well as her little officials, like Yates or Matthews in a monopolylogue, and attending to half-a-dozen persons at once; whilst she was no less popular amongst her equals, in virtue of her excellent gift in gossiping. Nobody better loved a gentle tale of scandal to sweeten a quiet cup of tea. Nobody evinced a finer talent for picking up whatever news happened to be stirring, or greater liberality in its diffusion. She was the intelligencer of the place—a walking chronicle.

In a word, Miss Philly Firkin was certainly a prosperous, and, as times go, a tolerably happy woman. To be sure, her closest intimates, those very dear friends, who, as our confidence gives them the opportunity, are so obliging as to watch our weaknesses and report our foibles—certain of these bosom companions had been heard to hint, that Miss Philly, who had refused two or three good matches in her bloom, repented of this cruelty, and would probably be found less obdurate, now that suitors had ceased to offer. This, if true, was one hidden grievance, a fitting shadow upon a sunny destiny; whilst another might be found in a circumstance, of which she was so far from making a secret, that it was one of her most frequent topics of discourse.

The calamity in question took the not unfrequent form of a next-door neighbor. On the right dwelt an eminent tinman, with his pretty daughter, two of the most respectable, kindest, and best-conducted persons in the town; but on her left was an open bricked archway, just wide enough to admit a cart, surmounted by a dim and dingy representation of some horned animal, with "The Old Red Cow," written in white capitals above, and "James Tyler, licensed to sell beer, ale, wine, and all sorts of spirituous liquors,"

below; and down the aforesaid passage, divided only by a paling from the spacious premises where her earthenware and coarser kinds of crockery were deposited—were the public-house stables, cowhouses, and pigsties of Mr. James Tyler, who added to his calling of publican, the several capacities of milkman, cattle dealer, and pig merchant, so that the place was one constant scene of dirt, and noise, and bustle, without and within; this Old Red Cow, in spite of its unpromising locality, being one of the best frequented houses in Belford: the constant resort of drovers, drivers, and cattle dealers; with a market dinner on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and a club, called the Jolly Tailors, every Monday night.

Master James Tyler, popularly called Jem, was the very man to secure and increase this sort of custom. Of vast stature and extraordinary physical power, combined with a degree of animal spirits, not often found in combination with such large proportions, he was at once a fit ruler over his four-footed subjects in the yard, a miscellaneous and most disorderly collection of cows, horses, pigs, and oxen, to say nothing of his own five boys (for Jem was a widower), each of whom, in striving to remedy, was apt to enhance the confusion, and an admirable lord of misrule at the drovers' dinners and tradesmen's suppers, over which he presided. There was a mixture of command and good-humor, of decision and fun, in the gruff, bluff, weather-beaten countenance, surmounted with its rough shock of coal-black hair, and in the voice, loud as a Stentor, with which he now guided a drove of oxen, and now roared a catch, that his listeners in either case found irresistible. Jem Tyler was the very spirit of vulgar jollity; and could, as he boasted, run, leap, box, wrestle, drink, sing, and shoot (he had been a keeper in his youth, and still retained the love of sportsmanship, which those who imbibe it early, seldom lose) with any man in the county. He was discreet, too, for a man of his occupation; knew precisely how drunk a journeyman tailor ought to get, and when to stop a fight between a Somersetshire cattle-dealer and an Irish pig-driver. No inquest had ever sat upon any of his customers. Small wonder, that, with such a landlord, the Old Red Cow should be a hostelry of unmatched resort and unblemished reputation!

MAN—being a reasonable, and so a thinking creature, there is nothing more worthy of his "being" than the right direction and employment of his thoughts, since upon this depends both his usefulness to the public and his own present and future benefit in all respects.—*W. Penn.*

HISTORICAL COINCIDENCES.

Barclay and Perkins.

Have you ever amused yourself by tracing historical parallels? Did you ever note how often one age reflects the character of another, so that the stage of real life seems to us at intervals as a theatre on which we see represented the passions of the past, its political tendencies, and monied speculations; the only change being that of costume, and a wider but more modified method of action? So true it is that men change, institutions vary, and that human nature is always the same. The church reproduces its Laud, the railway exchange its Law, the bench has its Mansfield, the Horse Guards its greater Marlborough, and Newgate its Mrs. Brownrigg. We have giants as great as King Charles's porter, and a Tom Thumb who would have frightened the very ghosts of all departed Jeffery Hudsons—a class not generally accused of fear, except at daybreak—by his unequalled *diminutiveness*. Take the great questions which agitate the church and the senate-house, which agitated them in the sixteenth, during much of the two following centuries, and you will find the same theological, political, commercial, and sanitary questions debated with equal honesty, equal truth, and similar prospects of satisfactory solution. I confess, however, that for one historical coincidence I was unprepared; and that "Barclay and Perkins," in the case of assault upon a noted public character, should have an historical antecedent in the seventeenth century, has caused me some surprise. It is not necessary for me to recall to your attention how Barclay and Perkins were noised about on the occasion of the attack on General Haynau. The name of the firm was as familiar to our lips as their porter:—

"Never came reformation in a flood
With such a heady currance."

There had been no similar *émeute*, as I was told by a civic wit, since the days of "Vat Tyler." Now let me remind you of the Barclay and Perkins and the other Turnham Green men's plot, who conspired to assault and assassinate King William III. Mind, the coincidence is only in name. The historic parallel is rather of kind than event, but it is not the less remarkable when we consider the excitement twice connected with these names. The character of James II. may be described as the *villainy of weakness*. It possessed nothing of elevation, breadth, or strength. It was this weak obliquity which made him deceive his people, and led him to subvert the laws, supplant the church, and to become a tyrant in the name of religious liberty. His means to recover the throne were as mean as the manner of its desertion was despicable. He tried cajolery, it failed; the bravery of his Irish soldiers, it was unavailing. He next relied on the corruption of Russell, the avarice of Marlborough; but as these men were to be bought as well as sold, he put his trust finally in any villain who was willing to be hired for assassination. In 1692 M. de Grandval, a captain of dragoons, was shot in the allied camp, who

confessed that King James at St. Germain in the presence of the queen, had engaged him to shoot King William. Four years later, James had contrived another plot. At the head of this were Sir George Barclay and Sir William Perkins, and under their guidance twenty men were engaged to assist in the assassination of King William. The plan was as follows:—It was the custom of the king to hunt near the house of Mr. Latten, in the neighborhood of Brentford, and they designed to surprise the king on his return at a hollow part of the road between Brentford and Turnham Green, one division of them being placed behind some bushes and brushwood at the western end of the Green. Some of your correspondents may perhaps fix the spot; but as the Green extended then far beyond what it now does, I suspect it was about the road leading to Gunnersbury; the road itself I recollect as a boy seeing much elevated and improved. The design failed, two of the gang betrayed the rest—Barclay escaped, but Perkins and some others were hung. Jeremy Collier attended them on the scaffold, and publicly gave them absolution in the name of Christ, and by imposition of hands, for all their sins. I need not describe to you the excitement caused by this plot of Barclay and Perkins; the event connected with their names, as at our later period—

“Was a theme of all conversation;
Had it been a pillar of church and state
Or a prop to support the whole dead weight,
It could not have furnished more debate
For the heads and tails of the nation.”

James closed the drama becomingly; he published a defence of his conduct in a paper, the style of which has been well described as the “euphemism of assassination.” The road between Turnham Green and Kew was long after associated with the names of “Barclay and Perkins.”—S. H.—*Notes and Queries*.

“Pickings up and Dottings Down.”

VEGETABLE DIET.—As recent discoveries in chemistry have shown that vegetables contain the same elements as flesh, we need not be surprised that man may live and thrive on a diet almost or altogether vegetable. The same gluten, albumen, fibrin, and oily matters that exist in a beef-steak or mutton-chop are also found in our esculent vegetables, the difference only amounting to a peculiarity of taste, or a slight diversity in the arrangement of particles. The starch and sugar, or the farinacea, are soon manufactured by the digestive apparatus into oil, and the albumen into animal muscle. Experience proves that a vegetable diet is lighter, and less liable to bring on diseases, than one in which animal food largely prevails. It is affirmed to be equally nutritious, and equally capable of sustaining the strength even of the hardest-laboring men. We have undoubted evidences of this in the robust Irishman, fed on potatoes, and the hardy Scottish peasant, who rarely indulges in a flesh diet. From a very early period, the philosophers of Greece advocated, and even practised, an exclusively vegetable diet, as being more conducive to

clearness of intellect and mental activity. The Pythagorean sages inculcated the same; hence the prevalence of the rice diet over the vast and densely-peopled regions of Asia. It is related that Newton, while writing his great work on optics, lived entirely without animal food; while Descartes, Haller, Hufeland, Howard the philanthropist, Byron, Shelley, and a host of other men of genius, were the advocates of a vegetable diet. The tendency of a full diet of animal food to bring on various complaints—such as gout, scurvy, liver disease, and calculous disorders—is not more clearly ascertained than that a contrary regimen of vegetable food is decidedly efficacious in their cure. To children, too, a farinaceous, combined with a milk diet, is found by universal experience to be that which is least exciting, and most conducive to their health and full development.—*Chambers' Journal*.

THINGS LOST FOR EVER.—Lost wealth may be restored by industry,—the wreck of health regained by temperance,—forgotten knowledge restored by study,—alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness,—even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue. But who ever looked upon his vanished hours,—recalled his slighted years,—stamped them with wisdom,—or effaced from heaven's record *the fearful blot of wasted time?*—*Mrs. Sigourney*.

SELECT POETRY.

The Violet.

A violet blossom'd on the lea,
Half hidden from the eye,
As fair a flow'r as you might see;
When there came tripping by
A shepherd maiden fair and young,
Lightly, lightly o'er the lea;
Care she knew not, and she sung
Merrily!

“O were I but the fairest flower
That blossoms on the lea;
If only for one little hour,
That she might gather me—
Clasp me in her bonny breast!”
Thought the little flower,—
“O that in it I might rest
But an hour!”

Lack-a-day! Up came the lass,
Heeded not the violet;
Trod it down into the grass;
Though it died, 'twas happy yet!
“Trod down although I lie,
Yet my death is *very sweet*—
For I cannot choose but die
At her feet!”

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"REASON"—AS APPLIED TO ANIMALS.

It has been our good fortune to originate, in the columns of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* Newspaper, a most interesting inquiry into "Animal Instinct;" an inquiry which occupied some nine weeks in its discussion, and which was then, from a want of space, abruptly terminated.

It seems, however, that the Public will not let the matter be thus hastily disposed of; and we are called upon to redeem the pledge given, for the due consideration of the "difference" between "Instinct" and "Reason."

We had imagined our task completed—indeed, the subject had fled our memory. But as it is expected of us to fulfil "a promise given," we have collected our ideas, and compressed them into A FINAL CHAPTER. We admit that the former nine chapters *would* have been incomplete, without such an addendum.*

The view we have already taken of the subject of Instinct, as allotted to divers members of the feathered and other tribes, has been, with some few anticipated exceptions, universally approved. Our great and unceasing endeavor has been, to draw a line between the supposed equality (differing only in degree) of the brute creation and Man; and to show that how "intelligent" soever certain animals might be, yet were they not to be classed by any means whatever among "reasonable," and therefore, responsible beings. We have given such abundant reasons for this, that it were idle for us to pursue such an inquiry any further.

* We have observed, not without surprise, but with even greater pleasure, the *very* liberal extracts from these "Treatises on Instinct and Reason" that have been transferred to the columns of nearly all our Public Journals, London and Provincial—and from them into the American Newspapers. We cannot surely err, if we draw an inference from this, that the "principle" at all events, which we have advocated, is a "correct" as well as a widely-popular one.

We have dwelt much on the fact—a beautiful provision of Nature—of many "irrational" animals being rapidly brought to maturity. Thus young birds at a week old are, comparatively speaking, far more advanced than a child at four years. They eagerly listen to every passing sound, and eagerly watch the slightest signal given them by their parents. They lie snug and quiet when danger is hinted to them, and, in a fortnight, are prepared to quit their cradles, and see the world! Herein is again seen the benignant, providential hand of Nature. We need not recur to this: but it leads us to speak of the remarkable contrast presented in infancy by the human race.

For a miserable, helpless, imbecile, wretched, and ugly creature, commend us to a newly-born infant! We contend, and love the principle, that he is "born" so *for a special purpose*—to mark his extreme dependence, and his *perfect inability to assist himself in any one particular*. For how many long and tedious weeks, by day and by night, does his fond, anxious mother watch over him! What doubts, what fears, what misgivings, pass through her affectionate, active, and devoted mind, during the long season of her midnight watchings, and daily deliberations! And what tardy, what distant approaches are there here, to anything like "Reason!" Gaze on the child's face, catch his eye (if you can) and watch his paste-like countenance. The face is helplessly vacant, the eye wandering and meaningless, and the countenance almost idiotic. And so things go on for a very long period. The "curtain" may drop here.

When the infant emerges from babyhood to childhood, and his eye first becomes attracted by a glittering toy, or other bauble, then comes "hope" to the parent's relief. She watches first, with breathless anxiety, to see if her child can "hear." She has already ascertained that he can "see." And when, for the first time, the string of his

tongue is loosed, and he is heard to splutter; presently to utter some silly word, on a small scale—such as “Ta!”—then is his mother’s joy complete! And now, her boy plays; and not only plays, but smiles! *What a smile!* Say ye who are mothers, aye, or fathers, was ever smile like to *that* on the innocent brow of your first-born?

“Behold yon rosy baby ‘play;’

On his bright face *the smile* how fair;

’Tw’d seem that golden sunbeams stray

From HEAVEN,—their home, to linger there.

Yet plays that baby *not* alone—

An ANGEL’S wing is round him thrown!”

Some difference is there here between a “Man” and a “Beast!” Let us cherish and adore the thought. These things may, on a cursory view, appear ridiculous. But are they so? By no means! What we have now given in outline, is being filled up in detail, at this very instant, by many millions of little units in this lower world of ours. *All* of us have passed through a similar state of helpless existence; and we record it, to show how different *in every way* are WE from the brute creation. *This* is, I think, “proven.”

Now, mark the progress of the child. What at first is almost imperceptible by him, soon begins to attract his sight. He gets a toy; pulls it about; turns it over and over; and finally (for *that* is the upshot) tries to break it—to see *how it is made*. These pursuits, by daily practice, give him pleasure, awaken his curiosity. When one toy is broken, he cries for another; and again he essays, by breaking it, to see *how that, too, is made*. Thus do reason and inquiry first become engendered in the dawning of the mind. It is at this early period that the child’s future career may be said to “have its foundation laid;” for with some people (we can ourselves date our first recollections from the time we numbered *five* years) the events of their early childhood live in active remembrance, ineffaceable throughout their entire existence. We do not, be it known, set ourselves up for “moralists,” but let us hope that a word of advice by way of “precept,” *en passant*, may be pardoned us. ’Tis now that

“—Infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.”

Now, touching the progress of Reason, let some of us who have the honor to be the happy parents of good, intelligent, and properly-inquisitive children, remember when on emerging from the nursery, and “coming down stairs into the drawing-room,” each duodecimo of humanity has put us on our metal to answer certain pertinent questions—all arising from “thought,” and the due

exercise of reason. Have we not, let me ask, been puzzled, times out of number, to give a fitting reply to a natural and logical—sometimes a theological question? This then shows decisively, that where proper attention is paid to early education, and the encouragement of youthful inquiries after truth, knowledge is progressive. It is not innate—not hereditary (as in the brute creation), but acquired; and always thirsting for still deeper draughts from the fountain head. Therein then, in a few words, for we must be brief, consists the precise difference between Instinct and Reason. If we were to adduce ten thousand other “parallels,” we could prove nothing more satisfactorily. There can be no doubt that the supreme intelligence made every living thing with the capacity for enjoying itself. The brute creation, we must all know, is essentially “happy;” and we mortals, if unhappy, are the sole cause of our own unhappiness!

“———*Natura beatis*

Omnibus esse dedit; si quis cognoverit uti.”

When, therefore, happiness eludes our grasp, let us not blame fate, or reproach one another; but acknowledge at once that we have sought her in an improper manner. Most of our unhappy moments are attributable to what with care *might*, and *ought* to have been prevented.

As regards the structure of the human frame, the brain, more particularly—a “study” for all eternity—it is worthy of intense admiration and wonder. It is far more liable, however, to derangement than is the brain of animals generally. Hence it has been said, that madness is a “privilege (!)” peculiar to human nature. It is quite clear, that from over study, undue excitement, malformation of the brain, neglected education, and other causes, madness and eccentricity are now very rife amongst us. It is indeed a harrowing sight, whilst passing through our various asylums, to observe the morbid workings of a lunatic’s mind, and to gaze upon the many wrecks of humanity doomed to end their wretched lives there! More still is there to marvel at, when you behold a man *cum ratione insanire*—when, as Festus said, “much learning hath made him mad.” Dr. Winslow gives us some extraordinary instances of the aberrations of sensible men, and his remarks afford food for much reflection. He tells us, *inter alia*, that “very many minds endowed with robust and splendid qualities cherish some wild and baseless belief, are haunted by superstitious fears, or are the unresisting victims of delusion. The confessionals of medical men declare the fact, that the presence of signal and unequivocal eccentricity

and hallucination is compatible with the exercise of sound judgment and brilliant fancy, with the faithful discharge of vast responsibilities, and with the external characteristics of perfect sanity. The calm, contemplative mathematician and satirist, Pascal, rested for years on the brink of an imaginary gulf; the adventurous warrior who hewed his way to the throne of Sweden, was daunted and diverted from his stern purpose by an apparition in a red cloak! Extreme cases are recorded where men have been accompanied by a skeleton, step by step of their course; where a gory head has crossed the gaze of the impassioned orator; where one horrible thought recurring periodically has haunted its victim to despair and death; but instances are constantly met with where individuals carry into ordinary intercourse and active life, tendencies to destroy children; grotesque convictions that their frame is tenanted by unclean beasts; that they are infected by foul diseases; that their passions are acted upon by the will of others; and extravagant fancies that the future is opened up to them, that they enjoy communion with unseen beings; that they see, and hear, and deal with objects hidden from common observation."

We have dwelt upon these particulars, with a view to shew how needful it is to endeavor to preserve the *mens sana in corpore sano*—not to tax the mind overmuch, nor labor to accomplish more than our mental powers can compass. "To be forewarned, is to be forearmed." The motto of every prudent man should be—"Ne quid nimis."

Let us now close this truly interesting inquiry, during the progress of which I have received much encouragement from all quarters. It is, I readily admit, "difficult" in some cases, to draw a line, and say where instinct ceases and reason begins. But as our argument has been throughout based on a sound principle, which prevails by an "universal law"—that none can set aside, our triumph is, as far as it can be so, *complete*.

The "talent" given to the brute, or irrational creation, is always turned to *good* account; whereas the "talent" given to us, the rational part of the community, is too often neglected, and "hid away in a napkin." Let us, however, conclude with "a moral" that concerns us all, individually;—"To whom much is given, of him will there be the MORE REQUIRED."

The Snowdrop.

THE SNOWDROP is the herald of the flowers,
Sent with its small white flag of truce, to plead
For its beleaguer'd brethren; suppliantly
It prays stern Winter to withdraw his troops
Of winds and blustering storms.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

The Naturalist; a Popular Monthly Magazine of the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms. January, 1852.

We have already directed special attention to the varied and interesting contents of the first ten numbers of this well-conducted Periodical. The number for the New Year gives evidence of increased energy and vigor, and is replete with singular and curious anecdotes having reference to birds and animals.

In No. 1 of the LONDON JOURNAL we took occasion to expose Mr. Smee's error, in asserting that the eyes of the Mole were useless, and not made to give him sight. We observe two other corroborations of our remarks, in the *Naturalist*. We copy the remarks of *both* writers on the subject, as it is important to correct any mis-statement that might go forth to the prejudice of Nature's handiwork. The first letter is by J. B. Davies, Esq., of Edinburgh,—the second by H. K. Creed, Esq., of Christ's College, Cambridge.

THE MOLE.—With regard to Mr. Smee's assertion, quoted in "The Naturalist" of November, by Mr. Hannaford, that the Mole is without eyes, I have to state, from personal observation, that it is incorrect. In the summer of last year, accompanied by an artistic friend, I was scrambling among the rocks to the north of Duddingston Loch here, in search of *Asplenium septentrionale*, etc., when my companion announced the discovery of the hind quarters of some animal sticking up from among a heap of loose rubbish; it turned out to be a Mole, which we captured, brought home, and kept alive in my room for three days. His temporary habitation was an old tea chest, half-filled with earth, and fitted on the top with glass, through which we could observe his habits. A quantity of worms were mixed with the mould, in order to afford a supply of food; and if Mr. Smee had seen him dart across the box after one of his poor victims, I think he would not have denied him the benefit of sight. I may further add, that he evidently took notice of objects placed in his path, before approaching close to them, and rapidly dived beneath the earth when the hand or any other obstacle was placed before him. As to there being no eyes, or "sockets in the skull to receive eyeballs," I can only say that on the dissection of our subject, with the assistance of a medical friend, we were fully satisfied of the existence of both. I believe, however, that the range of vision in the Mole is very limited; for he took no notice of us so long as we kept at the outside of his box, but nibbled away at his repast with great gusto. A fact which appeared to me to be interesting, and which I had never seen recorded, came under my observation at the same time; that is, that my prisoner positively refused to take a bite, unless he had the worm endway in his mouth.

THE MOLE.—Having lately been carefully ex-

amining the eyes of the Common Mole, (*Talpa vulgaris*), and the parts connected with them, I find, (contrary to Mr. Smee's assertion in his "Instinct and Reason," that the "little black tubercles," which are seen on turning aside the hair on each side of the head, have each an optic nerve, communicating with the brain.

On dissecting the head of a Mole, a few days since, I found two nerves connecting the eye with the brain; one of these is the optic nerve, and the other the second branch of the fifth pair of nerves.

If a Mole's skull is examined with attention, three small holes will be found, some way further back than the eye; through the largest of these pass the optic nerve, and the second branch of the fifth pair of nerves. The two others are very minute, but through them pass the olfactory and maxillary nerves, and those connected with the ear which is very large. There are no sockets in the skull for the eye, but it is situated in a mass of muscle.

I kept one alive for some days in the spring of 1848. When I was near enough for him to see me, he was uneasy, and tried to bury himself in the mould I had put in his box; and when I dropped a worm in, he immediately made for it, and devoured it rapidly.

There are also some more curious "facts" about the "cuckoo" in this number; which fully corroborate all our recent remarks about that singular bird. Of these anon.

A History of British Birds. BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A. Part XX.

A Natural History of the Nests and Eggs of British Birds. BY THE SAME AUTHOR. Part I.

The "History of British Birds" progresses well. The illustrations are as admirably drawn as they are colored. They represent three several descriptions of the Martin; and the Pied Wag-tail. The letter-press descriptions exhibit the usual care and minute correctness of the author, and stamp a value on the Work.

The "Nests and Eggs of British Birds," is a new serial altogether. It has commenced right well, and promises to be a truly valuable as well as inexpensive monthly publication. All our readers should take it in. The eggs are admirably figured and colored.

As this is likely to be an important work, we copy the Rev. Author's "Address to the public," in full. It promises much:—

It is impossible for any one undertaking a publication of the present nature, to have been more singularly favored than I have been, in a way which at once removes one of the greatest difficulties attendant on it. William Richard Fisher, Esq., of Yarmouth, has, in the most handsome and obliging manner, placed at my service, for this work, his original drawings of the Eggs of British Birds; executed by him some years since, in the most perfect, elaborate, and scrupulously

careful manner that can be imagined. I am perfectly confident that there is not in existence in the country, anything of the kind approaching to this amateur work in excellence; and if my attempt to convey to the following pages something of the genuineness which he has imparted to his drawings, fails, *it most certainly will not be from defect of any kind whatever in the materials at my hand.*

The repeated and very earnest requests that have been made to me, to publish a work on the "Nests and Eggs of British Birds," is responded to under the most favorable circumstances that could exist; and I have less hesitation in making the attempt, from feeling the weight of the argument which he has used—that the "History of British Birds" would be incomplete without it. *'Ab ovo usque ad mala.'*

The Country House; No. 2.—The Piggery. 12mo. C. Knight.

We gave an outline in the first number of our LONDON JOURNAL, of this very useful series of popular Treatises; and mentioned that the second portion of them would relate to "The Piggery." It is now before us.

Like the "Poultry Yard," it is compiled with extreme care and with a perfect knowledge of the subjects treated of. Hence its great practical value to all who keep pigs for the sake of profit, or for the economical benefit of their own family consumption.

The hog is an animal of which we know comparatively little, because he does not often cross our path. When we claim an acquaintance with him, it is when he has gone through sundry transmigrations. We meet him at dinner, in the form of a splendid ham; again, at breakfast, in the delicious "relish" of some thin streaky slices of bacon, crisped, curled, and "tempting" to the palate. In divers other shapes, too, does he greet our vision, and agreeably "provoke" our olfactory organs; and in *all* of them he is a welcome visitor. Who of us is there, ignorant of the savor of a "Bath chap?"

It would be mere affectation, after this avowal, were we to treat him slightly, or speak of him as a disgusting object. By no means is he such; and we strongly commend this most interesting little volume for an enlightened description of his history, pedigree, progress, and present state. It is admirably illustrated with engravings of the various tribes, and full of judicious advice for their proper treatment, and cure when ill.

As it is not unlikely we may return to this book at a future period, we will now only make a passing extract, showing the fertility of swine. The author says:—

Having trenched upon the subject, we may advert to the principles upon which breeding of swine should be conducted. Two great objects are in view, fertility and early fattening. With respect to fertility, we rather advocate moderation than excess, both on account of the strength and

health of the mother, and the improvement of her progeny from a full supply of nutriment. How long a sow should be kept for breeding, depends on circumstances; generally speaking, however, after three or four years the most fruitful sows, exhausted in their productive energies, evince a great falling off both in the number and vigor of their young. There are, however, exceptions, and of these one is recorded by Gilbert White, in Letter lxxv.

"The natural term of a hog's life," he says, "is little known, and the reason is plain—because it is neither profitable nor convenient to keep that turbulent animal to the full extent of its time; however, my neighbor, a man of substance, who had no occasion to study every little advantage to a nicety, kept a half-bred bantam sow, who was as thick as she was long, and whose belly swept the ground, till she was advanced to her *twentieth year*, at which period she showed some symptoms of age by the decay of her teeth and the decline of her fertility.

"For about *ten years* this prolific mother produced *two litters* in a year, of about *ten* at a time, and once *above twenty* at a litter; but as there were nearly double the number of pigs to that of teats, many died. From long experience in the world, this female was grown very sagacious and artful. At the age of about fifteen, her litters began to be reduced to four or five; and such a litter she exhibited when in her fattening pen. She proved when fat, good bacon, juicy and tender; the rind or sward was remarkably thin. At a moderate computation, she was allowed to have been the fruitful parent of 300 pigs—a prodigious instance of fecundity in so large a quadruped; she was killed in spring, 1775." Generally speaking, it is most advantageous to allow the sow to breed only two or three years, and her successors being ready, to fatten her off for the knife.

We have seldom seen more "tact" exhibited than in the construction of this book. Not only has the author rendered it readable; but by much research and pleasant annotation he has given it an interest that will cause it to be widely diffused. The pig is an "unclean beast," we admit; but "dressed" as he is here, we are unwilling to say aught that is evil of him. On the contrary, in the circulation of this volume, which so ably sets forth his just praises, we hope all our friends will "go [the whole hog]." This will enable them "to cut, and—come again!"

ANECDOTES OF THE ELEPHANT.

In a recent number of Dickens' *Household Words*, there is a long, interesting, and graphic description of "The Art of Catching Elephants," in Ceylon. Although it will no doubt have been read by admiring thousands, still there are certain fragments of it that are admirably adapted for finding "a nook and corner" in a Treasury like ours; and we detach them, to gem our anecdotal pages. The star will not be missed from the firmament whence it has strayed. We

should premise that a herd of Elephants are approaching near to the spot where the party who are about to capture them lie concealed. Death-like silence prevails; and the heavy fall of the Elephants' huge feet among the brushwood, announces that "they come!"—

At last, (says the narrator) there was no mistake about it, they were close upon us. Our anxiety and curiosity became intense. The tearing and trampling amongst the jungle was deafening. Giant bamboos and branches of trees appeared to be snapped asunder by the oncoming herd, like so many walking sticks—in a way, in short, which made me tremble for the strength of the Kraal, and of our own elevated platform.

But there was little time for reflection of any kind. A shot or two was fired in the rear of the advancing herd, followed by a trampling of the leading elephant. The moon at that moment began to peep over the distant range of low hills; and, by its faint light, I could distinguish the low jungle bending and giving way on every side, and amongst it sundry huge black forms rushing about in savage disorder, like mountain masses upheaved by some convulsion of nature. The two decoys entered the inclosure at a brisk but steady trot, and stationed themselves under the clump of trees, without any notice being taken of them; indeed, one of them nodded knowingly to the *Corale* near him, as much as to say, "It's all right, old fellow!" On came the wild elephants at a thundering pace, tearing and bending, and smashing everything before them; trumpeting and roaring at full pitch. In another moment they were within the boundaries of our fortress.

Never shall I forget the wild, strange beauty of that uproarious moment. The moon was now shining sufficiently on the Kraal to light up the more open parts of it; away under the deep shade on one side, could be seen a dense moving mass of living creatures; huge, misshapen, and infuriated, trembling with rage and fatigue. Lighted *chules* were gleaming thickly, like fireflies, amidst the neighboring jungle. Felled trees and rope barred up the narrow way, forming one monster gate; whilst busy groups of villagers, white wands in hand, moved to and fro, and watched the furious herd. More lights were brought to the front, and a blazing fire was kindled outside the entrance, which whilst it served to light up the whole of the Kraal, deterred the savage strangers from attempting anything in that direction.

It was soon evident that the prisoners were not going to take matters very quietly. Two of the stoutest of their number slowly advanced and examined the walls, to see where an opening might most easily be forced. And now we were not less astonished than delighted at the use made of those tiny white wands which had before served only to raise our contempt. Whenever the two elephant spies approached the jungle-walls of their prison, they were met by one or two villagers, who gently waved before them little snow-white switches; and, lo! as if by some spell of potent forest magic, the

beasts turned back, shrinking from contact with the little wands. Point after point was thus tried, but all in vain; the snowy magic sticks were thick within the jungle, and silently beat back the advancing foe.

While the two scouts were thus engaged on their exploring expedition, the tame elephants approached the remainder of the herd, and walked slowly round them, shaking their shaggy ears, and waving high in air their curling trunks, as though they would say, "Move at your peril." One of the captives, a somewhat juvenile and unsophisticated elephant, ventured to move from the side of its maternal parent, to take a survey of our stand, when tame elephant Number One went up to the offender, and sent him back with an enormous flea in his ear; tame elephant Number Two bestowing at the same moment a smart tap on the skull.

Busier work was at hand. The scouts, evidently disgusted with the result of their operations upon the outworks, appeared to be preparing for a *sortie*, and treated with the most reckless levity the admonitory taps of the elephant policemen; which however seemed to be far less unpleasant to them than a tickle on the snout from one of the pigmy white wands. It was plain that they intended to carry their object by a *coup de trunk*; but a score of rifles peered forth. The ladies shut their eyes, and stopped their ears: an elderly gentleman, at my elbow, asked, in a tremulous whisper, "what the guns were for?" The inquiry was replied to by a loud trumpeting from one of the pair of rebels—a harsh screaming roar, like the hollow sound of a strained railway whistle, very much out of repair. We had scarcely time to look at the poor brute creating this disturbance, when we heard the sharp crack of a dozen rifles around us—so sharp indeed, that our eyes blinked again. Down tumbled one of the monsters, with thick torrents of hot, savage blood, pouring from many a wound about his head and neck. His companion was not so easily disposed of, though badly wounded. Lifting his enormous trunk in the air, and bellowing forth a scream of defiance, he made a rush at the jungle-wall. The two elephantine policemen, who had been narrowly observing his proceedings, then cut in between him and the ramparts, and succeeded in turning him from his purpose; but only to cause him to renew his fierce attack upon another part of the defences. He rushed, at full speed, upon the part where our stand was erected, screaming and tearing up the earth, and lashing his great trunk about him, as a schoolboy would a piece of whipcord. I felt alarmed. It seemed as though our frail tenement must yield at the first touch from the mighty on-coming mass of flesh, bone, and muscle. Ladies shrieked and fainted by the dozen: gentlemen scrambled over each other towards the stairs, where a decidedly downward tendency was exhibited. I would have given a trifle, just then, to have taken the seat occupied the day before by the Judge or the Collector, high amongst the branches. But in much less time than I take to relate it, the furious animal, smarting under many bullet wounds, had reached the verge of our stand, heedless of the cracking of rifles, whose leaden messengers flew round his

head and poured down his shoulders, harmless as peas. One last crack, and down the monster fell, close at our feet. That shot was the work of a mere lad, the little son of a Kandian *corale*; who, coolly biding his time, had fired his piece close at the creature's ear. Leaping from his place, the urchin flung aside his long tapering rifle, and drawing forth his girdle-knife, severed the elephant's tail from the carcase, as his just trophy.

These two having been disposed of, and a degree of calm restored, the general attention was directed towards the herd, which still remained in their original position. For a time fear seemed to hold them motionless; but when the extremity of their danger rose before them, a number of the boldest made a desperate rush at the entrance, but were easily turned back, when the watchers stirred up the great guard-fire, whilst, from other parts of the Kraal, they were soon repelled by an application of white wands. In this way a good hour was spent, at the end of which time the creatures appeared to give up the idea of any further aggressive proceedings, and remained subdued and calm.

A dangerous task had still to be performed—that of securing the best of the herd for taming. Half-a-dozen of the most active and skilful of the villagers crept slowly and carefully towards the frightened group; each having a long stout cord of jungle-rope in his hand, with a running noose at one end of it. With stealthy cat-like steps, these daring fellows went amongst the herd, making some of us tremble for their safety. Each of them selected one of the largest and strongest of the group, behind which they crept; and, having arranged the "lasso" for action, they applied a finger gently to the right heel of their beast, who feeling the touch as though that of some insect, slowly raised the leg, shook it, and replaced it on the ground. The men, as the legs were lifted, placed the running nooses beneath them, so that the elephants were quietly trapped unknown to themselves, and with the utmost ease. The men now stole rapidly away with the ends of the ropes, and immediately made them fast to the ends of the nearest trees. These ropes, however, were far from being sufficiently strong to hold an elephant who might put out his strength. It was therefore necessary to secure them still further, but by gentle means. The two tame elephants were then placed on active service; they were evidently perfectly at home, and required no directions for their work. Walking slowly up to the nearest of the six captured animals, they began to urge him towards the tree to which he was fastened. At first the creature was stubborn; but a few taps on his great skull, and a mighty push on his carcase, sent him a yard or two nearer his destination. As he proceeded, the man in charge of the rope gathered in the slack of it; and so matters went on between this party—a tap, a push, and a pull—until at length three of the elephants were close to the tree. Two other villagers then came forward with a stout iron chain. The tame animals placed themselves one on each side of their prisoner, pressing him between them so tightly as to prevent the possibility of his moving. In a minute or two

the great chain was passed several times round the hind legs and the tree; and, in this way the captive was left; helpless and faint with struggling. The other five were similarly treated. After which our party dispersed, pretty well tired, and quite prepared for bed.

Early next morning I paid a visit to the Kraal alone; my friends were fairly worn out. The remainder of the elephants had been either shot or had forced their way out in one or two places. The six captured animals were quiet—as well they might be, after their long fast, and incessant struggling. Towards the end of that day, a very small portion of food was supplied to them, just sufficient to keep them alive. In this way they were to remain for a week or two, when, if found sufficiently reduced in strength and temper, they were to be walked about, fastened between two tame companions, who assisted very effectually in their daily education—not, perhaps, in the most gentle and polite manner, but still much to the purpose.

At the end of two or three months, the wild and unruly destroying monster of the jungle might be seen quietly and submissively piling logs of ebony in the Government timber-yards, with a purpose-like intelligence little short of that of man."

SNOW.

Of all the children of the elements, Snow is surely the most graceful—the most gentle—the most courtly. Wind beats him in variety—he is up to any music from a lullaby to a grand chorus! One night, he will moan like any delicate and tender-hearted lover—on the next, he will roar as if he had an army at his back, and wanted only the least in the world more of provocation to crush your house down to the ground, with one of his gigantic gusts—and even in his better humors, when he is neither melancholy nor mad, the audacity of his conduct is proverbial: think of the ships that he has wrecked—the venerable fruit and forest trees that he has blown down, the corn he has prostrated—the houses he has unroofed—the lips of coy young maidens that he has kissed! Rain—why, for rain there is not one simple good word to be said, save by some discontented farmers: or on some very dusty day—and then, one *may* compound for a thunder-shower, but nothing more, and that, half for the sake of the spectacle. Hail—cleaner than rain, but shrewd and biting past endurance. Thunder and lightning, too startling for people of sensibility—no one likes to be come over on a sudden with a loud lumbering peal, and a fierce flash of fire, which, for aught you know, may carry away the use of eyes, ears and hands. Frost is so cold and stern! the miser of the elements, who locks up everything beautiful and given to motion, with his key of adamant; and would fain

starve you into the uncomfortable belief that flowers are dead for ever, and that brooks will run no more: albeit, it must be said of frost, that like other misers, he can sometimes do magnificent things, and treat you to such a raree-show, as there is nothing else in nature to compare with—changing scrubby sere trees into enchanted pillars of diamonds, and making hedges of dry sticks outvie the far-famed grotto of Antiparos. Thaw, is too dirty for decent company; but Snow—(by the way, his only failing is a propensity to appear at the same time with that most slovenly personage)—Snow is a gentleman born; his easy, exquisite descent shames the best executed flights of the peerless Taglioni herself; and then he is quiet as he is elegant; as pure, until the earth hath soiled him, as if he were a creature formed of the down dropped from angels' wings. How beautifully, in the space of one short hour, has he strewn the vista before us—canopying the houses as with a silver mantle, and spreading beneath our feet a carpet so delicate, that it almost goes against our consciences to tread upon it!

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF THE HORSE.

The horse has puzzled us more, individually, than any other animal; and though we cannot fairly assert that we believe him to be gifted with "reason," we yet readily allow that Providence has placed him in the *highest* scale of animal excellence. If we were to relate one-twentieth part of what we have seen to admire in connection with the instinct of the horse, we should exceed all bounds. Well do we remember, when a mere boy, forming a strong attachment to a handsome grey mare, rejoicing in the name of "Peggy." Her proportions were large, her height considerable, and her presence noble. We were always to be found, whenever we were missed, in the stable with "Peggy;" or seated on her bare back, madly galloping, without saddle or bridle, all over the fields in front of the house. The scene of these adventures was at Stockwell, Surrey. The friendship existing between ourselves and this charming creature, was nicely balanced. We were scarcely ever parted. "Peggy" would come and kneel down on "all fours" for us to mount; and when mounted, down went her ears, up went her tail, and away we flew, helter skelter—*sauve qui peut!* to the terror of all beholders. Then would our exhausted playfellow bend down, with affectionate tenderness, to deposit her welcome load on *terra firma*, just as carefully as she did to take it up. Our age, when these achievements came off, and this

early affection was formed, did not exceed seven years! If anything could induce us to believe that animals were capable of "reasoning," surely it would be "Peggy's" own dear self. She was the very paragon of affection. I was her best, her dearest friend; and she "the goddess (a *fat* goddess I must own!) of my idolatry." There are persons yet living, who will read this, and remember vividly having seen the Editor of KIDD'S LONDON JOURNAL thus mounted!—even *then* laying the foundation of a love for the animal creation; which has never diminished, but daily increased.

Song.

Dear mother! do not blame me, nor Ronald
either—pray!

Last night he looked so thoughtful; *how could I*
say him nay!

And see, dear mother, see! he came just now to
bring

These roses in my bosom, the earliest of the
spring.

Poor Ronald said so little, but his face expressed
so much,

That, when he gave them to me, I trembled at
his touch:

His eyes were red all round, that once were full
of glee,

And it must have been from waking, and *weep-*
ing about me.

Then why, dear mother, why do you say it was
not right

To give the hour he wished for, to walk in the
moonlight?

O! even if he asked me to walk with him all day,
And *I knew how much he loved me, how could I*

say him nay!

Poems.—By Coventry Patmore.

Thoughts on "a Poet."

As stars in an eternal order play,—
So the great band of Poets, if they own
Their natural law, shall circle, each alone,
Yet all combined in orbital array;
So small and great, each taking his own way,
Each making melody in his natural tone,
Shall keep Heaven singing from its central throne
Down to the farthest bounds of night or day.
Then should no region of the world of Mind
Want light of music, while from fire to fire
The ranging hearts of men should pass, and find
A prophet still for every true desire—
Now this, now that, and of the genuine quire
Of Poets none in honor fall behind.

T. BURBIDGE.

EDUCATION.—Education is often insufficient, owing to the absurd belief that to teach reading and writing is alone sufficient, and that we may rest satisfied with the good work we have performed!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANNE E.—Many thanks. If your birds again fall ill, write to us at once.

E. M. T.—Our space is so circumscribed, that "Fugitive Poetry" can only be admissible under very peculiar circumstances. We are already overwhelmed with similar "kind offerings." This "reply" will suffice for *all* the writers. Their favors have *merit*, and would be readily available in a Monthly Magazine.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS, and CASUAL READERS, are referred to the LEADING ARTICLE in our FIRST NUMBER for the DETAILED OBJECTS of the LONDON JOURNAL: to these we shall rigidly adhere.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them. Our time is more profitably occupied. All vacancies, as they are called, are filled up. Let this general answer suffice.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any "facts" connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS and OTHERS.—It having been deemed expedient, to meet the views of *the Trade*, that this Journal should always be published by *anticipation*, CONTRIBUTORS and OTHERS will be so kind as to bear in mind that they must give us an *extra* "week's grace," and *wait patiently* till their favors appear.

All persons who may send in MSS., but which may not be "accepted," are requested to *preserve copies of them*, as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for their return.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S LONDON JOURNAL.

Saturday, January 24, 1852.

WITH our Fourth Number, published today, we also issue our FIRST PART; and we have so arranged, in order to secure a uniformity of cost, that each subsequent Part shall consist of Four Numbers *only*. This will effectually prevent confusion; and we thank the Publishing Trade for the excellent suggestion. We shall issue the WEEKLY Numbers, every Wednesday—as usual.

We avail ourselves of the present opportunity, to chat for a moment with those good friends of ours, far removed, before whom we can only appear "thirteen times a-year."

We hear some of our warm supporters ask;—"Is the present part of the LONDON JOURNAL a fair sample of what the Work *will be* hereafter?" We reply that it is,—but in *very faint* "outline."

It is "early days" with us yet. We have "burly Winter" to contend with. The birds are silent; the flowers are sleeping; the fields are desolate; the hedges bare; and all Nature undergoing that salutary, needful "change," which will ere long renovate, refresh, and gladden the whole World.

By-the-by, let us, whilst Nature is reposing, argue a little with those "Maw-worms" who affirm that this is an "Evil World." Evil! How so? Have we not Spring and Autumn, Summer and Winter, *all* "big" with the most abundant blessings

that we mortals could desire? What would we more?

The fact is,—it is *ourselves* who constitute the “Evil World.” We abuse our blessings; reject the opportunities of doing good to ourselves and others; and by our bad passions, too often unrestrained, we quarrel with humanity *without any just cause*. Is it not so?

Let us however leave all such “dark subjects,” to travel on their own way. *Our* spirits are joyous; *our* delights harmless; *our* disposition kindly; and *our* love for mankind such,—that if they will bear us company, we promise they shall never be dull, never dyspeptic, never hypochondriacal,—never misanthropical.

NATURE will soon awaken, — like a “Giant refreshed.” We will then take them to the fields, the woods, the forests, the lanes, the copses, the brakes,—and record such “natural beauties” the while for their entertainment, that we will “win” them,—*volentes volentes*.

We are yet in our infancy,—the “shell hardly off our backs!” As children then, WE and OUR READERS will “together range the fields;” and as the seasons “open,” revel in all the indescribable enjoyments that even now await us in near prospective at every turn.

“Nature’s volume” is one of inexhaustible entertainment and instruction. We will begin with the first page; and while our health lasts, read on, and write on, till our “Happiness” is complete. Our path is chosen; those who will walk in it, shall find us neither “dull” nor “prosy.”—We have said it.

WE stop the press, to acknowledge the receipt of a letter from one of our friends “in the far East.” He tells us that both he, and very many others who warmly advocate the success of our LONDON JOURNAL, vainly inquire for it, day by day, in the CITY; and more particularly ON ‘CHANGE. All the booksellers and newsvendors say “they are constantly asked for it, but they have no time to send up for it.” We have made it our business to ascertain this fact, personally; and it is, alas, but too true! However, this shall be remedied *instantly*, by the immediate appointment of a “Mercury” of our own to wait upon our worthy “Cits” of the trade. Surely, whilst our fair fame is flying at electric speed all over the world, it would never do to be “burked” in this great metropolis! Why, we have friends enough “on ‘Change” to support us!

Mr. Mann, 39, Cornhill; Mr. Everett, Mr. Kennedy, and others in the immediate vicinity of the Royal Exchange, will from this date hoist our colors “mast-high!”

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Duck Eggs Hatched by Fowls.—Do you consider it cruel, Mr. Editor, to place the eggs of ducks under a common hen; and do you imagine the young are as well brought up by her as they would be by a more “natural” parent? I have heard much said on both sides of this question; but what say *you*? I am greatly interested in the matter, and entreat a few lines in reply to my question.—SARAH A., *Godalming*.

[There can be no doubt, however well young ducks may *thrive* under the domestic management of a hen, that the practice of so breeding them is “cruel.” No sooner are the ducklings hatched, while even yet the shell adheres to their backs, than away they toddle into the first sheet of water they can find! Vain is it for the poor hen to “cluck! cluck!” No clucking of hers will ever call *them* back! In the full enjoyment of liberty and pleasure, they return just when they please. The feelings of the poor hen are meantime truly agonised. Her limited instinct fails to convince her, that water is the “natural element” of her progeny; and her fears for their safety keep her in a state of constant alarm. If the weather be fine and warm, ducks thus raised thrive well enough; but we do *not* recommend the practice. Besides, it is a pretty as well as a “natural” sight, to note the importance of a mother duck in company with her *posse* of little toddlers. Nor is the self-importance of the drake, under such circumstances, less amusing. If “amusement” be your aim, as well as profit, be natural; and follow Nature in her own perfect way.]

“Piping” Thrushes.—Can you tell me how I can teach a thrush to “pipe?” I have heard several “good performers” in my time; but never could succeed in finding out the “art” of training them.—GEORGE L., *Brighton*.

[We are ourselves not over fond of these “piping” thrushes. We greatly prefer the wild note. *Mais chacun à son gout*. If you refer to the “*Naturalist*,” March, 1851, p. 22, you will find a remark by Mr. S. Hannaford, Jun., to the following effect—“A relation of mine had a thrush, which he brought up from the nest; and by constantly playing on the flute in the room where it was kept, the bird was able in a few weeks to whistle with great accuracy two or three tunes. Unfortunately, a cat (let our correspondent ponder on this, full five minutes) got at him one day, and so severely mangled the poor bird, that he died very soon after. But even whilst dying, he commenced one of the tunes in imitation of church bells.” If any person who keeps birds, *will* keep a cat *also*, we shall never pity them under any circumstances, if they suffer either loss or damage. It is a just punishment for their cruelty.]

Epidemic among Canaries.—Thrice welcome, Mr. Editor, is your arrival amongst us who keep birds! You shall be constantly exercising your vocation, depend upon it! I have a number of canaries flying about loose in a large room. Some are old, and some young; that is, not more than 4 months old. These are *all* subject to

hard breathing; and the noise emitted from their nostrils is quite distressing. Some are so bad, that they put their heads under their wings, and sit moping all day. When disturbed, they rally a little; but soon return to their former state. A friend and neighbor of mine, who also keeps birds, says *his* are also similarly affected. How is this? What have I done wrong? How must I do right?—A. P., *Highgate*.

[At this season, *change of diet* is the great panacea for all these ills. Give your birds water-cress, boiled milk (instead of water), sponge-cake, hard-boiled yolk of egg, and a little raw, scraped beef, moistened with cold water. Try these, and write again.]

Docility of the Wood Pigeon.—I think it right to bring under your notice a paragraph that I have just read in the *Western Flying Post*, about the wood pigeon. These birds are notoriously *wild*; so wild as to be almost *untameable*. Do you credit the statement? It runs as follows:—"A very curious instance of what docility will accomplish, is observable in the Amesbury union, where the boys have domesticated (beside small birds) five wood pigeons, one of which has been there 8 years. They invariably, at the sound of the bell for meals, leave the trees in the vicinity and fly direct into the school-room, perching on the boys' heads, *who feed and caress them without their showing the least fear*. When the boys are out for a ramble, the birds will, at a call, come and alight on their heads.—AN OBSERVER, *Bromley*.

[Our "swallow," like that of our correspondent, can hardly "take in" the above. No doubt, the highly respectable paper which gave it insertion, believed it to be "true." We look, however, for further corroboration.]

A "*Bald*" *Blackbird*.—Ever since my bird moulted, his head has remained perfectly bare. He is quite an object! How shall I act to facilitate the growth of his feathers?

[Keep him warm, and feed him on generous diet. Bear in mind that he loves rump-steak, cheese, bread and butter, snails, and mashed potatoe (free from butter); and as many meal-worms as the state of your exchequer will admit of. His head will be as black as jet in a month hence.]

Husky Canary.—My "pet" canary, one of eight, has for the last fortnight been attacked with a wheezing (if I may so call it), and is constantly panting, as if it were suffering from some internal complaint. If you can "prescribe" for me, and save the life of my darling bird, I shall ever remain your most grateful debtor.—AMELIA S., *Hastings*.

[Fear not, *Mademoiselle*. The case, though bad, is *not* hopeless. Keep your invalid warm, and out of the reach of all draughts. Procure some raw rump-steak, let a little of it be scraped very fine, and mixed with some hard-boiled yolk of egg, diluted in cold water. Previously to administering this, remove the drinking glass; and in lieu of water, substitute boiled milk. Do this

for two days; and then try the prepared meat. Your *next* letter will bring "tidings of great joy." We shall look for it, with anticipations of pleasure.]

"*Tumbler*" *Pigeons*.—I am a devoted admirer of pigeons, and have just had some very sweetly-pretty Almond Tumblers given me. Do pray tell me, Sir, if they are valuable, and possessed of *good qualities*, and affection—points on which I perceive *you* are properly particular.—LIZZIE K., *Norwood*.

[We will not inquire who gave you these Almond Tumblers; but we anticipate it was "a very particular friend." He has properly estimated your kind disposition, whilst bestowing on you so elegant a charge. Yes; Almond Tumblers possess *all* the virtues inherent in the Columbine tribe. Symmetrical in form, and gentle in disposition, you could not cultivate any "pets" who would more fully estimate your fondness for them. They will come indoors to be fed, and never leave you, if such be your will. However, it is not good to make them too tame; lest their young should fall a prey to the jaws of a neighbor's cat. (We hope you do not keep a cat!) If you wish to enjoy an animating sight, suddenly raise a white cloth, and put them to the rout. They will then rise on the wing and prepare for a flight. The flight of a flock of Almond Tumblers, indeed *any* tumblers, is an amusing thing to witness. The birds, whilst wheeling round, keep in compact array; every now and then, throwing backward somersaults, and turning completely round in the air, which for a moment checks their flight. Then, quickly recovering their wings, they again dart swiftly forward. When descending from their elevation, and preparing to alight, these somersaults are repeated in rapid succession before they reach the ground. They seem to do this from a spirit of rivalry; for there is much of the "dare-devil" in them. Slightly built as these elegant creatures appear to be, yet will they take very long flights, and without any apparent fatigue. You will, no doubt, have many more questions to put to us, connected with this your favorite hobby. You will see by the above, "how very much" we are at your service.]

Remarkable Flight of Migrating Brown Butterflies.—Should you deem a record of the under-mentioned singular phenomenon of sufficient importance for your LONDON JOURNAL, it will give me much pleasure to have placed an intimation of the fact at your disposal. I scarcely need remind you, that the atmosphere on Sunday last (Jan. 4th), was considerably frosty, and very cold winds prevailed more or less during the entire day, but it was particularly stormy about half-past 2 o'clock (afternoon), at which period I was in company with a friend standing at my sitting-room window, when to our great surprise we observed a *numerous colony of large brown butterflies migrating in a body* (similar to a swarm of bees on wing), from south-west to north-east. Some of them were momentarily driven by the force of the storm so near to the window at which myself and friend were standing, that both of us had ample time and a good

opportunity of well observing them; but they presently gained a considerable altitude, and in a few minutes were entirely lost to our view. Now, if we take into consideration the season of the year, and the peculiar mode of flight adopted by the insects in this instance (going in a body), the fact must at least be viewed as something most unusual and singular.—B., *Barnham, Bucks*, Jan. 6.

ON THE PROPAGATION OF EELS.

THIS is a subject, in which all the scientific and curious portion of the public must feel great interest. The migration of eels is well known, as is also the size of them (about three inches), when the migratory impulse is upon them. But *all* "sound authorities" are agreed that they are not bred from spawn, but viviparous. Nor can we obtain any *credible* evidence to the contrary, although "a mare's nest" has recently been discovered, and published to the world as "a fact" (!) in the *Worcester Journal*. We pardon the editor most readily, as we give him full credit for being ignorant on a subject which *nobody* can fathom or speak to a point about.

We were preparing to take up the pen ourselves, to assist in setting the matter right; but it has just been so well done by "T. G." in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, that the necessity no longer exists. Still, we revive the "question" here, to keep it healthily alive; and to prevent anything like *error* being established as *fact*—one of the great objects for which our LONDON JOURNAL was brought forward.

The question was opened by "T. G.," on the 20th ult., in the following manner:—

PROPAGATION OF EELS.—My attention has been called to a paragraph in a Worcester paper, giving an account of a *so-called* discovery by Mr. Boccus, that eels are propagated by spawn, like other fishes, and that they are not brought forth alive, as has hitherto been supposed! This *may* be true, but before I can give an unqualified belief to the assertion, I should like to have a few questions answered by Mr. Boccus. *Who saw the fish from which these thousands of eggs were extracted, at the time this dissection was made? Are the parties who saw these eggs quite certain that the fish was an eel, and not a lamprey? Who saw the eggs from which Mr. Boccus produced living eels? Who, besides Mr. Boccus, ever saw eel-fry in a pond which had no communication with a river?* Will Mr. Frederick Allies, and Mr. Reed (the gentlemen to whom this "spawn" was exhibited,) say whether the ovary which was shewn to them was pretty much of the same form as that of the lamprey? And if not, in what respect did it differ? I am induced to ask these questions, both because, by inference, they show my own opinions on the subject, and because I am led, on undoubted authority, to believe that Mr. Boccus is inclined

to claim all that belongs to him at least; and also because I have my doubts about the scientific attainments of Mr. Boccus in the natural history of fishes. It is difficult to prove a negative. *My never having seen* "the strange things" above mentioned, certainly does not prove that other people, with better eyes and more discrimination, have likewise failed to do so; but I cannot help doubting, and I publish my doubt in the hope that the subject may be further inquired into. *A true naturalist ought to wish only for the truth, without reference to his own pre-conceived notions*; but, so far as my examinations have gone, I have failed altogether in detecting spawn in the fringes which I have fancied were the ovaria of the fish, or elsewhere; and I do not believe that eels are bred in fresh water at all. I see the fry ascending from the sea, in May and June, by thousands and millions; but I never met with one of these in a pond having no communication with a river. I have little doubt that I shall be pronounced in error touching this matter, *except by those who know how perseveringly these little eels make their way up every stream, ditch, and dribble of water into which they can gain access*. They penetrate into the water pipes and pumps; they climb up the perpendicular faces of the rocks and weirs, which obstruct the course of the river, even when they are only moist; adhering to the moss and stones almost as well as snails. The downward migration of the eels is observed here from July to the middle of September; but in the Manchester market, I find them up to this time (the end of November), and am informed that they are caught at the foot of Windermere in their downward migration. Pray, will a dissection of the conger at various seasons throw no light on the propagation of eels? One would think that, in such large fish, the ovary would be much more easily distinguished than in smaller specimens.—T. G., *Clitheroe*.

To this, there appeared, on the 27th ult., a rejoinder by "G. H.," *Finedon Hall*.

PROPAGATION OF EELS.—At p. 806, "T. G." denies the possibility of eels breeding in fresh water. We have a pond here, covering from three to four acres, which swarms with eels of all sizes. I have caught them from the size of my little finger up to the weight of five pounds; the supply of water is from nothing else but land springs, there being no communication between the pond and any river; when much rain occurs, I am obliged to put up a sluice board, in order to prevent the banks from overflowing. I have taken from 1lb. to a cwt. at a time from a box, which the water flows through at the bottom of the sluice board; the large quantity that has been taken out of this pond leaves no doubt that they breed to a great extent, *but whether they are propagated by spawn, or brought forth alive, I am unable to say*.—G. H., *Finedon Hall*.

No other champions appearing, in a paper of so extensive a circulation as the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, shows *how ridiculous* the idea of eels being bred from spawn is considered by men of science and observation.

However, with most commendable energy, and unceasing determination to elicit truth, "T. G." again comes to the question on the 3rd inst.—

PROPAGATION OF EELS.—Your correspondent, "G. H.," of Finedon Hall, says "*T. G. denies the possibility of eels breeding in fresh water.* We have here a pond, covering three or four acres, which swarms with eels of all sizes: I have caught them from the size of my little finger up to the weight of five pounds, &c." This is rather too strong. I don't deny the possibility of eels being bred in fresh water, I only deny the probability. The expression I used was that I did not believe they were bred in fresh water at all; and I distinctly stated that my not having seen these things (eel spawn, &c.), did not prove that other persons had not done so; but to the question. "G. H." says that he has caught them of all sizes, from the thickness of his little finger to five pounds; no doubt he may have done so; but did he catch them of the thickness of a crow's quill, and three inches long? because that is the size at which they usually ascend the rivers. He says his pond does not communicate with any river. Is there no escape of water from it at all? I mean, is the evaporation from its surface equal to the supply of water; if not, where does the surplus go to? Does it not directly or indirectly flow into a river, or the sea? I am more inclined to think this is the case, because "G. H." says he has taken 1 cwt. at a time from a box which the water flows through at the bottom of the sluice-board. This is exceedingly like what is done here and elsewhere, from July to the end of November, when the eels are on their downward migration. Will "G. H." be kind enough to say whether he does catch the bulk of his, about the same time. Will he also say whether the eels he catches are not the silver eels? and will he also state whether he does not catch them principally after heavy rains have increased the flow of water out of the pond? *If he answers these questions in the affirmative, I shall still think I am right, and would request him to keep a sharp look-out after rains in May and June, when I think he would probably see the grigs passing through his box into the pond.* If on the other hand there is no escape of water from the pond at any time, I must admit I am wrong; but at present I don't know how to reconcile this impounding the water so completely with what he says about the flow of water through the box at the bottom of the sill. Where does the water flow to? What is this sill for?—T. G.

Here the matter rests. We anxiously await any further information on this subject, and shall be happy to give insertion to any communications which may tend to show "how" eels *really* are generated. "Microscopes" are all very well, and the good folks of Worcester may have taken "a long sight" at the supposed ovary of an eel; we still, however, prefer the use of our own good eyes; and above all, the exercise of sound common sense. The days of Munchausen are gone by. The Baron has it "all his own way" no longer!

SYMPTOMS OF WINTER.

Those two beautiful and well-known birds, the fieldfare and the redwing, are the first winter visitants which attract our attention. At first we meet with little parties in the meadows and pastures, and by hedge-rows, where the black berries of the elder and the ruddy haw hang in thick profusion. The birds are rather weakly and comparatively tame; but by-and-by they become stronger, and assembling in large flocks they chiefly haunt open fields, until the nights become frosty, when they breakfast on the berries of the yew, holly, hawthorn, and ivy—in their season—and withdraw to the fields when the ground becomes thawed. As a general rule, they seldom feed entirely on these berries, except during hard frosts and snowstorms; it is then that the low wailing chirp of the redwing is most heard, and seems expressive of deep distress.

The berry-loving propensities of the misel-thrush are much stronger than either of the two first-mentioned birds; and his very quarrelsome disposition never fails to manifest itself against all birds, both great and small, which happen to feed in his company. The gentle song-thrush migrates from many inland districts to the sea-coast on the approach of winter; and during the hardest weather he gleans his favorite food of snails (*Helices*) amongst the bents and carices on the sand-hillocks.

The wary blackbird, which rarely ventures far from the shelter of bush or hedge-row, delights in fruits, wild and cultivated, whenever they can be procured. During very hard weather he may be seen in the rick-yard eating grain, or filching from the pigs'-trough; but where full grown hollies exist, it is a pretty sight to see this mellow songster picking the bright scarlet berries with his coral bill, amidst the falling snow.

All lovers of trees and birds should plant the holly freely; it is valuable for its shelter during wintry gales, for its glossy leaves, and its bright scarlet berries, for its moral and poetical associations. We have one well-known sign of the approach of winter in the increasing familiarity of Master Cock-robin—the loved of all for the place which he fills in the legendary lore of the nursery, which has given him a place in the affections of the old and young to which his excessively quarrelsome disposition gives him no good title. But, after all, this evil extends not beyond the society of his fellows; in the company of man he often evinces the most engaging familiarity; he attends the gardener's spade, enters our churches and houses—a favorite everywhere; for there is no withstanding the wistful glance of his full black eye.—*From the Gardeners' Journal.*

MISS PHILADELPHIA FIRKIN.

BY MISS MITFORD.

CHAPTER II.

The chief exception to Jem Tyler's almost universal popularity was beyond all manner of doubt his fair neighbor, Miss Philadelphia Firkin. She, together with her trusty adherents, Miss Wolfe and Mr. Lamb, held Jem, his alehouse, and his customers, whether tailor, drover, or dealer, his yard and its contents, horses or donkey, ox or cow, pig or dog, in unmeasured and undisguised abhorrence: she threatened to indict the place for a nuisance, to appeal to the mayor; and upon some "good-natured friend" telling her that mine host had snapped his fingers at her as a chattering old maid, she did actually go so far as to speak to her landlord, who was also Jem's, upon the iniquity of his doings. This worthy, happening, however, to be a great brewer, knew better than to dismiss a tenant whose consumption of double X was so satisfactory. So that Miss Firkin took nothing by her motion beyond a few of those smoothening and pacificatory speeches, which, when administered to a person in a passion, have, as I have often observed, a remarkable tendency to exasperate the disease.

At last, however, came a real and substantial grievance, an actionable trespass; and although Miss Philly was a considerable loser by the mischance, and a lawsuit is always rather a questionable remedy for pecuniary damage, yet such was the keenness of her hatred towards poor Jem, that I am quite convinced that in her inmost heart (although being an excellent person in her way; it is doubtful whether she told herself the whole truth in the matter)—she rejoiced at a loss which would enable her to take such signal vengeance over her next door enemy. An obstreperous cow, walking backward instead of forward, as that placid animal when provoked has the habit of doing, came in contact with a weak part of the paling which divided Miss Firkin's back premises from Master Tyler's yard, and not only upset Mr. Lamb into a crate of crockery which he was in the act of unpacking, to the inexpressible discomfiture of both parties, but Miss Wolfe, who, upon hearing the mixture of crash and squall, ran to the rescue, found herself knocked down by a donkey who had entered at the breach, and was saluted as she rose by a peal of laughter from young Sam Tyler, Jem's eldest hope, a thorough Pickle, who, accompanied by two or three other chaps as unlucky as himself, sat quietly on a gate, surveying and enjoying the mischief.

"I'll bring an action against the villain!"

ejaculated Miss Philly, as soon as the enemy was driven from her quarters, and her china and dependents set upon their feet:—"I'll take the law of him!" And in this spirited resolution did mistress, shopman, and shopwoman, find comfort for the losses, the scratches, and the bruises of the day.

This affray commenced on a Thursday evening towards the latter end of March; and it so happened that we had occasion to send to Miss Philly early the next morning for a cart-load of garden-pots for the use of my geraniums.

Our messenger was, as it chanced, a certain lad, by name Dick Barnett, who has lived with us off and on ever since he was the height of the table, and who, originally a saucy, lively, merry boy, arch, quick-witted, and amusing, has been indulged in giving vent to all manner of impertinences until he has become a sort of privileged person, and takes, with high or low, a freedom of speech that might become a lady's page or a King's jester. Every now and then we feel that this licence, which in a child of ten years old we found so diverting, has become inconvenient in a youth of seventeen, and favor him and ourselves with a lecture accordingly. But such is the force of inveterate habit that our remonstrances upon this subject are usually so much gravity wasted upon him and upon ourselves. He, in the course of a day or two, comes forth with some fresh prank more amusing than before, and we (I grieve to confess such a weakness) resume our laughter.

To do justice, however, to this modern Robin Goodfellow, there was most commonly a fund of goodnature at the bottom of his wildest tricks or his most egregious romances—for in the matter of a jest he was apt to draw pretty largely from an inventive faculty of remarkable fertility; he was constant in his attachments, whether to man or beast, loyal to his employers, and although idle and uncertain enough in other work, admirable in all that related to the stable or the kennel—the best driver, best rider, best trainer of a greyhound, and best finder of a hare in all Berkshire.

He was, as usual, accompanied on this errand by one of his four-footed favorites, a delicate snow-white grey-hound called Mayfly, of whom Miss Philly flatteringly observed, that "she was as beautiful as china;" and upon the civil lady of the shop proceeding to inquire after the health of his master and mistress, and the general news of Aberleigh, master Ben, who well knew her proficiency in gossiping, and had the dislike of a man and a rival to any female practitioner in that art, checked at once this condescending overture to conversation by answering with more than his usual consequence: "The chief news that

I know, Miss Firkin, is, that our geraniums are all pining away for want of fresh earth, and that I am sent in furious haste after a load of your best garden pots. There's no time to be lost, I can tell you, if you mean to save their precious lives. Miss Ada is upon her last legs, and master Diomedes in a galloping consumption—two of our prime geraniums, ma'am!" quoth Dick, with a condescending nod to Miss Wolfe, as that Lilliputian lady looked up at him with a stare of unspeakable mystification; "queerish names, a'nt they? Well, there are the patterns of the sizes, and there's the order: so if your little gentleman will but look the pots out, I have left the cart in Jem Tyler's yard (I've a message to Jem from master), and we can pack 'em over the paling. I suppose you've a ladder for the little man's use, in loading carts and waggons; if not Jem or I can take them from him. There is not a better-natured fellow in England than Jem Tyler, and he'll be sure to do me a good turn any day, if it's only for the love of our Mayfly here. He bred her, poor thing, and is well nigh as fond of her as if she was a child of his own; and so's Sam. Nay, what's the matter with you all?" pursued Dick, as at the name of Jem Tyler Miss Wolfe turned up her hands and eyes, Mr. Lamb let fall the pattern pots, and Miss Philly flung the order upon the counter—"What the deuce is come to the people!"

And then, out burst the story of the last night's adventure; of Mr. Lamb's scratched face, which indeed was visible enough, of Miss Wolfe's bruises, of the broken china, the cow, the donkey, and the action at law.

"Whew!" whistled Dick, in an aside whistle; "going to law is she? We must pacify her if we can," thought he, "for a lawsuit's no joke, as poor Jem would find. Jem must come and speechify. It's hard if between us we can't manage a woman."

"Sad affair, indeed, Miss Firkin," said Dick, aloud, in a soft, sympathising tone, and with a most condoling countenance; "it's unknown what obnoxious creatures cows and donkeys are, and what mischief they do amongst gimcracks. A brute of a donkey got into our garden last summer, and ate up half-a-dozen rose-trees and fuchsias, besides trampling over the flower beds. One of the roses was a present from France, worth five guineas. I hope Mr. Lamb and Miss Wolfe are not much hurt. Very sad affair! Strange, too, that it should happen through Jem Tyler's cattle—poor Jem, who had such a respect for you!"

"Respect for me!" echoed Miss Philly, "when he called me a chattering old maid—Mrs. Loveit heard him. Respect for me!"

"Aye," continued Dick, "it was but last

Monday was a fortnight that Kit Mahony, the tall pig dealer, was boasting of the beauty of the Tipperary lasses, and crying down our English ladies; whereupon, although the tap was full of Irish chaps, Jem took the matter up, and swore that he could show Kit two as fine women, in this very street—you, ma'am being one, and Miss Parsons the other—two as fine women as ever he saw in Tipperary. Nay, he offered to lay any wager, from a pot of double X to half a score of his own pigs, that Kit should confess it himself. Now, if that's not having a respect, I don't know what is," added Dick, with much gravity; "and I put it to your good sense, whether it is not more likely that Mrs. Loveit, who is as deaf as a post, should be mistaken, than that he should offer to lay such a wager respecting a lady of whom he had spoken so disparagingly."

"This will do," thought Dick to himself, as he observed the softening of Miss Philly's features, and noted her very remarkable and unnatural silence—"this will do; and reiterating his request that the order might be got ready, he walked out of the shop.

"You'll find that I have settled the matter," observed the young gentleman to Jem Tyler, after telling him the story, "and you have nothing to do but to follow up my hints. Did not I manage her famously! 'Twas well I recollected your challenge to Mahony about that pretty creature, Harriet Parsons. It had a capital effect, I promise you. Now, go and make yourself decent; put on your Sunday coat, wash your face and hands, and don't spare for fine speeches. Be off with you."

"I shall laugh in her face," replied Jem.

"Not you," quoth his sage adviser; "just think of the length of a lawyer's bill, and you'll be in no danger of laughing. Besides, she's really a niceish sort of a body enough—a tidyish little soul in her way, and you're a gay widower: so, who knows?"

And home went Dick, chuckling all the way, partly at his own good management—partly at the new idea which his quick fancy had started.

About a fortnight after, I had occasion to drive into Belford, attended as usual by master Richard. The bells of St. Stephen's were ringing merrily as we passed down Oriel-street; and, happening to look up at the well-known sign of the Old Red Cow, we saw that celebrated work of art surmounted by a bow of white ribbons, a bridal favor. Looking onward to Miss Philly's door, what should we perceive but Mr. Lamb standing on the step with a similar cockade, half as big as himself, stuck in his hat; whilst Miss Wolfe stood simpering behind the counter, dispensing to her old

enemy, Sam, and four other grinning boys in their best apparel, five huge slices of bridecake.

The fact was clear. Jem Tyler and Miss Philly were married.

OUR NOTE-BOOK; ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

"A WISE MAN will always *note* down whatever strikes him as being worthy of observation. It may, at a future time, benefit or amuse *others* as well as himself."—*Fitz-osborne*.

BROTHER AND SISTER.—As fathers love their daughters better than sons, and mothers love their sons better than daughters, *so do SISTERS feel towards BROTHERS a more constant sentiment of attachment than towards each other*. None of the little vanities, heart-burnings, and jealousies, that, alas for poor human nature! are but too apt to spring up in female hearts, *can* (or, at all events, *should*) arise between BROTHER and SISTER; each is *proud* of the success of the other, because it cannot interfere with self—nay, on the contrary, is flattering to self. *Hence, if there be a bond of family union more free from the selfish blots that interrupt all others, it is that which exists between AN AFFECTIONATE SISTER and BROTHER.*—*Lady Blessington*.

LOVE'S SORROW.—Pride may be called in as a useful auxiliary to assist a woman to bear up against the inconstancy or the injustice of her lover, but few can withstand his sorrow; for no weapon in the whole armory of love is so dangerous to a female breast.

PHRENOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT NO EXCUSE FOR CRIME.—One of the most extraordinary cases ever brought before a criminal court, has just been tried by the Court of Assizes of the Ile-et-Vilaine. The prisoner was a female, named Helene Jegado, who for several years past has been a servant in different families of the department. She stood at the bar, charged with several thefts committed in and since the year 1846, and seven murders by arsenic in 1850; but the evidence showed that, although seven cases had been selected as more recent, and therefore more easy of proof, not less than 43 persons had been poisoned by her with arsenic! The victims were either her masters or mistresses, or fellow-servants, who had incurred her hatred. In some cases, no motive of interest or hatred could be assigned. The prisoner appeared to have been actuated by a thirst for destruction, and to have taken pleasure in witnessing the agonies of her victims. She was at once found "guilty." The only defence set up for her was *founded on phrenological principles*. It was contended that the organs of *hypocrisy* and *destructiveness* were developed to a degree which overpowered the moral faculties, and that although it would be unsafe to leave her at large, she ought not to be condemned to capital punishment; the peculiarity of her organisation rendering her rather an *object of pity*. This defence failed entirely, and the jury having delivered a verdict, without extenuating circumstances, the court condemned her to death.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

FATHER AND SON.—It is the most beautiful object the eyes of man can behold, to see a man of worth and his son live in an entire unreserved correspondence. The mutual kindness and affection between them, give an inexpressible satisfaction to all who know them. It is a sublime pleasure which increases by participation. It is as sacred as friendship, as pleasurable as love, and as joyful as religion. This state of mind does not only dissipate sorrow, which would be extreme without it, but enlarges pleasures, which would otherwise be contemptible. The most indifferent thing has its force and beauty when it is spoken by a kind father, and an insignificant trifle has its weight when offered by a dutiful child. I know not how to express it, but I think I may call it a transplanted self-love. All the enjoyments and sufferings which a man meets with, are regarded only as they concern him in the relation he has to another. A man's very honor receives a new value to him, when he thinks that when he is in his grave, it will be had in remembrance that such an act was done by such an one's father. Such considerations sweeten the old man's evening, and his soliloquy delights him when he can say to himself, "No man can tell my child his father was either unmerciful or unjust; my son shall meet many a man who shall say to him, 'I was obliged to thy father, and be my child a friend to his child for ever.'"—*Spectator*.

TENACITY OF LIFE IN THE POLYPI.—Among the lower animals, this faculty is the most remarkable in the polypi; they may be pounded in a mortar, split up, turned inside out like a glove, and divided into parts, without injury to life; fire alone is fatal to them. It is now about a hundred years since Trembley made us acquainted with these animals, and first discovered their indestructibility. It has subsequently been taken up by other natural historians, who have followed up these experiments, and have even gone so far as to produce monsters by grafting. If they be turned inside out, they attempt to replace themselves, and if unsuccessfully, the outer surface assumes the properties and powers of the inner, and the reverse. If the effort be partially successful only, the part turned back disappears in twenty-four hours, and that part of the body embraces it in such a manner, that the arms which projected behind are now fixed in the centre of the body; the original opening also disappears, and in the room of feelers a new mouth is formed to which new feelers attach themselves, and this new mouth feeds immediately. The healed extremity elongates itself into a tail, of which the animal has now two. If two polypi be passed into one another like tubes, and pierced through with a bristle, the inner one works its way through the other, and comes forth again in a few days; in some instances, however, they grow together, and then a double row of feelers surround the mouth. If they be mutilated, the divided parts grow together again, and even pieces of two separate individuals will unite into one.

ELEGANT MOTTO.—"Horas non numero nisi serenas."—*Motto on a sun-dial at Venice*.

WISDOM IN MINIATURE.

"The little and short Sayings of WISE and EXCELLENT MEN, are of great value—like the dust of GOLD, or the least sparks of DIAMONDS."—TILLOTSON.

PERSEVERANCE AND GENIUS.—A careful and a studious patience *must first explore the depths where the pearl lies hid*, before genius dives and brings it up to light. Nothing in this world, great and durable, has ever been produced but with labor.

INDUSTRY is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. He who is a stranger to it may possess, but cannot enjoy; for it is labor only which gives relish to pleasure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good to man. It is the indispensable condition of possessing a sound mind in a sound body.

JUSTICE is often pale and melancholy; but Gratitude, her daughter, is constantly in the flow of spirits and the bloom of loveliness. The simplest breast often holds more reason in it than it knows of, and more than philosophy looks for or expects. If men would permit their minds, like their children, to associate freely together—*if they could agree to meet one another with smiles and frankness, instead of suspicion and defiance*—the common stock of wisdom and happiness would be centupled.

HEALTH.—First study health, with that and probity you may procure riches; but with riches and probity alone you never can ensure health.

GOOD HOURS.—Avoid night studies, if you would preserve your health and intellect. [Good advice though *not always* practicable.]

OBSTINACY.—He who declines listening to reason till he be awakened by *illness*, is bold too long, and wise too late.

THE SYMPATHIES OF MIND, like the laws of chemical affinity, are uniform. Great talents attract admiration—the offering of the under-standing; *but the qualities of the heart* can alone excite *affection*—the "offering of the heart."

The Robin's Appeal.

When shelter'd from frost and from snow,
In pity give ear to my tale;
A few crumbs in your kindness bestow
On poor Robin who sits on a rail.

In winter, how hard is my fare!
Grubs, worms, and provisions all fail;
So a morsel in charity spare
For poor Robin who sits on a rail.

For all my winged brothers in turn,
I hope my appeal will prevail;
And we'll tender our notes in return,
With the thanks of poor Rob. on a rail.

W. D.

Up! and be Doing.

Ne'er droop your head upon your hand,
And wail the bitter times;
The self-same bell that tolls a knell
Can ring out merry chimes.
And we have still the elements
That made up fame of old;
The wealth to prize *within* us lies,
And not in senseless gold.
Yes: there exists a certain plan,
If you will but observe it,
That opes success to any man:
The secret is—Deserve it!

What use to stand by fortune's hill,
And idly sigh and mope?
Its sides are rough and steep enough,
'Tis true; but if you hope
To battle 'gainst impediments
That rudely stop your way,
Go boldly to't: *strike at the root*—
You'll surely gain the day.
Prate not about new-fangled plans;
Mine's best, if you'll observe it,
I say success is *any* man's
If he will but deserve it!

CURIOSITY OF CHILDREN.—The curiosity of the child is the philosophy of the man, or at least, to abate somewhat of so sweeping a generality, the one very frequently grows into the other. The former is a sort of balloon, a little thing, to be sure, but a critical one nevertheless, and pretty surely indicative of the heights, as well as the direction, to be taken by the more fully expanded mind. Point out to me a boy of original, or what would generally be called eccentric habits, fond of rambling about, a hunter of the wood side and river bank, prone to collect what he can search out, and then on his return to shut himself up in his room, and make experiments upon his gatherings—to inquire into the natural history of each according to its kind—point such an one out to me, and I should have no difficulty in pronouncing him, without the aid of physiognomy, to be a far better and happier augury than his fellow, who does but pore over his books, never dreaming that there can be any knowledge beyond them. Of such stuff as this, were all our philosophical geniuses, from Newton to Davy, and so from the nature of things they must generally be. And no wonder. The spirit that is powerful enough to choose, ay, and to take its own course, instead of resigning itself to the tide, must be a very powerful spirit indeed—a spirit of right excellent promise.

TALENT AND GENIUS.—Talent and genius must go hand-in-hand. Birds rise not by means of their wing feathers only, *but by those with which they guide their flight*.

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DIFFICULTY AND IMPOSSIBILITY.

The *Wise* and *Active* conquer DIFFICULTIES by daring to attempt them: sloth and folly shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard, AND MAKE THE IMPOSSIBILITY THEY FEAR.—Rowe.

We have long been of opinion, that the word "impossibility" ought to be obsolete. While it continues to be recognised, much evil must be the necessary consequence.

"Difficulty" certainly *is* a word whose existence we are *obliged* to acknowledge; but even *that* is to be "conquered." We consider the proper understanding of these two words so important, that we propose writing a distinct "Article" upon them. *Wherein* the "difference" may be said to consist, we will presently inquire; and we shall find a grand "moral" thereunto attached.

The word "difficulty" we have recently had opportunities out of number to comprehend; and had we not long since expunged the word "impossibility" from the copy of our interleaved Modern Dictionary, we might, perchance, have "pored over" the meaning of *that* word also.

We allude to the varied circumstances which have transpired since December 18, 1851; on which day we first decided on bringing forward our LONDON JOURNAL. When we look back upon that day, and consider the position in which we are *now* placed—when only five weeks old—we marvel exceedingly at the progress of events.

If we were to attempt to tell our kind friends, the public, *how* we have contrived in this tiny interval of time to take firm root in the land—we should fail in the effort, and *they* would hardly credit our tale. Day by day, night by night, hour by hour, have we wandered East and West, North and South, through this great metropolis and its suburbs, to make known the *existence*, and explain the objects of the LONDON JOURNAL.

We have had to put our head into small shops, in which we could not stand upright; to wander into by-lanes and alleys in the most wretchedly-low neighborhoods; to make friends with people from whose breasts the word friendship would appear to have long since been banished, if indeed it ever found a resting-place there,—and to talk with a class of folk whose very existence was before unknown to us!

All these, and many other nondescript places, have we *personally* visited; and enlisted their tribes in our service.* Had we *not* done so, never could the LONDON JOURNAL have flourished in our own parts! A "personal canvass" has alone saved us. Here we see "impossibility" struck down, and "difficulty" energetically surmounted. We have given the merest 'outline' of our Herculean task, and we record our triumph that *others* may "take a leaf out of our book."

We come now to a most grateful,—a most gratifying task; viz.: to thank those kind friends IN THE PROVINCES, who, never having seen us, have yet, at their own cost and great sacrifice of time, forwarded our interests to an *immense* extent. We allude more particularly to an unknown friend in the neighborhood of LIVERPOOL, by whose unceasing, unwearied energies, we have taken a stand in that populous town and its vicinity as astounding to us as it must be pleasing to our 'Brother Cheeryble,' who will hear of no recompense, and even repudiates our thanks!

Similar demonstrations of kindness have shown themselves in York, Manchester, Boston, Doncaster, Aberdeen, and other places,—

* It will hardly be credited, but it is quite true, that the stench emitted from some of these shops (which appear *never* to have been cleansed) was such as to cause us to hold our kerchief to our face whilst addressing the proprietors. These people, it seems, do an immense trade in periodicals, which they deliver weekly to their customers. How true is it, that one-half the world knows not how the other lives!

for all which we express our gratitude.* We could cite "extraordinary" instances of noble generosity in particular persons; but we prefer letting—

"Expressive silence muse their praise."

This must never be called an "evil world," as we have said before, whilst such examples exist of "good" men in it—men who

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

Oh! that the world were made up of such!

It must not be imagined that we have conquered *all* the difficulties that beset us. There are yet *many* towns and villages where our fair name has not been heard; and we solicit the kind aid of all who have the ability and the disposition to assist in making it so. We have already seen 'how much' good-will *has* accomplished in this way; and it would be affectation in us to say we require such cooperation no longer. Our ambition is—to be seen *everywhere*; and to know that our Paper finds a place upon the table of every respectable family "from Dan to Beersheba." It is a game worth playing for, and we have sat down determined to "win" it.

We may add, that in London as well as in the Country, numbers of these gracious acts of good-feeling have been manifested. We have it on the authority of many of the dealers in periodicals, that no fewer than 8, 12, aye, and on some occasions, even 20 copies have been purchased by a single individual—with a view, as he said, "to make a work of the kind *as well known as it ought to be*."

Our BRETHREN OF THE PRESS, too, have generously sung our praises on every opportunity offered; and have transplanted many a flower from our *parterre* into their own more extensive gardens. This at once makes our JOURNAL an "evergreen."

Will our kind readers condescendingly pardon this little episode of egotism? It is a just tribute to *them* for their liberality; and it has relieved *our* heart of a heavy weight. It establishes, at the same time, a most important truth, and shows that the word "Impossibility" never ought to have a place amongst us. Well has it been said, that "Patience and perseverance remove mountains!"

By the way, if any quantity of our FIRST NUMBER remain on hand, our Publisher will be right glad to exchange them for subsequent numbers. They are becoming scarce.

*We are in *great* want of a helping hand in *Birmingham, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin*. A gentleman writes to us from Edinburgh—that "with our prospectus in his hand, he has called on *all* the booksellers in the town (who say they have 'sold out') *without being able to procure a single copy of our Paper*." He adds, "this is vexatious; as I hear your praises sounded far and near." It *is* vexatious. Will any kind friend assist us in "re-forming" this? A word to the booksellers, kindly spoken, would go a great way with *THEM*, and it would "tell" in our behalf, wonderfully.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Flowers; their Floral Language and Poetry.
By H. G. ADAMS.

A Story of the Seasons. By the same Author.

We have, in a former Number, given a high character to Mr. Adams, both for his qualifications as a Poet, and for the fine taste he possesses in selecting passages from the writings of other Poets.

That same fine taste is observable throughout the first of these two miniature tomes, which is studded with gems of poesy, admirably "set." It is a book that really ought to find a resting, an abiding place, in a gentleman's pocket, or a lady's reticule; for its fascinations are great.

As "Flowers" form one of our legitimate,—nay, one of our most favorite topics (we wish their approach was nearer!) let us illuminate our columns by transplanting into them one or two blooming buds.

Here is one by Leigh Hunt, called

THE ALBANIAN LOVE LETTER.

An exquisite invention this,
Worthy of Love's most honied kiss,
This art of writing *billet-doux*
In buds, and odors, and bright hues,—
In saying all one feels and thinks,
In clever daffodils and pinks,
Uttering (as well as silence may)
The sweetest words the sweetest way:
How fit, too, for the lady's bosom,
The place where *billet-doux* repose 'em.

How charming in some rural spot,
Combining love with garden plot,
At once to cultivate one's flowers
And one's epistolary powers,
Growing one's own choice words and fancies
In orange tubs, and beds of pansies;
One's sighs and passionate declarations
In odorous rhet'ric of carnations;
Seeing how far one's stocks will reach;
Taking due care one's flowers of speech
To guard from blight as well as bathos,
And watering, every day, one's pathos.

A letter comes just gathered, we
Doat on its tender brilliancy;
Inhale its delicate expression
Of balm and pea; and its confession,
Made with as sweet a maiden blush
As ever morn bedew'd in bush;
And then, when we have kissed its wit,
And heart, in water putting it,
To keep its remarks fresh, go round
Our little eloquent plot of ground;
And with delighted hands compose
Our answer, all of lily and rose,
Of tuberoses and of violet,
And little darling (mignonette);
And gratitude and polyanthus,
And flowers that say, "Felt never man thus!"

Who can say Leigh Hunt is not a "Poet?" The "fire" is contagious. Our pen can hardly be tamed to its task.

One more selection we *must* make room for. It is the speech of Philaster, in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays. He is describing a gentle boy, who made his story known to the speaker in the "language of Flowers." It is a charming *morceau*—

I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me. But ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story.
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of *the fields*,
Which gave him *roots*, and of the crystal
springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thanked him, yielded him his
light.
Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all, ordered thus,
Expressed his grief: And, to my thoughts,
did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wished. I gladly entertained
him,
Who was as glad to follow, and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

The second little Book at the head of this notice, is a nice, suitable companion for the *Story Garden*, reviewed in No. 2 of the LONDON JOURNAL; and it will range well with that, and the *Story without an End* of Sarah Austin. It is neatly embellished, and poetically constructed for the perfect understanding of youth. The rising generation are under obligations to Mr. Adams, which they cannot better discharge than by circulating his books. He is himself a large Contributor, and we have before given proof of his poetical powers.

INDOLENCE.—None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labor, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us; the idle know nothing of it.

THE GARDEN.

Succulent Plants.—No. 1.

Being a great admirer of that very curious and beautiful order of plants, the Cactus, the Aloe, &c., &c., in all their extended varieties; and having devoted very much time and study to their cultivation, I now, in a series of articles, propose to lay before your readers such information as may prove not only interesting, but also instructive. And as on the outset it is desirable that a good understanding should exist between us, I shall proceed to give an outline of what I purpose doing. I shall not advance anything as a settled principle, unless *I have tried* and *proved* it to be such. That which is theoretical (as far as I am concerned), I shall only describe as such; while the practical *results of experience* will be firmly and boldly held forth, fearless of opposition and contradiction.

Nothing will be "taken for granted," nothing will be assumed; everything stated shall be, "to the letter," *strictly* correct, so that should a difference of *opinion* now and then exist between us, I trust none will be uncourteous enough to impugn the veracity of any assertions made; but where such may be the case—and which I am sure will not be upon any essential principle—we may still *agree* ("to differ"), having perhaps travelled two different roads, which have in the end led to the same point at last.

To the experienced cultivator, I may perhaps have nothing new to offer; yet we may compare notes, and now and then offer friendly and mutual suggestions to each other: while to the unskilled amateur (for whom these articles are intended), I may be of service in guarding against many errors he may have made, or have been led into: thus saving him from loss, vexation, and disappointment. What I propose is, then, as follows:—

1st. To shew their suitability for decorating windows; how they ought to be treated for such a purpose; what to do and what to avoid; "what they will stand" and "what they will not stand," in such situations. 2nd. How they may be propagated, and greatly increased in this situation. 3rd. Their general treatment in the store and greenhouse, such as instructions in re-potting, and in what manner water should be applied; best manner of propagation; hints as to temperature, soil, &c., &c.

These, therefore, are my objects in outline; in my next communication, I shall have something to say upon their ornamental appearance for the "*decoration of windows*," and take the different subjects (as nearly as

may be), in the order in which they are laid down. In the meantime, I shall be happy to give any of your readers "advice" upon one or all the heads which I have enumerated.—N. B.

Annuals and Biennials.

Annuals are plants which live but one year, and consequently, require to be raised from seed annually. By a particular mode of culture, some of them may be made to live longer. Thus mignonette will continue to bloom for two or more years, if not allowed to ripen its seeds.

Hardy Annuals, or those requiring no protection, are sown where they are to remain in the open borders from the end of February to the beginning of May. To flower late in autumn, some may be sown in the middle of June. Whether sown in patches or broad masses, whether mixed or separate, must be left to the taste of the sower—guided by his knowledge of the colors of the flowers. These should be well contrasted. Every patch should be properly labelled, which is easily done by having some deal laths, one inch broad, planed smooth, cut into nine-inch lengths, and painted white. On these the name can be written with a lead-pencil.

Half-hardy Annuals, such as require artificial heat while seedlings, are sown in a gentle hotbed in March and April. The seedlings, when an inch or two long, to be transplanted into another gentle hotbed, or greenhouse, to remain until the middle of May, then to be transplanted into the borders, and attended like other annuals.

Tender, or Greenhouse Annuals, requiring artificial heat and shelter during their whole growth, are sown early in March, on a gentle hotbed; to be transplanted into another like the half-hardy, and thence into pots, to remain in the greenhouse. Some of them, if moved into a warm border in June, will bloom freely, and even ripen seed.

BIENNIALS, from *biennis*, the Latin for "of two years' continuance," are plants which, being produced from seed in one year, perfect their seed and die during the year following. Biennials may often be made to endure longer if prevented ripening their seeds, and many exotics, biennials in their native climes, are perennials in our stoves.

Hardy Biennials.—Some of these ripen their seeds as early as August, in which case they may be sown as soon as harvested. Others, ripening their seeds later, must have these reserved from sowing until May. The double varieties of wall-flowers, stocks, &c., are propagated by cuttings.

Frame Biennials.—These require the shelter of a frame during the early stages of their growth; to be removed thence in May to the borders, where they bloom in July and August. —JOHNSON'S *Cottage Gardeners' Dictionary*.

PICTURE OF AN "ENGLISH VILLAGE."

I NEVER look upon the free, open green in our English villages, which no one seems to claim for his own, and see the large old solitary oak, elm, or sycamore towering in its centre, and spreading its shadowy branches above the rude benches that surround its trunk, but I think of the many good and evil tidings which have for ages been talked of there. It is so perfect an English picture—to see the old men when their day's work is done assemble there one after another, smoking their long pipes, and sitting down to talk over the progress of crops, the appearance of the weather, the health and prosperity or adversity of their neighbors; while their children are rolling and laughing upon the unclaimed grass, or playing with the harmless shepherd's dog!

And then to observe the knowing looks of the older children, drinking in the words of the elders with wonder, and marvelling in their little minds how such things can be—how care can exist in a world where there are so many birds'-nests, so much good milk, such large hunches of brown bread and cheese, and so many green fields and beautiful flowers! And then the strange conclusions they leap to when among themselves—the various versions of what they have heard, and the wonderful construction they put upon things too weighty for their intellects!

Even then you may trace vestiges of the stronger mind, the doubting look, the unwillingness to give credence to the decision, the knowing shake of the head, and all those little motions which indicate doubt. The questions they put to their parents, the sparkling of their eyes when their minds are just grappling to advantage with the subjects, and the shrewd way in which they make their inquiries, are well worth studying. Then to look round the green, and see all the little whitewashed cottages, so neatly thatched, seldom containing more than one story, but each standing upon plenty of ground, with a little garden at the front, a few bee-hives, or a row of milk-pans, all clean and arranged in order; some of the fronts overgrown with woodbine, which in their unchecked luxuriance had partially hidden the parlor-window!

Then to think of the beauty, the health, the repose, that breathe around such spots; the singing of birds, the humming-bees, the gaudy butterflies, passing or crossing each other, the waving of the trees, the lowing of kine, the bleating sheep, the neighing of young colts, the milkmaid's song as she walks past with well-filled pail, or sits under some pleasant tree: all these are things that sink into the heart—sights that we sigh for

in the dense city, amid the roll of carriages, and the vociferations of jostled passengers.

Then to sit and see the sun set upon such a tranquil scene; the blue smoke rising in unbended pillars and mixing with the deep foliage; the sloping beam gilding a distant rivulet, or bathing in crimson the top of a far-off wood; the church spire, rising in its grey antiquity, and looking down upon the lovely groves scattered at its base; the dim outline of the hills, the faint mist spreading over the valleys, a bell just heard from some neighboring village, the falling weir, the bay of a distant mastiff, the clap of an old gate, the song of the ploughboy returning home!

Live not all these images in the heart, chasing away even care while we contemplate them, and throwing a soothing tranquility over the soul, a rest which we remember, a poetry which owns no words, a delight which can never be forgotten?—
Thomas Miller.

MORE SIGNS OF WINTER.

“—— The wanderers of Heaven
Each to his home retires; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air.”

'Tis now that the severity of the season causes the busy bustling wren, that modest hedge-chanter, to draw nearer to the haunts of man. The skylark and the pipit alone, of all our little songsters, scorn the shelter of the grove, and crouch lonely behind some lowly clod or stone. The latter habitually leaves the uplands for the sea-coast on the approach of winter, whilst the former only does so on the approach of snowy weather. Their local shiftings are finely marked in the midland counties; the flocks of buntings, finches, and linnets gradually increase in number, haunting the fields and road-sides by day, and resorting to ivy and other evergreens to roost. When snowstorms cover up the seeds of weeds and scattered grains, they thickly congregate about farmeries and rickyards.

The raven is now rarely seen in the cultivated districts, but the carrion crow, which so strongly resembles him, maintains his ground pretty well, notwithstanding all the gamekeeper's wiles to shoot or entrap him. There is an energy in the look and flight of this bird, and his harsh call-notes have a tone of independence which will ever command the admiration of all unprejudiced men who can overlook his deeds of rapine on game and young lambs. During snowstorms, these birds are more abundant in the cultivated districts, and a small party searching the desolate and deserted fields for some dead bird or beast, and bowing and calling to each other from the hedgerow trees, are very characteristic features of the season. So, also, are the beautiful hooded crows, wherever they are found. The lively jackdaws generally herd with the neighboring rooks: in some places they roost in their favorite old buildings, and in others amongst rooks in their old ancestral trees. The latter do much damage to fields of wheat; if a little hillock is

swept clear of snow by the wind, every plant is stocked up; clovers and fields of turnip are also attacked. Their winter habits are very interesting: they leave their roost shortly after daybreak, and when their feeding-ground is far distant they mount aloft to pursue a direct course; if the weather is likely to prove suddenly stormy, they return home early; if the wind is high, they fly low; if calm, they keep at a good elevation, and descend rapidly with a loud noise to the field which has been chosen for their rendezvous; notwithstanding the tremendous din of the assembled multitudes, the least alarming noise, and often their own impulse, makes the whole body spring into the air. They wheel about in great curves, re-alight, and again take wing, until the deepening shades of evening warn them to retire to roost.

The evening evolutions of the starlings before going to roost have been faithfully and poetically described by the late Bishop of Norwich (Stanley), in his *Familiar History of Birds*; but we have no land birds whose habits can in this respect be surpassed by the rook. Like other polygamous birds, the old male black grouse assemble in flocks after the breeding season, until the following spring; the females and young keep in separate flocks from the former; they are very wary in winter, and do much damage to the fields of young clover and turnips near their haunts. The bold challenge of the male red grouse as he springs from the heath, is a pleasant sound on the lonely hill-side on a misty morning; in fine weather they keep in little family parties; during snow, and even in stormy weather, they unite in large packs. Woe to the neighboring fields of clover, and to the outlying sheaves on the moorland farm! for in eating oats they seize the stalk below the ear, which is then drawn through between the mandibles, and as they do not pick up the fallen grains, more are thus irretrievably lost than devoured. When pheasants are allowed to shift for themselves, their habits are very interesting, and they display an amount of sagacity in providing for their food and safety which is not to be expected in the pampered conservative of the park cover, near which the fields of wheat, beans, clover, and turnips are seriously injured. In the former case, the birds keep in little family parties, and their heavy upward flight to the boughs of their favorite larch or spruce fir, and noisy crows, have a pleasant effect in twilight hour; so also have the call notes of the partridge ere the scattered members of the covey are assembled, and however contrary to our notions of comfort, yet these birds do often habitually roost in the dampest furrow in the field. They are exceedingly fond of the seeds of many injurious weeds, particularly those of *Polygonum aviculare*, and, besides grain, they destroy clovers and turnips to some extent.

There is many districts an annual influx of ringdoves from the north. Their habits are shy and wary, and the large flocks move to and fro on whistling pinions, ravaging the clover and turnip fields. It is interesting to watch their return to roost in the dark pine wood, and still more so to see the wild confusion which follows the report of a gun. Of birds of prey, we may note the more familiar, such as the buzzard with heavy circling flight, content with field mice and

little game: very useful in his station, and, though he does not attack ringdoves, he often scatters their flocks in great affright. The bold sparrow-hawk throws all the birds, from the barn-door fowl to "the wren which tells of perils in the hedge," into commotion as he dashes headlong after his quarry, surprised at the sudden onset, following a stealthy advance.

Of all our native birds there is none which for elegance of flight can be compared to the kestrel or wind-hover, a name so expressive of his peculiar habit of fluttering over his prey, which consists chiefly of beetles and field mice, and it would be more compatible with common sense and true justice if laws were enacted to preserve these useful birds rather than the game birds which are a curse to the whole community.

The heron now haunts little streams where trout resort to spawn, and we note with pleasure his picturesque form perched on some tall look-out tree, and his strong flight to his distant feeding ground. The gallinule feeds freely upon grain in winter, and if not molested they often resort to gardens and shrubberies, where their compact dark form, relieved by a little white color, and their active habits, render them very ornamental. The evolutions of the wild geese on the wing are very interesting; they are shy and wary, but the pertinacity with which they will often return to large open fields of wheat and clover, render it necessary to set a watch in some districts. Such is a faint outline of the more prominent of the familiar phenomena displayed in the daily winter habits of our land birds. There are few men resident in the country, who are not conversant to a certain extent with the habits of birds in relation to seasons and atmospheric changes; *and a little more attention would tend to increase not only the general habit of observation, but would give a new and hitherto undreamt-of interest to the subject.*—PHYSICUS, in the *Gardeners' Journal*.

[We quite coincide with this view, and sincerely hope that some of our observant friends, far off as well as near, will send us minute particulars of what comes under their observation in this way. To record these matters, is the high road to making "science" popular and universally interesting.]

THE HAWTHORN.

THE trunk of an old hawthorn is more gnarled and rough than, perhaps, that of any other tree; and this, with its hoary appearance, and its fragrance, renders it a favorite tree with pastoral and rustic poets, and with those to whom they address their songs. Milton, in his *L'Allegro*, has not forgotten this favorite of the village:—

"Every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

When Burns, with equal force and delicacy, delineates the pure and unsophisticated affection of young, intelligent, and innocent country people, as the most enchanting of

human feelings, he gives additional sweetness to the picture by placing his lovers

"Beneath the milk-white thorn, that scents the evening gale."

There is something about the tree, which one bred in the country cannot soon forget; and which a visitor learns, perhaps, sooner than any association of placid delight connected with rural scenery. When, too, the traveller, or the man of the world, after a life spent in other pursuits, returns to the village of his nativity, the old hawthorn is the only playfellow of his boyhood that has not changed. His seniors are in the grave; his contemporaries are scattered; the hearths at which he found a welcome are in the possession of those who know him not; the roads are altered; the houses rebuilt; and the common trees have grown out of his knowledge: be it but half a century or more, if man spare the old hawthorn, it is just the same—not a limb, hardly a twig has altered from the picture that memory traces of his early years!

NOTES ON BEES.

SWARMING, OR SINGLE HIVING SYSTEM.—The multiplication of families or colonies of bees, in the natural manner, is accomplished by the secession, or swarming of a portion of the inhabitants of a stock-hive, which has become over-peopled, with insufficient room for the breeding and storing departments. This act of emigration is frequently a matter of necessity or expediency only; and it may commonly be prevented by a timely enlargement, and decreasing thereby the temperature of the hive. As soon as warm weather sets in, a common hive becomes filled with an augmented population. Every part is crowded and heated to excess; and at length the separation of a part of the inhabitants must take place. In anticipation of this event, royal cells are constructed in which to rear young queens, for without this proviso no swarming occurs. On the occasion of a first swarm the *old* queen accompanies it, leaving her successor to the throne still in embryo. The older and younger bees, mixed indiscriminately, and (though not without exceptions) several hundreds of drones, form the swarm.

It is not an unusual thing to hear a boast of a number of swarms from a stock of bees; and one of these will even sometimes throw off a swarm the same year. Nothing is proved by this but the fact, that an otherwise thriving colony has been weakened (if not destroyed) by being split up into fractions, which ought to have been held together, as the greatest security against every evil, and the surest source of profit to the proprietor.

In the words of Gelieu, "in the swarming season the strong hives are almost entirely filled with brood-combs. At that time also honey becomes abundant; and when fine days succeed each other, the working bees amass an astonishing quantity. But where is it to be stored?

Must they wait till the young bees have left the brood-cells, by which time the early flowers will be withered? What is to be done in this dilemma? Mark the resources of the industrious bees. They search in the neighborhood for a place where they may deposit their honey, until the young shall have left the combs in which they were hatched. If they fail in this object, they crowd together in the front of their habitation, forming prodigious clusters. It is not uncommon to see them building combs on the outside. Many did so in the year 1791."

In general, honey gathering is altogether suspended, necessarily, under the circumstances we have stated; and, after a long course of inaction, in the very best part of the season, swarming follows. The proprietor must therefore make his election as to his course. If the multiplication of stocks is his object, his bees may thus be compelled to throw off swarms, but he must abandon the prospect of a large harvest of honey. This method of bee management is usually called *single living*.

DEPRIVING SYSTEM.—Opposed to the mode of management in which swarming is systematically encouraged, is that whereby, under ordinary circumstances, it may be usually prevented. Let us observe the natural instinct of these little animals, and provide them with such an addition, temporarily, of storing-room, as will enable them to go on constructing fresh combs, to be filled with honey, pure and unmixed with other substances. This being deposited in some separate receptacle, but communicating with the stock-hive, it can at pleasure be obtained possession of, with but little trouble, and without annoyance or injury to the bees. The object being obtained, these return again to their original habitation. Various have been the contrivances for effecting the separation of the storing and breeding departments in a hive managed on the depriving system. The bees, when pressed for room, will extend their operations almost in any direction, whether the accommodation is given above (which is termed *storifying*), at the bottom, or collaterally. Equally indifferent are they to the material of the temporary receptacle, whether it be of straw, wood, or glass. A second hive or box, placed upon the stock, is termed a *super*, or *duplet*. Upon this, or, what is better, between it and the stock-hive, is sometimes introduced another, called, in apiarian language, a *triplet*. An empty box or hive pushed beneath a full one, is denominated a *nadir*. A still smaller enlargement of a common hive consists merely of a hoop of wood, or a few bands of straw, on which it is raised, and this constitutes an *eke*.—From "*Taylor's Beekeeper's Manual*."

"HE IS SO AMIABLE!"

CONTENTMENT is the talisman of happiness; the spell which works more wonders than all the enchantment of all the magicians of Arabian fiction. So happy an illustration of the effects of this virtue is afforded in the following little narrative, and the touching reflections arising out of it, that we cannot refrain from giving it a place in our LONDON JOURNAL :—

A beautiful girl, gay, lively, and agreeable, was wedded to a man of a clumsy figure, plain features, and of a stupid looking physiognomy. A kind friend said to her one day:—

"My dear Julia, *how* came you to marry that man?"

"The question," replied she, "is a natural one. My husband, I confess, is not graceful in his appearance, not attractive in his conversation. But he is so amiable! And *goodness*, although less fascinating than beauty or wit, will please equally at least, and is certainly more durable. We often see objects, which appear repulsive at first, but if we see them every day we become accustomed to them, and at length not only view them without aversion, but with feelings of attachment. The impression which goodness makes on the heart is gradual; but it remains for ever. Listen, and I will tell you how I came to marry my husband.

"I was quite young when he was introduced for the first time into the house of my parents. He was awkward in his manner, uncouth in his appearance, and my companions used often to ridicule him, and I confess that I was frequently tempted to join them, but was restrained by my mother, who used to say to me in a low voice, 'He is so amiable!' and then it occurred to me, that he was always kind and obliging; and whenever our villagers assembled together at our fetes and dances, he was always at the disposal of the mistress of the house, and was profuse in his attentions to those whose age or ugliness caused them to be neglected. Others laughed at his singularity in this respect; but I whispered to myself, 'He is so amiable!'

"One morning my mother called me to her boudoir, and told me that the young man, who is now my husband, had made application for my hand. I was not surprised at this, for I already suspected that he regarded me with an eye of affection. I was now placed in a dilemma, and hardly knew how to act. When I recollected his ill-favored look and his awkwardness, I was on the point of saying, 'I will not wed him,' and I blushed for him, which is a strong proof that I even then felt interested in him; *but when I recalled the many excellent traits in his character, and dwelt on his benevolent and good actions, I dismissed the idea of banishing him from my presence.* I could not resolve to afflict him, and I whispered to myself, 'He is so amiable!'

"He continued to visit me, encouraged by my parents, and cheered by my smiles. My other admirers, one by one, left me; but I did not regret their absence. I repeated the expression, 'he is so amiable!' so often, that it seemed to me to carry the same meaning as, 'he is so handsome.' *I loved him, and took him as my husband.* Since then, I have not only been resigned to my fate, but HAPPY. My husband loves me devotedly, AND HOW CAN I HELP LOVING HIM?"

There is something exceedingly touching in this love which beauty entertains for goodness; and there is no doubt that *some* women do love from a feeling of benevolence, or tender compassion, regulated by reason. *Such an affection will know no change; it is a firm basis, AND WILL ENDURE THROUGH LIFE.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. W.—Very many thanks. Your favor shall appear next week; but bear in mind that in a "Journal" of our dimensions, all communications *must* savor of the "*multum in parvo*."

W. R.—Our space is so circumscribed, that "Fugitive Poetry" can only be admissible under very peculiar circumstances. We are already overwhelmed with similar "kind offerings." This "reply" will suffice for *all* the writers. Their favors have *merit*, and would be readily available in a Monthly Magazine.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS, and CASUAL READERS, are referred to the LEADING ARTICLE in our FIRST NUMBER for the DETAILED OBJECTS of the LONDON JOURNAL: to these we shall rigidly adhere.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them. Our time is more profitably occupied. All vacancies, as they are called, are filled up. Let this general answer suffice.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any "facts" connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS.—It having been deemed expedient, to meet the views of *the Trade*, that this Journal should always be published by *anticipation*, CONTRIBUTORS AND OTHERS will be so kind as to bear in mind that they must give us an *extra* "week's grace," and *wait patiently* till their favors appear.

All persons who may send in MSS., but which may not be "accepted," are requested to *preserve copies of them*, as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for their return.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S LONDON JOURNAL.

Saturday, January 31, 1852.

¶ We have now had time sufficient to take the public opinion as to what our LONDON JOURNAL should be. Each week has shown us, by an increasing circulation, that it IS popular; and daily kind "hints" prove to us that it may be rendered yet more popular.

The cry of the people is—"Give! give!!" and we really believe if our number of pages were trebled, the cry would be still the same. Yet all demands must have *some* bounds.

It requires much judgment, in a Paper like ours, to study how to please ALL; and yet that *is* to be done—weekly! If therefore we succeed in this,—and we have as yet done so,—is not our triumph "great?"

We love to have readers who are athirst for information; and the more they encourage us, the harder will we work for them. We remember, whilst perusing that very trashy affair, the "Journal" of Mrs. Butler (late Fanny Kemble), losing all our disgust by the discovery of these words—"Oh, that somebody would tell me about every thing in the world!" This spirit of inquiry,—so naively, so heartily expressed,—like charity, covers a multitude of sins; and we hardly like to be severe with any one who exhibits *such* a desire.

Still, our contributors must allow us discretion. Many things may be passable, that may not be worthy of a place in *our* pages. We will oblige where and when we can; but the public eye is upon us in the matter of taste and judgment. Among those who send us articles for insertion, are some curious penmen, and still more curious "authors." Of these it may be said, in the words of a popular writer:—"Some people write nonsense in a clear style, and others sense in an obscure one; some can reason without being able to persuade, others can persuade without being able to reason; some dive so deep that they descend into darkness, and others soar so high that they give no light; and some, in a vain attempt to be cutting and dry, give us only that which is 'cut and dried.'"

It were vain for us to try and "reason" with these folk. "They have eyes and see not; ears, and hear not." We are therefore obliged to place them among the "rejected ones."

But the printer tells us our remarks are already "out of bounds;" so we must retire on the instant.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The Flower Garden.—Encouraged by your attention in responding so carefully, week by week, to questions put to you by your readers, may I ask, seeing that I am a novice, some information touching "Annuals and Biennials?" I have just taken a house, with a pretty garden attached to it, and I wish, with the coming season, to make flowers my study. With your kind help from time to time, I shall hope to improve. I am *not* one of those ladies—"pegs" as you have called them in your article on "Female Costume," that cannot stoop because of the undue length of my drapery; *I wear a tunic, and a regular garden dress*.—EMILY P., *Carshalton*.

[As you are a "sensible" correspondent, and equip yourself, regardless of "fashion," in a "proper" garden costume, you have all our heart—all our best endeavors to please. In return, make as many "converts" as you can from the follies of modern dress; so shall we together assist in causing every lady to be her own gardener, and establish a better order of things than now exists. We blush for certain of the sex—and so we ought, *as they cannot do it for themselves*! You will find a description of "Annuals and Biennials," in another part of our paper. We shall *always* be happy to hear from you.]

Anecdote of a Robin.—To encourage others to follow my example, and to *assist* in affording your pages interest—for *all* who "love" birds must ever feel "interested" in them, I send you a few particulars of a robin. Early last summer, two members of my family were sitting at work in the garden, when they suddenly found

themselves in company with a third—an uninvited guest. He looked so spruce withal, and his scarlet livery so new and handsome, that they fell in love with the little rogue at first sight. The "impression" seemed mutual; for from that very day, Master Bobby was a constant attendant on their footsteps—coming under their chairs, then on the rail of the chair, and, finally, installing himself master of the work-table. Of course, these familiarities were reciprocated, and his little majesty was fed on many a delicate morsel of savory fare. By no means shy was he; but he was "constant" to his "first love;" and never did my sisters stir out without finding him either present to receive them, or within call at the earliest intimation given of his presence being considered desirable. From this time, he fed daily from their hand, and also from the hands of all our household, for he made himself quite "at home" with us *all*. He knew a stranger in a moment, and his fine, quick eye, seemed to look them through ere he ventured to become familiar with them. At this time, I was gradually recovering from a long and protracted illness, and was one day conducted into the garden to sit for a short season on the lawn. Neither the white dress in which I was habited, nor the couch on which I lay, seemed to disturb the serenity of Master Bob. He soon discovered that I was "one of the family;" and honored me with unreserved confidence, by feeding from my hand and sitting at my elbow. The worst now remains to be told. Several neighboring robins feeling jealous, watched their opportunity to "strike" him as he was in the act of flying towards us; and we fear the combat was a "mortal" one, for our "pet" from that very hour has been seen no more!—ANNE E.

[We are much obliged for this little anecdote, as it will pave the way for many extraordinary anecdotes of the robin, in which we ourselves are personally interested. By and by, we shall introduce these in all their freshness. The robin spoken of by our fair correspondent was, beyond all doubt, slain by his jealous rivals. There is no bird in the whole creation so savage as this saucy fellow. He proves the truth of the saying, that "jealousy is cruel as the grave."]

Is Groundsel good for Song-Birds in Winter?—I thank you for writing me privately about a cure for my sick birds. Unfortunately, we have no watercresses here at this season; however, I have given the goldfinch some apple. *Is groundsel good for birds in the winter?*—AN INQUIRER, Glasgow.

[Groundsel and chickweed are excellent food for birds, when ripe and well seeded. When, however, the frost has touched them, they become poisonous, and must be altogether laid aside.]

"Cats;" are they not "Vermin?"—I have carefully read all your admirable "Treatises on Natural History," in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, and feel sure the interest you have excited thereby will be even added to, by the issue of a Paper of your own to discuss these matters more at large—more *con spirito* and *con amore*. In one of your chapters on Song-Birds, you spoke of

the sad havoc the "cats" had made with your feathered family, and how you had asked the cats "to supper" on a subsequent occasion—the "last supper" you significantly hinted they would ever require. On that same occasion, you characterised cats as "vermin," and I heartily respond to your remark. They *are* "vermin." I, like yourself, am fond of "pets," and have many of them; *but* those cats! those cats! How did you get rid of them? Pray speak it out, *pro bono*; for neither can gardens flourish, nor birds be happy, where these vermin abound. Stamp yourself at once a "public benefactor," by publishing a "secret" which I *know* you possess.—X. Y. Z.

[Well said! We confess to the fact of our being "pledged" to publish this recipe; and we redeem the pledge now, in order that the favor may come with a better grace. Let our correspondent carefully peruse page 28 of our LONDON JOURNAL. There he will find, under the head of "To all who have Aviaries," something spoken of called *Carbonate of Barytes*. A little of this, artfully rubbed into the skin of a fried or boiled sole, or incorporated with a little hashed beef, will "immortalise" all cats who partake of it—their names alone existing in the pages of history. Let us emphatically state, lest we be thought cruel—a charge never yet brought against us—that this is an *easy* mode of "removal." No pain whatever is occasioned; nor could the electric current itself do its work more certainly, or more speedily. The common barytes in powder, price sixpence per pound, is sold by Dymond in Holborn. The common is far preferable to the finer powder; the one is active, the other neutral. We learned these particulars from "a near neighbor" of ours, who, like Samson, slew in one night, enough cats to throw half "Our Village" into mourning. We are greatly his debtor, and we now pay the debt of gratitude.]

Propagation of Eels.—Many thanks, Mr. Editor, for so boldly putting down the attempt to prove, by means of telescopes, that eels are generated from *spawn*. *No proof* whatever exists, as yet, of this being the case; and all respectable authority, backed by keen observation, is decidedly opposed to the theory. I write the sentiments of very many beside myself, and we shall watch eagerly to see *who* comes forward to vindicate the new and strange doctrine.—PISCATOR.

[The above, one of many other similar communications, will suffice for our present purpose; but as we have before quoted from the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, we think it right to give the sentiments of another writer therein (Jan. 10), whose opinion coincides with our own, and that of the scientific public generally. The writer, who has assumed the signature of "Tau," says—"The eel, like the viper question, is a very curious instance of the firmness with which many popular opinions are maintained, although when the grounds of them are examined, no satisfactory proof of their truth can be produced. In this view, I think the discussion of both these points in your paper has been very useful—not merely as an inquiry into two very curious and interesting points of natural history, but as a caution to distinguish between facts and appearances; in short, as in-

struction in that most useful lesson, 'how to observe'—the event of which leaves us still in the dark respecting a more interesting animal—that which was supposed to be a sea-serpent. With respect to the eel, I believe the first person who treated the subject scientifically, was Sir H. Davy, who has, I believe, exhausted it, as far as negative proof goes. *Those who hold that eels are ever bred in fresh water, ought to be able to prove—1st, that eels are ever found there in spawn—2nd, that such spawn has ever been hatched there.* It is no proof to say that small eels have been found in ponds having no communication with rivers—the proof required is *ab ovo*. There is also room for inquiry into a rather curious subject, and that is—*do eels, after having gone to the sea for spawning ever return to fresh water?*" We trust that this inquiry, now that it is set on foot, will not be suffered to rest until the *truth* shall have been arrived at. Mere assertions go for nothing.]

Improvements in Bird Cages.—I was glad to see by a note appended to one of your articles in a recent number of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, that you had taken notice of the Bird Cages in the Zollverein department in the Great Exhibition. Allow me to suggest that, in your LONDON JOURNAL, you call the attention of makers to the improvements which I consider necessary in the present mode of constructing cages in this country. And, first, let me point out that those above referred to were admirably adapted, both for cleanliness as regards the cages themselves as well as regards the parlor carpet. You may remember, that the *bottoms of these cages were moveable* (thus doing away with a drawer or tray), being simply fastened to the upper part by small catches; thus, when the cages are to be cleaned, nothing is required but to undo the catches, set the upper part, with the bird in it, on the table, &c., and proceed to cleanse the lower part, or bottom, if need be, with soap and water. You would observe, also, that the bottom part of these cages extended 2 or 3 inches beyond the circumference of the upper part, leaving a ledge of 2 to 4 inches round the outside, forming a tray wherein all the dirt, seed, &c., thrown out by the bird, is caught; and thus preventing it from falling on the carpet, which is, in my opinion, a great drawback to having birds in a sitting-room. The cages to which we are accustomed are by far too low in the solid part of the front; rarely being above 2 inches high; the consequence is, that the floor is kept in a continual mess, by sand, dirt, &c., thrown over this low edging.

The cages in the Zollverein department were made of japanned zinc, solid and perforated; and wire—no wood being used at all; and many were of very elegant designs. Being, moreover, made of such material, insects could be entirely kept away, and the cage washed throughout without receiving the least damage, by merely plunging it bodily in warm water. A cage made of such material is consequently a much more perfect article than one made of wood. And zinc, both solid and perforated, is so cheap, that were the attention of some spirited maker turned to the subject, many pretty things might be the result. To make a perfect article, however, it

would be quite necessary, in my opinion, that the bottom be moveable, and of larger circumference than the top, and made of light sheet zinc; the upper part of wire and perforated zinc, and the whole japanned. The expense at first would be a little more than wood; but, in the end, it would prove cheapest. The designs should be good; always bearing in mind the comfort of the inmate, and the cleanliness of the apartment. Should this last object be completely effected, many ladies, who at present will have nothing to do with a canary in the parlor, would immediately transfer him *from the kitchen*, to which place he may have been banished—simply because "*there was no keeping the carpet clean.*"—J. C., Glasgow.

Canary for Breeding.—I have a male canary, who commenced "moulting" three months ago; but who stopped moulting suddenly. He is, however, now in full song. May I "breed" from this bird in the coming season?—J. J. P.

[If your bird is stout and healthy, you may certainly procure him "a mate"—in March, if you think it desirable. However, bear in mind that if he is a *first-rate* songster, he will degenerate in song from the day of the "marriage ceremony." Birds of *real value* should live "a life of celibacy." Let us note here, that ten weeks *at least* are needful for the *proper* moulting of every cage-bird.]

THE POETRY OF "LOVE."

"*Omnia vincit AMOR!*"

Let not our gentle readers start. We are not about to discourse of the whining rhapsodies, the milk-and-water sayings and doings of common-place, namby-pamby lovers—destitute alike of soul and feeling. No; these everyday perpetrations of madness and folly, which turn the heart sick, find no response in *our* breast. WE sing of "love" in its proper signification, full and deep in its purpose, expansive in its nature, and inextinguishable in its essence. Boarding-school misses, and puling boys in their teens, may sit and read; but if they dare intrude upon such sacred ground, they may chance to get burnt to a cinder. If they aspire to reach the giddy eminence, we warn them fairly of their danger.

We cannot conceive it possible, that "love" can be cultivated in towns or cities; the "love" at least WE speak of. Amidst the scenes of nature alone can the "pure feeling" be inspired, fed, perfected, and enjoyed. Thus much prefatory.

Of all the passions which derive additional force from nature, none can experience a greater accession than "love"—that noble feeling of the heart, which Plato calls an interposition of the gods in behalf of the young—a passion celebrated by all, yet truly felt by few. "Dost thou know, what the nightingale said to me?" says a Persian

poet;—"What sort of a man art thou, that can'st be ignorant of love?" I rather would inquire, "What sort of a man art thou, that can'st be capable of love?" since, though of all the passions it is the most productive of delight, it is the most unfrequent of them all. How many of us feel the passions of hatred and revenge, envy and desire, every day! but how few of us are capable of feeling an ardent affection, or conceiving an elevated passion! That was not love which Mahomet felt for Irene, Titus for Berenice, or Horace for Lydia; and though Anacreon is never weary of boasting his love, the gay, the frantic Anacreon never felt a wound. Indeed, the Greeks were almost as much a stranger to legitimate love, as the barbarians they affected to despise. The passion of Sappho was nothing but an ungovernable fever of desire, though the fragment she has left has been so long, so often, and so widely celebrated, that the world imagines she was the essence of love! As a poem, it has been unjustly celebrated (if we may venture to differ from so admirable a critic as Longinus) because it has been celebrated far beyond its merits; and even, as a faithful picture of desire, it has nothing to compare with a poem of Jayadeva—"The palms of her hands support her aching temples, pale as the crescent, rising at eve. 'Heri, Heri!' thus she meditates on thy name, as if she were gratified, and she were dying through thy absence. She rends her locks—she pants—she laments inarticulately—she trembles—she pines—she moves from place to place—she closes her eyes—she rises again—she faints! In such a fever of love, she may live, oh! celestial physician, if thou administer the remedy; but shouldst thou be unkind, her malady will be desperate."

This picture is drawn with force, and with all the wild irregularity of the passion itself; but what has uncontrollable desire to do with the passion of love? That mild and elegant affection, which sinks the deepest where it shews itself the least; that *curiosa felicitas* of the heart, which can animate only the wise, the elegant, and the virtuous; that sacred passion, which bestows more rapture than perfumes, than sculpture, than painting, than landscape, than riches, than honors, and all the charms of poësy united in one general combination.

Let us read the ode of Sappho and the fragment of Jayadeva, again and again, and say if we are half so agreeably attracted to their merits, as to those of the following beautiful and faithful indication of virtuous and elevated attachment? The feeling which this exquisite *morceau* expresses, must be felt by every woman who aspires to the passion of love, or the name of love is proscribed and its character libelled:—

Go, youth belov'd, in distant glades,
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find;
Yet sometimes deign, 'mid fairer maids,
To think on her thou leav'st behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth to share
Must never be my happy lot;
But thou may'st grant this humble prayer—
Forget me not—forget me not!

Yet should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
Nor ever deign to think on me.
Yet oh! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not—forget me not!

Love is composed of all that is delicate in pleasure; it is an union of desire, tenderness, and friendship; confidence the most unbounded; and esteem the most animated and solid—filling the entire capacity of the soul, it elevates the character by purifying every passion, while it polishes the manners with a manly softness. Where love like this exists, far better is it to be joined in death, than, by the caprice of parents, or the malice of a wayward fortune, to drag on years of anxious separation. He who is capable of acting greatly and nobly, when under no influence of affection, animated by the applause of a woman whom he loves, would act splendidly and sublimely. And is this the passion which every animal that usurps the name of man, flatters himself he is capable of feeling? As well may he imagine himself capable of writing the Hamlet of Shakspeare, of forming the Hercules Farnese, or of composing the "Redemption" of the immortal Handel!

Love has several analogies with natural beauties. "What is more like love," says a German philosopher, quoted by Zimmerman, "than the feeling with which the soul is inspired, when viewing a fine country, or the sight of a magnificent valley, illumined by the setting sun?" So obvious is the connection to which we have alluded, that it is no unfrequent practice with the French peasant girls, when they separate at the close of the day, to say, "good night!—I wish you may dream that you are walking with your lover in a garden of flowers."

Have we lost a beloved mistress, or an affectionate friend? Do we hear a tune of which she was enthusiastically fond, or read a poem he passionately admired, are not our thoughts swayed by a secret impulse as by the faculty of association we recal to mind the many instances we have received of their affection and regard? If a melancholy pleasure is awakened by what we hear and what we see in familiar life, how much more is that exquisite faculty of combination enlarged, when, after a long absence, we tread

the spot or behold the scenes, which once were the objects of our mutual admiration. If divided by distance, the lover indulges reveries of felicity among grand or beautiful scenery, the image of his mistress is immediately associated with it; and, at peace with all the world, he sinks into one of those silent meditations, which in so powerful a manner expand the faculties of the imagination, and chasten the feelings of the heart.

Thus was it with Petrarch. When he was at Valchiusa, he fancied every tree screened his beloved Laura; when he beheld any magnificent scene among the Pyrenees, his imagination painted her standing by his side; in the forest of Ardenne, he heard her in every echo, and when at Lyons, he was transported at the sight of the Rhone, because that majestic river washes the walls of Avignon. "In fact," said he, "I may hide myself among woods and rocks and caves; but no places so wild, so beautiful, or so solitary, but love pursues me at every step."

ODE TO JULIA.

WRITTEN AT PONT-ABERGLASSLYN.

I've rov'd o'er many a mountain wide,
And conn'd their charms from side to side;
Seen many a rock aspiring rise,
Astonish'd to its native skies;
While countless crags appear'd below,
All black with shade, or white with snow;
These, as I've seen, my heart still true,
Trembled—for I thought of you!

I've listen'd to the torrent's roar,
In scenes where man ne'er trod before;
And, as I've heard the vernal bee
In sweet delirious ecstasy,
Make rocks, and caves, and vallies ring,
Responsive to its murmuring—
I've bade those scenes and sounds adieu,
To dwell in pensive thought on you!

As on the ocean's shelvy shore,
I've listen'd to its solemn roar;
Beset with awful wonders round,
While sea birds screamed with grating sound,
And moon majestic from a cloud
Display'd her front, sublime and proud—
*I've thought how sweet, how far more dear,
Those sounds would be were Julia near!*

In secluded walks, on the banks of rivers, in unfrequented recesses, and in the most savage solitudes, the lover delights to indulge the luxury of meditation. THERE every scene serves to increase the strength and delicacy of his passion, and all nature dressed in her boldest or most beautiful attire, wears to his imagination

—"a look of love;"

While all the tumults of a guilty world,
Tost by ungenerous passions, sink away.

This, gentle readers, if you please, *is*
"Love!"

GETTING UP ON COLD MORNINGS.

Some people say it is a very easy thing to get up of a cold morning. Is it? You have only, they tell you, to take the resolution; and the thing is done. This may be very true; just as a boy at school has only to take a flogging, and the thing is over. But we have not at all made up our minds upon it; and we find it a very pleasant exercise to discuss the matter, candidly, before we get up. This at least is not idling, though it may be lying. It affords an excellent answer to those who ask, how lying in bed can be indulged in by a reasoning being,—a rational creature. How? Why, with the argument calmly at work in one's head, and the clothes over one's shoulder. Oh—it is a fine way of spending a sensible, impartial half-hour!

If these people would be more charitable, they would get on with their argument better. But they are apt to reason so ill, and to assert so dogmatically, that one could wish to have them stand round one's bed of a bitter morning, and *lie* before their faces. They ought to hear both sides of the bed, the inside and out. If they cannot entertain themselves with their own thoughts for half an hour or so, it is not the fault of those who can.

Candid inquiries into one's decumbency, besides the greater or less privileges to be allowed a man in proportion to his ability of keeping early hours, the work given his faculties, &c., will at least concede their due merits to such representations as the following. In the first place, says the injured but calm appealer, I have been warm all night, and find my system in a state perfectly suitable to a warm-blooded animal. To get out of this state into the cold, besides the inharmonious and uncritical abruptness of the transition, is so unnatural to such a creature, that the poets, refining upon the tortures of the damned, make one of their greatest agonies consist in being suddenly transported from heat to cold,—from fire to ice. They are "haled" out of their "beds," says Milton, by "harpy-footed furies,"—fellows who come to call them. On my first movement towards the anticipation of getting up, I find that such parts of the sheets and bolster as are exposed to the air of the room, are stone cold. On opening my eyes, the first thing that meets them is my own breath rolling forth, as if in the open air, like smoke out of a chimney. Think of this symptom. Then I turn my eyes sideways, and see the window all frozen over. Think of that. Then the servant comes in. "It is very cold this morning, is it not?"—"Very cold, Sir."—"Very cold indeed, isn't it?"—"Very cold indeed, Sir."—"More than

usually so, isn't it, even for this weather?" (Here the servant's wit and good-nature are put to a considerable test, and the inquirer lies on thorns for the answer.) "Why, Sir - - - I think it *is*." (Good creature! There is not a better, or more truthtelling servant going.) "I must rise, however—get me some warm water."—Here comes a fine interval between the departure of the servant and the arrival of the hot water; during which, of course, it is of "no use" to get up. The hot water comes. "Is it quite hot?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Perhaps too hot for shaving: I must wait a little?"—"No, Sir; it will just do." (There is an over nice propriety sometimes, an officious zeal of virtue, a little troublesome.) "Oh—the shirt—you must air my clean shirt;—the linen gets very damp this weather."—"Yes, Sir." Here another delicious five minutes. A knock at the door. "Oh, the shirt, very well. My stockings—I think the stockings had better be aired, too."—"Very well, Sir." Here another interval. At length everything is ready, except myself. I now, continues our incumbent (a happy word, by the bye, for a country vicar)—I now cannot help thinking a good deal—who can?—upon the unnecessary and villanous practice of shaving: it is a thing so unmanly (here I nestle closer)—so effeminate (here I recoil from an unlucky step into the colder part of the bed.)—No wonder that the Queen of France took part with the rebels against that degenerate King, her husband, who first affronted her smooth visage with a face like her own. The Emperor Julian never showed the luxuriancy of his genius to better advantage than in reviving the flowing beard. Look at Cardinal Bembo's picture—at Michael Angelo's—at Titian's—at Shakspeare's—at Fletcher's—at Spencer's—at Chaucer's—at Alfred's—at Plato's—I could name a great man for every tick of my watch.—Look at the Turks, a grave and otiose people.—Think of Haroun Al Raschid and Bed-ridden Hassen.—Think of Wortley Montague, the worthy son of his mother, above the prejudice of his time.—Look at the Persian gentlemen, whom one is ashamed of meeting about the suburbs, their dress and appearance are so much finer than our own.—Lastly, think of the razor itself—how totally opposed to every sensation of bed—how cold, how edgy, how hard! how utterly different from everything like the warm and encircling amplitude, which

Sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Add to this, benumbed fingers, which may help you to cut yourself, a quivering body, a frozen towel, and a ewer full of ice; and he that says there is nothing to oppose in all this, only shows, that he has no merit in opposing it.—*Leigh Hunt.*

THE TWO STYLES OF LIVING.

No. 1., THE GOOD STYLE OF LIVING, consists in having a mansion exquisitely fitted up with all the expensive bijouterie compatible with true elegance, yet avoiding the lavish superabundance of gimcrackery which borders on vulgarity; comely serving men in suitable liveries, all so well initiated into the mysteries of their respective duties, that a guest could imagine himself in a fairy palace, where plates vanish without the contamination of a mortal finger and thumb, and glasses move without a gingle: then the feast is exquisitely cooked, and exquisitely served; the table groans not, the hostess carves not; but one delicious dainty is followed by another, and each remove brings forth a dish more piquant than the last: every thing is delightful, but there must appear to be an abundance of nothing; two spoonsful alone of each delicious viand should repose under its silver cover; and he who dared ask to be helped a second time to any thing, ought to be sentenced to eternal transportation from the regions of haut ton!

No. 2., THE BAD STYLE OF LIVING, is shocking even to describe! A large house in streets or squares unknown; hot, ugly men servants, stumbling over one another in their uncouth eagerness to admit you; your name mispronounced, and shouted at the drawing-room door; your host and hostess in a fuss, apologising, asking questions, and boring you to death; dinner at length announced, but no chance of extrication from the dull drawing-room, because the etiquette of precedence is not rightly understood, and nobody knows who ought to be led out first; all the way down stairs a dead silence, and then the difficulty of distributing the company almost equals the previous dilemma of the drawing-room: wives are wittily warned against sitting by husbands, and two gentlemen are facetiously interdicted from sitting together; the hostess takes the top of the table to be useful, not ornamental, for fish and joint and turkey, must she carve; while her husband, at the other end of the mahogany, must equally make a toil of a pleasure, and yet smile as if it were a pleasure to toil! The beasts of the earth and the birds of the air appear upon the board, scorning disguise, in their own proper forms, just as they stepped out of Noah's ark; always excepting those who are too unwieldy to be present in whole skins; and even they send their joints to table in horrid unsophistication. Sweets follow, but how unlike the souffles of Ude Grim green gooseberries, lurking under their heavy coverings of crust; and cus-

tards, the plain produce of the dairy, embittered with bay leaves, cinnamon, and cloves! Cheese follows, with the alternatives of port wine and porter; and all this weary time the servants have been knocking your head about, thumbing your plate, or pouring lobster sauce into your pockets!

OUR NOTE-BOOK; ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

"A WISE MAN will always *note* down whatever strikes him as being worthy of observation. It may, at a future time, benefit or amuse *others* as well as himself."—*Fitz-osborne*.

THE CONDENSATION OF MOISTURE FROM COLD.—Some little writing appears to be going on with regard to the condensation of moisture in the interior of forcing-houses, when the external temperature is very low. The idea is certainly worthy of attention, but is by no means new or unfamiliar to many practical men. Some twelve years ago I had under my care, in one of the northern counties, a vinery, in which, on the 20th of March, the vines had put forth a growth from six to nine inches; when suddenly a frost so severe came on, that a thermometer laid on the roof went down to 8°, or 24 degrees of frost; and I remember being particularly struck with the circumstance that, although I could keep up a heat ranging from 65° to 70°, with all the water I could use to produce evaporation I could not keep the air moist; it would both feel and smell dry, and the young leaves appeared flaccid; yet the house dripped all over, and the condensed water ran through the laps, froze on the outside, filled the spouts with ice, and formed some beautiful stalactites of ice, reaching from them to the ground. To my employer, who took a lively interest in these things, I stated the case, and told him that I feared unless I could have some means of covering the house I should lose the crop—not from want of heat, but from the external cold condensing all the moisture in the interior, faster than it could be supplied. His answer was, the production of two large carpets with which I covered the vinery; and in half an hour things began to right themselves, and no doubt were the means of saving the vines, as in a few days they progressed very kindly, and ultimately came to perfection.—*OMEGA, Gardeners' Journal*.

THE HUMAN ANIMAL ECONOMY.—In the diversity of the regions which he is capable of inhabiting, the lord of the creation holds the first place among animals. His frame and nature are stronger and more flexible than those of any other creature; hence he can dwell in all situations on the surface of the globe. The neighborhood of the pole and equator, high mountains and deep valleys, are occupied by him; his strong but pliant body bears cold, heat, moisture, light or heavy air; he can thrive anywhere, and runs into less remarkable varieties than any other animals which occupy so great a diversity of abodes; a prerogative so singular that it must not be overlooked. The situations occupied by our species in the present times, extend as far as

the known surface of the earth. The Greenlanders and Esquimaux have reached between 70° and 80° of north latitude, and Danish settlements have been formed in Greenland in the same high latitude. Three Russians lived on Spitzbergen between six and seven years, between 77° and 78° north latitude. The negro lives under the equator, and all America is inhabited even to Terra del Fuego. Thus we find that man can exist in the hottest and coldest countries of the earth.

MORAL BEAUTY.—What is the beauty of nature but a beauty clothed with moral associations? What is the highest beauty of literature, poetry, fiction, and the fine arts, but a moral beauty which genius has bodied forth for the admiration of the world? And what are those qualities of the human character which are treasured up in the memory and heart of nations—the objects of universal reverence and exultation, the themes of celebration, of eloquence, and the festal of song, the enshrined idols of admiration and love? Are they not patriotism, heroism, philanthropy, disinterestedness, magnanimity, martyrdom?

A GOOD NAME.—Who shall pretend to calculate the value of the inheritance of "a good name?" Its benefit is often very great, when dependant upon no stronger ties than those which accident or relationship have created; but when it flows from friendships which have been consecrated by piety and learning, when it is the willing offering of kindred minds to departed worth or genius, it takes a higher character, and is not less honorable to those who receive than to those who confer it.

The Reward of Merit.

In the list of our Public Journals, none have taken a more decided flight upwards than our worthy and clever contemporary the *Morning Advertiser*. The stamp-returns, just issued, prove this. We do remember the time, years gone by, when this Paper was *very* low in circulation, so low as to pass by a nick-name. The same energy, however, and unity of purpose in its present proprietors, which we recently noticed existing among the proprietors of the *Critic*—have infused so much new arterial blood into its veins, that it has far outsped all competitors, and it is now next (without exception) in circulation to *The Times*. This is really owing to excellent management; for whilst it is second to none in *early* and authentic "news"—the variety of its matter, and the tact shown in its selection, introduction, and arrangement, render it quite a "Family Paper." We know many instances in which it has been adopted as such. Besides which, it circulates *every where*. All this bears out what we have already said—that a *determination* to conquer, in nine cases out of ten wins the battle. **WE, too, sail on this tack!**

COMPARISON.—The stem of the fir-tree forms knots which betray the age of the tree; human life has also its perceptible rings.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

"De omnibus rebus,—et quibusdam aliis."

LEAP YEAR.—THIS is Leap Year! So, gentlemen, look out! The following is extracted from an old volume, printed in 1606, entitled, "Courtship, Love, and Matrimonie:"—"Albeit it is now become a part of the common lawe, in regard to social relations of life, that as often as every bissextile year doth return, the ladyes have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they doe either by wordes or lookes, as unto them it seemeth proper; and moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefite of clergy who dothe refuse to accept the offers of a ladye, or who dothe in anywise treat her proposal with slight or contumely."

"NICE" DISTINCTIONS.—A lady asked Mr. Jekyll what was "the difference between a solicitor and an attorney?" "*Precisely the same,*" he answered, "*as between a crocodile and an alligator.*"

A RURAL MAIDEN, ONE AFTER OUR OWN HEART.—She had the charms of an angel; but her dress was quite plain and clean, like a country maid; her face a sweet oval, and her complexion the brunette of a bright rich kind; her mouth like a rosebud, that is just beginning to blow; and a fugitive dimple, would lighten and disappear; the finest passions were always passing in her face; and in her chestnut eyes there was a fluid fire, sufficient for half-a-dozen pair.—*Amory.*—[We will venture to affirm that *this* lassie was no "scavenger," sweeping the streets with her drapery. Her foot and ancle—we will vouch for it—were all in keeping with her lovely face. Oh, for a return to the "good old times!"

EPITAPH ON THE GRAVE-STONE OF A YOUNG LADY.—"Died of thin shoes, January, 1838."—[This epitaph might be inscribed on the grave-stones of one-fifth of the ladies of England. We insert it in this particular column, in order that it *shall be* perused.]

"MAXIMS;" FROM THE ARABIC.—If the Prophet designs a man for a fool, he delivers him into the hands of A WOMAN.—Man keeps the secrets of others better than his own; woman, her own better than those of others.—Most women have few maxims; they follow their hearts; and in regard to morals, depend on those whom they love.—Many women are like enigmas; they cease to please as soon as they are known.—Patience is an art women seldom "learn," but which they teach in a masterly manner.

WHAT IS A "SENSATION?"—I. O. U. are the vowels which create more disagreeable sensations in the minds of honest men than all the rest of the alphabet put together. When, however, they are read *backwards*, the "sensations" undergo a material change, and the said vowels become "popular."

"PASTORAL" SYMPATHY.—A sensibility, of which its objects are *sometimes* insensible. It may be perilous to discourage a feeling, whereof there is no great superabundance in this selfish and hard-hearted world; but even of the little that exists, a portion is frequently thrown away. Such

is the power of adaptation in the human mind, that those who seem to be in the most pitiable plight, have often the least occasion for pity. A city damsel, whose ideas had been Arcadianised by the perusal of pastorals, having once made an excursion to a distance of twenty miles from London, wandered into the fields in the hope of discovering a *bona fide* live shepherd. To her infinite delight, she at length encountered one, under a hawthorn hedge in full blossom, with his dog by his side, his crook in his hand, and his sheep round about him, just as if he were sitting to be modelled in china for a chimney ornament. To be sure, he did not exhibit the azure jacket, jessamine vest, pink tiffany inexpressibles, peach-colored stockings, and golden buckles of those faithful portraitures. This was mortifying; still more so, that he was neither particularly young nor cleanly; but, most of all, that he wanted the indispensable accompaniment of a pastoral reed, in order that he might beguile his solitude with the charms of music. Touched with pity at this privation, and lapsing, unconsciously, into poetical language, the civic damsel exclaimed—"Ah! gentle shepherd, tell me where's your pipe?"—"I left it at home, Miss," replied the clown, scratching his head, "*cause I ha'nt got no baccy.*"

"STRIKING" PROOFS OF "AFFECTION" IN OUR NAMESAKE, "WILLIAM" THE CONQUEROR—AN APPALLING "FACT."—The following extract from *the life of the wife of the Conqueror* is exceedingly curious, as characteristic of the manners of a semi-civilised age and nation:—"After some years' delay, William *appears to have become* desperate, and, if we may trust to the evidence of the Chronicle of Ingerbe, in the year 1047, waylaid Matilda in the streets of Bruges as she was returning from mass, *seized her, rolled her in the dirt*, spoiled her rich array, and not content with these outrages, *struck her repeatedly*, and rode off at full speed. This Teutonic method of *courtship*, according to our author, brought the affair to a crisis; for Matilda, either convinced of *the strength* of William's passion by the violence of his behavior, or afraid of encountering a second beating, *consented to become his wife*. How he ever presumed to enter her presence again, after such a series of enormities, *the chronicler sayeth not*, and we are at a loss to imagine."—*Miss Strickland.*—[Oh, Miss Strickland, fie! fie!!]

COOKERY, A POSITIVE "SCIENCE."

Let no one undervalue the importance of the domestic science of cookery, a science whose influence increases with the extension of our social complications. The pre-disposition to indigestion with which all the children of this generation come into the world, and the stomach disease which commercial anxiety, literary irritation, and moral vexation are tending to produce in all classes of men, may both be ameliorated or prevented by a true understanding of the principles and applications of diet and cookery. In this age of overtaxed and fretted brains

the importance of making the stomach sufficiently strong to support its double labor cannot by possibility be overrated. To the inexperienced, it may often seem that the prudent and abstemious man and child are more delicate than the careless and indiscriminate liver, because an infraction of their ordinary rules is sure to make them at once and visibly ill. The reason of this is—that the carefully-guarded stomach throws its ill usage off in an acute form on the out-works of the system, in some such shape as sick headache, while the habitually ill-treated digestive organs distribute their grievances throughout the citadel itself in sluggish chronic complaints.

Song.

As flowers, that seem the light to shun,
At evening's dusk and morning's haze,
Expand beneath the noon-tide sun,
And bloom to beauty in his rays,—
So maidens, in a lover's eyes,
A thousand times more lovely grow,
Yield added sweetness to his sighs.
And with unwonted graces glow.

As gems from light their brilliance gain,
And brightest shine when shone upon,
Nor half their orient rays retain,
When light wanes dim and day is gone:—
So beauty beams, for one dear one!
Acquires fresh splendor in his sight,
Her life—her light—her day—her sun—
Her harbinger of all that's bright!

A Battue of Pigeons in America.

M. Audubon makes the following curious estimate of the number of pigeons contained in one only of these mighty flocks. Taking a column of one mile in breadth, which he thinks is far below the average size, and supposing it to pass over without interruption for three hours, at the rate of one mile in a minute, it will give us a parallelogram of 180 miles by one, covering 180 square miles. Allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have 1,115,136,000 pigeons in one flock. As each pigeon daily consumes fully half a pint of food, the quantity necessary for supplying this vast multitude must be 8,712,000 bushels a day. Nor is the account of their roosting places less curious. One of them, on the banks of the Green River, Kentucky, was repeatedly visited by M. Audubon. It was in a portion of the forest where the trees are of great magnitude, and where there was little underwood, and the average breadth was about three miles. On arriving there about two hours before sunset, few pigeons were to be seen. A great number of persons, however, with horses and wagons, guns and ammunition, had already established themselves on the borders. Two farmers had driven upwards of 300 hogs from their residence, more than 100 miles distant, to be fattened on the pigeons that were to be slaughtered. The sun had set, yet not a pigeon had arrived. Every-

thing, however, was ready, and all eyes were gazing on the clear sky, which appeared in glimpses above the tall trees. Suddenly there burst forth a general cry of "Here they come!" The noise which they made, though yet distant, is described as like a hard gale at sea passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived, they were knocked down by thousands by the pole-men. As they continued to pour in, the fires were lighted, and a magnificent, as well as wonderful sight presented itself. The pigeons, arriving by myriads, alighted everywhere, one above another, until solid masses, as large as hogsheads, were formed on the branches all round. Here and there the perches gave way under the weight, with a crash, and falling to the ground, destroyed hundreds of the birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with which every stick was loaded. The pigeons kept consequently coming, and it was past midnight before a decrease in the numbers of those that arrived could be perceived.

The noise made was so great, that it was distinctly heard at three miles from the spot. Towards the approach of day, the noise in some measure subsided, and long before objects were distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different to that in which they had arrived the evening before, and at sunrise all that were able to fly had disappeared.—*Jesse's Gleanings of Natural History.*

Winter.

The trees are leafless, and the hollow blast
Sings a shrill anthem to the bitter gloom.
The lately smiling pastures are a waste,
While beauty generates in Nature's womb;
The frowning clouds are charged with fleecy snow,
And storm and tempest bear a rival sway;
Soft gurgling rivulets have ceased to flow,
And beauty's garlands wither in decay:
Yet look but heavenward! beautiful and young
In life and lustre, see the stars of night
Untouch'd by time through ages roll along,
And clear as when at first they burst to light—
And then look from the stars, where heaven appears
Clad in the fertile Spring of everlasting years!

THE BUTTERFLY.—In the *Magazine of Natural History*, we read:—"I have lately observed a curious fact, that it is the tail of the caterpillar which becomes the head of the butterfly. The caterpillar weaves its web from its mouth, finishes with the head downwards, and the head, with the six front legs, are thrown off from the chrysalis, and may be found dried up, but quite distinguishable, at the bottom of the web. The butterfly comes out at the top."—C.

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No. 6.—1852.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7.

PRICE 1½d.
Or, in Monthly Parts, Price 7d.

NATURAL HISTORY OF SONG BIRDS.

WE have "taken time by the forelock;" and beginning from the FIRST MONTH, we shall be able to notice everything connected with the feathered tribes that passes throughout the varied seasons of the year.

FEBRUARY, we may mention, is a trying month both for man and beast, more particularly in our latitudes. It is the signal for snow and frost, hail, sleet, and cutting winds. Nor is fog wanting to complete the picture of desolation.

If we wander abroad for a walk, soon do the elements hasten our return home. If we sit within doors, soon do we feel gloomy. Yet is the sight of the driving snow a pretty picture, falling as it does in a multitude of fantastic shapes. The reflection, too, cast therefrom on the trees and hedges, has a picturesque and curious effect on the landscape:—

"See where the cherish'd fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow
melts

Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west admits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man."

'Tis now that we see large flocks of the feathered tribe, rendered bold by famine and cold, draw near to the dwellings of man, seeking among barns and farm-yards for what few seeds may have escaped from the straw and chaff. Our gardens, too, are the resort of many little pensioners, who, in the confidence of friendship, venture to hop on our breakfast table. At the present time of writing we are thus honored. One robin, in particular, and his lady, follow our footsteps whenever we quit the house.

While winter thus holds all nature spell-

bound, we will take advantage of the opportunity to chat a little about Birds—the object of their creation, their structure, &c. The question is one of universal interest, and we shall pursue the inquiry with delight.

Birds are unquestionably the most beautiful of the animated tribes; they embellish our forests, and afford amusement in our walks; while their pleasures, their notes, and even their animosities, serve only to enliven the general face of nature, and to cheer the contemplative mind. In no part of the animal creation are the wisdom, the goodness, and bounty of Providence displayed in a more lively manner, than in the formation and various endowments of the feathered tribes; and whether we examine their elegance and symmetry, their beauty and delicacy of color, their peculiar habits and economy, we shall have sufficient cause for adoring the wisdom of their benevolent CREATOR.

As birds are destined to move through the light medium of the air, they are far inferior both in weight and magnitude to quadrupeds: the largest bird, the ostrich, bears no proportion to the elephant; nor does the humming bird, which nature has placed at the other extremity of this class, nearly approach to the size of a mouse. Nature, as she approximates the confines of each class, confers more and more of the properties of the adjoining one on each species; till at last they so nearly unite, that it is often doubtful to what family an individual belongs. The ostrich, placed at the extremity of the birds, appears in many respects nearly allied to a superior class; being covered with hair, like feathers, and incapable of flight, it makes a near approach to the race of quadrupeds: while the small humming bird, of the size of a humble bee, and sucking, like it, the nectaries of flowers, seems to be degraded nearly to the rank of an insect.

To compensate their want of strength, birds are supplied with swiftness; and to

avoid those enemies which they are not fitted to oppose, they are endowed with the faculty of ascending into the air. They appear, indeed, to be entirely formed for a life of escape, every part of their anatomy being calculated for swiftness; and, as they are designed to soar on high, all their parts are proportionably light. This leads us to consider more particularly the *structure* of birds.

The skeleton or bony frame of birds is, in general, of a lighter nature than in quadrupeds; the spine is immovable, but the neck lengthened and flexible: the breast-bone very large, with a prominent keel down the middle, and formed for the attachment of very strong muscles. The bones of the wings are similar to those of the fore legs in quadrupeds, but the termination is in three joints or fingers only; of which the exterior one is very short. What are commonly called the *legs*, are analogous to the hind legs in quadrupeds, and they terminate in general in four toes, three of which are commonly directed forwards, and one backwards; but in some birds there are only two toes, in others, only three. All the bones in birds are much lighter, or with a larger cavity, than in quadrupeds.

The *feathers* with which birds are covered, resemble in their nature the hair of quadrupeds, being composed of a similar substance appearing in a different form. "Every single feather," says Paley, "is a *mechanical wonder*. If we look at the quill, we find properties not easily brought together,—strength and lightness. I know few things more remarkable than the strength and lightness of the very pen with which I am now writing. If we cast our eye toward the upper part of the stem, we see a material made for the purpose, used in no other class of animals, and in no other part of birds; tough, light, pliant, elastic. The pith, also, which feeds the feathers, is neither bone, flesh, membrane, nor tendon.

"But the most artificial part of a feather is the beard, or, as it is sometimes called, the *vane*; which we usually strip off from one side, or both, when we make a pen. The separate pieces of which this is composed are called threads, filaments, or rays. Now the first thing which an attentive observer will remark is, how much stronger the beard of the feather shows itself to be when pressed in a direction perpendicular to its plane, than when rubbed either up or down the line of the stem; and he will soon discover, that the threads of which these beards are composed are flat, and placed with their flat sides towards each other; by which means, while they easily bend for the approaching of each other, as any one may perceive by drawing his finger ever so

lightly upwards, they are much harder to bend out of their plane, which is the direction in which they have to encounter the impulse and pressure of the air, and in which their strength is wanted. It is also to be observed, that when two threads, separated by accident or force, are brought together again, they immediately reclasp. Draw your finger down the feather, which is against the grain, and you break, probably, the junction of some of the contiguous threads; draw your finger up the feather, and you restore all things to their former state.

"It is no common mechanism by which this contrivance is effected. The threads or laminæ above mentioned are interlaced with one another; and the interlacing is performed by means of a vast number of fibres or teeth which the threads shoot forth on each side, and which hook and grapple together.

"Fifty of these fibres have been counted in one-twentieth of an inch. They are crooked, but curved after a different manner; for those which proceed from the thread on the side toward the extremity of the feather are longer, more flexible, and bent downward; whereas those which proceed from the side toward the beginning or quill-end of the feather, are shorter, firmer, and turned upward. When two laminæ, therefore, are pressed together, the crooked parts of the long fibres fall into the cavity made by the crooked parts of the others; just as the latch which is fastened to a door enters into the cavity of the catch fixed to the door-post, and there hooking itself, fastens the door!"

Beneath, or under the common feathers or general plumage, the skin in birds is immediately covered with a much finer or softer feathery substance, called *down*. The *throat*, after passing down to a certain distance, dilates itself into a large membraceous bag, answering to the stomach in quadrupeds; it is called the *crop*, and its great use is to soften the food taken into it in order to prepare it for passing into another strong receptacle, called the *gizzard*. This, which may be considered as a more powerful stomach, consists of two very strong muscles, lined and covered with a strong tendinous coat, and furrowed on the inside.* In this receptacle the food is completely ground and reduced to a pulp. The *lungs* of birds differ from those of quadrupeds in not being loose or free in the breast, but fixed to the bones all the way down:—they consist of a pair of large spongy bodies, covered with

* In the birds of prey, or *accipitres*, this is wanting, the stomach being allied to that of quadrupeds.

a membrane, which is pierced in several places, and communicates with several large vesicles or air-bags, dispersed about the cavities of the body.

The *eyes* of birds are more or less convex in the different tribes; and, in general, it may be observed that the sense of *sight* is more acute in birds than in most other animals. Birds have no outward *ear*, but the internal one is formed on the same general plan as in quadrupeds. Birds are *oviparous* animals, always producing *eggs*, from which the young are afterwards excluded. The first appearance of the young, as an organised body, begins to be visible in six hours after the egg has been placed in a proper degree of heat, under the parent animal. The *chick*, or young bird, when arrived at its full size, and ready for hatching, is, by nature, provided with a small and hard protuberance at the tip of the bill, by which it is enabled the more readily to break the shell, and which falls off some hours after its hatching.

From the diminutive size and slender conformation of birds, we might be led to suppose, that the duration of their life would prove but short; the reverse, however, is the case: their longevity far exceeds that of quadrupeds, and even of man himself. The common cock has been known to live upwards of twenty years; a linnet, fourteen; bullfinches, twenty; parrots are said to live forty years, geese fourscore: of swans, eagles, and ravens, there are various reports; some have asserted, that they lived one hundred years, others double and even three times that period; but of this there are few well-attested examples.

Here we must halt for a little week.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Reason and Instinct Definitely Separated.
By Gordonius. 18mo.

As we have ourselves gone so very fully into this ever-popular inquiry, we need only say of this little brochure, that it handles the matter cleverly; and that it fearlessly discloses all the author's ideas on instinct and reason in animals.

The proposition that there *must be* a separation between the two is well maintained; and no person can read the volume without a conviction that the author has fairly proved his case. He has collected, moreover, many curious matters that serve to throw a light on questions which have hitherto been considered "doubtful;" and altogether he has claims on public attention that must procure him a hearing.

As the burden of this little book is to prove what *WE* have *already* proved, we will,

on the present occasion, merely select a short chapter to show the author's style. It is headed—ATTENTION.

The brutes have this *faculty* (for I believe I may here properly use the word) much stronger than man. To the smaller kind, it serves as a protection from danger; and to the larger as a help to discover its prey. The cat has it most peculiarly fine; for, though it is remarkably fond of sleep, one cannot say that it is, ever in that state. It only dozes, and even that very lightly, for it is then all attention; and, if a strange foot enter, or a strange voice speak, you shall see an ear turn partly back—plainly indicating that it is not what we call asleep. The brutes generally, indeed, rather slumber than sleep, and their attention is easily aroused, and quickly on the alert.

This attention is usually helped by a great quickness of sight and hearing. It is only by an instantaneous bound, that the cat can take birds; for, though engaged in feeding, they can see any ordinary advance. Where the eyes are stationary, as in some insects, they are furnished with many, for seeing in all directions—the common spider has eight, but other insects are found with a much greater number. Such aids are, however, more with a view to protection; for they are not necessary adjuncts to attention, as is proved by the horse, whose sight is often very indifferent. When standing motionless under a cart, before a house, for an hour together, it will instantly proceed on hearing the usual command to go on. *Among the brutes, there is nothing resembling our "absence of mind."* This is of great importance to the present investigation, as it seems to prove, if any proof were wanting, that they do not think. If they had thought, they must have reason too, but that is confined to man.

We shall, no doubt, very frequently have to take "a leaf" out of this sensible little book.

Flora Tottoniensis; a Catalogue of the Flowering Plants and Ferns growing wild in the vicinity of Totnes. By Samuel Hanford, Jun.

This is a very carefully-compiled Catalogue, and reflects much credit on its editor, who handsomely acknowledges his obligations to the many zealous botanists who have assisted him in exploring the neighborhood of Totnes.

It comprises the Flowering Plants and Ferns growing wild in the neighborhood of Totnes within a circuit of six miles, and has been prepared with the hope that it may prove of assistance to Botanists; and by having the habitats of nearly 500 Flowers fixed, induce many, who are at present unacquainted with Botany and the beautiful field of nature which their own country presents, to study so healthful and pleasing a science.

"As it is possible," says the editor, "that some few plants may have been overlooked,

and with the view hereafter to make the Flora of the neighborhood complete, it is particularly requested that information of the discovery of any new or rare Plant, be sent to the Editor, with the habitat and date when gathered, accompanied, when convenient, by a specimen of the plant."

This is the direct means of carrying out, fully, the editor's laudable effort; and we trust the appeal will be responded to.

The Steam-Engine. BY HUGO REID. *Illustrated by Forty Wood Engravings.* Third Edition, Enlarged. 12mo. Groombridge and Sons.

There need be little surprise that a volume like this should speedily attain a third edition. The low price, and popular form, in which scientific works are now brought before the public, ensure their success; and the publishers get their reward in the large additional quantities disposed of.

It will not do now, for any of us to plead ignorance of the nature, object, and powers of the Steam-engine. We meet one everywhere; we hear it, we see it; we sit behind it, and it flies off with us at a rate that would have driven our forefathers crazy. Still, we have yet much to learn about its interior,—how it is constructed, how it acts; and whereby it acquires its terrific powers for good or for evil.

All who are seeking for such information must procure this book; it will neither puzzle nor confound them. On the contrary, they will find themselves materially benefited and instructed.

As we are great avowed advocates for Popular Science, we have pleasure in bringing under the eye of the general reader, the following—

DESCRIPTION OF THE STEAM-ENGINE.

The Steam-Engine is a machine for the production of motion, in which steam (the vapor of boiling water) is used. A MACHINE (from the Greek *mechané*, through the Latin *machina*) in the sense now generally understood, means a contrivance for *applying* to some object a continuous and regular motion, as a spinning wheel, a loom, a watch or clock. If we choose to extend the term so as to include such contrivances as a gun, a mortar, a bow and arrow, a sling, we must at all events carefully distinguish between those which give a continuous and regulated movement, and those which give a sudden, irregular, and quickly terminated impulse. The Steam-Engine is a sort of *primary machine*, the object of which is the *production* of force, or moving power, by means of which continuous motion may be communicated to other bodies—as the wheels of a carriage; paddles or oars for propelling vessels on water; the rod of a pump for raising water; grindstones for reducing bodies to powder; machinery for spinning, weaving, turning, hammering, boring, communicating pressure, &c.

MOTION is the general object of all machines—

and, in every description of machinery, there are two parts which must be carefully distinguished:—*First*, The machinery which comes into immediate contact with the substance: to effect some change upon which is the ultimate object of the operation; *Second*, The engine, or *great machine*, which sets that lesser machinery in motion. The latter is called the *first mover*, *first moving power*, or *prime mover*. The prime mover produces the motion; the secondary machinery applies it.

In a common turning lathe, or in the case of the hand-pump for raising water; in the wind-mill or the water-wheel for moving a grindstone; the MAN who, by his muscular power, sets the turning lathe in motion, or works the handle of the pump; the VANES OF THE WINDMILL; and the WATER-WHEEL—are the first movers. It is in these that the motion commences—their object being simply the *production of moving power*, which has to be transmitted from them to the machinery which comes into immediate contact with the wood to be turned, the water to be raised, or the corn to be ground.

The steam-engine is a FIRST OR PRIME MOVER.

In every case of the production of motion by machinery, the first mover is simply an engine, or machine, so constructed as to take advantage of some *natural properties of bodies which are capable of giving rise to motion*. In describing the steam-engine, then, there are two things to be considered:—*First*, Those natural powers resident in bodies from which we procure a force, or moving power; *Second*, The machine, or engine, by which those powers are made effective for the general production of motion. We shall first direct our attention to the former—the source and mode of action of the natural forces, which, in the steam-engine, give rise to the motion.

Infinitely various as the different kinds of power may at first sight appear, and however complex the machinery by which they are applied so as to produce motion; upon analysing them, it will be found that there are only *three sources* from which we can obtain a force or moving power—ANIMAL STRENGTH, ATTRACTION, and REPULSION.

Of these, the first and most obvious, and the only one within reach of man in the rude or savage state,—or indeed the only one at his command without considerable progress in the arts,—is the MUSCULAR POWER OF ANIMALS, or, as it is frequently called, ANIMAL STRENGTH. This source of power resides in the muscles—long, fleshy bodies of a fibrous structure, fixed at each extremity, and possessed of the property of contracting (diminishing in length), in obedience to the will of the animal. By this contractile power, the more moveable of the points to which the extremities of the muscle are attached, is made to approach the other. These muscles are possessed of great strength, being capable, as has sometimes happened, of breaking the bone to which they are attached. We have familiar examples of the application of this power, in the plough, carts, and carriages, canal-boats, horse and cattle mills, all set in motion, and continued in that state by the contractile power of the muscles of animals. The muscular force of man himself,

too, has been used as a source of power. It is to be hoped, however, that the steam-engine will ultimately everywhere supersede the employment of man as a means of mere animal strength; and enable him to limit the exercise of his muscular power to those cases where tact, skill, delicacy of adjustment and adaptation to varying circumstances, are required—where the superior power of an intelligent being, which no machine can imitate, is called into play: in short, that man shall cease or abate the direct exercise of brute force, and employ himself in the higher operation of guiding and controlling it.

This power is not made use of in the steam-engine; but the power of an engine is generally estimated by a measure of force derived originally from comparison with the number of horses that would be required to do the same work—the first steam-engines having been used chiefly as substitutes for horse labor.

The other two sources of moving power are—*First*, THE ATTRACTION WHICH EXISTS BETWEEN BODIES, and tends to make them approach each other; and, *Second*, THE REPULSIVE POWER, which exists, more or less, in all bodies, and tends to drive their particles asunder. These influences are universally diffused through bodies, and are antagonists—i. e., opposed to each other in their action. To the operation of these fundamental properties of matter, all the phenomena of inanimate nature can be traced; and animate beings, though endowed with the independent principle of *life*, are in no small degree subject to their control while living, and when dead are solely obedient to the laws of these great powers.

They act with great energy, and both have been used as sources of power in the steam-engine. The first is applied in some kinds of engines only (now called atmospheric engines); the latter, either applied directly as a moving power, or used to prepare for the action of the attractive force, has been a leading element in the operation of every sort of steam-engine; and as steam is the medium through which the repulsive power is introduced, all are called *steam-engines*, although the steam may not be the direct cause of the motion. At first they were termed *fire-engines*, the steam being formed by the action of fire upon water.

The attractive force was taken advantage of by man, as a moving power—as in the water-wheel, the windmill, the common pump—long before the repulsive principle was applied, or even thought of, as a source of motion. Now, however, this great power, so long overlooked, has almost entirely superseded the other; acting in the form of steam, it is seen everywhere, and is the prime mover chiefly employed by civilised nations of modern times. For ages a hidden treasure, it has at last been brought to light; and has placed within the reach of mankind a force so enormous, that it is limited only by the strength of the materials which must be employed to give it effect; a power unremitting in its labors, and universal in its application; so versatile, that it may be transferred from place to place, worked at any time, and suspended or set in action again at a moment's warning;—and withal so steady and regular, so completely under our control, and possessed of a self-regulating property to such an

extraordinary extent, that it almost realises the fable of Prometheus, and may fitly be compared to an intelligent being devoted to our service. The repulsive energy is the source of the power of gunpowder as well as that of steam; so that, when we consider the great change effected by the use of gunpowder in warfare, and the vast and various influences of the steam-engine, this remarkable principle may be said to have twice revolutionised the world.

After a perusal of the above, we hardly need carry our "Letter of Recommendation" any further.

Notes for Naturalists.

ONE feature which will mark 1851 with a white stone in the calendar of Naturalists, was the arrival of the first *living Apteryx* in this hemisphere. The wing of the *Apteryx Australis* is scarcely more than rudimentary, but has a strong hooked claw at its extremity, and the feathers of this species resemble, in their general character, those of the cassowary. We paid a visit to the stranger a few days ago, and found him reposing with his head on his side—in other birds it would have been under his wing; but, with becoming delicacy of feeling, he endeavored to conceal his infirmity by giving the motion as if he had a wing. Presently, he started, and stretched himself up almost to a fabulous height; then slowly toppled forward, and gravely rested his beak on the ground. This attitude is necessary for the preservation of equilibrium, as the legs are placed quite behind the centre of gravity; sturdy legs however they are, and formidable the blows the bird can inflict, not by kicking behind, but by a forward stroke—the spur on the heel cutting like a knife. The favorite localities of this bird are dense beds of fern; and when hard pressed by dogs (with which he is usually chased), it takes refuge in deep holes excavated by it in the ground. It is hunted by torchlight, and is sought after with great avidity by the natives, the skin being highly prized for dresses worn by the native chiefs; the feathers are also used to construct artificial flies for the capture of fish, precisely after the European fashion. Not the least of its peculiarities is the position of its nostrils at the tip of the beak. In seeking for the worms which constitute its food, the sense of smell takes the place of that of sight, and the dexterity with which it seizes its active prey, deep beneath the surface, is remarkable.

Another species is known, which has been called by Mr. Gould *Apteryx Owenii*, after Professor Owen. Stuffed specimens are in the museums at York, Ipswich, and the British Museum, also, we believe. This species is very thickly clothed with short feathers, transversely barred. A third species has been described by Mr. Bartlett, which he considers to be the true *Apteryx Australis*, giving the name *A. Mantelli* to that figured by Mr. Gould.

Mr. Wallace has communicated to the Zoological Society some interesting particulars relative to that singular bird the "*Umbrella Bird*," inhabiting the island of the Amazon, in South America.

It is about the size of a crow, and black; but its head is adorned with a crest the most fully developed and beautiful of any bird known, whence its name *cephalopterus ornatus*. When fully opened, the crest radiates on all sides from the top of the head, reaching in front beyond the beak, and forming a perfect slightly elevated dome of a beautiful shining blue color, in length about five inches, in breadth about four-and-a-half. When flying, the crest is laid back, but when at rest in the daytime, it is fully expanded; but at night, when the bird is asleep, all the feathers are puffed out to their fullest extent, so that the head and feet are quite invisible, the plume and crest alone being conspicuous, amidst a mass of feather, giving the bird a most singular appearance.

The public generally, are not, we believe, aware that the glorious collection of humming birds formed by Mr. Gould (and which, thanks to Lord Seymour, is at present not exhibited), is but subservient to the publication of a work devoted to their description—a work which, for pictorial beauty, has not seen its equal. We especially call attention to the part just published, as a perfect marvel for brilliancy of those ever-changing metallic hues characteristic of the tribe, and for extreme fidelity.

There has been much doubt in the minds of many scientific men as to whether the accounts which have from time to time appeared of the poisonous effects produced by the sharp spines with which certain fishes are armed, have not been exaggerated. The following incident, related by Mr. Mac'Gillivray, the naturalist, during the recent expedition of H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, is therefore highly valuable, as affording unimpeachable testimony to the fact:—"During the afternoon, one of the crew of a boat upon the reef, while incautiously handling a frog-fish (*atrachus*), which he had found under a stone, received two punctures at the base of the thumb, from the sharp dorsal spines, partially concealed by the skin. Immediately severe pain was produced, which quickly increased, until it became intolerable, and the man lay down and rolled about in agony. He was taken on board the ship, in a state of great weakness. The hand was considerably swollen, with the pain shooting up the arm to the axilla, but the glands there did not become affected. The pulse fell as low as forty beats in the minute, with a constant desire to vomit. Large doses of opium in the course of time afforded relief; but a fortnight elapsed before the man was again fit for duty."—(*From the Critic.*)

THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

WE gave in our last, a singular anecdote of the robin; illustrating the friendship of *one*, and the ferocity of *another*.

We have many other anecdotes of the robin preparing, full of the greatest interest. To-day, we select one or two anecdotes relating to their *pugnacity*. They are taken from the *Natural History of Ireland*, a book

just published, written by William Thompson, Esq., of Belfast.

"Well known," says Mr. Thompson, "as is the *pugnacity* of robins, one or two instances may be given. Their being so wholly absorbed during combat as to be regardless of all else, was ludicrously evinced at Springvale, by a pair fighting from the air downwards to the earth, until they disappeared in a man's hat that happened to be lying on the ground, and in which they were both captured. On one occasion, two of these birds, caught fighting in a yard in Belfast, were kept all night in separate cages. One was given its liberty early in the morning; and the other, being tamer, possibly from having been the better beaten of the two, was kept with the intention of being permanently retained. So unhappy, however, did the prisoner look, that it too was set at liberty in the yard, which was believed to be its chosen domicile. *The other came a second time, and attacked it*; when my informant, who was present, hastened to the rescue, and the wilder bird flew away. The tamer one was again caught, and brought into the house for safety. The intruder was now driven out of the premises; and in the evening, when it was expected that he was in a different locality, the other bird was turned out; *its wicked and pertinacious antagonist, however, still lay in wait, a third time attacked, and then KILLED IT*. The tame bird, though inferior to the other in strength, always joined issue with it, and fought to the best of its poor ability.

"Some years ago, at Merville (co. Antrim), a robin kept possession of the greenhouse, and *killed every intruder of its own species*, amounting to about two dozen, that entered the house. This had been so frequently done, that my informant became curious to know the means resorted to for the purpose; and, on examination of two or three of the victims, *he found a deep wound in the neck of each*, evidently made by the bill of the slayer. The lady of the house, hearing of the bird's cruelty, had the sharp point of its beak cut off, and no more of its brethren were afterwards slaughtered; but it did not itself survive this slight mutilation.

"The following came under my own observation at Wolfhill: Two robins, fighting most wickedly in the air, alighted to take breath; having recovered a little, and approached within a foot of each other to recommence the charge, *a duck that had witnessed the combat quickly waddled up, and, in the most gentle and pacific manner, shoved with its bill one to the right and the other to the left, thus separating them, evidently to prevent a renewal of the conflict*.

"Having alluded to their evil propensities,

the following note must be introduced: Mr. Poole, having a slate-trap once set for birds, saw, on going up to it, a robin perched outside. On opening the trap, one of these birds was found within. It was carried off; and the other, *with amiable intent* (!) followed the captor of its companion (as it was presumed) *even into the house.*"

It will be seen by the above, that Mr. Thompson's observation goes to prove the kindly feeling of *the duck*, who interfered to put an end to hostilities. We like to record this emphatically, because it suggests a good example worth following. We cannot too narrowly watch the natural disposition of animals. Some of them are truly amiable, as in the present instance.

To the Robin Redbreast.

"Exchange no Robbery."

Welcome! sweet chorister, in crimson vest;
Come to my home, thou'lt find no warmer nest:
Wilt thou not dwell with me, an honor'd guest?

Winter proclaims, through every barren tree,
That leafless branches will not shelter thee;
Still, from thy British-home thou dost not flee!

The ice-bound streams refuse their kind supply,
Frost seals the ground; and hunger's thrilling
cry
Tells thee to make a bold demand, or die!

Then whistle at my casement all day long;
Heed not the passer-by, nor giddy throng;
I'LL give thee food, thou shalt give me THY SONG!
C. H. D.

A SAGACIOUS RAVEN.

"It was a common practice," says Mr. Thompson, in his *Natural History of Ireland*, "in a spacious yard in Belfast, to lay trains of corn for sparrows, and to shoot them from a window, which was only so far open as to afford room for the muzzle of the gun; neither the instrument of destruction, nor the shooter being visible from the outside. A tame raven, which was a nestling when brought to the yard, and probably had never seen a shot fired, afforded evidence that it understood the whole affair. When any one appeared carrying a gun across the yard, towards the house from which the sparrows were fired at, the raven exhibited the utmost alarm, by hurrying off with all possible speed, but in a ludicrously awkward gait, to hide itself, screaming loudly all the while. Though alarmed for its own safety, this bird always concealed itself near to, and within view of, the field of action; the shot was hardly fired, when it dashed out from its retreat, and

seizing one of the dead or wounded sparrows, hurried back to its hiding-place. I have repeatedly witnessed the whole scene. The raven's portion of the sparrows was as duly exacted, as the tithe of the quails killed during their migration at Capri, in the bay of Naples, is said to be by the bishop of that island."

The Ages Passed Away.

By R. V. SANKEY.

Where, where are they who gaily lived
In ages pass'd away?
Whose memories have scarce survived
Those ages pass'd away?

When beauty smiled,
And thus beguiled
With magic power,
Each tedious hour,

In ages pass'd away.
Ah where, ah where have *they* now fled,
Who round them such a lustre shed
In ages pass'd away?

Who crowded to the festive scene,
In ages pass'd away?
Or danced upon the village green,
In ages pass'd away?

When hearts beat light,
And eyes beamed bright;
And joy and mirth,
Sped through the earth

In ages pass'd away?
Where, where are they, who swelled the tide
Of honor, fame, and lordly pride,
In ages pass'd away?

Where, where are they who till'd the ground,
In ages pass'd away?
Which autumn's golden harvests crown'd
In ages pass'd away?

When shepherds sung,
And gaily rung
Through wood and grove,
Soft tales of love,

In ages pass'd away?
Alas, *they sleep*—to rise no more!
Yet **WE LIVE**, as **THEY** lived before
In ages pass'd away!

STRANGE VIPER.—In the *Akhbar* of Algiers, we read that a hairy viper was observed a few days before in the environs of Drariah, coiled round a tree. It resembled an enormous caterpillar, and was of a brownish red color. Its length was about 22 inches. The moment it saw that it was observed, it glided into the brushwood, and all attempts to discover it were unavailing. The authorities of the Museum of Natural History of Paris have sent off orders to their agents in Algiers, to spare no exertion to get a specimen of the viper. Should they succeed in getting it—we hope they may!—they will oblige by informing KIDD'S JOURNAL of it, by electric telegraph.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. NORMAN.—Your address is written so illegibly, that we cannot communicate with you till we hear again.

A. BROOKS.—Your bird is a valuable one, and worth what you assess it at. It is only a "fancier," however, that would become a purchaser.

T. HUGHES.—Thanks for your kind suggestions. We have already in view what you propose; but the question of wood engravings must stand over for the present. The information you offer about the "Art of Stuffing and Preserving Birds," scarcely comes within our scope; at all events, just now.

J. TAYLOR.—Address the Secretary of the Linnæan Society, 32, Soho Square, yourself. We have written to him for you, but no reply has been sent to us.

N. R.—For particulars "to catch sparrows in large numbers," we refer you to any of the bird-dealers in the Seven Dials.

E. C.—Our space is so circumscribed, that "Fugitive Poetry" can only be admissible under very peculiar circumstances. We are already overwhelmed with similar "kind offerings." This "reply" will suffice for all the writers. Their favors have merit, and would be readily available in a Monthly Magazine.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS, and CASUAL READERS, are referred to the LEADING ARTICLE in our FIRST NUMBER for the DETAILED OBJECTS of the LONDON JOURNAL: to these we shall rigidly adhere.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them. Our time is more profitably occupied. All vacancies, as they are called, are filled up. Let this general answer suffice.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any "facts" connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS.—It having been deemed expedient, to meet the views of *the Trade*, that this Journal should always be published by *anticipation*, CONTRIBUTORS AND OTHERS will be so kind as to bear in mind that they must give us an *extra* "week's grace," and *wait patiently* till their favors appear.

All persons who may send in MSS., but which may not be "accepted," are requested to *preserve copies of them*, as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for their return.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or News-vendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S LONDON JOURNAL.

Saturday, February 7, 1852.

WE have already given a passing "hint" about the nature of our daily duties—more particularly *those* duties connected with the examination of "Correspondence" in our Letter-box—or as, WE call it, the "Lion's mouth."

The "whip of small cords" that we recently administered to the backs of certain small-fry, who deluged us with their "Odes to Chirping Grasshoppers," "Lines on Loveable Lilies," and "Addresses to a Monkey," &c.—have had *some* effect; and as yet, they slumber. Like "Victorine," they "sleep on it." May their muse never awaken, whilst WE are above ground!

We are *now* beset by another class. It seems, "Our Work is thought excellent—everybody likes it—everybody is loud in its praise; *but*—" This "but" involves matter for serious consideration; no less than

our throwing up the reins Editorial for *others* to drive our team.

We don't go the "slapping pace," we are told. We ought, says one, "to give more Tales every week:" another says, "*fill* it with matter referring to BIRDS only;" while a fourth, fifth, and sixth propose "an immense increase of fun, anecdote, and fiction;" and a seventh would have it "entirely, or nearly so, devoted to the DRAMA!" An eighth, we may add, condemns altogether the *moral* tone of our LONDON JOURNAL, and advises that "all sober reflections, and quotations from Shakspeare, be hereafter eschewed!" This is "rich," as well as "rare." We trust, and hope, we have few such readers as this worthy, bestriding us. Like the "Old Man of the Sea," spoken of by *Sinbad the Sailor*, he would ride us to death.

Here are a pretty set of coachmen, truly! and no doubt, if the "ribbons" were placed in their hands, they *would* "drive" at a "slapping pace." We believe it.

We must whisper in the ears of these charioteers, that OURS is the "safety coach;" well horsed, but carefully driven. We can get over the ground at a very fair speed, but we never try the *gallop hard*! We dread an "upset." We are the PROPRIETOR!

However, as we like to give "a reason" for all we advance, let us bring under the notice of these "fast" coachmen the case of one Phaëton, son of Phœbus (or Apollo), who coaxed his father (after dinner, no doubt), to let him for one day drive the chariot of the Sun. We see him now, giving his papa a filial poke in the ribs; and on the cosey old gentleman saying, "D-o-n-t!"—we can hear him replying, "Now, *do* Pa! *only* for ONE DAY!"

Overcome by the persuasive eloquence of his boy—a "spoilt child" that, no doubt—the father in an unlucky moment, swore by the Styx (a fearful oath) "to grant him ANY request he might ask." Now for the "object" of this Article, on which we shall offer no further comment.

Phaëton boldly demanded permission for one day, *to drive his father's chariot*. Phœbus represented the impropriety of such a request, and also *the dangers* to which his son would be exposed. All was in vain. The oath was inviolable; Phaëton unmoved; the horses were harnessed; and away the chariot flew, at "a slapping pace!"

No sooner had Phœbus received "the ribbons" from his father, with ample instructions for the journey, than his ignorance and incapacity for the task became painfully evident. The steeds were touched upon the "raw," and bolted. Old Phœbus tore his hair, and swooned away. How could he less?

As for Phaëton and his flying horses, they were "all in a heap." The driver could

not keep his nags together for a moment; and being "up to the dodge," they immediately quitted their usual track, and kicked up their heels in a state of frenzy and dismay. "A short reign and a merry one," thought Phaëton. He had it.

Already were heaven and earth threatened with an universal conflagration, when Jupiter, who had perceived the disorder of the horses of the Sun, struck the rider with one of his thunderbolts, and hurled him headlong into the Yellow Sea.

Now for the climax. According to the Poets, while Phaëton was thus recklessly driving his father's chariot, he drove so very close to the wind, or rather to the earth, that *the blood of the Ethiopians was dried up, and their skin became black*—A COLOR WHICH IS STILL PRESERVED AMONG THE GREATEST PART OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE TORRID ZONE TO THIS DAY.

A CRY,—a vociferous outcry from the inhabitants of LIVERPOOL, haunts us; and we must let the *refrain* of our grief tingle in the ears of the BOOKSELLERS and NEWS-VENDORS of that great town-ship. It seems, the demand in Liverpool and its vicinity for our LONDON JOURNAL is "enormous." We know it to be so; for we have a friend there, who, we imagine, never slumbers nor sleeps in his intense zeal for our welfare. He has caused so very many thousands of our Circulars to be distributed in and around the town, that our name has positively become "immortalised" there; and yet, Messieurs, the Booksellers, *will not keep a supply sufficient to answer even the demand*. This excessive timidity must surely arise from their ignorance of our natural disposition. Let them, then, take our written guarantee, that if they will only order freely, and do us fair service, WE WILL RE-PURCHASE OF THEM, AT ANY TIME, WHATEVER COPIES MAY REMAIN UNSOLD.

At present we are "burked,"—positively "burked" in Liverpool. The Liverpoolians tell us so. Instead of *three thousand* copies, there is a demand for at least *six thousand*; and we hope soon to treble even that number.

Another complaint is, that our numbers "are not received till nearly a week after they are due!" Let us here distinctly state, and so exonerate OURSELVES—that EVERY TUESDAY EVENING our publisher, Mr. BERGER, has been, and will be prepared to furnish the current week's number, dated "Saturday" (in advance), *in any quantity, from one to fifteen thousand COPIES*.

PART. I was issued on the 24th of January, and is already nearly out of print.

Men of Liverpool—

"Awake!—Arise! or be for ever fallen," in the estimation of the Proprietor of "KIDD'S LONDON JOURNAL."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Australian Parroquet.—I would suggest to your correspondent, F. A. (see p. 26), to remove the tumor from her suffering bird, by gradually tightening a piece of thread round it. This should be done close to the wing, and it should remain until the tumor decays. The pain given would be very trifling. A friend of mine, whose bird was suffering from a similar infliction, was thus cured. The tumor was as big as a hen's egg; but it was entirely removed.—C. P.

African Parrot.—Your correspondent, W. S. (see p. 43), may save his bird by keeping it warm, and covering it up at night with flannel. Its food should be bread, slightly moistened with water, and occasionally a few chilies. No other diet is needful. I have now in my possession an African parrot, which is in perfect health,—entirely owing to the above simple treatment. The same dietary was adopted on board the vessel which brought over my bird, with 100 other parrots,—not one of which perished on the voyage.—C. P.

Proper Food for Thrushes.—I have four thrushes; but the food I give them does not seem to agree with them. What is the proper food?—G. C. G.

[The best food is German Paste (bought at CLIFFORD'S, 24, Great St. Andrew's St., Holborn—no other is genuine), and stale bread; rubbed with it, but not too small. A snail, a bit of raw beef, and a meal-worm or two occasionally, will keep your birds "well" and in fine song.]

Propagation of Eels.—Your introduction of this question into the LONDON JOURNAL has set us old fishermen all agog, to get at the *truth* of the matter. From all we can learn, and we have made diligent inquiry in all likely quarters, Mr. Boccus has indeed found "a mare's nest." The *spawn* of an eel may do to "talk about;" *but who ever saw it?* I am pursuing the inquiry still, and will not fail to inform you if any light should hereafter be cast on so "dark" a subject.—ANGUILLA.

[Other communications, all tending to the same end, we "suppress," as they would occupy too much space. We feel bound, however, as we have already given admission to the remarks of "T. G.," to let that gentleman's "further" observations appear. They are thus stated in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* of May 17; and are too important to be abridged:—

Propagation of Eels.—Many thanks to "G. H." for his *second* letter on this subject. It appears to me that we think very much alike about eels. He says "that his pond is 50 miles from where the river Nene flows into the sea;

therefore how is it that these little eels get no larger in their long and tedious journey, interrupted as it is by numerous and almost insurmountable obstacles before they could reach the little ditch, three quarters of a mile long, which would conduct them to our pond? and last of all, after this long and tedious journey, within 100 yards of their destination, they would have to climb four waterfalls and a perpendicular sluice-board. It appears to me that they should have grown much larger than a common tobacco-pipe during that time; but I will leave this point to 'H. G.' to explain." This is so fairly put, that I will tell what I have seen, hoping that this will be a sufficient explanation. In June, 1850, I happened to go down to the bank of the river Ribble, and there I saw a column of small eels steadily making their way up the stream. I should suppose there might be about 50 in every lineal yard (for they kept pretty close to the bank, apparently because they met with less resistance from the stream), and without pretending to accuracy, I supposed they travelled at the rate of a mile per hour. This was about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and I went to look at them again about 9 in the evening. They were still going in one unbroken column. How long they had been going when I first saw them, and how long they continued to go after my second visit, I don't know, but many thousands, perhaps millions, must have passed on that day. At this rate, they would have required little more than two days to reach "G. H.'s" pond, 50 miles from the sea; but he says they had to pass over three or four waterfalls, and a perpendicular sluice-board. If these waterfalls and the sluice-board were covered with moss, they would climb them as readily as a cat does a ladder. I have seen them in swarms at a perpendicular weir here, winding their way through the damp moss, with which the stones are covered; but this was not all. Where there was no moss, the little things seemed to have the power of adhering to the perpendicular face of the stones, like so many snails. I must not omit to remark that, although they seemed to choose the margin of the stream for the sake of easier travelling, yet they took care to keep in the stream, as I had a nice opportunity of remarking. At the point where I first observed them, the tail grit of a water-wheel had its junction with the river, but being Sunday there was no current there. Not a single eel took its course up the tail grit, although the water was deeper there than where they went. The water being low and perfectly clear, I could trace their course, both above and below the place where I stood, without any difficulty. If we allow that they travelled a mile in the hour, and that the obstruction of the waterfalls and the sluice-board required as long to get over as all the rest of the journey, this would enable them to reach "G. H.'s" pond in four days from the sea; and from what I have seen of their ability to surmount such obstructions, I am quite convinced that they would travel that distance in the time. But say they were a week; they would not grow much in that time, particularly if they had been travelling without food the whole of the time, and that they must have done so is proved to my mind by their keeping in column: for if they

had dispersed to seek for food, by what contrivance were they marshalled into line again to enable them to proceed? Now, the place where I saw them is 40 miles from the sea, although, perhaps, not that distance from salt water. "Tav" says, that it is no proof that eels are bred in fresh water, because they may be found in ponds having no communication with a river. The proof required is *ab ovo*. If he waits for this proof, I fear he will have to wait some time; for I fancy NO ONE BUT MR. BOCCIUS EVER SAW THE OVA OF EELS, and he will not condescend to enlighten us on the subject; but at the same time I admit, that finding them there is no proof that they were bred there, inasmuch as I have myself stocked such ponds for my friends; and what I have done may be done by others. "Tav" says further, "There is also room for inquiry into a rather curious subject—Do eels after having gone to the sea for spawning (?) ever return to fresh water?" In reply to this I can only say, that no trace of such a migration is ever seen here; and I think, if it existed at all, I should have observed it, for the following reasons:—The Ribble here supplies a large mill, the water-wheels of which are 150 horse power, therefore when they are at work in the daytime the whole force of the river is frequently passing through the mill lead (grit), and the bed of the river between the tail grit and the weir (two-thirds of a mile) is suddenly left dry, except a few pools; if there were a shoal of eels between these two points, it would have been seen at one time or another, and this has never happened so far as I know; it may be said that they migrate singly; but they don't do so in their first migration, and so far as I am aware, it is not the habit of any animal to do so. Herrings, pilchards, smelts, flounders, sturgeon, bisons, antelopes, woodcocks, swallows, fieldfares, locusts, and even butterflies, congregate together previous to migration.—T. G., *Clitheroe*."

On the Artificial Incubation of Eggs.—Let me call your attention to the very interesting subject of hatching eggs by Cantelo's Incubator, or hot water. You are aware that the principle of artificial hatching is not new, having been practised in the earliest ages; but it has of late years been much improved on. My object now, is to point out the defects in Cantelo's Incubator, and to show how greater advantages *might be* derived. The drawbacks attached to the Incubator are first, the expense. The cost is at least sixpence per day. Secondly, some person must be constantly present to attend the fire. Thirdly, the costliness of the machines, the cheapest being £21. Fourthly, the difficulty of procuring charcoal in some country towns. These serious disadvantages have prevented many persons from giving the system a fair trial. Now, I have thought of a plan whereby many thousand head of poultry might be successfully reared at a very trifling cost. It is however fair to state, that the process can only be carried on where there is an engine at constant work; the enginemen could then attend to the apparatus, which will not require more of them than ten minutes per day. A machine capable of holding 600 eggs can be

constructed for less than £6; and an artificial mother to rear the chickens when hatched, will cost from £4 to £5; so that any party where a certain, steady, temperature can be obtained, may, for the trifling cost of say £12, have an apparatus capable of hatching and rearing 10,800 chickens every year. The whole is so simple, that any carpenter, or in fact any handy person, can make it. I myself, although no carpenter, have constructed one which I intend to put to work in about a month from this time. Should any of your readers feel interested in my experiments, I will supply them with all the information I possess.—W. L. J.

[We find the following, having reference to the same subject, in the *Agricultural Gazette* of Jan. 14. The one will be a useful adjunct to the other. We have printed the "improvement" on the original, first—

Artificial Hatching Apparatus.—Being in London at this time of year, and, like the rest of folks, fond of seeing the various amusements, &c., I paid my second visit to the hatching apparatus in Leicester Square. Belonging to the class of small farmers, and believing it is of no use crying "help, help," as too many do, I prefer the maxim of "God helps them who help themselves," and am on the *qui vive* as to any benefit which may be derived from any improvement of our old methods. With this view I paid my second visit, and bought a pamphlet, with which I must say I am much interested; as, if the calculations therein set out are only one-half true, I do not think we have reason to be afraid of injury by free trade. I take, for instance, the following estimate of cost and profits of a one-tray incubator, briefly thus:—

COST.	£	s.	d.	RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
Incubator ...	21	0	0	For Fowl ...	135	0	0
Eggs ...	7	10	0	Value incubator	19	0	0
Food ...	45	0	0				
Charcoal ...	4	10	0	Expenses	154	0	0
	78	0	0	Profit	76	0	0

That is, £76 or £78 left to pay rent, &c.: and the estimate of profit on a five-tray incubator is stated at £389, &c., which I need not recapitulate, as I dare say you have the pamphlet, or at least have read it. Now, Mr. Editor, if, as I said before, this estimate be only double the amount which may reasonably be expected, how is it that it is not more generally practised? There must, methinks, be some practical difficulty not mentioned in the said pamphlet. You would greatly oblige me, if you would, in your answers to correspondents, give me your opinion as to the practicability of the scheme, and the reason why you think it has not become more adopted by the public. A hint or two of this kind will prove most acceptable, as by them I may judge on the probability of success. Poultry (of all kinds) is certainly looking up, as you may now find hundreds kept where (when I was a boy) they were considered almost a pest; they cannot, therefore, now be thought so unprofitable. Still for all that, I should like to know the data against Cantelo's (the *pros* he states himself) hatching, which it appears must exist, or it would have been by this time of much more frequent use.

There is no question that he can hatch them; what I want to know is, *can it be followed out at a profit?* I do not require a more lengthy answer than convenient, though I don't care how explicit. The fact is, I have an inclination to purchase a four or five-tray one, and should like your unprejudiced practical opinion on its merits first.—*John Murray, Bockle, near Dover.*

[By and by, we shall ourselves have something to say about this system of breeding. It is purely *unnatural*, and is very naturally attended with *many* disadvantages. However, we will take charge of any letters addressed to our correspondent, "W. L. J."]

Reform in Bird-cages.—I have a cage in use, a description of which I think may interest some of your readers. It consists of a box, three feet long, eighteen inches wide, and six inches deep; made of mahogany, and lined with zinc. Upon this is fixed a frame, glazed with squares of glass, 12×12 inches; and having a span roof (the height from ridge of roof to bottom of cage being two feet); the top is ornamented with curved work, &c., and stands on a table made on purpose. I may mention, that the above was used as a Fern or Ward's case; but as I had got two others of better construction, it struck me that it would, with a little alteration, make a capital cage. All I had to do was to provide ventilation, which I did in this way. The glazed frame and box being made to come separate, I raised the frame about one-fourth of an inch from the box, leaving a space all round for the admission of air. On one side was a door, formed of one pane of glass, set in a frame on hinges. The glass I removed; substituting perforated zinc, of a pretty pattern. I also removed two panes from the roof, filling up with zinc; and after fixing perches, seed-hopper, and fountain, the case was transformed into a very elegant cage; and one from which it is impossible any dirt can escape. At the same time, it is light, airy, and comfortable; and in fact forms the best and cleanliest cage I have ever seen. It contains at present two goldfinches, one siskin, one mule, and a canary; but I have had double that number in it. The bottom of the cage I cover once a fortnight with coarse river sand, an inch deep; and with a small tin dust-pan, made for the purpose, I take off a thin layer of this every morning, thus keeping it always clean. The glass requires cleaning once a week, when there is no bath; oftener, when it is in use; then the sand requires to be oftener renewed. I am not aware whether you admit sketches in your JOURNAL. I send you a rough one, however, which will give you a better idea of its appearance than my attempt at description. [We shall keep this, for a future opportunity]. And now let me draw the attention of your readers to the pretty cages that *could* be made, combining *glass* and *zinc*, say, for instance, for a canary: what could be better than a cage made in an octagonal form, the small sides of perforated zinc, and the other sides of plate glass? These to be made moveable, and inserted in grooves (for the purpose of facility in cleaning), the top being made of zinc or wire,—and taking care to make the bottom so deep (and to come off) as to prevent dirt escaping. Many other forms be-

sides this could, of course, be readily used. Again, to those who are lovers both of plants and birds (and there are few who are not so), what pleasure would it not give (especially to dwellers in cities), were a Ward's case, filled with ferns, &c., and birds combined? This could easily be done, by having a case divided by glass partitions into three divisions; the two ends for plants, and air tight; the centre for birds,—ventilation being provided for as before described. Or a case might be made, having a glass partition in the centre; one end, plants, the other birds. It strikes me this would be a pretty combination for the parlor window; and I shall be glad to hear if any of your readers make use of the suggestion, or have already had such a thing in use.—J. C., *Glasgow*.

PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS.

Robin's Soirees Parisiennes.

WE have had so many wizards, magicians, and conjurors of late years, that we begin to get "quite knowing" in matters of mystery. Some have come from the north, others from the east and west, and others from the south; *all*, however, have produced something marvellous.

If, however, we speak fairly, we feel bound to decide in favor of M. Robin, as a "prestigidator." He does whatever he attempts so well, so coolly, so naturally, that you feel he could, if asked to do so, produce *anything* that might be wanted. His "address," too, is pleasing.

We saw him, a few evenings since, borrow a gentleman's hat. Placing it under his arm, and standing on a platform in the centre of the pit, he drew from it at his leisure for some quarter of an hour, as many articles as covered a large table. So many indeed, that we imagine a dozen "common" hats could not have contained them. We counted some forty or fifty tin mugs, five inches deep; at least as many children's balls: whilst toys, *bon-bons*, fans, and other articles, were discharged from the hat almost without end. The rapidity of their appearance was irresistibly droll, and we shall not, most assuredly, *descend* to inquire *whence* they came!

As it would be unfair to tell *all* we saw, thereby anticipating what everybody else *ought to see*, we will only remark, that the performances altogether were truly marvellous. The senses were fairly taken captive. You doubted, and yet were "convinced." You attempted to "explain," and fell into a labyrinth of error. We never enjoyed a more pleasant evening.

M. Robin was assisted materially by *Madame Robin*, whose "long sight" could only be compared to a marine telescope. We began to think she could read our

thoughts, and therefore tried to think of nothing but what was "proper." (Thoughts *will* wander!)

We must just direct attention to the production of *three bushels of flock feathers* out of a small-sized hat; the marvellous disappearance of *Madame Robin* through the centre of a table (an admirably contrived "stage effect"); and the performances of the two inimitable mechanical figures on the rope. These three items in the entertainment were worth all the entrance money. Indeed, the evening's entertainment, as furnished by M. Robin, cannot be too highly lauded. All the world should pay him a visit. He *tells you* he deceives you, and yet you cannot believe him! We must see him again, and take a host of children with us—we dearly love to be so surrounded.

LEAP YEAR.

THIS is Leap Year; February has twenty-nine days—giving us an "odd day" in—and the year is a whole day longer than it has been for three years past, or will be for three years to come. This day, which is one in three hundred and sixty-five, bringing that number up to three hundred and sixty-six, is more than a quarter per cent. gained upon the time, and, consequently, upon the use and enjoyment of the year. It becomes not an uninteresting question—What ought we to do with this "odd day?"

Before, however, we attend to this question, it may not be amiss to inquire into the reason why the present year, 1852, is more beneficial to us by a whole day than either of the three preceding or the three succeeding years. The day, which means the time that the earth takes to turn round once on its axis, so as to present any one point of its surface successively in every direction to the circumference of a circle in absolute space, is what we may call a *constant quantity*; that is, we have no reason to believe that it is shorter at any one period of time than at another. It depends upon the earth alone, and does not appear to be influenced by the sun, the moon, or any other of the celestial bodies. The axis, or imaginary line around which the earth turns, is perfectly constant to its position in the earth amid all the varied motions of that body, and all the varying influences which the sun, the moon, and the planets have upon it. The earth, as a mere piece of matter, has no more power of increasing or diminishing its quantity, or of varying its motions, than it has, or could have had, of creating itself; and, therefore, this rotation upon its axis, which measures the length of the day, may be considered as being absolutely the same at every period of the world's history, just as the latitudes

of places have remained the same from the earliest time of observation. Indeed, we can see no cause why there should, or even could, be any variation in this particular motion of the earth. The influences of the other celestial bodies, in as far as they tell upon the earth at all, tell upon the whole of it as one entire mass, of which the whole of the parts are alike affected, in the ratios of the squares of their distances from the disturbing sun, moon, or planet; and, therefore, the distant bodies in the heavens no more disturb the rotation of the earth on its axis, than they disturb the going of a watch, the progress of a coach or ship, or the evolutions of a person in a dance.

We are, therefore, to consider this natural day, or twenty-four hours, as the original and invariable standard of time. It is the only standard which we know to be quite invariable, and even it is not of uniform length at all seasons of the year, as told by the sun or any other of the celestial bodies. There are four times in the year when the hour by the sun and by a perfectly true clock momentarily correspond; and these are the two equinoxes in spring and autumn, and the two solstices in summer and winter. At all other times of the year, the clock and the sun vary in consequence of the earth's motion in declination, so that in the first and third quarters the clock is behind the sundial, and in the second and fourth it is before. The difference of these is a matter of easy calculation to any one acquainted with astronomy. It is called the equation of time.

From the motion of the earth round the sun in the course of the year, the sun appears to have a motion eastward among the stars, so as to get completely round the heavens, as from star to star, in the course of the year. This makes the year, counted by the stars, contain a day more than the year counted by the sun; the first being called the sidereal year, and the second the tropical. It is by the tropical year that we count time; and at present the tropical year contains three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, forty-eight minutes, and forty-nine seconds. This odd time is less than a quarter of a day, by eleven minutes and eleven seconds; and thus it will not count exactly in days or any part of a day. It is, however, very nearly a quarter of a day; and, thus, in our estimate of the year, so as to get it expressed in an exact number of days, we take no notice of this fraction for three years, but reckon the year for these as consisting exactly of three hundred and sixty-five days; and in order to make the seasons in our calculation keep to the season in the estimate, we allow the fraction to accumulate, and reckon every fourth year a day more, or three hundred and sixty-six days, by which means we get

an odd day, or a twenty-ninth day of February every fourth year; nor are we at any loss to find out the year in which this is the case, for whenever the date, or number of the year, can be divided by four without any remainder, it will be leap year; thus, 1848 was a leap year, 1852 is a leap year, 1856 will be a leap year, and so on.

This allowance is too much, however, and the difference amounts to rather less than a day in a hundred years, or very nearly to seven days in nine hundred years. The calendar, reckoning three hundred and sixty-five days every year, and three hundred and sixty-six every fourth year, was established by Julius Cæsar; but as it made the year by account the odd minutes and seconds longer than the true year, the seasons got in advance of their estimated times according to the calendar. This was rectified in 1582 by Pope Gregory XIII., who directed that the fifteenth day of October that year should immediately follow the fourth day, thus leaving out eleven days. It was not till 1752 that the alteration was established by authority in England; and this was called the alteration from "old style" to "new style," the fourteenth of September coming immediately after the second in that year, instead of the third. Another important arrangement was made at the same time. Before then, it had been customary to reckon the twenty-fifth day of March as the first day of the year; but at that time it was changed to the first of January. In consequence of this change of the beginning of the year, we sometimes meet with dates which are marked double, the period between January and March having the number of both years attached to it, as belonging to the old year by the one estimate, and the new year by the other. The Russians continue to count time by the old style; and as there has been another day allowed for since our alteration, the difference between Russia and the rest of Europe is now twelve days; so that an English letter might arrive in Russia before the day on which it appeared to be written; and a letter brought from Russia to this country would be twelve days older than the time of bringing.

The day in four years, or the quarter of a day every year, is more than eleven minutes too much; and, if we were not to make allowance for this, the error which was corrected by Pope Gregory would accumulate and have to be corrected again. We contrive, however, to get nearly rid of it by leaving out the odd day in those centuries the dates of which are divisible by four hundred, and which would contain three hundred and sixty-six days by the common estimate. This is so near the truth, that it does not amount to an entire day in three

thousand years. If the years divisible by four thousand were also reckoned at three hundred and sixty-five days each, the error would not be a day in a hundred thousand years.

It is thus that we come by our odd day this year; and now let us consider what we should or can make of it. Now this "odd day," this twenty-ninth of February, which we shall not have again until we are four years older, is what we may call "a day found;" and it so happens that very much of the good or bad sense of mankind is determined by the use which they make of what is found in this way, or otherwise comes in addition to what they calculated or expected. "Lightly come, lightly gone," is the fool's maxim in those cases, and from their acting on this maxim good luck is the ruin of thousands. We often find that a prize in the lottery, an unexpected legacy, or anything else which comes without having been looked for, turns a frugal man into a profligate idler; and as time is really our most valuable possession, we should be especially careful that this additional day shall not be perverted into a waste of time. Still it is a particular day, and we have a right to make a peculiar use of it. Now we are not aware that any better use can be made of it than the following:—Think over the years that have elapsed since last odd day, consider what failure or success has been in them, and what have been the causes of the one or the other. Then, when this has been done calmly and seriously, with that thorough and searching scrutiny which every one may and should give to his own conduct, without any reference to the rest of mankind, consider by what means failure is to be avoided, and success to be insured, during the four years which must elapse before we have another odd day.

If in this manner the odd day could be made a general settling day with every one in respect of his own conduct and conscience, it might be made the most valuable day in all the four years, of which it is the summing up; and if the settlement is made with anything like wisdom, it is astonishing how much may be learned with no apparent labor and trouble; and thus the "odd day" may be most profitably employed in setting the whole course of our lives "even."

A SPECULATION—CONNECTED WITH NATURAL HISTORY.—The remains of some flying reptiles, one of them supposed to have measured more than sixteen feet from tip to tip of its outstretched wings, have been found in the white chalk of Kent.—Were these, suggests one's imagination, blown out to sea and drowned, so that their bones sank to the bottom and were preserved in the white mud? If not, whence came they?

KATE COLEMAN.

AN arrant piece of mischief was that Kitty Coleman, with her winsome ways and wicked little heart! Those large bewildering eyes! how they poured out their strange eloquence, looking as innocent all the while as though they had peered from their amber-fringed curtains quite by mistake, or only to join in a quadrille with the sunlight! And then those warm, ripe lips, the veritable

"Rosy bed

That a bee would choose to dream in:"

that is, a well-bred bee, which cared to pillow his head on pearls white as snow on the heaven-side of our earthly atmosphere, and sip the honey of Hybla from the balmy air fanning his slumbers.

And so wild—unmanageable was she! Oh! it was shocking to *proper* people! Why, she actually laughed aloud—Kitty Coleman did! I say Kitty, because in her hours of frolicking, she was very like a juvenile puss, particularly given to fun-loving; and, moreover, because everybody called her Kitty, but aunt Martha. She was a well-bred woman, who disapproved of loud laughing, romping, and nicknaming, as she did of other crimes; so she always said Miss Catherine. She thought, too, that Miss Catherine's hair—those long, golden locks, like rays of floating sunshine wandering about her shoulders—should be gathered up into a comb; and once the little lady was so obliging as to make trial of the scheme; but, at the first bound she made after Rover, the burnished cloud broke from its ignoble bondage, and the little silver comb nestled down in the long grass for evermore.

Kitty *was* a sad romp. It is a hard thing to say of one we all loved so well, but aunt Martha said it, and shook her head, and sighed the while; and the squire, aunt Martha's brother; said it, and spread open his arms for his pet to spring into; and careful old ladies said it, and said, too, what a pity it is that young ladies now-a-days would have no more regard for propriety! and even Enoch Short, the great phrenologist, buried his bony fingers in those dainty locks, that none but a phrenologist had a right to touch, and waiting only for the long, silvery laugh that interrupted his scientific researches, to subside, declared that her organ of mirthfulness was very strikingly developed. It was then a matter past controversy; and, of course, Kitty was expected to do what nobody else could do, and say what nobody else had a right to say; and the sin of all was chargeable to a strange idiosyncrasy, a peculiar conformation of the mind, or rather brain, over which she had no control; and so Kitty was forgiven, forgiven by all but—we had a story to tell.

I have heard that Cupid is blind, but of that I believe not a word. Indeed, I have a confirmation strong, that the malicious little knave has a sort of *clairvoyance*, and can see a heart where few would expect one to exist; for did he not perch himself, now in the eye and now on the lip of Kitty Coleman, and, with a marvellously steady aim (imitating a personage a trifle more dreaded),

“Cut down all,

Both great and small?”

Blind! no, no! If the laughing rogue did fail in a single instance, it was not that he aimed falsely, or had emptied his quiver before. Harry Raymond must have had a tough heart, and so the arrow rebounded. Oh! a very stupid fellow was that Harry Raymond! and Kitty hesitated not to say it; for after walking and riding with her all through the leafy month of June, what right had he to grow dignified all of a sudden, and look upon her, when he did it at all, as though she had been a naughty child that deserved tying up? To be sure, Harry Raymond was a scholar and in love, as everybody said, with his books; but pray what book is there of them all that could begin to compare with Kitty Coleman.

There used to be delightful little gatherings in our village, and Kitty must of course be there; and Harry, stupid as he was, always went too. People were of course glad to see him, for the honor was something, if the company had otherwise been ever so undesirable. But Kitty hesitated not to show her dislike. She declared he did not know how to be civil; and then she sighed (doubtless at the boorishness of scholars in general, and this one in particular); and then she laughed so long and musically, that the curate, the lawyer, the schoolmaster, and the clerk, all joined in the chorus; though for the life of them, they could not have told what the lady laughed at. Harry Raymond only looked towards the group, muttered something in a very ill-natured tone about butterflies, and then turned his back upon them, and gazed out of the window, though it was very certain he could see nothing in the pitchy darkness. It was very strange that Kitty Coleman should have disregarded entirely the opinion of such a distinguished gentleman as Harry Raymond; for he had travelled, and he sported an elegant wardrobe, and owned a gay equipage, a fine house and grounds, “and everything that was handsome.” But she only laughed the louder when she saw he was displeased. Indeed, his serious face seemed to infuse the concentrated, double-distilled spirit of mirthfulness into her; and a more frolicsome creature never existed than Kitty was, until he was gone. Then, all of a sudden, she grew fatigued, and must go home immediately.

It was as much on Harry Raymond's account as her own that aunt Martha was distressed at the hoydenish manners of her romping niece, and found it her duty to expostulate every day. But Kitty insisted that her manners were not hoydenish, and if her heart overflowed it was not her fault. She could not shut up all her glad feelings within her; they would leap back at the call of their kindred gushing from other bosoms, and to all the beautiful things of creation as joyous in their mute eloquence as she was. Besides, the wicked little Kitty Coleman was very angry that her aunt Martha should attempt to govern her conduct by the likings of Harry Raymond; and to show that she did not care an apple-blossom for him, nor his opinions either, she was more unreasonably gay in his presence than anywhere else. But, whatever Harry Raymond might think, he did not slander the little lady. Indeed he never was heard to speak of her but once, and then he said she had no soul. A pretty judge of souls he, to be sure! a man that never laughed! How can people who go through the world, cold and still like the clods they tread upon, pretend to know anything about soul.

But, notwithstanding the enmity of the young people, Harry Raymond used to go to Squire Coleman's, and talk all the evening with the squire and aunt Martha, while his big black eye turned slowly in the direction Kitty moved, like the bewitching sylphide that she was; but Kitty did not look at him, not she! What right had a stranger, and her father's guest too, to act out his reproof in such a manner?

When Harry went away, he would bow easily and gracefully to the old people, but to the young lady he found it difficult to bend. Conduct like this provoked Kitty Coleman beyond endurance; and, one evening, after the squire and spinster had left her alone, she sat down, and in every spite, sobbed away as though her little heart would break. Now it happened that the squire had lent his visitor a book that evening, which, strange enough for such a scholar, he had forgotten to take with him; but luckily Harry remembered it before it was too late, and turned upon his heel. The door was open, and so he stepped at once into the parlor. Poor Kitty sprang to her feet at the intrusion, and crushed with her fingers two tears that were just ready to launch themselves on the roundest and rosiest cheeks in the world; but she might have done better than blind herself; for, by some means, her feet came in unintentional contact with aunt Martha's *fauteuil*, and her forehead, in consequence, found it resting very unceremoniously on the neck of Rover.

It is very awkward to be surprised in the luxurious *abandon* of tears at any time; and

it is a trifle more awkward still, to stumble when you wish to be particularly dignified, and then be raised by the last person in the world from whom you would receive a favor. Kitty felt the awkwardness of her position too much to speak, and of course Harry could not release her until he knew whether she was hurt. It was certain she was not faint, for the crimson blood died even the tips of her fingers, and Harry's face immediately took the same hue, probably from sympathy. Kitty looked down until a golden arc of fringe rested lovingly on its glowing neighbor; and Harry, too, looked down on Kitty Coleman's face. Then a low, soft whisper—low and soft as the breathing of an infant; and (poor Kitty *must* have been hurt and needed support) an arm stole softly around her waist, and dark locks mingled with her sunny ones, and Kitty Coleman hid her face—not in her hands.

Harry forgot his book again that night, and never thought of it till the squire put it into his hand the next morning. Harry visited the squire very early the next morning. Very likely he came on business, for they had a private interview; and the good old gentleman slapped him on the shoulder, and said, "with all my heart;" and aunt Martha looked as glad as propriety would let her. As for Kitty Coleman, she did not show her face—not she; for she knew they were talking about her—*such* a meddler was Harry Raymond! But, as the arrant mischief-maker bounded from the door, there was great rustling among the rose-bushes, inso-much that a shower of bright blossoms descended from them and reddened the dewy turf; and Harry turned a face brimming over with joyfulness to the fragrant thicket, and went to search out the cause of the disturbance.

Now it happened that Kitty Coleman had hidden in this very thicket, and she was, of course, found out; and I do not think poor Kitty ever quite recovered from the effects of her fall, for the arm of Harry Raymond seemed very necessary to her for ever after.

A Song for February.

By H. G. ADAMS.

ACROSS the wold,
The wind blows cold;
The traveller wraps his cloak around;
Far o'er the hill,
It whistles shrill,
And dies away with a mournful sound;
But to rise again,
With a shriller strain,
And a stress that makes him forward bend.
While heap on heap
The dead leaves sweep,
Where'er the miry ways extend.

The early blooms,
That in their tombs
Have lain the dreary winter long;
And just peeped out,
'To look about,
Lured by the throstle's cheerful song;
Shrink back aghast,
As the savage blast
Ruffles and tears their tender leaves;
And a sob and sigh
There passeth by,
As of one that o'er oppression grieves!

A sweep! a whirl!
A sudden swirl,
Like a headlong torrent bursting forth;
Hail, rain, and sleet,
Together meet,
In blinding mist from the frozen north;
While each tall tree
Swings heavily
Its naked branches to and fro;
And from its crown,
Sends fragments down,
Where bide the heaps of last year's snow.

But now again,
Across the plain,
Black shadows, chased by sunbeams, fly;
And 'twixt the crowds
Of hurrying clouds,
Are glimpses of the clear blue sky;
Yet still the wind
Is keen, unkind,
To shivering birds that sit aloof,
With mournful "cheep,"
Or huddled keep,
Beneath the eaves of friendly roof.

On, traveller, on!
The storm anon
Once more will sweep across thy way;
And o'er thy head,
The sky will spread
A gloomy pall of sombre grey;
Yet bravely thou
May'st lift thy brow,
Whatever perils thee beset;
Assured that He
Aye looks on thee,
At whose behest the clouds are met.

On, traveller, on!
The goal is won
By those who struggle, and who strive;
And 'mid the strife,
And storms of life,
Still keep the camp of faith alive:
We journey oft,
With clouds aloft,
And miry ways beneath our feet;
But none the less
Should onward press,
IN HOPES OUR HIGH REWARD TO MEET.

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KIDD'S LONDON JOURNAL.

A LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, AND INSTRUCTIVE FAMILY PAPER.

Conducted by WILLIAM KIDD, of Hammersmith,—

AUTHOR OF THE FAMILIAR AND POPULAR ESSAYS ON "NATURAL HISTORY;" "BRITISH SONG BIRDS;" "BIRDS OF PASSAGE;" "INSTINCT AND REASON;"

"THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS," &c.

"THE OBJECT OF OUR WORK IS TO MAKE MEN WISER, WITHOUT OBLIGING THEM TO TURN OVER FOLIOS AND QUARTOS.—TO FURNISH MATTER FOR THINKING, AS WELL AS READING."—EVELYN.

No. 7.—1852.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14.

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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

"Good morrow! 'tis St. VALENTINE'S DAY,
All in the morning betime;
And I a maid at your window,
To be your VALENTINE."

So sings the lovely Ophelia. How many sweet, smiling, rosy countenances will echo her song to-day!

There is something about this Saint's day that liketh us well. We have been young—are young even now—and feel more delight than ever in watching the postman in his harmless but important progress towards "certain doors," where his presence TO-DAY is eagerly looked for. This is a day that will be "big"—if not with the "fate of Troy," yet with the fate of a great many lads and lasses whose minds now "hang on doubt."

As we have ourselves passed the Rubicon, and got safely over the perils of the day, what we now write is after the fashion of Royalty,—"*cum privilegio*." Oh! could we but read each beating heart, closely nestling, 'twixt doubt and fear, behind many a window-curtain on this "auspicious morn," as the long-expected postman agitates the knocker of the street-door! We say—"Could we but read it!" But we can't. So we will "imagine" it, faintly.

It were useless to attempt to disguise the fact, that many interchanges of private thought do pass on this day, which would not have "passed" had it been any other day in the year. A kind of "poetical license," it would seem, is tacitly granted by the good Saint on this particular occasion, from sheer pity; and if young folks are "backward in coming forward" with their "little story," the fault is *their's*—not his! The day once gone, has fled for twelve long tedious months; and such "delays" give but too ample proof of their being "dangerous."

We say not this, to prompt anybody "what to do," or "how to do it." No; we speak of the Day as it is, and connect it with the passing time.

By the way, we see nothing to forbid our recording a "little fact" connected with "February 14, 1852,"—the more especially as this is "Leap Year." It is simply this: We have been applied to by a certain amiable swain—doubtful, modestly-doubtful, of *his own* poetic powers, to improvise for him something that will cause the heart of his Dulcinea to "dissolve like a sunbeam." This is *just* in our line,—we love to "do the pastoral;" and we *have* "done" it! A shaft has sped from our bow, that will enter the *adyta* and *penetralia* of that fair maiden's heart. We only hope that our ardent swain may himself get the credit of having penned the "missive." If he does—and our hopes of it are firm (we know his points), HIS "fate is sealed!"

We confess to being nervous to-day—nervous from the thought of the postman's "rap" at the door of the house in question. What *would* we give to be a little bird—perched upon the shoulder of the fair arm, whose possessor breaks the "killing" motto IMPRESSED BY OUR SEAL!

But we will now "dot down" a few particulars of this "righte merrie day" of love, mirth, and jollity, in which, from early associations, we still take so lively an interest; and which We, as well as the Birds, consider the lawful "beginning of the end." May the end, in every case, prove as happy as the beginning!—H--E--M!!!

The gallant St. Valentine was "so celebrated for his love of charity," that the custom of choosing "special loving friends" is thence supposed to have originated. We have not been able to discover whether the said "Charity" was, or was not, the Christian name of a lady, who lived contemporary with the Saint: the virtue to which that *sobriquet* has been given, strikes us as being too cold to excite a flame in a sinner, let alone a saint.

Some naturalists are inclined to think it is derived from the circumstance of birds choosing each a mate on this day; while

antiquarians declare it to be a corruption of the Roman *Lupercalia*, which took place on the 14th of February, in honor of *Pan*, when, amidst a variety of ceremonies, it was the custom to put the names of young women into a box, from which, as chance directed, they were drawn by the men. *Pepys* gives the following account of the celebration of the day in his time: "This morning came up to my wife's bedside, I being up dressing myself, little Will Mercer to be her Valentine; and brought her name writ upon blue paper, in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty, and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me £5; *but that I must have laid out, if we had not been Valentines.*" Again he says, "I find that Mr. Pierce's little girl is my Valentine, she having drawn me; which I was not sorry for, *it easing me of something less than I must have given to others.* But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing of mottoes as well as names; so that Pierre, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was, I have forgot; but my wife's was, '*Most courteous, most fair;*' which, as it may be used, or an anagram made upon each name, might be very pretty. One wonder I observed to-day, that there was no *musique in the morning* to call up our new married people; which is very mean, methinks."

We learn, from *Time's Telescope*, that the sweet "St. Valentine" is, even in the present day, remembered with due honors throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland; but perhaps the most agreeable method of keeping this day of days, is that to which the young people of Norwich are accustomed. The Valentines are prepared some days previous, and sent out on the evening of the 13th, *not* by post; for these are good substantial gifts, to be laid at the house-doors of the happy receivers, who often lose many a rare present, from numerous wicked urchins being on the watch to seize and snatch them away with a loop-string, as soon as fairly out of the servant's hands.

Cakes, oranges, packets of sweetmeats (made purposely for the day), work-boxes and bags, silver knives and pencils, music-books, drawing materials, colors, puzzles, &c., delight those fortunate children who have friends rich enough to bestow them. But most of the inhabitants of Norwich think Valentines an extremely costly custom, and money very ill spent, so it is most probable that, in a few years, these presents will be discontinued.

Children's balls are also held on this eve. "At ——— in Scotland, the nobility and gentry of the town and neighborhood, wishing a select ball, have instituted a Valentine's Club, which, from the rules and the different

orders of the members of it, is apparently a jocose model of the society of the Knights Templars. To the sublime 'Order of the Pincushion,' belongs a Grand Master and a Grand Mistress; different ranks of females, who are all *ladies*; and different titles and orders of gentlemen, who are all knights. The society, which is wholly of a private nature, meet for a ball twice in the year, and once for the celebration of this assembly."

On this day, the LONDON LADIES gather in a very delightful literary harvest. They awake earlier than they are known to do through the remainder of the year; *while their dear faces, having worn all the night the same sweet smiles they intend to wear all the day*, never appear in more lively or pleasing colors.

It is our custom, during this anniversary, to look in a footman's face, on his opening the door tous; our knowledge of physiognomy enabling us, at the first glance, to decide whether it be prudent to advance or to recede. If there appear a faint and impromptu kind of smile on his face, we advance; our reading telling us, that he has had to use his leg oftener than he considers his salary will cover. If, on the contrary, a placid and sleep-cemented satisfaction prevail in it, we quickly rid ourselves of a card, evaporate, or wander; it is observable to us that he has been ordered to keep to his chair for the day, and it is not lost upon us that we have been the first to break his slumbers since that order was given.

At a certain house, of which we have the *entrée*, and from which the prophetic "not at home" is levelled not at us, the poor fellow who officiates, looks, about one o'clock, so jaded and physically prostrate, that we invariably prop him with a shilling, as much to keep him civil as to secure his services in presenting *our own Valentine* some minutes after he has ushered us into the presence. This he manages in a manner every way satisfactory to us. First, he thunders at the door; then, we hear him ventriloquising, and, presently after, he appears with the freight, which he presents with a melancholy and mysterious air, insinuating of "Ah, ladies! these *billey-doo*s will do for me."

On the 8th February, 1789, a city wag laid the following wager: "Next St Valentine's Day, for the space of ten miles in and around London, all females (except those of whom marriage has deprived society) shall each receive at least one Valentine." He immediately advertised his capacity and readiness to provide the public with "amatory missiles [as he called them] in the energetic, mild, melancholy, tender, touching, quaint, brisk, smart, witty, and audacious styles." In a day or two, there were as many applications made to him as he and three dozen amanu-

enses could satisfy—a strong proof that the admiration of the fairer half of creation prevailed as generally then as it does now. The fellow won his wager, of course!

We subjoin three of the Valentines furnished by him; the first to a fox-hunter, who could tell you that his name was *Ned Follow-fox*, but no further; any caligraphical announcement of the same 'twas his fancy to crush into the familiar mark X; which, in conformity with his dying wishes, remains upon his tomb to this day.

The other was supplied to a servant of Majesty, then recognised as a vagabond by the representatives of the people; and the third to a light that dawned in the depths of the county Connaught, and, it seems, piqued himself on the possession of a sweet voice; for we learn that he first sang, and then had the commodity conveyed to his charmer. We place them in mathematical rotation:—

No. 1.

DEAR MA'AM!—This comes, or rather is carried by my groom "Cock Robin," an invaluable fellow and always at your la'ship's service—from a heart which turns as naturally to you as a horse to his manger. If it finds you "in a moment of sweet and swiftly-excited sympathy," I shall consider myself, saving your la'ship's presence, as a devilish fortunate fellow, and promise you I shall sing out, "To her, boy, to her! hark for'ard, Tantivy!" If, unluckily, it fall directly the reverse, I shall, very naturally, come to a contrary conclusion, and cry back, like a pig from a lime-kiln. But "my hopes of the former overruling my fears of the latter,"

I am, Ma'am!

(Take me whensoever, or
whichsoever way you will)
Your faithful Valentine,

X

No. 2.

SUPERABUNDANT SELINA!!!—I am like a ship at sea, "her rigging rent and terribly diving down the depths," I sigh for thee and forget myself! There lies my razor—I dare not use it! Sanguine, Selina, the consequences might be!—"this feeble hand so feebly writing were all too weak to curb its thirst for blood, blood, my girl, ha! ha!" Yet in death I'd be thine—my last desire would be "to ebb out life on thy dear bosom," with "my gashed and gory throat pouring out its purple pool—hist!"

But I willingly turn from such an effervescence, and lead my "truant terrible thoughts to thee." Oh, how I long for thee!—the foodless child is less uneasy for its mother than I, my love, for thee!

I have no more to add, "words are weak;" I quit them for poetry—

Selina, you're
My love, I'm sure.
And when that you I do resign,
May ev'ry one
That knows how far we've gone,
Declare I'm not your faithful Valentine!
Theodore Who?

No. 3.

The morning's a-coming,
Sweet Miss Donohoo',
And, under your windy,
I'm straining for you;
So hurry and hark
To my beautiful lay,
Or the cowl will so nip me,
I must go away.

'Tis said by the poet—
A son of a fool!
That "true love can niver
Grow stale or grow cool;"
But, if he'd a-been a-waiting,
Like me, all night long,
I'm thinking he'd alter
That bit of his song.

Sweet Norah! dear Norah!
Ah Norah! I cry—
Oh Norah! now Norah,
Arrah, why don't you reply?
Och! the marvellous cratur
Don't hear what I say,
So now, by the powers!
I'll jist go away.

We think the poor shivering wretch did "jist" right!

Let us, before quitting a topic on which we shall be prevented touching again, answer in this place a Query put to us as LONDON JOURNALISTS, by a Correspondent. He asks us—"What is a Wife's proper position in her Husband's house?" and he feels sore that he should be altogether "debarred from other female society, BECAUSE HE IS MARRIED."

"Tut! tut!" We smell JEALOUSY here,—an ugly, hideous word, which we are laboring hard to expunge from our Modern Dictionaries. We have already got rid of the word "Impossibility." We acknowledge our projected task will be Herculean; for the enemy to be destroyed, like the Hydra of Diodorus, has SO MANY HEADS! However, our pen shall never slumber. But to the point.

Let our Correspondent "E. W.," and every other benedict, regard his *cara sposa* as the MORNING, the DAY,* and the EVENING STAR—the whole three united. 'Tis her honorable due, and let it be affectionately rendered. St. Valentine recognises no neglect in this matter. So, young people, BE TIMELY WARNED.

* The Meridian Sun.

As for female society, generally, their company is as indispensable as it is delightful. Whilst in their company, we breathe an atmosphere pure and wholesome. 'Tis a wise provision of Nature that it should be so. What would our "pic-nics," our rambles, our walks, our gambols, our little harmless games be—if *they* were prohibited to share in them? Our Correspondent is "pecked," surely? Fie! Fie!!

Why, these "Minor Constellations" with their twinkling orbs of light, only cause the radiance of the WIFE's smiles to dazzle the more. We disguise not the fact—why should we?—that we are admirers of *all* "Eve's lovely daughters." It is both natural and highly proper. So — *Hommage aux Dames, Mademoiselles, et aux Dames!* Let us *all* join in the cry!

In the one case, we have "Admiration." We behold, are fascinated—delighted. In the other, our whole happiness is centred in ONE GRAND OBJECT.

The WIFE is the "Angel of Life;" and be it ever remembered by all admirers of ST. VALENTINE, that—

"Love" is an egotism, divisible (ONLY) by Two.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

A Short Winter's Ramble.

Have you not sometimes seen an early flower
Open its bud, and spread its silken leaves
To catch sweet airs, and odors to bestow;
Then, by a keen blast nipt, pull in its leaves?

How FEW people seem to contemplate Nature with their own eyes!

"I have 'brushed the dew away' in the morning!" says Mary Wolstonecraft; "but pacing over the fruitless grass, I have wondered that, in such delightful situations, the sun was allowed to rise in solitary majesty, *while my eyes alone hailed its beautiful beams.* The webs of the evening have still been spread across the hedged path, unless some laboring man, trudging to work, disturbed the fairy structure; yet, in spite of this supineness, when I joined the social circle, *every tongue rang changes on the PLEASURES OF THE COUNTRY!!*" This is a very shrewd and sensible remark, Miss W.; hitting scores of "country" people "very hard;" and we can confirm, by repeated observations, the truth of it. Those who live in the country must, to enjoy it, be possessed of *a soul*.—This, by the way.

Do any of our readers chance to recollect Saturday, January 24? It was a cold, chilly, wintry, ague-ish day; and at night, rain poured down like a deluge. It affected us, it affected everybody. "All in the Downs!" was the burden of our ditty on *that* day.

We tucked our head beneath our wing, we remember, overnight, anticipating a sorrowful, gloomy Sabbath morn.

To our great surprise (the voice of chattering, at early dawn, causing us to take a sly peep from the chamber window by way of reconnoitring), the morning was bright and beautiful. The elements were calm, and the whole external aspect "lovely,"—there is no other word so 'apt' to express it.

To spring from our couch was the work of a single moment; nor were we long in equipping ourselves to get into the open air. We found the wind *had been* 'mischievous;' the rain heavy, and the night boisterous. But the scene was now so placid, the moon so beautiful in her paleness, and the retiring stars so eloquent in their silent grandeur, that we rejoiced exceedingly at having bounded forth.

The morning meal over—"Editors" are 'famous hands' at anything 'savory' and *piquant*!—the toilette was quickly made; and certain of our 'Household Gods' being unable from illness to take our arm as usual, we trotted off to church alone. ACTON, dear little Acton! was the village that attracted our steps. The Rev. Clergyman who officiates here, Mr. ANTROBUS, is a talisman that attracts many. It is worth a much longer walk than ours, to listen to the words of wisdom which ever and anon fall from his lips. We have profited oft, and hope to do so yet many times more, by the sound instructions that he has gently labored to inculcate. Let us bid him God-speed!

Arrived before the little village church, we found the hands of the clock pointing 20 minutes past 11! Horrified at our neglect of being in time, we deliberated what to do. Should we go in? or, should we not? Something whispered—"It is shameful to set so bad an example by going in late. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" We felt that the monitor within us was a faithful one. We obeyed it. Turning for the *fifth* time away from the porch door, we thought, as "a child of nature," we would range the fields; and there, as the poet has it,—

"Look through Nature up to Nature's God."

The resolve once made, was as quickly acted upon. Wheeling to the left, we soon found ourselves, with a majestic, glorious sun above our heads, travelling onwards—first towards *Friar's Place*, and ultimately towards *Harlesdon Green and Harrow*. We have drawn attention to the previous day, January 24. *That* was a day to be forgotten. *This* was as lovely, bright, and splendid a morning as we ever remember seeing, even in May. Here and there we saw an early opening flower. The sheep were browsing on the slopes, the cattle were feeding in the paddocks; the rain-drops, like spangles, trembled

on the twigs and sprays, and all Nature was "lively." What most attracted our attention—if, indeed, we are justified in making any exception where all was so beautifully-enchanting to the eye—was the extraordinary activity of our friends, the birds.

We found thrushes in abundance, "piping" away right merrily; blackbirds, too, melodiously discoursing (but very soft music). The ROBINS were in excellent voice; we never heard more variety or fulness of expression. The skylark, too, was carolling aloft. They seemed all to have "mates." This, perhaps, may account for their excellence. Like ourselves, these birds of the air hate solitude. There *must be* "one" to divide the heart; and then, it can "sing" right joyously. We mean to be in 'full song' all the rest of the year; and if our readers will only listen to us, they shall judge of the 'quality' of our voice. It would take much to 'put our pipe out' when once we are in tune. If we feel "happy" *now*, what shall we be—

"When Spring comes in with all her fairy train?"

Our brain reels. We will not think of it,—*if we can help it.*

But we must hasten to conclude this little episode between Winter and Spring. In addition to the birds already spoken of, Dickey Dunnock and Jenny Wren greeted us right merrily in our advances. From tree to tree, from hedge to hedge, leafless though they were, we were escorted by them and others throughout our entire walk.

WE whistled to them; evidently pleased, they sang to us; and so we rejoiced in each others' company. Nor was this cheerful morning's walk without its moral influence on the mind.

Seated on one of the railway viaducts in the close proximity of ACTON, we turned our eye on the many passing objects before us, beneath us, and around us. There was the wide world, as good as God ever made it; there were his creatures, enjoying the bounties of his provision, and basking in the literal sunshine of his favor. How is it, thought we, that with all these grand gifts, these means adapted, if properly applied, to make us all happy, we are yet miserable and unsociable—suspicious of each other, and filled with dark forebodings and anticipations of evil? We came to the conclusion that selfishness and pride are the great drawbacks to human happiness; and we entered it in our "Private Note Book," that till these are annihilated—at the grand Day of Judgment—happiness below will NEVER BE FOUND! "'Tis true! 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!"

Our soliloquy over, and the extent of our walk completed, a sudden "change came o'er the spirit of the scene." The extensive sea of cerulean blue became covered with

dark clouds, engendered with mischief. The winds began to howl; the heat of the sun was overpowered by an intensely-cold atmosphere, and once more all Nature succumbed to the "order" of the season. The dear little birds dropped away, one by one, from our side; the thrushes flew into cover; and the chaffinch ceased pink-ing; the robins discontinued their merry peal; and all became "hushed."

All this change, thought we—as we returned, musing, homeward—and in the short space of three hours!

"Such is Life!"

TO THE SKY-LARK.

I love, sweet bird, to hear thee sing,
As, soaring high on buoyant wing,
Thou fill'st the air in tuneful glee,
With song of grateful melody.
Would that *I*, too, like *thee*, could rise
Far upwards—near the glorious skies;
Away, away from cares which vex,
From doubts which harass and perplex;
From thrall of earth, escaping free,
I'd sing more blithely e'en than *thee*!
And as with untir'd wing I'd soar,
Those realms of ether to explore,
My soul would drink deep draughts of joy—
So pure, unmix'd, without alloy,
That when its pinions, forc'd to bend
In downward flight, did slow descend
(If thought of good were there before),
Less dross, methinks, would dull the ore;
Some fouler spot would be effac'd,
And better, higher feelings trac'd.
Renew'd, refresh'd from earthly broil,
From life's ne'er-ending, ceaseless toil,
From time to time, 'twould soar above,
To gain fresh gladness, hope, and love.
It may not be.—Farewell, sweet bird; thy lay
Will haunt me through the live-long day;
While many an idle wish will spring
Within my heart, for thy wild wing!

THE "SISKIN," OR "ABBRDEVINE," IN SCOTLAND.

IN an article on the Siskin (*Fringilla Spinus*), which appeared in a popular London periodical some years ago, there occurs the following passage:—"There is no authenticated instance of the nest being found in any part of the British Islands, and the ornithologists of the Continent, where the bird certainly does breed in considerable numbers, do not seem to be altogether agreed about the peculiar locality of the nest." The article is evidently a compilation, written by one who personally knew nothing about the Siskin; and though the names of Mudie, Bechstein, and Professor Rennie, are introduced into the article, I have no hesitation in saying that the above statement is altogether erroneous. The high authorities referred to, may have led many to believe that Siskins do not breed in this country; but, if such a statement were made here, in the north of Scotland, a school-boy could tell

that it was altogether a mistake. From personal observation, and from the testimony of men who have made birds their trade and study for years, I can state, as a positive fact, that the Siskin breeds here in considerable numbers; and that the peculiar locality of the nest is, also, well known.

For a great many years, indeed as far back as the memory of the oldest bird-catcher (a peculiar character by the way) can carry us, this has been observed in the north of Scotland; and it is so notorious, that it can be at once authenticated; and one of the fraternity, to whom I denied the fact for a bit of a lark, flatly told me I knew nothing about Siskins, or I would never make such a gross mistake.

In the autumn season, the bird-catchers in Aberdeen buckle up the call-birds, take their bird-lime and sticks, and go out into the country; six, ten, and even twenty miles up Deeside being favorite spots to catch the young Siskins; and so plentiful is the harvest at times, that I have seen scores of them at the market. Many of them are so young that I have seen the old birds feeding them in the cage, when exposed for sale in the open market-place—with people passing close beside the cage, through the course of the day. This has also been told me by the dealers, over and over again.

My avocations take me up into the Deeside district daily for upwards of eight miles from the city, and I have therefore frequent opportunities for observing the haunts and habits of the Siskin, which is very common there at all times. In this district, during the summer season, the scenery is really beautiful and romantic; the wood, the rock, and stream, abound in almost every direction. It is indeed the—

“Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood.”

It is, moreover the favorite haunt of the Siskins, and, until of late, before the depredations of the bird-catchers had, Malthus-like, thinned the population, they abounded there in vast numbers. Of late years, however, they have become more scarce, though not by any means rare, as they may still be seen there at all seasons. I have often seen the old birds, followed by their young ones, flying in search of food along the side of the turnpike road; and where the sourdock abounded in full seed, I have seen them feeding their young with great patience and perseverance, over and over again; and so tame are they, that I have often almost put my hand on them before they took to their wings to fly off, and even then it was only to alight again at a short distance on the road.

I have known bird-catchers discover the nest of the Siskin many times; indeed, it is quite a common occurrence. I have observed them, on discovering a nest with the young birds ready for removal (that is to say, just before they could fly), trap the old birds, and put them all into one cage together; and the old birds would feed and rear up the young till they could take seed like themselves. They are so easily tamed, that soon after they are caught they come to take food from the hand, and thus show that they *know* those who give them their supply of seed.

As to the particular locality of the nest, in which Continental ornithologists are not altogether agreed, it is well known to the bird-catchers in the north. In the hope that it will be both amusing and instructive, I will relate the way in which I first became acquainted with the local habitation of the Siskin last season.

I have occasion to pass along the avenue leading to a gentleman's seat, about four miles from the Granite City, in the district to which I have already referred; and for some time I heard the peculiar call of the Siskin, and invariably at or near the same situation. The avenue being surrounded with trees in every direction—the fir, the ash, the elm, and the beech tree towering up in verdant beauty all around, I suspected that there was a nest somewhere in the locality, which seemed admirably adapted for the haunt of birds. But how to find it out was the question; and a puzzling question it was, too, for some time to come. The old birds kept at a provoking distance from any neat-looking tree, and so I had no resource but to watch in the hope that I should discover the old birds visiting the tree in which the nest was concealed. How I watched and how I searched can be known only to those who have been engaged in a similar operation. I was often disappointed, even when I thought myself on the eve of making the grand discovery; yet patience and perseverance were at length crowned with success. At last, one of the old birds descended into a very likely tree, and I at once commenced the attack. But here again I was doomed to disappointment, for as I did not know where to look among the branches, I searched for some time in vain. As I had only a very limited time to spend on each day, I was, on this occasion, compelled to go home unrewarded for my pains.

The following day I renewed my search in the most determined manner; and in the hope that the young ones might be just ready to fly, I gave the tree a very rough shaking, and will not deny even having thrown up a stone or two, to assist the youngsters in their flight; but, as I imagined, it was all in vain—the young birds would not stir. However, as the old birds continued to fly round the tree quite close at hand, I was confident that the nest *was* there, and I determined to mount and search again.

This I did, and at last discovered the nest. It was built on an off-shooting branch of the tree, about the middle of the branch, away from the stem of the tree, and at a height of about twelve feet from the ground. But my rough handling had unhoused the nestlings. One of them was lying outside the nest, and another was sprawling on the branch beneath, and the third I discovered lying on the ground at the foot of the tree.

As they were not above half feathered, I resolved to put them back into the nest; and I felt considerable solicitude as to how the old birds would behave, and as to whether the young had been injured with the rough handling they had got. Next day, I was much pleased to see that they were alive and hearty, and for five or six days after that the old birds continued to feed and rear them up, as if nothing whatever had happened to disturb the usual tranquillity of the household.

I then took them home and reared them up; feeding them by hand on bread and egg till they were able to shift for themselves. They are still alive, and in good health and excellent spirits. They turned out to be two cock birds and a hen; and as they were reared beside a Belgian canary (a remarkably strong singer), the cocks soon learned the canary notes, which they now sing quite distinctly.

The peculiar, long drawling note with which the Siskin finishes his song, they have entirely abandoned, as a useless and very unmusical superfluity; and they may be pronounced very proficient scholars of his Belgian Highness.

I may state that the nest was a very comfortable dwelling, built somewhat after the fashion of the chaffinch, but far more loosely put together. In conclusion, let me remark, to corroborate what you have yourself frequently asserted in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*—no person is qualified to speak or write about the haunts, the habits, and management of birds, who has not had *personal experience* of the same. All compilations from old books are of no value, and only serve to prove the ignorance of the compilers.—D. W.

[Our correspondent, in his zeal to prove the correctness of his statement, offers (in his note) to dispose of one of the two Siskins, which is in fine voice. If any of our readers should feel a curiosity to become the owner of so valuable a bird, we will take charge of a written communication.]

A FRIENDLY HINT.

"In the multitude of counsellors there is SAFETY."

To the Editor of "KIDD'S JOURNAL,"

SIR,—I have more than one reason *not* to be pleased with the "title" of your Paper. In the first place, it is not a *new* one; but this would not be so objectionable, if the patronymic could be traced to a respectable ancestor. It is now more than a hundred years since the *first* of the family endeavored to intrude itself into good society; but from *its* dulness and stupidity, it obtained admission only into a few houses of respectability. Among these was a crotchety old gentleman, who took it in out of pure charity to the "poor devils" whose writings prolonged its existence. His reason for continuing his patronage was somewhat whimsical. "The *London Journal*," said he, "puts me to sleep; and my servant never fails to ask me very gravely, 'Does your honor intend to take your *'London Journal'* to night?' To do him justice," said the old gentleman, "he reads with a becoming monotony, perfectly in accordance with the character of this *Journal*." But the low estimation in which *that London Journal* was held, is not the proximate cause of my distaste for the title of *your* Paper.

When your second number appeared, I applied to a bookseller for *THE LONDON JOURNAL*; but I was somewhat surprised, and I confess, disappointed, when I was told that the price was only "one penny." Surely, I said, Mr. KIDD'S *Journal* has not already fallen so low in public

estimation, as to be reduced one third in price; after all we have heard of the treat we were to expect, upon the re-appearance of a periodical conducted by a gentleman who was once so great a favorite with the public! Nevertheless, I hastened home with my "*London Journal*;" but what was my surprise, on examining its contents, to find myself the possessor of a penny picture book, filled with that kind of "*literature*" which scientific men are *not* very fond of reading! Determined, however, to turn the penny I had spent to some account, I took the hint of the crotchety old gentleman, and requested one of my family to give me "*The London Journal*" after I had retired to rest. The experiment answered admirably: in five minutes I was fast asleep.

Now this is not the case when I am so imprudent as to take too large a dose of *your Journal*. The new ideas it engenders, keep me awake; so that I have resolved, in future, to reserve your Paper for my morning studies, that I may have the day before me to digest its valuable and entertaining contents.

But to come to the point. I see no reason why you should not re-baptise your Paper; retaining only your own name in addition to that of *JOURNAL*. Your well-known reputation will acquit you of vanity; and to my fancy, your title will be more neat and appropriate. For myself, I am resolved never to ask for your Paper under any other name than that of "KIDD'S *JOURNAL*."

I am, Sir, &c.,

A LOVER OF NATURAL HISTORY.

[As we have invariably found "Honesty to be the best policy," we will frankly confess that our *Title* HAS caused a succession of unfortunate mistakes. In a host of instances, another paper has been substituted for our own. This is by no means the fault of the Proprietor of the paper alluded to. We absolve him from even the suspicion of such a thing. It results entirely from the gross ignorance of the people who are in the habit of selling periodicals; many of whom not being able to read, and evidently imagining one "*London Journal*" to be quite as good as *another*, invariably supply the "picture book" as our Correspondent calls it, because it is the *cheapest as to quantity*. A lady residing on Notting-hill, was nearly a fortnight in *trying* to convince her bookseller that there *was* a difference between the two papers; nor *would* he procure ours until compelled. He gave in at last, *simply and solely because he was ashamed of contradicting a lady so repeatedly*. The fact is, ours and LEIGH HUNT'S were the *Original "LONDON JOURNALS"* of modern times. Illness caused us to halt; and we merely re-assumed the title to let our friends know of our being again afloat. We shall seriously consider the question, so kindly raised by our zealous Correspondent, as to a change in our title—"A *ROSE* by any other name would smell as sweet."]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LARRY.—We thank you. But before YOUR article arrived, one on a similar subject (St. Valentine's Day) from OUR OWN PEN, was in type. It cannot now be rendered available. Should like to know where to address you.

"A PLAIN SPEAKER" who, for the second time, bestrides us, is a very impertinent, as well as a singularly-ignorant man. We write out his "character," gratuitously. To quote his own ridiculously-familiar words, "This is *quite between ourselves!*" If this "Old Man of the Sea" again trouble us, we will print *both* his letters in full, a punishment *not* greater than the offence committed.

BULLFINCH.—Read page 28 of the LONDON JOURNAL, very carefully. You will there find your questions fully answered.

A. L.—It is too early yet to "pair" your birds. We will tell you all about it in good time.

FLORA G.—It is "trying" to us, when our Correspondents neglect to send their addresses. How can we reply "promptly" in such cases? Write again.

J. S.—Our space is so circumscribed, that "Fugitive Poetry" can only be admissible under very peculiar circumstances. We are already overwhelmed with similar "kind offerings." This "reply" will suffice for *all* the writers. Their favors have *merit*, and would be readily available in a Monthly Magazine.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS, and CASUAL READERS, are referred to the LEADING ARTICLE in our FIRST NUMBER for the DETAILED OBJECTS of the LONDON JOURNAL: to these we shall rigidly adhere.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them. Our time is more profitably occupied. All vacancies, as they are called, are filled up. Let this general answer suffice.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any "facts" connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS.—It having been deemed expedient, to meet the views of *the Trade*, that this Journal should always be published by *anticipation*, CONTRIBUTORS and OTHERS will be so kind as to bear in mind that they must give us an *extra* "week's grace," and *wait patiently* till their favors appear.

All persons who may send in MSS., but which may not be "accepted," are requested to *preserve copies of them*, as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for their return.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S LONDON JOURNAL.

Saturday, February 14, 1852.

"CAN I see the Editor of KIDD'S LONDON JOURNAL?" asked a very interesting young lady, in her expiring teens, and with golden ringlets, of our worthy publisher the other day. (She held a "sealed packet" in her tiny hand.)

"No, Mademoiselle," replied the worthy bibliopole, with the radiant smile that always illumines his benevolent countenance—especially when addressed by a lady—"No! Mademoiselle, you cannot."

"MAY I ask when he *will* be here?" continued the fair questioner, with increasing interest.

"You *may* ask, Mademoiselle, certainly," was the rejoinder; "but I can give you no satisfactory 'answer.' I have myself trans-

acted many—very many matters of business with the Editor, and handed him over large sums of money for the sales effected on his JOURNAL; BUT I HAVE NEVER SEEN HIM, —AND NEVER SHALL SEE HIM."

On this, we are told, the fair postulant looked sorrowful—her heart being too full for utterance. Let us here do honor to the kindly disposition of our publisher. Calling her aside, he spoke to the golden Niobe as follows:—

"You are not perhaps aware, Mademoiselle, that the Editors of our public Papers are NEVER known—never seen. As 'divinity is said to hedge about a King,' so doth 'invisibility' hedge about an Editor. We sometimes hear his footstep, it is true; sometimes see the bare outline of his shadow—but it is invariably gone 'ere we can reach it."

"Is it even so!" groaned his fair auditor; "then have I come all this long distance, to open my heart to him, in vain! I observed in his own Paper, that thrice a-day was the task *his*, to call here, and carry away the contents of his Letter-box. Is this not true?"

"It is true, and yet it is *not* true, sweet lady. *Something* calls here thrice a-day, concealed in a large cloak; and from this mysterious cloak issues as mysterious a hand, with a key in it. We see 'the hand' plainly, and see it apply the key to the casket, or 'lion's mouth,' as we call it. An immense packet of letters is then carefully removed by the hand; the box closes; the lock is shot; and the same mystery that accompanied the visitor on its entrance, attends it on its exit. You, Mademoiselle, are not the only inquirer after the Editor of KIDD'S LONDON JOURNAL; we are literally besieged, day by day, by ladies and gentlemen, who say they *must* and *will* see him. We tell them just what we have told you; and now, with your kind permission, as time presses, I must take my leave."

Thus spake the Bookseller—whilst his innocent listener, in confusion, glided from his sight. We are not quite sure whether some portion of this 'confusion' does not attach to US, whilst we pen this. The paper we write on, is certainly damp; and it was dry when we took it from the Letter-book. "Odd" this, very! By the way, we had the above little narrative "hot" from a party who had concealed himself behind the "pillar of the Confessional."

This is truly consolatory to us; and we rejoice to have pitched upon so discreet a publisher—and not only discreet, but so polite and courteous withal. We have cudgelled our brain, till our sight has become dim, to imagine WHO the possessor of the fairy golden tresses can be; but no clue exists

as yet. Still we live "on hope;" and trust some day to receive a "missive" explanatory of the motive that rendered our presence a matter of such importance. If the "missive" *should* arrive, we will endeavor "on this occasion *only*," to grant the really-reasonable request (under *such* circumstances), of a personal interview. We do it on our own responsibility; and entreat our King of Publishers to keep our sacred presence as inviolable as ever. We know Everything. We know Everybody. We hear, see, and instruct the whole World. We travel from town to town, from city to city, from family to family, with the speed of thought. We are ubiquitous. Our devotion is perfect to *all* our readers; we serve them cheerfully; we write for them with extreme delight. But we are bound to tell them, as doth our amiable publisher—that we are *not* visible, neither are we palpable to the touch. We are a fairy sprite.

We owe it to our Correspondents, to explain to them *WHY* it is that their various favors have NOT ALL been inserted. The cause is simply this:—We go to press one number under another, or one week in advance. This of course throws the contributions one week into arrear. Our columns will only admit a certain quantity of matter; and this has to be "varied." PATIENCE, therefore, as we have before hinted, "must have her perfect work." We will bring up arrears with all due diligence. *All* letters requiring IMMEDIATE replies, we have attended to by post.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Disease in a Pigeon. How can I cure it?—Some time since I lost a very favorite pigeon, by the formation of a lump, about the size of a small nut, under his tongue. The inside of the mouth was quite yellow; and as the bird was unable to eat, I killed it. I have another, which is just visited in the same way, and the mouth is becoming yellow. Can any of your correspondents tell me the cause of this, and, above all, inform me how to cure it? I am truly unfortunate.—J. S., *Mitcham*.

Canaries for Breeding.—Will you kindly assist me with a few words of advice as to the proper time for "putting up" canaries to pair, and to breed from; also show the best method of treatment, &c., &c?—J. R.

[Our library table is literally strewn with letters from young ladies and their brothers, all imploring our advice on a similar subject. As we are well known to be "great" on such matters, we say "wait a little." It is far too early yet, to think about this. Next month will be quite time enough. Early broods always suffer from the biting winds of March and April, and seldom thrive. You may purchase your birds

for breeding, immediately; but be careful not to keep the hens in the same apartments as their intended husbands. They will be plighting their vows too soon; this, in birds, is highly objectionable. Take the hint.]

Ailment of a Green Parrot.—A green parrot, yellow-headed, lively, and robust, began to moult in last March or April, when suddenly, the lid of the right eye became weak, and finally closed over the organ, and has continued so up to the present time. A slight sore then appeared at the bottom of one of the pinions of the left wing, and in about a month after, a hard excrescence, from the paring or pressure of which the bird appears to suffer no pain, grew on the right side of the head, just behind the eye, and another on the neck towards the left side of the head. The bird's spirits, however, continued to be good until last October, when he became silent and sleepy, and has remained so up to the present time. During the last three months, he has voided at times with difficulty; occasionally the intestines seeming to be very loose, and, at other times, the motion being attended with much straining and effort. The food consists of strained bread and milk, Indian corn, and some hemp; a bit of potatoe every day, and occasionally, pepper pods, and roasted apple. In spite of these varied ailments, the bird's appetite has been, and continues to be, excellent. Can any of your readers, and if so, *will they* oblige me by "showing cause, and suggesting a remedy," for the above?—L. G. W., *Dublin*.

The Black-cap.—From reading your most delightful description of this bird in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, I have been induced to buy one, and he has turned out a splendid bird. I feed him, according to your instructions, on German paste, bruised hemp seed, and bread. Is this right? [Sponge cake, or stale sweet bun is preferable to bread.] He is fidgetty when he sees a candle. How shall I hang him? In the dark, or near a window? High or low?—W. D.

[You are acting quite right with your bird. If he is shy, cover him up at night, by all means. As winter is fast decaying, we give advice which, had winter been *coming on*, we should have reversed. Black-caps are splendid candle-light songsters. Hang him moderately low, and let him face a cheerful window. Do not shift his quarters often, as they get used to one particular situation. We have left out that part of your note, referring to our "abilities" in treating upon these birds. But rest content, when we assure you that, if we *have* sung sweetly of the Black-cap, we shall anon sing of him *again*, and more sweetly than ever. We love the darling rogue too well, to be silent when he is amongst us.]

The Amazon Parrot.—As you have already stated, that your own personal knowledge of the nature and economy of these birds is very limited, will some of your obliging and intelligent correspondents answer me the following questions? My bird, which is now dead, ate heartily, and was very cheerful, but her inside

was in a most distressing state. What passed from her was thin, often of a clear greenish color; and she occasionally was sick. Then she would sneeze violently, and was troubled with intense thirst. On one occasion, she voided pure blood. Had she ruptured a blood-vessel? The last day of her life was marked by a decided change. She refused to eat, and sat moping on her perch. When I approached her, she made one last effort to come on my hand; and when nestled in my bosom, seemed perfectly "happy" there. All consciousness, however, disappeared in a few short hours, and I was bereft of a most affectionate friend and companion. Had the mineral water of Tunbridge Wells, in which her bread was soaked, anything to do with the matter? I had the bird five years, and I wish to know how *I ought to have treated her*.—ADA., *Tunbridge Wells*.

[We imagine it possible, the water *might* have something to do with the death of this unfortunate bird; especially as you say, in another part of your note, it fell ill the very day after your arrival at the Wells. All we can do is, to sympathise with you, which we do most sincerely. Some of our good friends will, no doubt, soon throw a light upon what more is desired.]

Propagation of Eels by "Spawn;" a "Vulgar Error."—You have done the community much good service by exposing the cheat recently attempted to be put upon them in this matter. All sound argument is in your favor. I have cut the enclosed from my copy of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, January 24. It is short, and its pithiness is quite to the point:—"I caught an eel left by the tide in a small pool on the sands near B—l, and, for a boyish whim, carried it home alive, and placed it in a very small tank of salt water. *The next morning, to my surprise, I found two small eels, one in the act of leaving the mother.* Now I have not a doubt that this fact *may be questioned*; yet I must believe what I saw.—*Observer.*" Whether the "fact" be "questioned" by Mr. Boccus or not, is of little consequence. I believe it, and so will the public.—TRUTH.

[We also beg to insert the remarks of three other correspondents. We have received a multitude of letters, from all quarters, on the subject: but as all these tend one way, they would occupy more space to-day than can be well spared. Mr. Boccus must, ere this, have seen his error. He has not attempted to reply.]

Having noticed the communications on this subject which have recently appeared in your columns, I am desirous of mentioning a fact, which appears to me to throw some light upon the localities in which eels are bred, though it leaves the question of the mode of generation precisely where it stood before. Like your correspondent "T. G.," I have many times seen columns of small eels, three or four inches long, ascending the Ribble and other rivers, in the months of May and June, at considerable distances from the sea; but only on one occasion have I seen them under circumstances which evidently brought them near the place of their nativity. I happened to be attending the Lancaster spring assizes in the month of March, in

(I believe) the year 1826, and learning that there was a remarkably high tide in the estuary of the Lune, I walked down to the river side about high water, and found that the tide had covered the grass in many places; and, as it began to ebb, I observed something moving in a very small hollow which had been overflowed, and in which a little water had been left behind. On examination, I found that the moving bodies were exceedingly diminutive eels, rather less, to the best of my recollection, than three-quarters of an inch long, very light colored, and almost transparent, but exhibiting, in every respect, the true form of the mature eel. They had evidently followed the water to its extreme verge, where it could not have been more than an inch deep; and that they must have been very numerous was clear, from the large numbers which were left behind and perished; for that they did perish I found on the following day, when they were lying dead by hundreds on the grass. Probably some of your correspondents, who reside in localities favorable for making observations on this subject, may be induced to pay a little attention to it. If the young eels make their appearance in the same manner every year, by the use of a fine muslin net, the exact period of their first appearance may be ascertained, with probably other facts calculated to throw light on the obscure question of their generation.—J. G., *Manchester*.

Your correspondent is quite in error when he supposes eels are not produced in fresh water, as the following fact will prove. Some years since, the River Avon, at Bath, either from excessive drought, or from being cleansed, was nearly exhausted, and I examined a considerable part of the bed of the river. On turning up some large stones imbedded in the mud, I discovered myriads of young eels in clusters, from the size of a thread to that of a crow quill, concealed under them. Stone after stone I turned over in this way, exposing numbers to light, I expect for the first time; and, judging from their contortions, very much to their astonishment. I can only say, if these eels had ever migrated from the sea, they must have commenced their journey very young, as it was full fifteen or sixteen miles from the spot where I thus intruded upon their domestic privacy.—C. H. B., *Fulham*.

The question of the breeding of eels having been mooted in a late number of your Journal, without much illuminating the "muddy darkness" of the subject, I beg leave to cast a mite or two into the very limited fund of information we possess on the interesting habits and localities of these mysterious fish. Inviting your company into the New Forest, in Hampshire, we there shall fall in with frequent pools and splashes of water at this season of the year, which pools become completely dried up in the summer. Towards the end of autumn, the mud, or soft soil, becomes sufficiently baked and hardened by the sun to bear the weight of cattle passing over it. When in that state, the cottagers are in the habit of digging over the black soil, seeking for eels! Many of these are found imbedded in the damp earth, at depths of from twelve to eighteen inches below the surface, in numbers sufficient to repay them for

their toil. Now, as these pools are completely isolated—having neither drains nor ditches into or out of them—how come the eels to be found there? The foresters account for their presence without a moment's difficulty, by saying they are brought by the herons and cranes. There will be found no great difficulty in believing that, until killed by the gastric juice of the bird's stomach, an eel must be expected to make strenuous efforts to escape from the heron's maw, and that *occasionally* the bird may be glad to get rid of so troublesome a guest; and thus the existence of eels in isolated pools may be accounted for. One of your correspondents, I observe, speaks of the migration of eels to salt water. Extensive opportunities of observation, and many years' experience, enable me to say, that more than one kind of eel makes those yearly migrations; but there is reason to believe that the *finest species* of silver eel (there appear to be more than one species of the silver eel) remains all the year round in one locality. The River Windrush, which runs between Burford and Witney, in Oxfordshire, abounds with silver eels, which are frequently taken in baskets at the grist-mills, weighing from 5 to 9 lbs. apiece. But although the Windrush falls into the Thames without any obstruction to the passage of its fish, no silver, or indeed any other kind of eel of larger weight than 3 lbs., has been taken between Windsor and Richmond in gins, wears, baskets, or by night-lines, or other "engines," in the memory of the oldest "fishermen," who there ply their vocation. It is clear therefore that the large eels of the Windrush do not pass down the Thames to the sea. But still, silver eels of a small size—that is, seldom or never exceeding 2 lbs. in weight, are met with and taken all the way down the Thames. I have, however, not only seen, but eaten, of a 9 lbs. silver eel taken out of the Windrush, which eel was *roasted on a spit* with a dry stuffing inside, and served up on the table of Mr. Hyett, of Painswick House, late M.P. for Stroud, and proved the best-flavored eel I ever tasted. N.B.—The use of the stuffing was to absorb the extra richness of the fish.—R. D.

More Anecdotes of the Domestic Cat.—Being a subscriber to your valuable Journal, and having for some years been a close observer of the instructive (and I may say reasoning) habits of animals, I herewith send you one or two recollections of the Domestic Cat, as I perceive you have been publishing "Reminiscences, by a Lady." The following circumstances can be attested by numerous individuals, who will recognise the source from whence they came. Some time ago I had a favorite cat, who followed me about the house just as a dog would do. Being fond of shooting near home (where I lived we had a large garden, and an orchard of some extent attached), I used the common air-gun to shoot sparrows, chaffinches, and the like small fry; and it was most amusing to watch the looks of "pussy" the moment she saw me preparing to charge the gun with air. She knew, as well as I did, when I commenced pumping, *what was going to follow*. We then proceeded in search of "game," and it was most amusing

to witness her actions. She would follow close at my heels, and when I presented the gun, would make a dead stand; and as soon as I fired would run and pick up the bird. She has been known to do the same thing very frequently. The other anecdote is equally amusing, but different of its kind, and by another cat. My *cara sposa* having noticed from time to time, a short time after we had our breakfast or tea, that the cream-jug was regularly emptied, felt rather puzzled to account for it; more especially as we had no children in the house. At last, she spoke to me about it, and I suggested that probably "the cat did it." [Cats generally "do" everything, as every family man knows.] She looked incredulous, and wondered how I could be so foolish, seeing that the cream-jug was *so small*. However, I watched "pussy's" actions, and was much amused at the business-like manner in which she accomplished her object; for it *was* "the cat" after all! As soon as we had finished tea, we left the room, and setting the door ajar, so that we could perceive the whole proceeding, lay in wait to watch. My lady tabby first mounted my chair, then cautiously got on the tea-tray; and going straight to the cream-jug, dipped her paw into it. She then leisurely withdrew it, and commenced licking it with evident *gusto*, nor did she quit till she had emptied it. She did this so regularly, that we have many times invited our friends to come and see her do it. Most truly amusing was it, to witness the gravity with which pussy went through her performances. Now, Mr. Editor, whether you will call these two facts reason or instinct, I know not; but will just observe that, if not quite *reason*, it is much akin to it.—W. D.

Original Anecdote of the Fox.—In order that your readers may marvel with myself, at the strange "sagacity" of animals, let me relate an interesting and authentic anecdote of the fox. One summer's evening, as a sportsman was reclining beneath the shade of an old tree, his attention was suddenly attracted by hearing a rustling noise behind him; and quickly turning his head, he perceived a *fox* busily engaged in uprooting a tuft of grass, which he carried away in his mouth towards a lake in a valley not far off. The sportsman, curious to see the result, followed at a distance; and observed the fox stealthily enter the water and swim towards the centre of the lake, where some restless wild-ducks were hovering on the wing. The tuft of grass which he carried in his mouth, he permitted, as it were, to float on the surface of the water; while he himself moved unperceived towards the object of his prey, beneath. In a few minutes, the sportsman saw an unsuspecting bird alight on the green floating island; and in another instant, he beheld it suddenly drawn under the water. After a short lapse of time, the fox re-appeared at the margin of the lake, bearing his well-merited prize in his mouth. He then proceeded to place it in the cavity of a rock; carefully covering it over with sand, and dry leaves, which lay scattered near. He then hastened to secure another tuft of grass, and proceeded, as before, stealthily underneath the surface of the water, towards the centre of the lake. The sportsman now quickly hastened

towards the spot where Reynard had concealed his prey, and took possession of the lifeless bird; carefully replacing the sand and leaves over the cavity of the rock, so as almost to defy detection from the external appearance of the place. In a few minutes the fox returned, bearing in his mouth a second helpless victim. This time he came accompanied by a brother fox, and the two proceeded together to the spot where the former wild-duck had been buried; when, to their surprise, on scraping off the sand and leaves from the cavity of the rock, they found that their prey had been removed. This caused them to deliberate for some time; and after looking suspiciously at one another, they commenced a most furious attack, which was only terminated by the sportsman levelling his gun and shooting one of the enraged combatants through the heart. The other made its escape unharmed, and left the sportsman in the full possession of the two slaughtered birds and their unfortunate seducer! As I can safely vouch for the authenticity of this anecdote, it cannot fail to interest those who make it their pleasing occupation to study the "habits and peculiarities of animals."

—R. V. SANKEY.

Intelligence in the Garden Spider.—Perhaps the following curious instance of intelligence and forethought in the common Garden Spider (*Epeira diadema*) may interest your readers; at all events, you may rely on the following facts being quite true. Before the spider makes the meshes of his net, it is of course necessary that the line which he throws out and commits to a chance breeze, should attach itself to some distant object, and, in the case to which I allude, and which I and two of my family witnessed in our own garden, the line attached itself to a tree on the opposite side of the gravel walk, so that there was nothing underneath but the ground to which to fasten another thread to keep the whole of his future structure at the proper tension. Now, as the spider no doubt speculated on the danger of such a proceeding, what do you think his alternative was,—why, to let himself down and fasten a small pebble to the end of a thread; and climbing up to within about a foot of the scene of his future operations, he left the stone to hang, and then finished the rest of his beautiful structure. He then considered himself ready for the reception of company. Now, the greatest advocates of instinct will surely not deny that, in the present case, the expedient of the stone is adapted to a contingency which can arise but seldom; and, consequently, that the spider *reasoned* about what he should do in such an emergency, and did the best that could be done under the circumstances. I look upon a fact like the present, as a complete refutation of the argument of those who deny any portion of "intelligence" to the lower animals.

—B. W.

ENVY.—One of the worst things to fat on, is envy. In our opinion, it is as difficult for a grudging man to raise a double chin, as it is for a bankrupt to raise a loan. Plumpness comes not from roast beef, but from a good heart and a cheerful disposition. — *Albany Dutchman.* (Capital!)

THE TWO COUSINS.

A Pen-and-Ink Sketch.

I HAVE two sweet cousins, very unlike, yet very lovely—a snow-drop and a diamond. If earth holds a beauty unconscious of her charms, it is my cousin Eloise. How lovely she appeared when last I beheld her! the mellowed light of the shaded lamp by which she was reading, resting on her sweet Madonna-like face, and making golden lines in her rich chestnut hair! My gentle cousin! I almost worshipped her; but Eloise, though in all other respects gentle and considerate, has no mercy upon love and lovers; she has a merry and good-natured, but thoroughly discomfiting sarcasm, always ready to meet sentiment, when it takes the form of words. None have ever advanced beyond a single sentence of all that love dictates, nor has any living wight ever dared to make a second trial of so dangerous an experiment, and all Cupid's artillery of sighs, glances, &c., is thrown away upon her. She never *can* see love, and she never *will* hear it.

And yet, though Eloise has never loved, she is, albeit her arch denials, deeply imbued with sentiment in every other form. Her expressive face contradicts the only falsehood to which her noble spirit ever stooped. Why, incomprehensible girl, wilt thou deny the existence of those feelings which so much ennoble thee? How couldst thou so wickedly assert that thou hadst been 'asleep' during the long half hour, in the moonlit parlor, during which thou utteredst not a word, and left me to entertain myself, by watching thy deep dark eyes lit up with solemn enthusiasm, while gazing upward at night's jewels? Thou wast communing with another world, fair cousin, and that, not (as thou hadst the hardihood to say when I taxed thee with it) the 'Land of Nod.'

Eloise is an enthusiastic admirer of nature's charms. How often have I beheld her countenance silently and unconsciously express the feelings which others, who possessed them not, were eloquently portraying in words! And how astonished have I then been to hear her satirical and laughter-provoking reply to the rhapsodist, and how indignant, at her called in retaliation,—'the most unfeeling and unsentimental girl on earth!' Dear, noble Eloise, none deny her intellectual superiority, but few comprehend her heart. She is too proud, too sensitive, to display its emotions to public admiration, and consequently many deny that she possesses it. This opinion is especially in vogue with those who would, but dare not, offer incense at her shrine. May thy fair face, my cousin, ever remain unclouded by sorrow, and thy heart (for a heart thou hast, and a warm one,

Eloise!) never ache as thou hast unwittingly caused mine to do, with disappointed love!

Eloise has a sister younger than herself, and her perfect contrast. Isabelle is a 'dark ladye,' but how *gloriously* dark! Such a profusion of ebon braids! Such lustrous, magnificent eyes, shaded by the most richly-fringed curtains to be obtained of love's upholsterer, and—

"Her smile kindles with a conscious glow,
As from the thought of sovereign beauty born."

And Isabelle is conscious of 'sovereign beauty'—and means too, to do all the execution she can with it. How many captives grace her triumph whenever she appears in 'halls of light!' Admiration which her sister would not see, *she* sees, and makes the world see it too—though her heart remains as unyielding as that of Eloise. But don't imagine that Isabelle is an unfeeling coquette—far from it, her 'coquetry,' as her envious *friend* term it—never wounds, never degrades her in the eyes of her discarded suitors; on the contrary, she is much more popular than her more delicately-honorable sister, 'the proud Eloise'—whose mercy is termed 'coldness' and 'cruelty.'

Isabelle, moreover, is frank and generous, devotedly attached to her family, and although generally most luxuriously indolent, she will exert herself till exhausted to serve her friends, especially her sister. She possesses a strong mind and quick perceptions, but has not her sister's studious tastes. She always had a strange habit of looking *over* instead of *on* her book when at her 'studies.' 'What was the use of *her* studying—spoiling her eyes and her temper—when, if she wanted information on any subject, she had only to ask Eloise, who studied enough for both?'

And Isabelle *would not* be persuaded that her 'reasoning' was nonsense—at least until schooldays were over—and now she congratulates herself that she will never be mistaken for 'that scarecrow, a blue-stocking;' and indeed I am, sometimes, when looking at her brilliant face, inclined to agree with some of her mustachioed adorers, who tell her that—

"The lip that's so scented by roses,
Must never dare smell of the lamp."

But will Isabelle, so charming a mistress, make an *equally agreeable wife*? I have sometimes had fears on that head; but I know that when Isabelle loves, she will love devotedly, and where her affections are concerned, her will is ever pliant. Whoever wins Isabelle, will mould her to his fancy; *for her heart and hand will be given together.*

"ANY EXCUSE BETTER THAN NONE!"—Complaint against fortune, is often a masked apology for indolence.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

"*De omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis.*"

ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.—When Fontenelle was *ninety-seven years of age*, he happened to be in company with the then young and beautiful Madame Helvetius, who had been married but a few weeks. Fontenelle was always a great admirer of beauty, and he had been paying the bride many compliments, as refined as they were gallant. When the guests were sitting down to table, however, he passed her, and sat himself down without perceiving her. "See, now," said Madame Helvetius, "*what dependance is to be put in all your fine speeches; you pass on before, without looking at me!*" "Madame," said the gallant old man, "*if I had stopped to look at you, I could never have passed on!*"

THE FOX AND THE LEOPARD.—A fox sat, in deep thought, at the entrance of his den. "What are you thinking about now?" asked his helpmate.

"I will tell you: The leopard went by just now, and spoke to me so polite—*spoke first, too.*"

"What the plague does it all mean?"

"Why, you silly creature, *what should it mean?* You can't know much about leopards, wife, *if you fancy they are so polite FOR NOTHING!*"

There is a *moral* here, too obvious to require any comment from us.

ADVICE TO PERSONS ABOUT TO EAT "REAL" EPPING SAUSAGES, 'FONDLY' IMAGINING THEM TO BE MADE OF "PORK."—Don't!

EFFECTS OF "CALORIC" IN AMERICA.—The *Albany Knickerbocker*, of August, says:—"The weather has been 'all hot.' We saw a woman do her ironing with no other fuel than the sunshine. When we came away, she hung her kettle out of the window, to get tea ready."—We have since heard that, although it held four gallons of water, it boiled in less than four seconds. This is what the musicians call "quick time."

TIMES PAST AND TIMES PRESENT.—The Editor of the *Leicester Mercury* has inserted a funny paragraph in his last paper. Recurring to his juvenile days, he says:—"Nothing was so much dreaded in our schoolboy days, as to be '*punished*' by sitting between two girls. Ah! the force of education! In after-years, we learned to submit to such things, *without shedding a tear.*" No doubt, this has been the "force of habit." "Use is second nature"—if the proverb hold true.

"COMFORTABLE!"

ENGLAND *alone*, of all nations in the world, knows the *true* meaning of the word "Comfortable."

The French have no word in their language corresponding with our "Comfortable." The reason is plain,—they have nothing comfortable in their habits, and do not require a word to express that of which they are ignorant. A savage is no more in

want of a fashionable vocabulary for *petits soupers*, *déjeuners à la fourchette*, and *bals pares*, than a Frenchman is of a word to denote that state of existence which the English call "comfortable." Comfort with us, means the enjoyment which we derive from a substantial dinner, followed by a bottle of exhilarating Port; a cheering fire on a winter's night, with the ale posset, or hot elder wine, passing round the domestic circle: or the inside of a stage-coach, when well wrapped up, while the poor outside travellers are shivering with cold, in an atmosphere below zero. The French have no substantiality in their fare, and instead of sound Port, drink sour Claret. They have no fire-side, like ours, but sit smothering in the smoke from green woods; with the doors and windows open, to prevent absolute suffocation. They have no warm stage-coaches, but, when in their misnamed *Diligences*, are exposed to the drafts from broken panes of glass, and a thousand creaks in the coach (wagon—wag-on, indeed! for the vehicle can hardly be said to be in motion) pannels. Under such circumstances they can have no comfort; and do not therefore require a word, to express what is meant by "comfortable."

There are, however, a few situations of life in which the French have some idea of the comfortable in the same way as ourselves, although they have no distinct word to characterise it. If a man is comfortable in his lodgings, he says—"Je suis très bien," which means, "I am very comfortable; if he is rich, he says "Je suis à mon aise," which means, that he is in what we call comfortable circumstances. He says the same, too, when lounging on a sofa, and too idle for active business; just as a lazy fellow in this country, when he refuses to move, says, "Let me alone, I am very comfortable." But for true English roast-beef, or fire-side comfort, the Frenchman has no word; the thing is infinitely BEYOND HIS COMPREHENSION.

THE GOAT-MOTH.

This Moth, *Cossus signiperda*, which belongs to the order *Lepidoptera nocturga*, measures about three and a half inches across the expanded fore-wings, which are of an ashy white color, streaked and barred with irregular blackish lines; particularly towards the hinder margin. The secondary wings are of a lighter color, and marked with a few streaks posteriorly. The nervures of the anterior wings are brown; the thorax brown; with a white mark above the head, and a black bar behind the middle. Abdomen, ash color, and marked with dusky bars on each segment. The female lays her eggs in the chinks and bark of trees, sometimes as many as 1000 at a time. It is most probable that the greater portion of the young grubs, on emerging

from the egg, are found and picked off by birds before they can penetrate into the tree, as they are never found in any great numbers; and if not by birds, they must be destroyed by some unknown and invisible agency, equally destructive. Nature has here made a great and wise provision: for if such numbers were not annually destroyed, they would increase to such an extent as to overrun and consume the greater part of the vegetable kingdom. In the day-time, the moth rests on the trunk of trees; which in color it so much resembles, that a casual observer would not perceive it. The caterpillar, when full grown, measures about five inches in length, and is of a livid red color, with a few short hairs dispersed here and there over the body. Down the back, on each segment, there is a row of dark red patches. The head is black. The caterpillar of the goat-moth commits incredible ravages on various trees, but more especially on the elm and the willow, destroying them in an incredibly short space of time. "It does not consume the foliage of trees, like many other caterpillars, but derives its nutriment from the solid wood, which it readily comminutes by the action of its jaws. By means of these powerful organs, it mines its way through the stem of the most healthful tree, to the material injury of its vital functions; and, by forming numerous galleries in all directions which admit air and moisture, it often occasions a rapid decay."* Yet, though the caterpillar is generally pretty abundant, the moth is not found in anything like proportionate numbers. After remaining in the larva state three years, it descends to the entrance hole, and forms its cocoon, which is very strong; being composed of the chips it had gnawed off in its passage through the tree, intermingled with silk. The chrysalis is yellow, and has two points at the tail. In this state, it remains till circumstances favor its exclusion from the cocoon. Though not common, this moth is pretty generally distributed over England. It appears in June and July.

C. M.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

Strawberry Forcing.

WHEN we consider the number of parts which compose the flower of a strawberry, and that the rudiment of each part is contained in the bud, even when it is so small as scarcely to be visible to the naked eye, we may infer that great caution is required to bring forth those minute objects in a perfect state of development, by artificial means.

When the bud of a strawberry flower has attained the size of a pin's head, let a cross section be examined through a lens or microscope. This section will be found to comprise a certain number of rings or circles; these consist of, first, the calyx; second, the corolla; third, the male organs; fourth, or centre point, the female organs. These must

* Duncan's British Moths.

be produced in a perfect state; each organ must be capable of performing the office assigned it by nature; otherwise the act of fertilising, or "setting the fruit," cannot be accomplished.

Over excitement in any degree, whilst the flowers are in the bud-state, will derange their structure; one part will grow into another, and the result will be abortive flowers, which will wither away soon after they expand; being incapable of performing their functions, they are of no further use.—*Gardeners' Chronicle*.

PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS.

The Marionette Theatre.

THE public journals have been sounding the praises of this very harmless and very amusing introduction of the French paste-board puppets, far and near. We, too, feel justified in still further extending the fame of the exhibition. It is singularly clever in its conception; and the manner of "working" the little *dramatis personæ*, is deserving of the most honorable mention.

To notice "Theatres," properly so called, is beyond our province, but this comes legitimately within our scope; for as a work of art, and illustrative of "progress," it is *unique*. Not only do *children* raise shouts of laughter at the passive performers, so marvellously rendered "active," but older folk join right heartily in the chorus of merry voices.

In addition to the *Manager's Room*, *Bombastes Furioso*, and the grand ballet of action, *Pauline* (all admirably "got up"), there has been produced the laughable melodrama of the *Bottle Imp*. The acting of the puppets in this piece, as well as in the others, is really surprising; and the little personages, from the way in which they go through their parts, almost cheat one into the belief that they are things of real life. The singing and dancing are in admirable keeping with the other portions of the entertainment, and the audience nightly depart in ecstasies.

We know no place where two or three hours could be more pleasantly spent than in this little theatre.

THE BOA-CONSTRUCTOR'S STOMACH.

"'Tis all a matter of *taste*!"—*The Gourmand's Note Book*.

WHAT a multitude of jokes have been passed, or "cracked," upon the unhappy reptile that recently swallowed a blanket, whole! *Punch* will have it that the animal's sagacity knew *it would keep him warm* during the winter! Another says *it did not know*

a blanket from a rabbit; this is the "popular belief." But a third comes forward, and says that serpents are chemical essayists! This is a noble instinct! The following appeared in a recent number of *Chambers' Journal*. If it be true, all we can say is: *Chacun à son goût!*—"Some naturalists have surmised that serpents have no sense of *taste*, because the boa-constrictor in the Zoological Gardens swallowed his blanket. Chemistry may, however, assist us in solving the mystery, and induce us to draw quite an opposite conclusion from the curious circumstance alluded to. May not the 'mistake' of the serpent be attributed to the marvellous acuteness of his taste? Take this reason: all vegetable substances contain starch, all animal substances contain ammonia: now *it is most probable that the snake detected the animal quality*—the ammonia—in the wool of the blanket, and he therefore naturally enough inferred that his bed was something suitable to his digestive organs. It is certain that he committed an error of judgment, but that error may be traceable to the subtlety of his taste rather than to its obtuseness. We throw out this suggestion as a specimen, if nothing better, of what contradictory inferences may be drawn from a single fact; and as a hint of how much caution is necessary in arriving at absolute opinions, even when the evidence is apparently most unmistakeable."

We cannot help thinking that the boa wanted a "change of diet," and helped himself to the only "variety" that was at hand. We, too, throw this out as—a suggestion!

AN EXTRAORDINARY PIKE.

As we feel bound to record all "curious facts" in natural history, what can be more worthy of record than the following?—

"On Thursday, the 22nd ult., a pike, not only remarkable for its more than ordinary dimensions, but also for the singular beauty of its variegated colors, was caught in the ornamental water at Nep (or Knapp) Castle, near West Grinstead, county of Sussex, the seat of Sir C. Burrell, Bart. The dimensions of the fish were, extreme length 45 inches; girth $27\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and weight upwards of 30lbs. This is considered most extraordinary, as, judging from the smallness of the head and appearance of the teeth, it is evidently not more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ years old. It was forwarded to Grove's, Charing Cross, where it was exhibited to the public, and attracted much attention."—*Morning Advertiser*.

Considering the estimated age of this fish, we should say the purchaser of it would, if he carried it home himself, find it "*full weight*."

IMPOSE not a burden on others, which thou canst not bear thyself.

WINTER.

There's a sound of "going" among the trees,
The tread of departed summer;
While on the hills, and across the seas,
Rings the blast of a warlike comer;
And the glad earth crouches, as though in fear,
As his martial clarion draweth near.

His ruthless hand on the flow'rs he'll lay,
And bid them to their rest;
At his icy touch they'll shrink away
To hide in their mother's breast;
And sleep, as bound by a wizard's chain,
Till Spring shall bid them forth again.

His voice will stay the merry streams,
As they leap and dance along;
And the murmur of bees, in their mid-day dreams
Shall cease, and the wild-bird's song;
And the bounding gush of the waterfall
Change to the roof of his crystal hall.

And the mighty forest trees shall stand,
With leafless arms and grey;
In aspect gaunt, like a warrior band,
Despoil'd of its proud array;
While in patience stern they wait to hear
The first fresh note of Summer near.

Yet we welcome the monarch,—with fond fare-
well
To the queen of the woods and rills,
While we pause to catch the lingering swell
Of her music upon the hills;
Yet we welcome him, spite of the joy departed,
As king of the glad and merry-hearted.

But not to all comes the Winter's voice
With a burden of joyful strain;
The merry heart may well rejoice
That knows no want or pain:
*But how shall they his presence hail,
To whom the means of life may fail?*

Where shall the homeless hide his head
From the chill and bitter blast?
Whence shall the starving crowd be fed,
'Till want is overpast?
Oh! pause, thou merry heart, and think;
NOR FROM THY NEIGHBOR PROUDLY SHRINK!
L.

JEALOUSY.

OUR very zealous contemporary, the *Family Herald*, a "great authority" on such matters, thus gallops in with commendable and furious rage upon that green-eyed monster—jealousy. This arch-fiend, found in Man or Woman, ought we say, to be "hung by the neck till it is dead! dead!! dead!!! The Editor of the *Family Herald* is replying to a correspondent bearing the euphonious designation of LOTA. "LOTA's grievance" says he, "is the green-eyed monster, Jealousy. Her *fiance* carries it as far as it will go; that is, he carries it up or down to jealousy of the opposite sex to his own. If he sees LOTA even walking with another lady, he is indignant; and when

LOTA reasons with him on the folly of such jealousy, he replies, *If you loved me as I love you, you would not even smile on any one else!* If this be love, it deserves to be drummed out of human society. A man who will not smile on any human being but one, ought to be banished to a desert island. Such love is not only detestable, but it is not to be depended on. It is a selfish fever: and, like a fever, it has its cold reaction. This reaction is sure to come, and love will then be translated into hatred. Such a lover is more likely to hate than to love his wife, twelve months after marriage; unless perhaps the youth is in delicate health, and nervously susceptible through physical disease. Poor LOTA says she is willing 'not to smile on any gentleman;' but she rebels at any further obedience to the tyrant's order. Even that is too much. She is in duty bound to obey God rather than man; and what law of religion or morals ever forbade man or woman to treat one another with the smile of friendship? *No wonder 'engaged' young people are so generally unsocial, and even disliked, when such a mortcloth of selfishness is wrapping up their hearts and their generous affections.*"—Well done, Mr. Editor! we trust our Brethren of the Broad-sheet will bear your sentiments over the whole surface of the globe. Then will the name of "LOTA" be immortalised among generations yet to come.

THE MOTHER'S PETITION.

BY R. V. SANKEY.

Oh! lady, fair lady, the night-winds are chill;
And I and my baby scarce know where to
rest:
For our cottage stands far on the brow of the hill,
And long since the day-star has sunk in the
West.
'Tis not for myself that I fear the rude blast,
I would traverse the sea, were the waves
dark and wild;
Alone, amid tempests, the mountains I've
pass'd,
And now I but fear for the sake of my
Child.

Then lady, fair lady, ah! seek not to blame,
But grant us a shelter till morning shall rise;
I ask and implore it, in pity's sweet name,
And by all that you love, and my poor in-
fant's cries.
'Tis not for myself that I fear the rude blast,
I would traverse the sea, were the waves
dark and wild;
Alone, amid tempests, the mountains I've
pass'd,
And now I but fear for the sake of my
Child!

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No. 8.—1852.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21.

PRICE 1½d.
Or, in Monthly Parts, Price 7d.

DOMESTIC PETS.

The Squirrel—No. 1.

WHEN we view the great mass of papers and letters with which our Turkey-carpet is strewn, and read their contents, we begin to get bewildered. Our brain reels; our spirits flag; and our task seems "never ending, still beginning." Yet cannot we behold those letters unmoved, nor peruse them without a feeling of gratification. They afford a most pleasing proof that our object has been appreciated, and that our idea is a "popular" one.

In the first place, we have applications innumerable from young ladies "who keep pets," charging us immediately to commence a series of Articles upon pigeons, dogs, parrots, love-birds, monkeys (*these* we will never defile our LONDON JOURNAL by noticing), cats, dormice, guinea-pigs, rabbits, choice fowls, horses; and above all, *the various* SONG BIRDS that ornament our English dwellings—together with the readiest means of training them. These, and many more "subjects" are urged upon us—lovingly, we must say; and we will as lovingly treat of them *all*, in turn; meantime, let each of our fair and anxious correspondents and their brothers, send us, weekly, short and nicely drawn-up "anecdotes" of each, in order that we may make them publicly useful. The interest *already* excited by our "Original Correspondence" can hardly be credited; and, as yet, it is a mere *bagatelle*!

We have elsewhere directed attention to the best means for *extending* our JOURNAL, into all quarters whence literary aid may be looked for; and we shall rejoice in having the additional assistance of our merry, kind, and rosy-cheeked juvenile readers, who thirst to know so much about "pets." Let us make a little bargain with them. "We will henceforth help one another." Shall it be so? It shall. Good!

To-day, we purpose introducing to our

readers' notice the ENGLISH SQUIRREL; a much-esteemed correspondent having expressed a wish to know something about him.

In our bachelor days, when hours of leisure were at our disposal, we used to "cultivate" squirrels, and take perhaps inordinate pleasure in their society. We may as well here state, that our natural disposition is kindly; that we can never sit alone, walk alone, eat alone. If at home, and the inmates absent, we are always to be found among our elegant little fancy fowls, who will jump into our hands to be caressed, and nestle under our chin. We name this, as we are sure there is *an art* in taming animals, as much as there is in taming each other. That art is—affection: it is a never-failing talisman; true, in all its operations, as is the needle to the Pole.

The first squirrel we ever possessed, we purchased of a man in the street. We think we were coaxed into giving a crown piece for it. The man evidently saw that our heart was enlisted; and although we tried hard for some time to beat him down, the crown became his, the squirrel ours.

We remember there was a showy piece of scarlet ribbon, flowing like a streamer from Skuggy's neck. It had been used as a gentle chain, to keep him prisoner. Being young, we soon made him familiar, and instructed him in a multitude of little tricks. Among our visitors were many who took delight in teasing this little rogue. We took upon ourselves the task of teaching him to resent this; and so effectually, that few offenders escaped without marks of his teeth being visible on their hands. He never acted on the offensive, although very wary of what was preparing for him; but, on the first offence offered, he invariably gave "value received."

Yet, with us was he on the *most* affectionate terms. Do what we would, tease him as we might, he invariably returned good for evil. He would come out of his cage to breakfast with us regularly every

morning, and never did guest make himself more welcome, nor help himself more at his ease. Sugar, milk, bread and butter, egg, marmalade, and that infinite variety of "spread," in which a bachelor so much delights, were ours—were his. He ate till he could eat no longer; then would he come to us to be cuddled, and suddenly running up our shoulder, he would put his paws, one on each side of our face, and lick our chin all over with his rough tongue.

Such mimic scenes as these were the joy of our young heart, and never did Master feel himself less alone than when so surrounded. We had a large house, and that bachelor's curse, a dishonest housekeeper (who had the art of turning brandy into toast-and-water, and gin into *aqua pura*)—AND our pet squirrel; other "pets" were afterwards added, of which, more by-and-by: but none of them caused our little friend to be laid on one side. How well he knew our step! How eager he was to take his seat at the table, whenever we sat down! We repeat, all this was the result of mutual affection. We pass over a multitude of endearing good qualities in this prince of squirrels, to speak of his mischievous propensities.

One morning, on quitting our dressing-room, and going into the drawing-room, we found the carpet apparently covered with *snow*. It was the comminuted remains of two copies of the *Times Newspaper*, which Skuggy had reduced into the minutest "vulgar fractions." Glancing at the mantle-piece, we missed several ornaments; on looking down, we found "their remains" in the fireplace. Several boys were there without heads; one lady, an orange merchant, with her arm broken; and a china elephant had lost his *trunk*. Various other disasters met our eye.

Glancing round for the culprit, we could find him, as Jullien says, "No-where at all." At last we spied him, seated aloft, at the extreme end of the silk window-curtains, "looking volumes." He knew well he had done wrong, and that he would be punished for it. *He did not descend till he was half famished*; and his contrition being then manifest, we lectured him, kissed him, tickled him—and finally tucked him up as usual, in his snug linen bed. We verily believe he would have broken his little heart, had we not done so.

We shall return to the squirrel, anon.

SUCCESS.—The surest hindrance to success is to have too high a standard of refinement in our own minds, or too high an opinion of the judgment of the public. He who is determined not to be satisfied with anything short of perfection, will never do anything at all, either to please himself or others.—*Hazlitt*.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

The Country House, No. 3. *The Ox and the Dairy*. 12mo.

WE have already dwelt, at some length, on the two former sections of this popular work.

This is an equally good, and an equally interesting description of another branch of the same general subject. As a treatise on the merit of the Ox, and the best breeds, it is, as a work of reference, indispensably useful. The wood-cuts are numerous and very spirited.

From the portion of the work which is assigned to "the dairy," we select a short passage or two on that delicious luxury in which we have all often revelled, CLOUTED CREAM. Would it were even now near "tea-time," and a *sensible* "cream-jug," that would hold about a quart, were on the table filled! How soon would it be emptied!

Devonshire is celebrated for a delicacy prepared from the milk, well known as clouted cream. In order to obtain this, the milk is suffered to stand in a vessel for twenty-four hours; it is then placed over a stove, or slow fire, and very gradually heated to an almost simmering state, below the boiling point. When this is accomplished (the first bubble having appeared), the milk is removed from the fire, and allowed to stand for twenty-four hours more. At the end of this time, the cream will have arisen to the surface, in a thick or *clouted* state, and is removed. In this state it is eaten as a luxury [it is indeed!]; but it is often converted into butter, which is done by stirring it briskly with the hand or a stick.

It ought to be a crime, punishable by the judges, ever to allow such cream as this to be made into butter! Send it all up here, good folk; for it is well known that there is NO GOOD CREAM to be had in London. How should there be? Any one can answer the question who looks at the London animals, who are falsely and facetiously said to "give milk!" "Milk!" quotha; drenched grains, colored with chalk and water! The cream, say the statistics of London, is "manufactured from sheeps' brains, whipped into a froth, and delivered to order." We believe it; so that if anything of the kind should come before us, when we are "asked out to tea," we shall assuredly say,—Whence comes it?

On the Advantages of the Study of Natural History. A Lecture delivered at the City of Westminster Literary Institution. By EDWARDS CRISP, M.D. 8vo.

THIS is a very sensible Lecture on an all-engrossing and truly interesting subject; and we recommend a universal perusal of it. We have ourselves gone over much of the same ground in the columns of the *Garden-*

ers' *Chronicle*; but the following Extracts will come with much freshness. We trust our young friends, in particular, will closely mark the providential provision made for animals to escape their natural enemies. This is shown by their *colors* assimilating with the haunts they frequent:—

The color of animals always answers some wise purpose. The ebony skin of the African is well adapted to protect him from the effects of a tropical sun. I met with a good illustration of this a short time since: I was walking in the fields with a farmer in Essex, and I observed to him that all his pigs were black; he told me that he preferred this color, as "they did better in the fields, the skin of the white pigs being liable to crack in hot weather." On inquiry, I find the correctness of this opinion confirmed by others.

Concealment appears to be another object; the animal often being screened from its enemies by its color corresponding with the surrounding surface; thus in the north of Europe, where the ground is so often covered with snow, many animals are white, which here are dark: the grouse, partridge, hare, and fox, may be mentioned as examples; the ermine, in this country, which is a reddish brown in summer, becomes white in winter, as does also the male of the snow-bunting. The young of these birds, the gulls (which are white) are of a lightish ash color, dotted with black, so that it is almost impossible to distinguish them from the shingle on which they sit. Again, the eggs of all ground birds are of a dark color, whilst many of those whose nests are more elevated, are white. The only ground-birds' eggs which approach the nearest to this color (that I know of) are the eggs of the duck, pheasant, and partridge; but the duck and the English partridge cover their eggs so that they cannot be seen. The pheasant does so occasionally, and the French partridge (the eggs of which are much darker) never, or very rarely. It is probable that the color of the eggs of the common hen has been changed by domestication.

How admirably also the color serves to enable some animals to take their prey; how like is the lion's skin to the sandy desert—the stripes of the tiger to the long grass in which he is concealed—the spots of the leopard and tiger-cat to the trees they frequent—the lizard to the green foliage, or sandy bank. This alligator, how perfect is the resemblance of his hide to the slimy mud! How great, often, is the correspondence between the color of another class of reptiles, the ophidians, and the ground on which they move! A friend of mine saw this serpent (*trigonocephalus*) in Trinidad, lying across his path, and as you may readily suppose, from its color, took it for the dead branch of a tree, until its motion arrested his footsteps. Its poison is most deadly.

The coverings of animals, again, are wonderfully adapted to the climates and elements which they inhabit: thus we have a warm thick fur in the northern regions; a thin hairy coat in the tropics—in the air the light and beautiful feather—in the water the crust or scale. What armourer could make a coat of mail to equal that

in which this armadillo is enveloped? How well it protects him from the weapons of his assailants, and from the falling trees and branches in his path!

Many of the inferior animals not only possess the five senses, but some of them are more perfect than in man; more especially the sense of smell: the dog can scent his master in a crowd of a thousand persons. Those long-snouted animals, the pig, ant-eater, mole, coatimondi, badger, as well as the long-billed birds, have both the senses of smell and touch to a high degree, to enable them to obtain their food in the dry or wet earth. But the *sense of smell* is probably more *exquisite in birds* than in other animals. I have several times visited a decoy for taking wild fowl, and those who enter are compelled to carry burning turf near their mouths, in order that the birds may not detect their approach, and take flight. I once, after a day's hare-shooting, took some retrievers to look for the wounded game that had escaped, and afterwards died. The carrion-crows, however, that had found the dead hares, were the best guides: these birds had not been observed in the neighborhood for some time before. It has long been a disputed point, as to whether the carrion birds find their food by scent or by sight; but I think Waterton's experiment is conclusive; he placed the carcass of a pig (in the night) in a ditch, and so covered it with bushes, that it could not be seen; early in the morning, there were plenty of vultures near the spot, although before this they were not visible. Waterton afterwards stuffed the dried skin of a deer, and exposed it in the middle of a field, but not a vulture came near it.

We also direct attention to the lecturer's remarks on the Economy of Insects, and the sagacity of the Dog—all very pleasing, and all very instructive.

THINGS WONDERFUL AND TRUE.

WITH a very near approach to truth, the human family inhabiting the earth has been estimated at 700,000,000; the annual loss by death is 18,000,000. Now, the weight of the animal matter of this immense body cast into the grave is no less than 624,400 tons; and by its decomposition produces 9,000,000,000,000 cubic feet of gaseous matter. The vegetable productions of the earth clear away from the atmosphere the gases thus generated, decomposing and assimilating them for their own increase.

This cycle of changes has been going on ever since man became an occupier of the earth. He feeds on the lower animals and on the seeds of plants, which in due time, become a part of himself. The lower animals feed upon the herbs and grasses, which, in their turn, become the animal; then, by its death, again pass into the atmosphere, and are ready once more to be assimilated by plants, the earthy or bony substance

alone remaining where it is deposited; and not even these, unless sufficiently deep in the soil, to be out of the absorbent reach of the roots of plants and trees.

Nothing appears so cannibalising as to see a flock of sheep grazing in a country churchyard, knowing it to be an undeniable fact that the grass they eat has been nurtured by the gaseous emanations from my immediate predecessors; then following up the fact that this said grass is actually assimilated by the animal, and becomes mutton, whereof we may, perhaps, dine next week. "Truth is stranger than fiction!" and here is a truth that exemplifies the proverb.

It is not at all difficult to prove that the elements, of which the living bodies of the present generation are composed, have passed through millions of mutations, and formed parts of all kinds of animal and vegetable bodies, in accordance with the unerring law of nature; and consequently we may say with truth that fractions of the elements of our ancestors form portions of ourselves. Some of the particles of Cicero's or Æsop's body, peradventure, wield his pen. Thus saith the chemist; now listen to the words of the poet:—"To what base uses may we return, Horatio!" Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole? To follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus:—Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer barrel?

"Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!"
Hamlet, Act. v. s. 1.

"Notes" on the Minds of Animals.

THE following observations have reference to animals, inferior to man; and exhibit their apparent knowledge of the sciences and arts; also, their professions, occupations, and employments:—

BEEs are geometricians—their cells are so constructed as, with the least quantity of material, to have the largest-sized spaces and least possible loss of interstice.

So, also, is the ANT LION—his funnel-shaped trap is exactly correct in its conformation as if it had been made by the most skilful artist of our species, with the aid of the best instruments.

The MOLE is a meteorologist.

The bird called the NINE KILLER is an arithmetician; so also is the CROW, the WILD TURKEY, and some other birds.

The TORPEDO, the RAY, and the ELECTRIC EEL, are electricians.

The NAUTILUS is a navigator—he raises and lowers his sail, casts and weighs anchor, and performs other nautical evolutions.

Whole tribes of birds are musicians.

The BEAVER is an architect, builder, and woodcutter—he cuts down trees, and erects houses and dams.

The MARMOT is a civil engineer—he not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry.

The WHITE ANTS maintain a regular army of soldiers.

The EAST INDIA ANTS are horticulturists—they make mushrooms, upon which they feed their young.

WASPS are paper manufacturers.

CATERPILLARS are silk spinners.

The bird PLOCEUS TEXTOR is a weaver—he weaves a web to make his nest.

The PRIMIA is a tailor—he sews the leaves together to make his nest.

The SQUIRREL is a ferryman—with a chip or piece of bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream.

DOGS, WOLVES, JACKALS, and many others, are hunters.

The BLACK BEAR and HERON are fishermen.

The ANTS have regular day laborers.

The MONKEY is a rope dancer.

The associations of BEAVERS present us with a model of republicanism.

The BEES live under a monarchy.

The INDIAN ANTELOPES furnish an example of a patriarchal government.

ELEPHANTS exhibit an aristocracy of elders.

WILD HORSES are said to elect their leaders.

SHEEP, in a wild state, are under the control of a military chief ram.

THE ROBIN RED-BREAST.

Now that this "lovely bird with russet coat" is exciting so much attention in our pages, we will keep up the interest by a succession of Anecdotes, throwing up his character in "full relief." The following was an amateur contribution to the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, May 25, 1844. The paper containing it, has long since been out of print, and the anecdote not obtainable in a printed form:—

Sir,—In a late Number appeared a very interesting anecdote of an "affectionate" robin. Your correspondent has, however, I would presume, seen little beyond the "sunny side" of this bird's character. I grant the robin has some very striking, good qualities; but "more remains behind."

I have made the study of birds a very favorite pastime for the last fourteen years, my collection seldom averaging fewer than from 200 to 300 of nearly all kinds, including nightingales, black-caps, babillards, &c. &c.; and I have had as many as seventeen robins in cages at one and the same time. My observation, during the above period, com-

pels me to say that, if of these "affectionate" birds, twenty males were let loose in one room, not three would be found alive the next morning; and even these survivors would be desperately wounded. Their strength alone has saved them (unless indeed they have studied the "whole art of war"); and opportunity alone is wanting for each one of them to receive from the other his quietus, which is inevitable, if they continue together.

If robins, confined in cages, are expected to sing, they must on no account whatever be permitted to see each other, for their jealousy exceeds, *if* it be possible, that of Woman; and once provoked, they are nearly as irreconcilable. Thus much for their foibles. I will now give you an instance of their gentler nature. You will thereby see, not only how possible it is to tame a robin, but to mould it to your entire will.

In the autumn of last year, I took possession of my present residence; and being alone for a week until the arrival of my family from town, I rose as early as half-past four in the morning, to attend to my cage-birds, which I fed on a table in the back garden. While employed in this operation, I perceived that I was closely watched by a very elegantly-formed, fine, stout robin, who seemed bent on ascertaining whether or not I was a *friend to his tribe*. Within three days, his mind, on this point, was set at rest, and he became my constant guest—in doors, in the garden, on my shoulder, on my finger; and to sum up all, I taught him, at command, to perch himself firmly on the bridge of my nose, and to take a meal-worm, while thus seated, from my hand. It would often happen, on my return home, that he was in Ravenscourt Park (which adjoins my garden). At such times, I had only to give a peculiar whistle, and he would be at my side in a few moments.

Finally, our "engagement for the season" terminated only two months since, when my little friend committed matrimony. He is now teaching his young family, four in number, how to fly, and is in the garden the greater part of the day, singing joyously. His great familiarity, however, is suspended *pro tem.*, and I can scarcely expect that his instinct will permit him to return to his old habits of strict intimacy until August.—*William Kidd, New-road, Hammersmith.*

Other anecdotes, referring to this "choice spirit," and certain members of his family, shall appear in due course. The Natural History of the Robin, is truly interesting. He seems to be a universal favorite, and welcome at all tables.

A FROST IN LONDON.

A FROST in London! What a miscellany of absurd mischances—what lavish materials for laughter and description are comprised in these words! Every quarter of London abounds in food for cachinnation. Let us extract a few "Random Records." In the more fashionable streets, where the quick, bustling step of business is little, if at all known, the pavement on either side (for we are supposing a strenuous frost, ushered in by its usual herald, a snow storm) is one mass of dark, glossy ice, which the trim dandy eyes with ludicrous misgiving, as if but to look were to tumble. Should he wear stays, his trepidation deepens into paralysis. Hard by the squares, close underneath whose rails a mass of drifted snow lies crouched, some five or six urchins are busy manufacturing snowballs, one of which, destined for the scone of a fellow idler, wears away on the wrong tack, and drives bump ashore against the midriff of a fat man in spectacles.

On the Serpentine, a prepossessing young skater, whose first year of shaving will not expire till March, inspired by the manifest admiration of a group of lovely girls, resolves, for once, to out-do himself, but, alas! in rounding the loop of the figure of three, he loses his equilibrium, changes abruptly from the perpendicular to the horizontal, and cuts one figure more than he had anticipated. Close beside him stands a determined wag, who, overpowered by his sense of the ridiculous, misses his footing, and plunges into an adjacent hole, and finishes his laugh three feet beneath the ice. It is to be hoped that he will be drowned, as the interest of his situation will be materially improved thereby.

In Sloane Street, which the "nipping blasts" scour from one end to the other, like Cossacks on a foraging party, No. 179, in venturing forth to visit No. 98, meets with No. 82, First Floor Furnished, with a thin blueish tinge at the tip of her nose. Neither ladies have been conscious of the existence of hands or feet for the last ten minutes. Their tongues, however, it is gratifying to add, are still in high condition. Throughout the East-end, every third plebeian's digits are deep "embowelled" in his pockets: the Houndsditch Israelites, with their stiff frozen beards, look like itinerant statues of Æsculapius; and the driver of the "Hansom" cab, which stands next the airy regions of Finsbury Square, is a petrefaction from the waist downwards.

At Bishopsgate Within, Miss A—, the Venus of the ward, who has been asked thrice in church, cannot become one flesh with Mr. B—, the Apollo of Farringdon Without, till the huge chilblain, on the

ZEAL AND JUDGMENT.—Zealous men are ever displaying to you *the strength of their belief*, while JUDICIOUS MEN are showing you *the grounds of it*.

fourth finger of the left hand, has become sufficiently thawed to permit the passage of the wedding-ring. Her opinion of the frost is, in consequence, far from disinterested. At the Horse Guards, the two mounted sentries look ossified and hopeless; for an indefatigable north-east wind is momentarily assimilating their condition to that of Lot's wife. In turning up from Guildford Street into Russell Square, an intelligent, serious, looking gentleman comes into hasty and unexpected collision with another, equally intelligent, at the edge of a long slide. The consequences are obvious. Both plunge to earth, and (wonderful to relate) the same oath, given in a bold bravura style, mellowed by a slight touch of the plaintive—like the Jeremiads of the poor gardeners—burst, at the same moment, from the lips of both. On comparing damages, one gentleman finds that he has split his new black shorts; the other, that he has staved in the crown of his best hat.

In driving up Constitution Hill, where Boreas is proverbially frolicsome, my Lady B.'s Jehu becomes suddenly unconscious of a nose, but finding that the footman behind is in the same predicament, he resigns himself, with a grim smile of satisfaction, to his fate. While quitting a linen-draper's in Hanway Yard, whither he has been accompanying two young ladies a-shopping, a smart youth, in a gay blue mantle, comes down, just outside the door, on that particular portion of his person which naturalists have defined as the "seat of honor." On jumping up, agreeably savage, he discovers the shopman in convulsions, and his fair friends in hysterics, though he himself cannot see the joke. It is surprising how insensible some people are to humor! Should the wind be high, and the snow exuberant, umbrellas make a point of turning inside out; bonnets, like pigs on a trip to Smithfield, take every direction but the right; hats evince a disposition to see the world, and ladies' dresses mount upwards in the scale of things.

So much for externals: within doors the student sits "*contractus legens*"—as Horace says—by his fire-side; and sensitive young ladies, who have been for some time striving to summon up courage to go a-shopping, move to the window, cast a glance at the snow on the pavement, shudder gracefully, and creep closer to their "ingle nook." In a warm cushioned arm-chair, with spectacles on his nose, the "Miseries of Human Life" in his hands, and "Rejected Addresses" lying on the table beside him, sits the old bachelor, condemning the unoffending eyes of the frost, and its stern rheumatic concomitants.

How different is the state of the married man! He—happy fellow!—as evening draws on, sits surrounded by his children, the two

youngest of whom, in consideration of the severity of the weather, and the social influence of Christmas, are permitted to nestle close beside him, where they amuse themselves by making pincushions of his calf, pouring Port wine into his pockets, and stuffing his snuff-box with apple-pips. See what it is to be a parent!

But it is at night that the father is most in his element. Then, while the thermometer is below zero, and the water is frozen in his basin, he is roused from dreams of happiness by the clamor of his daughter, Anna Maria, who sleeps in the cribb beside him, and whose hooping-cough, like Rachel mourning for her children, "refuseth to be comforted."

Up jumps the worthy gentleman, lights the tinder-box, finds Anna Maria black in the face, runs off for the doctor, leaps the first gutter, tumbles, breaks his nose against the second, and is hauled off to the watch-house as a drunkard!

Such are a few among the numerous absurd concomitants of a FROST IN LONDON!

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Phrenology for the Million.

To the Editor,—Sir,—I have for many years past been a reader, a very careful reader, of your multitudinous writings; and I have narrowly watched the tenor of your observations. No man can write much, or long, without in some degree laying bare the inmost thoughts of his soul; and his bias must have *some* direct tendency to good or evil. This cannot be concealed from a reader who feels eager to fathom a writer's notions on right or wrong. I flatter myself, *I* am this eager reader; I also flatter myself that I can read *YOU*. Presuming on this, and hoping I am correct, let me cordially extend to you the right hand of fellowship. I herald the advent of KIDD'S JOURNAL amongst us, as one of our many national blessings; for the hand that holds the pen, and the pen that gives utterance to its master's thoughts, in the said Journal, are well worthy the one of the other. But now for the object of this note.

Without in any way attempting to complain of the contents, or the arrangement of your Journal, which are both admirable—I want you to confer an additional benefit on society, a benefit which shall at once immortalise your Paper; and that, without in any way interfering with its general matter. You have already paved the way for its introduction by remarks, made in your very First Number, as to rendering science "popular" for the masses.

In *some* hands, the topic I wish introduced

would injure, rather than benefit, a good cause; and it is because I know you to be a Christian man, that I wish to see it well and properly handled by you. The subject I allude to is PHRENOLOGY—as beautiful a science as it ever fell to the lot of man to investigate, and a science to which mankind generally are daily becoming necessary converts.

You no doubt are well acquainted with the noble work of GALL,—which, being only obtainable in this country in an unknown tongue, sleeps heavily on the shelves of the foreign publishers, unasked for, uncared for. And yet—in that very casket, lie jewels of immense, of incalculable value to the million! Food for thought is hidden *there*, which be it the happy lot of KIDD'S JOURNAL to bring to light.

In a pecuniary point of view, of course you will be largely benefited; for *everybody* will read this book, if you translate and re-print it; but your reward will extend *far, very far, beyond this*. As a public benefactor, you will receive the homage of the whole civilised and enlightened world.

I have, ere now, gathered from your writings, that both physiognomy and phrenology are favorite studies of yours; you have, indeed, repeatedly said as much. Let me suggest that, every week, you give us *one page* from GALL'S intellectual work, with occasional notes and comments. I feel certain, it would add greatly to your already well-earned fame as a naturalist and a *lover* of nature; whilst it would carry your JOURNAL into every corner of our “happy land.”

Yours, with esteem,

AMICUS.

[This Appeal to us, is deserving of attention. We freely confess our great admiration of the science of Phrenology; when kept within due limits; and we admit that the principles of it *ought to be* widely disseminated. “We will sleep on it” one week; and if we “act,” it shall be promptly and energetically. The “masses” are alive to the *truth* of the science, and they want to know more of it. Will “AMICUS” kindly send us his name? It shall be kept in the most strict confidence. Or, will he kindly grant us a personal interview? We should greatly prefer the latter.]

KIDD'S “JOURNAL” AND “THE TRADE.”

To the Editor.

SIR,—Allow me, as one of very many, perhaps hundreds, of your readers, to corroborate what was said last week by A LOVER OF NATURAL HISTORY touching your “title,” and the difficulty of obtaining your Paper.

The former really is a “mistake” on *your* part; for we invariably find the penny picture-book substituted, when we ask for “KIDD'S

LONDON JOURNAL.” You are hardly incorrect in saying, that “half the dealers in Periodicals cannot read.” I believe it. At all events they cannot be brought to comprehend, why a Paper, issued at one penny, should not be infinitely preferable to one of a similar title at three halfpence!

I have carefully perused what you have said about these folk, in your opening article in No. 5; and can more than understand the “difficulties” you had to encounter in getting your “Journal” into the London shops at all. Why, Sir, you may now wander daily, all over London, and scarcely meet with a single copy for sale after Wednesday (the day of publication!). This is monstrously unjust to you, and foolish as regards the vendor. His answer is,—“We do not keep more than are previously ordered.”

Your friends, therefore, must BESIEGE these gentlemen dealers, and give them no rest, night nor day. I could not have dreamt that so much unfair difficulty could have beset a new periodical,—especially one so universally called for as yours is. The dealers admit this; but they say in justification, that they have lost largely by keeping new periodical works, which have from time to time been “dropped,” and the stock on hand rendered valueless. This is “a” reason, certainly.

Again I say, let all your friends,—I do it, daily,—call on every Newsvendor and Bookseller in their way, to and fro; and BOTHER THEIR LIVES OUT FOR “KIDD'S JOURNAL,”—letting the word “London” lapse for the nonce. A few pence weekly, cannot ruin your friends; but the trifling outlay may materially facilitate the success of your Paper, and give it all it wants—notoriety. It is, as you have rightly christened it (I see by the papers), “the ‘Pet’ of the Periodicals,” and shines brighter than any of its Competitors in the literary firmament of “fixed stars.”

Yours, &c.

AN EARNEST WELL-WISHER.

[This is one of many other kind Letters we have received of a similar import. We need add nothing to it. Its sincerity is apparent; its argument excellent; its object, undeniably good; its desert, our best thanks—which are gratefully tendered. Others can say more for us, or word their expressions better, than we could for ourselves. It is quite true that the “Trade,” collectively, are doing us a very serious injury, notwithstanding our liberal overtures to them.]

THE CROCUS.—The crocus is interesting both for its medical uses and historic associations. Hippocrates, the father of physic, enumerates the *krokos* (*crocus sativus*) or meadow saffron, in his list of narcotic remedies, and highly praises it as a medicine for complaints of the eye, prescribing its use outwardly in different ointments. The plant has lost none of its importance since the time of Hippocrates. Bulbous roots of all kinds were much esteemed by the epicures of ancient Rome, and the vernal crocus was dished up in various ways as a delicacy for the stomach of antiquity.—“*Familiar Things*.”

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. B.—Fie! Use your own good sense in the matter. How is it possible that “the Fly” could be produced in the manner you imagine? Nature knows no such means of reproduction.

“A READER.”—We will tell you all about your Parrot next week.

W. L. J., and the INCUBATOR.—A Letter awaits you, at the Post Office, Collington.

R. E.—Our space is so circumscribed, that “Fugitive Poetry” can only be admissible under very peculiar circumstances. We are already overwhelmed with similar “kind offerings.” This “reply” will suffice for all the writers. Their favors have merit, and would be readily available in a Monthly Magazine.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS, and CASUAL READERS, are referred to the LEADING ARTICLE in our FIRST NUMBER for the DETAILED OBJECTS of the LONDON JOURNAL: to these we shall rigidly adhere.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them. Our time is more profitably occupied. All vacancies, as they are called, are filled up. Let this general answer suffice.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any “facts” connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS.—It having been deemed expedient, to meet the views of the Trade, that this Journal should always be published by *anticipation*, CONTRIBUTORS AND OTHERS will be so kind as to bear in mind that they must give us an *extra* “week’s grace,” and wait patiently till their favors appear.

All persons who may send in MSS., but which may not be “accepted,” are requested to *preserve copies of them*, as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for their return.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S LONDON JOURNAL.

Saturday, February 21, 1852.

WE THIS DAY publish our EIGHTH NUMBER; and with it, our SECOND PART. This affords us the opportunity we covet, of addressing ourselves, once a-month, to our distant friends, with whom we can chat in this particular channel only “thirteen times a-year.”

We do not ask them to tell us how they like our company? We have it under their sign manual, that they are not only admiring readers, but staunch FRIENDS of ours; willing and waiting to do anything and everything that can aid us in our enterprise. It is our invariable object, as much as in us lies, to make each one of our readers a “friend.” We then sit down and write comfortably; our very pen knowing, from the facility with which it traverses the paper, how happy and cheerful is the hand that holds it. Never, surely, had any public journalist more reason than we have, for feeling proud at the position in which we are placed.

As we have invariably found it to be the best way, when requiring a favor to be granted, to ask it boldly and unreservedly,—we at once tell our friends how they CAN

help us in a matter of some consequence to us, as well as of much interest to the public.

The demand for our JOURNAL is large, and very rapidly increasing—not in one place only, but everywhere. *Yet can it not be obtained when wanted!* Some may smile incredulously at this; and, were we not the PROPRIETOR of this paper, perhaps we might smile also. But we ARE the Proprietor, consequently we cannot “afford,” in the present instance, to join in the laugh.

In all towns, villages, and places where periodicals are sold, the booksellers and dealers WILL NOT, it appears, *order one more copy of our paper than is bonâ fide disposed of before it arrives!* Thus, if Mr. Wishful, Mr. Merriside, Mr. Nuthatch, Mrs. Greenfinch, and Miss Skylark, each order one, there are *five* copies only written for to London. But, should any of the friends and acquaintance of the above feel pleased with the paper (as daily they do), and set out into the town to procure it—their labor would be vain, their disappointment great, OUR loss (collectively) *very* considerable. We state a case that occurs many times in every twenty-four hours, and from one end of England to the other. The same in Dublin; the same in Edinburgh; and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Now, herein can our friends aid us bravely. Let us imagine that each town of any note contains only *one* respectable bookseller. Assuming that he can “read,” and, by a still greater stretch of imagination, that he can “reason,”—surely, if any one of our kind friends were to call upon him, and explain the *nature* of our paper to him, showing how peculiarly adapted it is for general introduction amongst families (wherein Natural History is in most instances a “study”)—surely, we say, this might induce him to speculate on ONE single Part of our Journal? The two Parts would not cost him, carriage included, one shilling; and how “heavy” *such* a risk!

Once more. Every bookseller has a connection; and in country towns and villages a degree of familiarity naturally exists between the bookseller and his customers, which would warrant a little explanation, and recommendations of the kind we hint at. With what happy results would these be attended! Let only the “disposition” to serve us be shown, and the “issue” is known beforehand. Here, at all events, “where there is a will there is a way.”

We only wish we were so placed, and had a friend to serve! But, alas! all people’s heads are not “screwed on the same way;” and for Philanthropy, we must search alone in JOHNSON’S DICTIONARY. We are shocked, positively shocked, to be obliged to record such a thing in the nineteenth century.

We have now spoken our mind, as is our wont, fairly and fearlessly, and trust our remarks will be perused by the major part of those to whom they are addressed. Our file—aye, files—groan with letters from the nobility and gentry, lamenting the existence of what we ourselves now dot down. Many of these noble hearts, with much genuine liberality, have our JOURNAL sent down to their mansions BY POST; preferring to pay the *extra* cost rather than experience delay, or be disappointed in the regular receipt of their paper.

We ask—Is this right? We ask it the more emphatically, as OUR ALLOWANCE TO THE BOOKSELLERS AND DEALERS EXCEEDS THAT OF ANY OTHER HOUSE IN LONDON.

WE continue to receive a number of Letters and Contributions, to which are attached initials only, or fictitious signatures. This is all quite proper as regards what has to appear before the public; but an additional favor will be conferred on us, if the writers will be so good as to honor us, in confidence, with their names and addresses *in full*. As we have elsewhere said, we wish to be on a “friendly” footing with *all* our regular readers, and to know where to apply to them.

IN consequence of the earnestly-expressed wishes of our Readers, we have entered into a negotiation with the Proprietors of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* Newspaper, for the purchase of their entire interest in the popular Articles on “BRITISH SONG BIRDS” that have appeared therein, written by OUR pen. We trust to be able in our next, to announce the issue of the negotiation. If in our favor, the Public shall have the immediate benefit of the “Reprint,” with many New and interesting Additions. The Articles, themselves, have long since been out of Print, and not obtainable *at any cost*.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

On the Propagation of Eels.—I am, like yourself, a lover of nature, and therefore venture to employ my pen on this subject, just to show that eels do *not* breed in fresh water, neither are the species propagated by *spawn*. I have seen and caught eels of all sizes, in the rivers of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and have also minutely examined sizes and sexes, but never saw one having eggs or spawn. In the tidal and other rivers, I have, in May and June, seen the eel fry ascending *from* the sea, in countless myriads; and, no matter how often thwarted, by muddying the water or otherwise agitating it; no matter how often these wee things were driven back,—again and again do they face the stream,

their motions ever being *upwards and onwards* with a perseverance that death only can prevent! When quite a child, I first noticed these tiny morsels (from the size of a bent straw to that of a wheaten straw, and about two or three inches long), climbing their way up the rocky falls of a little brook I had to cross, on my way to school. This was at least ninety miles from the sea! On the sunny evenings, on my return, often have I caught these little creatures, built a little fish-pool of mud, on the margin of the stream, filled it with water, and placed therein several of my little captives. However, on my return in the morning, they had always disappeared; how, I could not then imagine, seeing that they had neither legs nor wings. With the hope of keeping my next prisoners safe, I covered my pool thickly over with grass; still, however, the morning found not the “grigs.” They, like the others, had regained their liberty, and were somewhere pushing their way upward, seeking for some congenial pool wherein to grow bigger. In a few days, my little visitors were not to be found ascending as usual; and, after the midsummer holidays, I searched again in vain. Not one was to be found. The tribes had gone up, and July witnessed not their migrations. However, another *May* came, and brought other wanderers up the brook, and new sources of amusement to me. I was too young to know, and had no one to tell me, that in a few days these too would be removed from me; but so it was. And in this year, before the 20th of June, I had lost them altogether; but the recollection remained, and, in after years, I saw many proofs of the instinct of these viviparous travellers. When I became a man, I occupied a farm about five miles from the sea. Part of the farm was meadow, lying in a valley, through which meandered a small stream. The water of this I had dammed up often with clay and stones, from which were cut sluices, for the purposes of irrigation. Amongst the clay and stones had grown lichens, grasses, &c. One day in *May*, I found these grasses literally swarming with *little fry*, such as had so often amused me in childhood; and they were, as usual, on their upward journey, wriggling their way through the grass and lichen, and on the moist clay leaving their trails or *foot prints*. Day after day was I amused by their successful climbing over the barriers, and oft-times I shared their joy, when after having conquered the difficulties of “an overland journey,” they floated again in their native element above the weir, and, without stopping to rest, or look back on the perils of the past, started upward with new energy, teaching a moral to bigger folk. These facts convinced me how I had lost the prisoners of my childhood from the little pool, and they will also satisfy “G. H.” how he gets “eels of all sizes into his three-acre pool,” if he will look among the mosses and grasses on the banks of his pool, in the month of May or June. At the weirs, on the banks of many rivers, have I witnessed this migration on a larger scale. At Derby, I once saw a weir literally black with moving eel fry. I have seen them on mill-wheels, and in sluices; and almost every miller, or persons having charge of mills, might, in May or June, see a colony on its

march towards some bourne or pool, if not actually in company with Joe Smith, journeying to the "Salt Lake." But grand or monster movements can only be witnessed on large rivers, such as the Severn, the Tay, the Bann, the Shannon, &c. In the Shannon, above Limerick, where the tide flows no higher, I have seen the spacious waters of the queen of Irish rivers black and lively with eel fry, where they may be taken by pailfulls, and large quantities of them are eaten in Limerick. Some persons prefer them fried quite plain; others have them dressed in various ways, and eaten as you do whitebait. Many of your fair readers among the "Limerick belles," can give you "traits and stories" of these tiny tribes. But the most remarkable proof of the locomotive powers of eel fry, I ever saw, was on the river Bann, at the Falls of Coleraine, the Salmon-leap, or "Cutts," as it is locally called. There the tribes muster unusually strong. The fall is about eighteen feet, the spacious waters tumbling over a shelving ledge of basaltic rock, causing a foaming pool below; and when there is "a fresh" in the river, and the rocks quite covered by the falling waters, the eel fry lose the power of ascent, not having the privilege of the rocky ladder. Their arrival, however, is known to the fishermen, and so are their wants; and such is the importance of their ascent, that the fishermen make ropes of twisted straw. These are laid over the land, or across the straggling stones on the east, or Mount Sandel side of the river; one end lying in the waters below, the other end in the waters above, the falls. *Up these wet ropes* the eels climb in countless myriads, until they reach the upper waters, the ropes being blackened over by the vast numbers constantly ascending! Your Coleraine correspondents will inform you further on these matters, and also about the eels of larger growth, in their *downward* course. The Irish Society of London, at Guildhall, could tell you *golden* stories about eels. And Earl O'Neil also can "a tale unfold," as to the profitable movements of these *silvery* tribes, on their return voyage, in the order of their courses toward the waters of the deep blue sea, there to deposit their viviparous progeny. There is also a gentleman in London, who could tell you with what satisfaction he pays, I think, £1,250 yearly, for the privilege of *fishing eels* in the River Bann. So well are the habits of the "slippery eel" known and understood by the fishermen there, that they are always ready to intercept the fish on their first downward move, in the month of July, and so on during the whole "run;" but so canny, so wary, are these eels, that they never "run" during the day, nor do they love the light of the moon; but on a dark night, or when the moon is overcast, particularly if rain falls, there is a "general move," and many *tons* weight are sometimes taken in one night, at Tome, the first outlet from Lough Neagh. These eels are of various sizes, even up to five or six pounds each, being well grown. Yet there are no appearances of spawn or eggs in any of them. It is however well known, that they are on their journey to fulfil the great law of "increase and multiply." "T. G." was therefore right, and highly to be commended, when he boldly ques-

tioned the insane assertions of Mr. Boccius, and the Worcester operations; and he is entitled to the best thanks of naturalists, for having called public attention to a very important subject.—
JUTE.

Migratory Flight of Brown Butterflies.—In your JOURNAL of January 24, you recorded a singular circumstance connected with this subject, which was authenticated by the signature of "B., Barnham, Bucks." Being myself an entomologist, and much interested in every fact concerning butterflies, &c., I should feel greatly obliged if your correspondent would favor me, through your columns, with the *name* of the butterfly in question; or give me as accurate a description of it as himself and his friend, who witnessed it, are able to pen down. This will interest many thousands of your readers, besides myself.—
BOMBYX ATLAS.

Cruelty to Birds.—Will you oblige me, Mr. Editor, by inserting among your interesting "Correspondence," a few remarks, particularly applicable at this season, about cruelty to birds? The Cockney sportsman, the schoolboy, and the idle vagrant, all pursue them; and just at a time when they are recovering from the ravages of winter, and about to "mate" for the season. The gardener, too, you must correct from time to time. He ought to know better than to destroy *his best friends*; for such, birds are at this season. I have long had my eye upon the *tone* of your writings, and rejoiced at the fearless manner in which you have defended your *portégés*, the birds. Now that you have a Paper of YOUR OWN, carry the principle out fully, and then will society at large be benefited to a considerable extent. The remarks I wish you to insert, appear in "An Address to the Cottage Tenants of S. B. Chadwick, Esq., of Daresbury Hall." It is written by the Rev. William Whitworth, M.A., Incumbent of Little Leigh, Cheshire:—"Speaking of birds, I hope you will not consider them as enemies, nor let your children think them so. True, they are sometimes very annoying in a garden, but they generally prefer animal food to vegetable, and devour many more insects than seeds. A few ingenious contrivances will soon prevent them doing serious mischief, and if they do get a small share of the ripe fruit, it is only what a kind Providence intended them to have. They are a beautiful part of the creation; and on the whole, much more beneficial than injurious to a garden. Teach your children to look upon them as friends, to study their habits, and observe their peculiarities. This will improve their minds and soften their tempers, and make them more inclined to love one another. A BIRD-NESTING, BIRD-TORMENTING boy seldom grows into a humane or good man." [This last remark we can back up, by saying we never knew a naturally-cruel boy grow up a good man. This is why we so insist upon due attention being paid to the earliest education of youth.] * * * "Few sights are more interesting than that of a village, emulating one another in the cultivation of fruits and flowers. Such interesting pursuits entwine a man more closely with his home; and make him a better husband, a better father, and a better man."—J. S. M.

«We thank our correspondent much for so en-

tering into our views and feelings. As we have before remarked, we want to be "useful" in our day and generation. Only give us a subject, and we will try and handle it to the advantage of the public.]

A "Pet" Greenfinch.—"A right hearty welcome be yours!" Mr. Editor, for having come amongst us as our M.D.—I, for one, rejoice at so fortunate a circumstance. Now tell me, how can I act with respect to my "pet" greenfinch? He is, I imagine, healthy and strong; for he eats like one of our city aldermen, hardly ever leaving off. He gives me, moreover, "striking proofs" of his strength; for he pecks hard at my hands, and makes me feel his power. He moulted two years ago "ragged," the same result attended his last moult. His "flights" have not grown, and his tail is miserably curtailed. I have tried change of food; and having a large garden, I give my prisoner leave to wander in it, seeing that he cannot fly away. He gets many a "salad" there, and seems happy as a prince. Oh, could you but see him when he *tries* to "plume" the anatomies of his wings! It would disturb the gravity even of "an Editor!" Can you help me in this? If so, I shall be, more than ever, yours obliged,—FLORA G.

[WHY, Miss Flora—WHY have you withheld your address? You have made only half a confidant of us; for how can we tell you IN PRINT one quarter what is to be done under such circumstances as you are placed in? If you confide in us, small evidence have we of it. Reform this, if you please. Your bird's feathers *can* be restored; but your affectionate hand must descend to inflict a small modicum of *pain*,—not more than the slight puncture of a needle would inflict on your own fair arm. Press the tail, and also the fleshy part of each wing, between your thumb and finger; and carefully draw the stump of each feather out, separately, by placing them one by one between your "ivories." By giving Mr. Finch the free run of the garden after this operation, we pledge our reputation that in three weeks he will have a long-tailed coat, and look as spruce as "a youth of fifteen." We shall look for this to be confirmed.]

On the Fecundation of the Eggs of the Domestic Fowl.—In Richardson's "*Domestic Fowls*," page 73 (article '*Turkey*'), we find the following:—"It has been stated by some, and yet as positively denied by others, that one fecundation will render all the eggs of that laying, fertile. Without entering into any discussion upon the subject, I may merely remark, Mr. Nolan is of opinion that such is the case; and as he has had the advantage of many years' experience, I should be very sorry to differ from him." Now, Mr. Editor, as the same opinion is entertained by many persons respecting the common fowl, and I had an admirable opportunity, last June, of testing the truth, I thought I would do so. But, perhaps, I should not have thought so much of it, had I not happened to converse with an intelligent friend, who, I can safely say, possessed, generally speaking, an accurate knowledge of established facts; and who assured me that the clutch was rendered reproductive by one *coitus* only, as in turkeys. He

mentioned moreover several "authorities;" but their names I now forget, as being of the same opinion. Although I had my doubts as to the position (or why, I ask, so many clear eggs?) with respect to common fowl—and indeed I may add, I also have of the turkey,—I resolved to set the point at rest, so far at least as regards my own opinion. The facts are these:—On the 16th of April, 1851, I received two pullets, or hens of the first year, first-rate dark speckled Dorkins; for which I fitted up, near the house, a neat and convenient little dwelling. This having a small yard attached, had also the benefit of the morning sun. They were well attended to; and for this they were not ungrateful. They yielded me in return, on the average, 10 eggs per week, until the middle of July. But to the present purpose. Before I received them, they had been laying some ten weeks; and all their eggs were fruitful; but as my object with them was not reproduction, I preferred keeping hens only. Observing, however, when the eggs were broken for use, exactly the same appearance, as far as the naked eye could discover—viz., the apparent germ, as shown by eggs really impregnated—it led to the before-mentioned conversation, and the following experiment. On the 31st of May, I took eight of the newest-laid eggs, and placed them in an apparatus, to hatch, or not, as the case might be. They were placed side by side with other eggs, obtained from other sources, and which, in due time (20th and 21st of June), made their appearance as chicks, and are now in my possession; so that the former had precisely the same treatment as the fecundated eggs. The said eggs, with the others, were examined at the end of five days, and these eight marked as clear; but, to give every chance, they were left in a few days longer, and were then taken out and broken. They all proved clear, as also did others obtained from farm-houses. To prevent any risk of mistake, they were specially marked. The *vesicula aeris* was much enlarged; as is usual with eggs which have been placed to hatch for as many days. Of course, they were perfectly sweet, as is the case with all unfecundated eggs. This experiment, I should imagine, would quite settle the point in respect of the common fowl, if such has not been already done. I shall endeavor, at some future opportunity, to determine the same respecting turkeys.—WALTER.

[The great question yet remains untouched. Is the whole "clutch" of eggs impregnated at once, or is each rendered fruitful day by day? We decidedly incline to the latter belief. It is a thing that might readily be experimented upon; but our own time being now that of the public, others must do what, in this case, we cannot.]

A CHAPTER ON AUNTS.

IN our very popular, very useful, and very widely-circulated contemporary, the *Family Herald*, No. 456, there is one of a series of papers, signed by "The Fly," and called "Aunt Sarah," which tickles our fancy amazingly. We feel bound to add, that *all* the Essays by the same pen (this forms No. 82 of the series) are admirably written, and

conceived in the finest spirit of philanthropy. Report assigns their authorship to the widow of a military officer. If she be a widow, she is a most charming widow indeed! By the way, this said "Fly" is supposed to be an invisible insect, taking notes of what came under its eye. Thus much introductory.

Our object now is, to endeavor to remove the stigma improperly attaching to maiden aunts, who are a grievously ill-used body of kind and excellent people.

The tale to which we direct attention shows that, *but for Aunt Sarah*, the union of two fond hearts never could have taken place, nor could their future prospects have been crowned with happiness.

The heroine is a lovely young lass—Emily, by name; the hero, one William Ainslie. The lovers meet on the sly, of course; and bewail the fact of the papa (as naughty papas often will do) having promised his daughter's hand to a man whom she hates. They rave, they cry, they pout, and talk an immensity of nonsense, as all lovers do; and then news comes that "Aunt Sarah" has arrived to act as a "spy."

Emily relates *why* she considers her 'Aunt Sarah' to be "a spy;" and her relation of circumstances causes William to have quite a different opinion of the old lady. Indeed, he declares emphatically, that he is sure she will prove "a *brick*." The lovers separate, and Emily glides silently into the drawing-room, where sit Aunt Sarah and Emily's papa. Now let us hear the "Fly" speak:—

Aunt Sarah sat by the fire, busily engaged in the Herculean labor of knitting an immense counterpane. She was a little, thin woman of about fifty, dressed in a black silk gown of an old-fashioned shape, and wearing a neat close cap, trimmed with white satin ribbon, over the plain braids of her gray hair. All this white and silver threw out strongly the extreme blackness of her eyebrows, and the keenness and brilliancy of her dark hazel eyes. Indeed, the first thing that struck me about her was an expression of vigilance and unobtrusive watchfulness, that quite justified her niece's description of her. On a further perusal of that thoughtful face, however, I perceived much that Emily had overlooked. There was a great deal of sound sense and caution, holding in check a considerable amount of benevolence. Her very first action corroborated my opinion. "Where have you been, Emily?" said the father, sternly. "I have just come from my own room, papa," replied Emily, screening herself behind a *fib oblique*. "How cold it is away from the fire!" she added, putting one foot upon the fender as she stood just in front of her aunt. Was there *mud* in pretty Emily's chamber, or on the stairs, or how came it on that dainty little shoe? Her father stooped for the poker, and would

most certainly have seen the muddy shoe, *but for Aunt Sarah*, who threw her work adroitly over it, saying, in a quiet manner, "You have not examined my knitting, Emily. Look closely at it, and then I shall expect a kiss to help me on with it, for it is intended as a present to you when you commence housekeeping." Emily looked at the work, but I thought she seemed rather averse to giving the required kiss; probably because she understood the "housekeeping" was expected to be commenced with Mr. Benfield. "I'm sure you are very kind, Aunt," she said at last, approaching her face with an air of constraint towards her aunt's.

"*Change your shoes, foolish girl!*" whispered the aunt, drawing the fair round cheek close to her mouth, *and then giving it a hearty kiss*. "Will you fetch me a packet of cotton that lies on my dressing table, my dear? And then I'll trouble you to hold the skeins." This was said aloud, and was intended, I thought, to give her an excuse for leaving the room; and if so, the young man was certainly correct in his notion that Aunt Sarah might turn out to be a *brick*. At all events Emily took the hint and slipped out, leaving the knitting-needles going *click-etty-clicketty*, with their customary monotonous rattle. "I am glad to see that Emily is coming to her senses a little," said the old gentleman as he refolded the *Times* with a pompous air, and settled himself down to its perusal. "I fully expected some impertinent speech when you alluded to her marriage." "I can't quite understand her yet," responded the lady, in that dubious tone which seems to imply that the speaker cannot discuss the subject till he has obtained further information upon it. In a few minutes Emily returned with the cotton in her hand, clean shoes on her feet, and a very puzzled expression upon her face. She knelt at a little distance, and held the skeins for her aunt to wind, watching her countenance intently all the while; but she must have had much sharper eyes than mine, if she could make anything out of that immoveable face beyond an earnest desire to form the cotton into a symmetrical ball. Whatever she might, or might not see, or fancy she saw, it appeared that by a kind of fascination she caught the infection of fancy work, for she brought out a half-finished anti-macassar, to show her aunt what *she* could do in the way of ornamental industry. Then the two sat side by side for more than an hour, chatting in low tones that they might not disturb the political lucubrations of him whom I found the young men designated as "the governor," while they compared notes and stitches, and discussed the comparative merits and capabilities of knitting and crochet.

After all this subdued conversation upon

strictly scientific subjects, Emily began to fidget about on the footstool where she sat beside her aunt's knee, and to cough nervously; and then she fell into long intervals of silence, and then looked anxiously at her father, who showed strong symptoms of lapsing into somnolency. At last the paper slid gently to the floor, his double chin was snugly bedded in his shirt frill, one hand was in a pocket, and the other, which had just resigned the paper, hung helplessly over the arm of his deep, soft, high-backed easy-chair.

"How quiet and comfortable we are this evening, without those noisy, rude brothers of mine!" whispered Emily, fixing her large eyes upon her aunt's immovable face. "Yes, very quiet," said Aunt Sarah, counting her stitches. "Don't you think they treat me very unkindly?" asked Emily. "What do you say, my dear?" said the aunt, pretending to be deaf. "Don't you think they treat me very unkindly," repeated Emily, emphasising her query by laying her hand gently on her aunt's knee, and still gazing at her with those large eyes now filled with tears. "In what respect?" asked Aunt Sarah, concisely, laying down her work at the same time, and looking full into the sweet countenance of her niece.

"About this marriage," replied Emily, somewhat confused.

"Is it not a *good* one? Does not your father wish it?"

"But, dear aunt, ought my father's wishes to be consulted so much as mine, in such a case?" "An obedient daughter should always be guided by the experience and better judgment of her parents." "But what can I think of my father's judgment when he has broken his promise?" "You must be mistaken, my dear; I am sure your father never would break his promise." "Indeed he has, aunt, and I'll tell you how. Before my mother's death I was engaged to a gentleman, whom I loved ten thousand million times better than I do Mr. Benfield——"

"How much?" interrupted the aunt, opening her eyes very wide, in affected astonishment.

"Oh! it is nonsense to try to say how much, for I detest Mr. Benfield most cordially, and I love William Ainslie—oh! aunt, I love him so much, so devotedly, so——"

"Yes, I understand all that, Emily. And so you are seriously engaged to this William Ainslie? Did your father sanction it?"

"Certainly he did, and my dear mother loved him like her own son, and wished to see us married before she died. Before our mourning for her was over, Uncle Sam died at Barbadoes, and left papa a great deal of money. I was so pleased at that, like a foolish girl that I was! for I thought it would be such a good thing for William,

because he had recently had some losses; when all at once my father began to cool towards him, and to talk to me about looking higher; and my brothers began to talk to one another before me about *snobs*, and *sneaks*, and *fortune-hunters*; and wonder how it was that girls should be so blind as not to see when they were courted for their money. At last I found out that they were talking at William and me; and *how* I did fire up! I was in strong hysterics and fainting-fits all the night after, and they had to fetch the doctor at three o'clock in the morning."

"But this evening," continued Aunt Sarah, "when you knew they would be out—if you had been on the alert, might you not even have arranged a meeting?"

This was said *in a sly tone*, and accompanied by a look full of meaning. Emily cast down her eyes, and looked very much confused. The provoking aunt would not help her out of the dilemma, but looked at her in silence. Several times the pretty culprit drew her breath and tried to speak, but it would not do; she could not find her voice. She raised her eyes at last, very timidly, to those of her formidable aunt, and encountered a gaze so full of roguish good-nature, that all hesitation melted before it; she threw her arms round Aunt Sarah's neck and covered her face with kisses.

"Oh! I'm sure—I'm quite sure you mean to help us!" Emily exclaimed, beginning to sob with delight.

"Don't be too sure of any such thing, you little puss!" was the reply; "you are jumping very hastily to your conclusions. I make no promises, remember; but if, after a careful investigation, I find it is all as you say, I *will* help you, and that with no half measures. So now go on with your work, for if your papa sees you kissing me, he'll never believe it is for showing you a new stitch in knitting."

"Oh! what a darling, kind aunt you are, after all!" cried the young lady, looking sentimentally up at her industrious relative, who was knitting away again as busily as before. "William was quite right; he said he thought you would prove to be a brick!" "Prove to be a *what*?" cried the aunt, dropping her work in amazement. "A brick—don't you know what a brick means?" "I know the bricks used for building, and Bath bricks, and a loaf of a particular shape that is called a brick; but I am at a loss to guess which of these you mean to compare me to." "And I'm sure I don't know either," said Emily, looking puzzled; "my brothers often use the word, and I learnt it from them without ever thinking what it meant exactly. I'll ask them to-morrow." "And I shall be glad to be enlightened. Are you sure they will not be home till late this evening?"

After this, "Aunt Sarah" tackles the old 'governor,' rates him most soundly, and finally, but not unwillingly, gets her niece and herself turned out of the house. The result may be guessed. The young folks very wisely get married as soon as possible, and settle down.

* * * * * About a week afterwards, the obdurate father received Mr. and Mrs. Ainslie's wedding cards. Many things had happened to the old gentleman during this week. Soon after the departure of Emily and her aunt, two of his sons had returned from the bachelor's party, very much intoxicated, leaving their brother and Mr. Benfield in the hands of the law, for ringing bells, wrenching off knockers, assaulting the police, and other gentlemanly amusements. The two who came home were exceedingly violent and abusive to their father, when they found that Emily was gone; and in addition to their disrespectful conduct and the trouble he had about the other (who was summarily sent to hard labor for two months), the old man missed the gentle ministrings of his daughter. While she was with him, he would not have acknowledged that he owed a single comfort to her presence, but now that she was gone he felt the want of her during every hour of his home life.

His sister had thoughtfully put the address on one of the cards, and the moment he read it, the now repentant father ran as fast as his portly figure would allow, to an omnibus that was just starting, and which deposited him shortly at the very door. Emily was out for a walk with her husband, and when she returned, Aunt Sarah met her at the top of the stairs.

"Shut your eyes and open your mouth, and see what luck will send you," she said, and making a sign to Mr. Ainslie to keep silent, she led her niece into the drawing-room, and placed her in her father's arms.

"Papa! dear, dear papa!" the delighted girl exclaimed, as she felt the well-known kiss.

"Forgive me, my child," said the old man, while the tears trickled down his cheeks; "I've been very unhappy since you left me, and I've found out that you are worth the whole lot of your rascally brothers, and they shan't stand between you and me any longer, my little Emily. I'm a hot-headed old fellow, I know, but I haven't a bad heart. Give me your hand, William Ainslie; I beg your pardon for the wrong I have been led to do you, but all shall be mended, all shall be mended."

"When you alter your will, brother?" asked Aunt Sarah, slyly. "I'm afraid you had not time to do it before you came away this morning. Or perhaps you are now on your way to the lawyer's to cut Emily off with a shilling, as you said you would?"

"Sister," he said gravely, "*when a man talks in a passion, he generally talks nonsense.* So now, don't you throw those words in my face again. I *shall* alter my will, and you shall see it, and if it don't please you, the deuce is in it, that's all. And then *I hope you'll come and keep house for me again.* I shall send all those boys out into the world to work for themselves. They're *not fit to stay at home.*" * * *

Who, after this, will ever run down maiden aunts? Who, so well as they, can serve us "at a pinch?" "Long life to the whole race!" say we.

SEASONABLE COMFORTS.

A Good Fire.

WHAT a blessing is a good fire, when it awaits us on our coming down stairs to breakfast! Let us state a case.

It is a clear morning, or, as the reader pleases, there is a little hoar frost upon the windows, a bird or two coming after the crumbs, and the light smoke from the neighboring chimneys brightening up into the early sunshine. We rise with an elastic anticipation; enjoy the freshening cold water which endears what is to come; and even go placidly through the villanous scraping process which we soften down into the level and lawny appellation of shaving. We then hurry down stairs, rubbing our hands, and sawing the sharp air through our teeth; and as we enter the breakfast-room, see our old companion, the fire, glowing through the bars, the life of the apartment; and wanting only our friendly hand to be lightened a little, and enabled to shoot up into dancing brilliancy.

The poker is applied, and would be so, whether required or not; for it is impossible to resist the sudden ardor inspired by that sight; the use of the poker, on first seeing one's fire, is as natural as shaking hands with a friend. At that movement a hundred little sparkles fly up from the coal-dust that falls within, while from the masses themselves a roaring flame mounts aloft with a deep and fitful sound as of a shaken carpet.

The utility as well as beauty, of the fire during breakfast, need not be pointed out to the most unphlogistic observer. A person would rather be shivering at any time of the day than at that of his first rising—the transition would be too unnatural—he is not prepared for it, as Barnardine says, when he objects to being hanged. If you eat plain bread and butter with your tea, it is fit that your moderation should be rewarded with a good blaze; and if you indulge in hot rolls or toast, you will hardly keep them to their

warmth without it, particularly if you read ; and then—if you take in a newspaper—what a delightful change from the wet, raw, dabbling fold of paper, when you first touch it, to the dry, crackling, crisp superficies which, with a skilful spat of the finger-nails at its upper end, stands at once in your hand, and looks as if it said, “Come, read me.”

Nor is it the look of the newspaper only which the fire must render complete ; it is the interest of the ladies who may happen to form part of your family—of your wife in particular, if you have one—to avoid the niggling and pinching aspect of cold ; it takes away the harmony of her features, and the graces of her behavior ; while, on the other hand, there is scarcely a more interesting sight in the world than that of a neat, delicate, good-humored female, presiding at your breakfast table, with hands tapering out of her long sleeves, eyes with a touch of Sir Peter Lely in them, and a face set in a little oval frame of muslin tied under the chin, and retaining a certain tinge of the pillow without its cloudiness.

This is, indeed, the finishing grace of a fireside, though it is impossible to have it at all times, and perhaps not always politic, especially for the studious.—LEIGH HUNT.

MUSQUITOES, ANTS, &c. IN THE BRAZILS.

The musquitoes, ants, baraten, and sand-fleas, are another source of annoyance ; many a night have I been obliged to sit up, tormented and tortured by the bite of these insects. It is hardly possible to protect provisions from the attacks of the baraten and ants. The latter, in fact, often appear in long trains of immeasurable length, pursuing their course over every obstacle which stands in the way. During my stay in the country at Herr Geiger's, I beheld a swarm of this description traverse a portion of the house. It was really most interesting to see what a regular line they formed ; nothing could make them deviate from the direction they had first determined on. Madame Geiger told me that she was one night awoke by a horrible itching ; she sprang immediately out of bed, and beheld a swarm of ants of the above description pass over her bed. There is no remedy for this ; the end of the procession, which often lasts four or six hours, must be waited for with patience. Provisions are to some extent protected from them, by placing the legs of the tables and presses in plates filled with water. Clothes and linen are laid in tightly-fitting tin canisters, to protect them not only from the ants, but also from the baraten and the damp. The worst plague of all, however, are the sand-fleas, which attach themselves to one's toes, underneath the nails, or some

times to the soles of the feet. The moment a person feels an itching in these parts, he must immediately look at the place ; if he sees a small black point surrounded by a small white ring, the former is the flea, and the latter the eggs which it has laid in the flesh. The first thing done is to loosen the skin all round as far as the white ring is visible ; the whole deposit is then extracted, and a little snuff strewed in the empty space. The best plan is to call in the first Black you may happen to see, as they all perform this operation very skilfully.—*From “A Woman's Journey Round the World.”*

HUNTING THE HYÆNA.

THERE is something “deliciously cool” in the following remarks of “a traveller.” We confess we had rather sit at home and read them, than play first fiddle in the hunt. The scene is laid in India. Says the traveller, “Syud Daoud described to me the mode of tying a hyæna in his lair, as follows :— ‘When,’ said he, ‘you have tracked the beast to his den, you take a rope with two slip knots upon it in your right hand, and, with your left holding a felt cloak before you, *you go boldly*, but quietly in. The animal does not know what is the nature of the danger, and therefore retires to the back of his den ; but you may always tell where his head is by the glare of his eyes. You keep moving on gradually towards him on your knees, and when you are within distance, throw the cloak over his head, close with him, *and take care that he does not free himself*. The beast is so frightened that he cowers back, and, though he may bite the felt, he cannot turn his neck round to hurt you ; *so you quietly feel for his two fore legs*, slip the knots over them, and then, with one strong pull draw them tight up to the back of his neck, and tie them there. *The beast is now your own, and you do what you like with him*. We generally take those which we catch home to the khail, and hunt them on the plain, with bridles in their mouths, that our dogs may be taught not to fear the brutes when they meet them wild.’ ”

What nice “stories” travellers do tell ! And it would appear as if they related them until they credited them themselves.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.—Falsehood is the faint light which, glimmering amid the darkness of the noisome fens, leads the unfortunate traveller to destruction. Truth is the radiant sun in Leo, when he has gained the zenith, and pours a flood of light upon the wanderer's path. Falsehood brings misfortune and misery in her train, like the spreading pestilence of the wind of the desert ; but Truth, like the odoriferous gales of summer, imparts health and vigor, while she administers pleasure and delight.

OUR NOTE-BOOK ;

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

"A WISE MAN will always *note* down whatever strikes him as being worthy of observation. It may, at a future time, benefit or amuse *others* as well as himself."—*Fitzosborne.*

CHARLES LAMB'S GOODNESS OF HEART.—He used to seek out occasions of devoting a part of his surplus to those of his friends whom he believed it would really serve, and almost forced loans, or gifts in the disguise of loans, upon them. If he thought one, in such a position, would be the happier for £50 or £100, he would carefully procure a note for the sum, and perhaps for days before he might meet the object of his friendly purpose, keep the note in his waistcoat pocket, "burning" in it till it could be produced, and, when the occasion arrived—"in the sweet of the night"—he would crumple it into his hand and stammer out *his difficulty of disposing of a—little money.* "I don't know what to do with it—*pray* take it—*pray* use it—*you will do me a kindness if you will,*" he would say; and it was hard to disoblige him!

[We record this, to the honor of Charles Lamb. Since his death, there have been, we fear, more WOLVES than LAMBS. Charity is indeed "cold!"]

MRS. HOWARD'S SPENDING MONEY.—The benevolent John Howard, well known for his philanthropy, especially his attention to prisoners, having settled his accounts at the close of a particular year, and found a balance in his favor, proposed to his wife to make use of it in a journey to London, or in any other excursion she chose. "*What a pretty cottage for a poor family it would build!*" was her answer. This charitable hint met with his cordial approbation, and the money was laid out accordingly.

EMULATION.—Those natural inclinations of the human mind ought to be encouraged to the utmost (under proper regulations) which tend to put it upon action and excelling. Whoever would wish his son to be diligent in his studies, and active in business, can use no better means for that purpose than stirring up in him emulation, a desire of praise, and a sense of honor and shame. *Curiosity* will put a youth upon inquiring into the nature and reason of things, and endeavoring to acquire universal knowledge. *This passion ought, therefore, to be excited to the utmost, and gratified even when it shows itself by his asking the most childish questions, which should always be answered in as rational and satisfying a manner as possible.*

SUPERSTITION GENDERED BY TRIFLES.—As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love, grow pale and lose his appetite upon the plucking a merry thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion.

There is nothing so inconsiderable which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics: a rusty nail or crooked pin shoot up into prodigies!—*Addison.*

PROMISERS.—There is a sort of people in the world of whom *the young and inexperienced* stand much in need to be warned. These are the sanguine promisers. They may be divided into two sorts. The first are those who, from a foolish custom of fawning upon all those they come in company with, have learned a habit of *promising to do great kindnesses, which they have no thought of performing.* The other are a sort of warm people, who, while they are lavishing away their promises, have really some thought of doing what they engage for; but afterwards, when the time of performance comes, *the sanguine fit being gone off,* the trouble or expense appears in another light; the promiser cools, and the expectant is bubbled, or perhaps greatly injured by the disappointment.—*Burgh.*

A JOKE never gains over an enemy; but it often loses a friend.

A BACHELOR'S LAY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

In the Register of the Stationers' Company, we find the following from a MS. of the time of James I.

Maides and Widowes.

If ever I marry, I'll marry a maide:
To marry a widowe I am sore afraide:
For maydes they are simple, and never will grutch,

But widowes full oft, as they saie, *know to[o] much.*

A maide is so sweete and so gentle of kinde,
That a maide is the wyfe I will choose to my minde:

A widowe is froward, and never will yeeld;
Or if such there be, you will meet them but seeld.

A maide nere complaineth, do what so you will;
But what you meane well, a widowe takes ill;
A widowe will make you a drudge and a slave,
And cost nere so much, she will ever go brave.

A maide is so modest, she seemeth a rose,
When it first beginneth the bud to unclose;
But a widowe full blowen full often deceives;
And the next winde that bloweth, shakes downe all her leaves.

That widowes be lovelie, I never gainsaye,
But well all their bewtie they know to display;
But a maide hath so great hidden bewty in store,

She can spare to a widowe, *yet never be pore.*
Then, if I marry, give me a fresh maide,
If to marry with anie I need be not afraide;
But to marry with anie it asketh much care,
And some bachelors hold THEY ARE BEST AS THEY ARE!

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AUTHOR OF THE FAMILIAR AND POPULAR ESSAYS ON "NATURAL HISTORY;" "BRITISH SONG BIRDS;" "BIRDS OF PASSAGE;" "INSTINCT AND REASON;"
"THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS," &c.

"THE OBJECT OF OUR WORK IS TO MAKE MEN WISER, WITHOUT OBLIGING THEM TO TURN OVER FOLIOS AND QUARTOS.—TO FURNISH MATTER FOR THINKING, AS WELL AS READING."—EVELYN.

No. 9.—1852.

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PHRENOLOGY FOR "THE MILLION."

Introductory Chapter.

"Nature is but a name for an EFFECT, whose CAUSE is GOD."—*Cowper.*

IN ACCORDANCE with the wishes expressed by our philanthropic Correspondent, AMICUS, (see LONDON JOURNAL, No. 8, p. 119), we have given his proposition our very best attention; and we confess that our Correspondent has good reason and good sense on his side when he urges us to make the wonderful science of PHRENOLOGY "EXTENSIVELY POPULAR."

We admire, too, the Christian spirit with which he proposes the whole inquiry shall be conducted—placing Man and his Creator in their proper, relative positions. If *this* were lost sight of, and mere "theoretical speculations" indulged in, OURS would be a hopeless cause indeed! But it is a MOST RIGHTEOUS CAUSE,—"*Magna est VERITAS et praevalabit.*" Truth, in all its grandeur, is on our side, and it will carry all before it.

Our first and grandest object will be, to record "FACTS," which BURKE says, "are to the mind the same thing as food to the body. On the due digestion of facts," he adds, "depend the *strength* and *wisdom* of the one, just as vigor and health depend upon the other." This is worth bearing in lively remembrance.

The time has quite gone by, when people were blindly led by the nose; and ignorantly thought as others thought—*without reflecting for themselves.* Education has assisted greatly in this matter; and society has benefited in consequence.

Thousands of our fellow-men, who formerly resorted to low public houses and wasted their evenings in the so-called "enjoyment" of ribald jests, now form worthy, estimable members of society. They have, too, their Weekly Magazine, and favorite author, to fill up their leisure moments. The greater their advance

in knowledge—for knowledge is progressive, and always makes its possessor thirst for more—the greater we observe their desire to be to find out a reason or "cause" for everything that comes under their notice. It is this spirit of inquiry that has stimulated so many of our now eminent men to rise "from the ranks." Despising difficulty, and aspiring to eminence, they reached the goal,—setting an example which we hope to see universally followed. It shall be OUR aim to encourage this, and to ASSIST in it by every available means in our power.

It is quite evident to all who choose to argue on the matter, that the human Brain is the seat of Reason; and that therein is contained the regulating medium of all our actions. How important then is the study of it! How culpable are those who refuse to listen, and who are too apathetic to inquire about what is of such VITAL INTEREST to themselves and to society at large!

We can now look back to our early days, and give satisfactory reasons for our deficiencies and excellencies. The former, our teachers (fool-like) endeavored to remedy by the rod and by punishment; but *neither* had any good effect. We possessed not the "power," nor the "ability" to do what was required of us, in certain of the sciences. We shone in many. Our 'cuteness' indeed could not be surpassed; but when coerced into the study of *others* which were beyond our capacity (we use an advisedly apt word) to learn—as well might a Negro have been submitted to the action of soap, with a view to change his complexion.

We have for many years past thought on this, and it has swayed us much in our course through life. We have often passed over offences, and forgiven acts of unkindness in our fellow-creatures, which it has appeared to us *they could not help committing.* Do not let us subject ourselves here to the charge of being "fatalists," or of fondly imagining that we are not "responsible creatures."

This doctrine is the doctrine of Evil Spirits, and shall never be advocated in *any* Paper whose destiny is ruled over by our pen. No, no; we shall take special care to guard against any such loose dogmas, and show how these naturally-evil propensities can be subdued, conquered, and triumphed over. Therein consists the "beauty" of the Science on which we propose to treat.

"The proper study of mankind is MAN,"

says the poet; and it is *this* study which we shall endeavor to render familiar to the masses. The moral good which we are likely to do society in the course of this inquiry, will stimulate us to the utmost exertion; and our pages shall have the honor of wafting to distant lands every argument that can exalt the CREATOR, and assign his creatures, (amongst which MAN stands first in order) their proper place.

Of late years, our observation of mankind has been very keen and very searching. We have been placed by Fortune (some would say *misfortune*) in sundry very critical situations,—situations which have forced "reflection" upon us. *Iago* says in the play:—

"MEN should be what they SEEM."

Unfortunately, on certain occasions, we have too credulously leaned towards the belief that they *were* so! A fatal error this, for which we have smarted in mind and in pocket. But let that pass.

Our last, and somewhat recent error, in believing Men to be what they seemed—has cured us effectually of "credulity." "The head! the head!" say we, NOW. Had we said so THEN, and made PHRENOLOGY and PHYSIOGNOMY our "unerring guides," how much mental agony should we not have escaped! "But then," our readers will add, "KIDD'S JOURNAL would never have appeared!" True; we forgot that.

"*Sunt denique fines!*"

or, in the vulgate, "there is an end to everything." Let us hope our sorrows are among them. We have walked *in viâ trita* (the old beaten track) too long, we will now emerge.

Next week, we purpose commencing the Biography of the Illustrious GALL. This we shall follow up by a selection from his Works, which will make us all "think," and cast a light upon society that they never dreamt of.

GALL has said some astounding things. These caused him banishment. Galileo once said, "The world was round, and that it moved on its axis." For this, the Inquisition imprisoned him. Still, the world moved for all that! and has done so ever since!!

So shall the everlasting fountains of Truth and Nature continue to flow. Never can they be turned aside to gratify the vanity or self-sufficiency of any one!

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

A Familiar History of Birds; their Nature, Habits, and Instincts. By the late EDWARD STANLEY, D.D., F.R.S. 8vo.

THIS work, the production of the late worthy Bishop of Norwich, has just reached its fifth Edition; and when we regard the subject-matter of it, and the clearness of its arrangement, its popularity can hardly be matter for surprise.

In a plain, manly preface—indeed, almost in the same expressions as those used by ourselves in the first Number of our OWN JOURNAL—the author says:—

There are few individuals who have it not in their power, occasionally, to remark the instincts and habits of Birds; and the many anecdotes collected from the Author's own observation, the information of friends, or various respectable sources, will, it is hoped, *excite others to register any "FACTS" within their reach, which may illustrate the mysterious economy whereby this beautiful portion of God's creation is enabled, in so many instances, to surpass the highest efforts of man's ingenuity, foresight, or philosophy.*

As we shall have occasion, in the coming seasons, of Spring and Summer, to notice this book again, we will leave the lesser birds *pro tem.*, and copy some interesting passages about the various tribes of PIGEONS, and that cruelly-hunted bird, the PARTRIDGE. We take *all* our English birds under the special protection of the People's JOURNAL. In us they shall ever find a staunch advocate and a warm-hearted friend.

Our first extracts have reference to Pigeons:—

In this country, where Pigeons are, generally speaking, a domestic bird, few persons have an idea of their countless increase and abundance, when left to themselves, roaming over wide tracts, and following, almost without interruption, their natural habits. Even in our dove-cotes, however, their increase is often prodigious; it having been found that, in the course of four years, nearly 15,000 have been produced from a single pair. Bearing this in mind, the reader will be better prepared to credit the startling accounts of the myriads of these birds, so often witnessed in North America, consisting of a particular species called the Passenger, or Migratory Pigeon, from their regular visits to certain districts, either for the purpose of feeding, or rearing their young. And though tens of thousands are destroyed, chiefly at their roosting-places, the numbers seem rather to increase than diminish. Such multitudes had never before been witnessed as in 1829. Flocks extending miles in length, were, for days together, seen passing over the hills during the Spring, from the southward; the mighty mass collecting in an encampment in a forest, upwards of nine miles in length, and four in breadth, in which there was scarcely a tree, large or small, which was not

loaded with their nests. In those parts of England frequented by our common Wood-Pigeons, the well-known rustling and rattling of a host of wings, as a cloud of them rise from some favorite haunt in the wood, will not easily be forgotten; but this clattering of flapping pinions is nothing when compared to the uprising of these American flights, which is described as an absolute and constant roaring, so loud and overpowering, that persons on approaching the wood can with difficulty hear each other speak. Amidst these scenes of apparent bustle and confusion, there reigns, notwithstanding, the most perfect regularity and order. The old ones take their turns regularly in feeding their young; and when any of them are killed upon their nests, others immediately supply their places.

It has been said, that they only lay one egg at a time, but this is not strictly true, many of them laying two. But even at this rate, it would be difficult to account for their vast numbers, without the further knowledge of their prolific nature, and the rapid growth of the young birds. Their sittings are renewed, or rather continued; one pair having been thus known to produce seven, and another, eight times in one year. In twenty-three days from the laying of the egg, the young ones could fly, being completely feathered on the eighth day. When the broods are matured (with the exception of probably, some tons of the young, which are killed and carried off by actual wagon-loads, being more esteemed for food than the old ones), they continue their course towards the north; from whence, in December, they return in the same dense mass, and are usually found to be remarkably fat; proving, that in the northern regions they find an ample supply of food; and vast indeed must be the stock, to furnish and fatten such a swarm of hungry mouths. In the crop of one of our common English Wood-Pigeons, just killed, we found upwards of an ounce of the fresh-budding leaves of clover, and in another, mentioned by Mr. White, of Selborne, was found an equal quantity of tender turnip-tops, so nice and inviting, that the wife of the person who shot it, boiled and ate them, as a delicate dish of greens, for supper. The consumption of grains of wheat by a common House-Pigeon, we found to amount to two ounces in twenty-four hours; and in the following twenty-four hours, when fed with peas, it consumed about the same weight. Hence we may easily form some idea of the enormous consumption of a large flight. Supposing one Pigeon to feed regularly at the above rate, its annual average supply would amount to about fifty pounds in weight,—a serious consumption of grain when large numbers are concerned. The following calculation, made by a very accurate observer, places the subject, as far as relates to the American Wood-Pigeons, in a still more striking point of view. He saw a column of Pigeons, one mile in breadth, moving at the rate of one mile a minute, which, as it was four hours in passing, made its whole length 240 miles. He then calculated that each square yard of this moving body contained three Pigeons, which thus gave two thousand two hundred and thirty millions, two hundred and seventy-two thousand Pigeons! and yet this he

considered to be less than the real number. Computing each of these to consume half-a-pint of seed daily, the whole quantity would equal seventeen millions four hundred and twenty-four thousand bushels per day. Heaven, he adds, has wisely and graciously given to these birds rapidity of flight, and a disposition to range over vast uncultivated tracts of the earth, otherwise they must have perished in the districts where they resided, or devoured the whole productions of agriculture, as well as those of the forests.

We conclude with some interesting and lively descriptions of the Partridge:—

Generally speaking, the Partridge is a much shier bird than the Pheasant, and though we have found it, in the above case, quitting its own species to live with another, it can seldom be induced to lay aside its natural habits, and become quite tame. Occasionally, however, by great care, they have been known to attach themselves to man.

In a clergyman's family, one was reared, which became so familiar that it would attend the parlour at breakfast, and other times; and would afterwards stretch itself before the fire, seeming to enjoy the warmth, as if it were its natural bask on a sunny bank. The dogs of the house never molested it, but unfortunately it one day fell under the paws of a strange cat, and was killed.

The Partridge, as is well known, usually builds in corn-fields, where, undisturbed, amidst a forest of tall wheat-stems, it rears its brood. Like other birds, it sometimes however chooses a very different sort of nursery, as, for instance, a hay-stack, on the top of which a nest was once formed, a covey hatched, and safely carried off.

In England we have but one sort, but in France, and other parts of Europe, they have beautiful varieties,—the red-legged, Barbary Partridges, &c.; and in America, there are again other sorts, peculiar to the New World. We shall give Captain Head's lively description of two varieties, the larch and spruce Partridges, which he met with in his expedition into the interior, near Lake Huron.

"Early in the Spring," he says, "they make their appearance in the pine-woods, welcomed by the solitary back-settlers, not only as harbingers of returning warmth, but as an agreeable addition to their stock of provisions, and a source of amusement. At first, when the snow still covers the ground, they are easily tracked, though by no means easily discovered in the trees, on which these two species invariably perch. They run for a considerable distance from their pursuers, before they rise, turning backwards and forwards, and round and round, twisting about the trees in such a manner as to make it difficult to follow up the foot-marks, and but for the assistance of dogs familiar with the sport, the keenest eye is often foiled." Captain Head thus describes his first meeting with one of these birds:—

"The snow in the woods was crisp from the night's frost, and the sun was just rising in a clear sky, when the marks of game attracted my notice, and my spaniel at the same time evinced

the most eager interest and curiosity in the pursuit, quartering the ground from right to left. After walking about half an hour, he suddenly quitted, and on going up to him I found him at the edge of a swamp, among a clump of white cedar-trees, to one of which he had evidently tracked some description of bird; for he was looking stedfastly up into the tree, and barking with the utmost eagerness. I looked attentively, but nothing whatever could I discover. I walked round the tree, and round again; then observed the dog, whose eyes were evidently directly fixed upon the object itself; and still was I disappointed in perceiving nothing. In the meantime, the dog, working himself up to a pitch of impatience and violence, tore with his paws the trunk of the tree, and bit the rotten sticks and bark, jumping and springing up at intervals towards the game; and five minutes had at least elapsed in this manner, when all at once I saw the eye of the bird. There it sat, or rather stood, just where Rover pointed, in an attitude so perfectly still and fixed, with an outstretched neck, and a body drawn out to such an unnatural length, that twenty times must I have overlooked it, mistaking it for a dead branch, which it most closely resembled. It was about twenty feet from the ground on a bough, and sat eight or ten feet from the body of the tree. I shot it, and in the course of the morning killed four more, which I came upon much in the same way as I did upon the first. At one of these, my gun flashed three times, without its attempting to move; after which I drew the charge, loaded again, and killed it. The dog all the time was barking and baying with the greatest perseverance. There is, in fact, no limit to the stupidity of these creatures; and it is by no means unusual, on finding a whole covey on a tree in the Autumn, to begin by shooting the bird which happens to sit lowest, and then to drop the one above him, and so on till all are killed."

Very different indeed from our straggling coveys, are the assemblages of these birds in America. Near Fort Churchill, on the shores of Hudson's Bay, in the winter season, they may be seen by thousands feeding on the willow-tops peeping above the surface of the snow. The crew of a vessel wintering there, killed one thousand eight hundred dozen in the course of the season. They are provided with a plumage well calculated for the severe weather to which they are exposed, each feather being in a manner doubled, so as to give additional warmth. Our British Partridges huddle together in the stubbles; but these birds shelter and roost by burrowing under the snow: in the snow, too, they practise a common mode of escaping observation and pursuit, as they will dive under it as a Duck does in water, and rise at a considerable distance. The Indians, as well as European settlers, catch them in great abundance, in traps, and live upon them throughout their long winter.

From the earliest ages, Partridges seem indeed to have been a favorite food, and the pursuit of them as favorite an amusement. In the Scriptures, "to hunt the Partridge on the mountains," is alluded to as a well-known sport; and to this day, though not exactly with the same weapon, it is practised by the Arabs of

Mount Lebanon. They make a slight square frame of wood, of about five feet in height, over which they stretch an ox-hide, perforated in three or four places. The ox-hide is moved quietly, in an upright position, along the ground, and the Arab, concealing himself behind it, it is hidden from the view of the game, which unsuspectingly allow the sportsman to come within shot of them. The Arab seeing through one of the apertures, quietly protrudes the muzzle of his long musket through another hole, and firing upon the birds, as they feed in coveys upon the ground, kills a great many of them.

In conclusion, we may remark that we have rarely met with a more varied and interesting book on animals than this. It is, and ought to be popular.

DOMESTIC COGITATIONS.

BUTTERED TOAST.

Who is there amongst us, that can be indifferent to the charms of Buttered Toast? Toast, made just as the aromatic virtues of souchong and hyson are becoming palpable to the olfactory organs at tea-time? Tea! why we could occupy a whole JOURNAL in discoursing of that social meal alone,—independent of its "adjuncts." But we must confine ourselves to the matter before the house; and that is, toast—buttered toast.

We do not advocate buttered toast for breakfast, unless indeed ample time be allowed for the proper discussion of that happy "spread." It is to the tea-table, *par excellence*, that we give it a hearty welcome. We begin to think of it immediately after dinner; the thoughts seldom wander from it till the body is travelling homewards; and when our "household gods" throw open wide the door to bid us welcome—then do we mentally appreciate the "coming treat in store." Our hat, coat, stick, or umbrella, we leave to some one of our rosy boys to dispose of, whilst we hasten to do homage to the delightful preparations of the lady of the house. We hardly need say, after this, that we do not *dine* at home; but we nevertheless contrive to make a "very sensible meal." New-laid eggs, ham, streaky bacon, with tea and buttered toast—are things not to be slightly spoken of! But to the grand subject,—Toast.

Let us first explain what makes bad toast of a slice of bread, or rather what makes it no toast at all, but merely a piece of bread with two burned surfaces, more wet and waxy in the heart than ever, and which not a particle of butter will enter, but only remain on the surface, and, if vexed with additional fire, turns to a rancid oil of the most unwholesome description. If the slice of bread is brought into close contact with a strong fire, the surface becomes covered with, or rather converted into, *charcoal*, before the heat produces any effect upon the interior of the slice. This being done, the other side is turned and has its surface converted into charcoal, in the same manner. Charcoal, as everybody knows, is one of the worst conductors, if not the very worst conductor of heat; and on this account it is used

as packing between the double cylinders of steam engines. It is of no consequence whether the said charcoal be formed of wood, of flour, or of any other substance, for its qualities are in every case the same.

Now, when the surfaces of the slice of bread are over-charred in this manner, there is an end of all toasting, as no action of heat can be communicated to the interior, and not one drop of water can be evaporated. In this state, the slice of bread may be wholly burned to charcoal; but until it is altogether so burned, the unburned part will become always more and more wet and unwholesome. There is an illustration of this in putting an onion, and more especially a potatoe, in the middle of a strong fire in order to be roasted. If the fire is but hot enough, a potatoe the size of one's fist may be burned down to a cone not bigger than a marble; and yet that cone will remain hard and scarcely even warmed.

As a rule,—if you would have a slice of bread so toasted as to be pleasant to the palate, and wholesome and easily digested, never let one particle of the surface be charred. Chestnut-brown is even far too deep for a good toast; and the color of a fox is rather too deep. The nearer it can be kept to a straw-color, the more delicious to the taste, and the more wholesome it will be. The method of obtaining this is very obvious. It consists in keeping the bread at the proper distance from the fire, and exposing it to proper heat for a due length of time. Those who "make the toast," or, more strictly speaking, mangle it, are generally too lazy for taking proper time for this operation; and it is worthy of remark in many other cases, as well as in this one, that the hurry of laziness is the very worst form under which that bane of good housewifery can appear. This by the way.

If not cut too thin; if held at the proper distance from the fire, and continued long enough, care being taken that not a single black or even dark brown spot makes its appearance on the surface, the slice of bread may be toasted through and through; and it is this operation which makes properly toasted bread so much more wholesome than bread which is not toasted; and still more preferable to bread burned on the surface, and sodden in the interior. By this means the whole of the water may be evaporated from it, and it may be changed from dough, which has always a tendency to undergo the acetous fermentation, whether in the stomach or out of it, to the pure farina of wheat, which is in itself one of the most wholesome species of food—not only for the strong and healthy, but for the delicate and diseased. As it is turned to farina, it is disintegrated; the tough and gluey nature is gone; every part can be penetrated; all parts are equally warm, and no part is so warm as to turn the butter into oil, which, even in the case of the best butter, is invariably turning a wholesome substance into a poison.

There is another circumstance—regarding the buttering of a rightly toasted slice. The dough being a compound of water, repels the butter, which is an oil; but the dried farina acquires no attraction for butter, which, with very little exertion, penetrates the whole slice through and

through, in all parts equally. There is more advantage in this than some may suppose. Butter in masses (whatever may be its quality), is too heavy for the stomach, though butter divided with sufficient minuteness, and not suffered to pass into an oil, makes a most valuable addition to many kinds of food. The properly-toasted slice of bread absorbs the butter, but does not convert it to oil; and both butter and farina are in a state of very minute division, the one serving to expose the other to the free action of the gastric fluid in the stomach; and that this fluid shall be enabled to penetrate the whole mass of the food, and act upon it in very small portions, is the grand secret of pleasant, easy, and beautiful digestion; so that when a slice of toast is rightly prepared, there is perhaps not a lighter article in the whole vocabulary of cookery.

When the toast is ready; the little ones quietly seated; mamma in a good humor; papa cosey; and the window curtains closely drawn,—what *can* exceed the domestic delights of TEA and BUTTERED TOAST!

NATURE AND ART.

A Comparison between Good Sense and "Fashion."

"Here comes she forth,
Peck'd in the lovely modesty of NATURE."—CLARE.

FEELING that we *do* hold some little sway over the minds and better feelings of our fair countrywomen—whom we dearly love, as an Englishman should do,—we shall venture now and then to tread on the delicate ground of offering them our "Advice," gratis; it shall be none the worse on *that* account.

We have started this, our OWN JOURNAL, be it remembered, under the distinct avowal of being "Lovers of Nature;" and we mean to aid her ladyship on *every* occasion. We all allow her, by word of mouth at least, to be worthy of "imitation," and every painter who loses sight of this, is by us reckoned a bad artist. The closer we keep to the original then, the better will it be for us all.

We shall, by and by, go into the *unnatural* conventionalities of every-day life, and show how we all live *for others*,—*not* for ourselves.

"Sic vos non vobis," &c.,

said Virgil; and he was right. *He* applied *his* remarks to the *brute* creation; *we* apply *ours* to the genus *Homo*. We repeat, deny it who may, that society as at present constituted is entirely *unnatural*. Let us, however, say more than this. As concerns "Number One," we are resolved to LIVE and BE HAPPY. WE are not, thank God, altogether dependant upon the silly fashions which rule society at large; we think, and act, for ourselves. But to return.

We lately paid a visit to the Anatomical Museum of Dr. Kahn; it was the very week before he quitted London. We there saw enough to make us shudder; nor could we take our leave, after being there nearly an entire day, without reflecting on the many millions of deformed, idiotic, disgusting objects, who (though innocent) had been born, lived in torture, and had DIED—*simply and solely from the fact of their maternal parents having insisted on showing (what they considered, and we do not) A HANDSOME FIGURE!*

This is no random assertion of ours. Very many intelligent men, fathers of families, were in the same room with us; and we held long and interesting converse with them. We were *all* of one mind as to the "evil," and all equally doubtful of our ever being able to effect any "remedy." Never shall we forget WHAT WE SAW IN THAT ROOM,—never cease to shudder at the appalling thought, which yet haunts us, that *the same evils are being perpetuated daily, AND WILL BE until the grave has closed upon us for ever!*

It will be said, "Fie! fie! Mr. Editor; this fashion is exploded. Our persons are now left free, and we can trip merrily as yourself over the fields, climb the hills, and romp like children." This *has been* said to us, and *is* daily; but "we cannot see it!" Alas, no! but we must still deplore the evil, and try what "reasoning" will do. If Mammas *must* resemble their daughters, let it be at the least possible sacrifice of health *for the sake of their posterity*. And as for young ladies—let them, we say, be free as air, and play with the lissomness of kids and lambs. It is natural, it is graceful, it is attractive; it induces HEALTH. Who *would* blight such blossoms?

To show that we are not "ignorant" on the subject of which we treat, let our readers peruse the subjoined remarks of Dr. L. J. BEALE, whose heart, like our own, "beats high" to cure the monstrous evils of which we speak:—

"*Full expansion of the chest,*" says Dr. Beale, "*is equally essential to health as good air;* for if, by our clothing or constrained position, we impede the full expansion of the lungs, healthy respiration is prevented, and the due purification of the blood impaired; and therefore, pressure from dress, bands, or stays, *must always be bad.*

"How is the chest of a girl to expand with growth, *if encased in these horrid inventions?* No girl should wear stays till she has long done growing, for the chest continues to expand after growth has ceased; by the use of stays the size of the chest is limited, and the ribs are actually forced to overlap, as I have seen in several instances.

"I question if any woman would really require stays before the age of 35 or 40—the *best figures of ancient and modern times have never worn any stays.* WE HAVE DISMISSED THE SWADDLING-CLOTHES OF OUR INFANTS, and we shall succeed, sooner or later, in annihilating stays for girls and young women. *None would wear them IF THEY KNEW HOW MUCH BETTER THEY WOULD BE WITHOUT.* After having been accustomed to their support, it is very difficult to discontinue their use, because the muscles of the spine having been superseded in their action by the *barbarous pieces of iron, bone, or wood,* of these body-cases, have lost their power of maintaining the body in an upright position; and without stays, the deformities produced by these machines become visible. I hope the time will arrive when stays will be considered antiquities of the mediæval ages, and be only preserved as relics to adorn the museums and halls of the curious."

Dr. Beale's "hope" far exceeds our "faith." Let us ask, with all due submission,—Has not GOD given our countrywomen lovely figures? Aye, "perfect" figures? *Why then do they labor SO HARD TO DEFORM THEM?*

If any of our fair readers will take up their pen to argue this matter with us, how happy shall we be to insert their remarks! It is a righteous cause, and we really hope to receive aid from those whose "duty" it is to DEFEND it.

Our next *Coup d'Essai* will be, touching "Female Apparel." We shall dare to scrutinise *this*, only as it has reference to the deformity of the Human Figure. Beyond that, it is not our province to inquire; and we never exceed "our duty." Our "Extra" Contributor has already paved the way for us to follow.*

KIDD'S "JOURNAL" AND "THE TRADE."

MR. EDITOR,—Though, as one of the very many readers of your admirable Paper, I sincerely sympathise with you in your ill-usage by the iron-hearted booksellers, I yet will not occupy your valuable space more than is necessary, while telling you of "something to your advantage," as Joseph Ady used to word it. You will see by the subjoined which appeared in last week's *Athenæum*, that any number of magazines (the packet not exceeding 1 lb. weight) may, after March, go free for 6d. postage. This will frank your First and Second Parts to the country; also your Third and Fourth, when ready. Thus sometimes—aye, often—does good come out of evil:—

"BOOKS AND WORKS OF ART PER POST.—It affords us great pleasure to be able to announce

* See Article, "Female Costume," in No. 2 of KIDD'S JOURNAL.

that on the 1st of March additional facilities will be afforded by the Post Office in the transmission of books and works of art. Our readers are aware that at present only one volume is allowed to be sent in a single packet, and that no writing is permitted, except on a single page of the book. Both these restrictions are to be abolished; and, from the day mentioned, *any number of separate publications may be included in the same packet*, and they may contain any amount of writing (provided, of course, that it be out of the nature of a letter); and, in fact, with this latter exception, a person will be allowed to send by the book-post any quantity of paper, whether printed, written upon, or plain, together with all legitimate binding, mounting, or carving; including also, rollers in the case of prints, and, in short, whatever is necessary for the safe transmission of literary or artistic matter."—*Athenæum*.

I will only add to this,—May you go on and prosper! You have begun well; continued weekly to "improve;" and every successive number entitles you to still higher praise. You have reason to feel proud of your literary offspring; and may you live to enjoy an abundant harvest from your labors!

Yours, &c.,
A LOVER OF FAIR PLAY.

THE "AFFECTATION" OF SENSIBILITY.

WE were much pleased the other day, whilst turning carelessly over a volume penned by Lady Hester Stanhope, to hear her Ladyship thus pulverise certain of our community. There is a wholesomeness in her remarks, that charms us. We rejoice to find the sentiment so naively given utterance to. Lady Hester's anathemas against her *clique*, are as hearty as they are honest. *Les voici* :—

"Oh! how I do detest," says her Ladyship, "your sentimental people *who pretend to be full of feeling!*—who will cry over a worm, and yet treat real misfortune with neglect. There is *your fine lady* that I have seen in a dining-room, and when by accident an earwig has come out of a peach, after having been half-killed in opening it, she would exclaim, 'Oh, poor thing! you have broken its back—do spare it—I can't bear to see even an insect suffer. Oh! there, my lord, how you hurt it: stop, let me open the window and put it out.' And then the husband draws out, 'My wife is quite remarkable for her sensibility; I married her purely for that.' And then the wife cries, 'Oh! now, my lord, you are *too good* to say that: if I had not had a grain of feeling *I should have learnt it from you.*' And so they go on, praising each other, and perhaps, the next morning, when she is getting into her carriage, a poor woman, with a child at her breast, and so starved that she has not a drop of milk, begs charity of her, and she draws up the glass, and tells the footman, another time, not to let those disgusting people stand at the door."

Well done, Lady Hester Stanhope, well done!! A few such champions associated

with our "OWN" JOURNAL, would work a wholesome revolution throughout the empire. Well-aimed satire pierces through the very heart of humanity,—if indeed it have not on a coat of mail!

BEAUTIFUL AND UGLY OYSTERS.

IN the last No. of the *Westminster Review*, we find various curious particulars of that most slippery fellow, the oyster,—who glides down your throat before you know where he is, and leaves you more hungry than ever, after you have swallowed some three or four dozen of his tribe. Expensive fellow, that oyster,—very!

During the season of 1848-49, 130,000 bushels of oysters were sold in the metropolis alone. A million and-a-half are consumed each season in Edinburgh, being at the rate of more than 7,300 a-day, and more than sixty millions are taken annually from the French channel banks alone. Each batch of oysters intended for the French capital is subjected to a preliminary exercise in keeping the shell closed at other hours than when the tide is out, until at length they learn by experience that it is necessary to do so whenever they are uncovered by sea-water. Thus, they are enabled to enter the metropolis of France as polished oysters ought to do, not gaping like astounded rustics. A London oysterman can tell the ages of his flock to a nicety; they are in perfection from five to seven years old. An oyster bears its years upon its back, so that its age is not to be learned by looking at its beard: the successive layers observable upon the shell indicate its growth, as each indicates one year, so that, by counting them, we can tell at a glance the year when the creature came into the world. If an oyster be a handsome, well-shaped Adonis, he is introduced to the palaces of the rich and noble, like a wit, to give additional relish to their feasts. If a sturdy, thick-backed, strong-tasted individual, fate consigns him to the capacious tub of the street-fishmonger, from whence, dosed with black pepper and pungent vinegar, embalmed partly after the fashion of an Egyptian king, he is transferred to the hungry stomach of a costermonger, or becomes the luxuricus repast of a successful pickpocket.

"FRIENDSHIP" OF THE WORLD.—As we grow older, we begin to grow wiser. It is no more than right we should do so. Our JOURNAL was established to make men "think," and we lose no opportunity of assisting in the matter. In presenting our readers with the following excellent remarks of Dr. KITTO, all we say is—let them be read twice, and never forgotten. "There has rarely yet been a man fallen," says Dr. KITTO, "from prosperity into trouble, who has not found many friends, like those of Job, *ready to lay all the blame of his misfortunes upon himself*, and to trace his ruin to his misconduct, which now becomes apparent, or *which is assumed even if no trace of it can be found*. Oh, what a world were this, *if man's happiness rested upon the judgment of his fellows*, or if the troubled spirit had no appeal from man's judgment to One who judgeth righteously!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. R. M.—As you are a lady, we shall not presume, nor do we wish, to contradict you; your “reasonable” favor shall appear next week. Again, no address! still we thank you.

“BOMBYX ATLAS.”—Will you oblige us with your name and address? When these are withholden, we feel “quite at sea.” We want to write to you, but can’t!

F. M.—Our space is so circumscribed, that “Fugitive Poetry” can only be admissible under very peculiar circumstances. We are already overwhelmed with similar “kind offerings.” This “reply” will suffice for *all* the writers. Their favors have merit, and would be readily available in a Monthly Magazine.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS, and CASUAL READERS, are referred to the LEADING ARTICLE in our FIRST NUMBER for the DETAILED OBJECTS of the LONDON JOURNAL: to these we shall rigidly adhere.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them. Our time is more profitably occupied. All vacancies, as they are called, are filled up. Let this general answer suffice.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any “facts” connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS.—It having been deemed expedient, to meet the views of the *Trade*, that this Journal should always be published by *anticipation*, CONTRIBUTORS AND OTHERS will be so kind as to bear in mind that they must give us an *extra* “week’s grace,” and wait *patiently* till their favors appear.

All persons who may send in MSS., but which may not be “accepted,” are requested to *preserve copies of them*, as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for their return.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, February 28, 1852.

JUST in proportion as our Paper is winning its way into the fairest repute, as witness the vast number of Communications received from all parts daily,—are the Booksellers doing everything in their power to *keep* it from rising! The same difficulty of obtaining it, still exists. The same apathy and indifference continue everywhere observable; and no helping hand can we seek that is *able* to pull us through the difficulty, although our private friends strive mightily in our cause. *The Booksellers will not keep an extra copy on hand.*

Let us merely cite one single instance, which will tell more of a Bookseller’s supineness than anything else. A gentleman writes us from MANCHESTER, a few days since, as follows:—

Sir,—The Liverpudlians, whom you have so justly tomahawked, are by no means “alone in their glory” with respect to the “burke”-ing of your JOURNAL. I have contrived to get Nos. 3 and 4; they came together! and finally, No. 5, last Monday!!! My bookseller thought, before it came, it must have been discontinued,—a horrid “doubt” for us your admirers. I declare it nearly froze my heart’s blood.

This is one of a multitude of Letters, all on one and the same subject. We feel justified in speaking thus plainly, in order that our friends may see how we are situated.

There is a large demand; but although our terms are MOST liberal, there is, compared with what there should be, a very small sale—arising solely from the cause above assigned.

We have made one more effort, as will be seen by reference to the last column of the present JOURNAL. If this fail, we have done all WE can do under such unfairly-depressing circumstances—and “May Heaven defend the *right*!”

“Every man has a right to do what he likes with ‘his own;’” said the late worthy Duke of Newcastle. Who will gainsay it?

Acting on the principle, we have made this JOURNAL more our OWN than ever it was. By referring to the First Page of the present Number, it will be seen that our patronymic is a “vexed question” no longer. It is now KIDD’S “OWN” JOURNAL; and there exists a joint partnership between IT and THE PUBLIC.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Sagacity of a Jackdaw.—“Our Jackdaw” has taken it into his head, that he would like to see his name in print; at least so I fancied when I saw him ogling with an envious eye something at page 87 of your JOURNAL, concerning “A Raven.” Perhaps I might first have thought I should like to see his name in print—and he read my thoughts? Be that as it may (though I believe I am right in my belief), I am perfectly convinced that it will in the end amount to the same thing. When our eyes first met, it was at a grocer’s shop, in “Our Street.” “Jack” took my fancy and I took *his*. After passing him several times on my way to town, I at last determined to possess him. No sooner said than done. When removing him from his old master, I received his assurance that “Jack” called “Shop,” which latter assertion I regard as a fiction, never having heard him ejaculate that word. From the very first moment of his installation in his new home, he evinced a most startling affection for the juicy legs of a member of the family,—viz. those of my little sister. This particular member he assails to the present day; at the same time taking care to keep at a respectful distance, and looking just for all the world as if such a propensity had never entered his imagination,—for I believe he *has* imagination. If you should ever chance to be in his company, pray discard the use of slippers; for should he deservy even the smallest possible piece of stocking, he will attack that point, *knowing* it to be the tender one; a thing which he would never attempt if you had on boots. Well does *his* eye know the difference between cotton and leather! He is extremely affectionate, as will be seen from the following circumstance. Find-

ing the free use of his wings, which, after moulting, I omitted to clip,—he one evening took an airing, and flew over the house. Whither he went, is best known to himself! Having vainly searched for him for three days, I ultimately discovered that he *had been* in the hands of several persons. An omnibus conductor distinctly saw him assailed by numerous cats: indeed he had been *seen* by everybody; but where he was at that precise moment nobody knew. At last, I discovered his place of retreat. He was in a tree! he saw me from his perch, before I saw him, and immediately descended; still he seemed undecided whether to fly away again, or deliver himself up. This last he ultimately did;—clearly demonstrating the preponderance of his affection for me over love of liberty. A more miserable object than he, I never beheld. He had, whether by a North American Indian of his tribe has not distinctly appeared—been divested of his scalp; and altogether he presented a most wretched appearance: yet was he penitent, withal; exhibiting a “never-do-it-again” cast of countenance, which could not be mistaken. He was, of course, very pleased to see me, and acknowledged my presence with his usual “Hallo!” I have as yet eulogised his good qualities; I must now point out his failings. Of these, “the sulks” or “doldrums,” I am sorry to say, form a very prominent feature. Coming in rather too late to his breakfast the other morning (for he generally takes that meal with us), he discovered, after going the round of the table, first upsetting everything in his way and then elongating himself to a fearful height to look into the large milk jug—that there was no egg in either of the shells which he had been scrutinising! Now being very fond of egg, he took this very much to heart, and actually sulked the whole day through, pecking everybody that came in his way. The other day, being “free and easy,” he took a sip from every glass *on the table*, and you may readily infer that, there being a great many, he soon found himself *off the table*, and as the phrase goes, not only “drunk,” but utterly “incapable.” This was the signal for his being immediately removed and locked up for the night, as all “drunkards” should be. He slept feverishly, but a recourse to his usual habit of “ducking” in the morning, acted as a “refresher.” He has strange notions that my rabbits like nails; and he is therefore continually stuffing a few into the oats, and watching the effect. Whilst the persevering animals are endeavoring to masticate them, “Jack” gives them sundry pecks on the nose; and then walks away as if he knew nothing at all about it, and as if “rabbits” were quite beneath his notice. This *hauteur* he extends to sparrows, when desirous of catching one, in doing which I have never seen him succeed. If a flight of pigeons should happen to cross the garden, he will break the drum of everybody’s ears with screaming, and scarify his own throat into the bargain. He once caught a mouse, the eating of which seemed to entirely change his nature, rendering him exceedingly savage. I must not omit to mention, that he is in the habit of coming into my bedroom while I am washing. He will then “duck” himself in the very water I use myself. Again,

he will amuse himself for hours with the sound of his own voice—“giving quotations,” whether from my brothers, or Shakspeare, I have not yet discovered. But, Mr. Editor, if I were to delineate every trick of this interesting little creature (who helps to shell the peas in summer, and to pick the plums in winter), I should have a long task. Indeed he is the most affectionate, amusing, extraordinary, and never-to-be-forgotten animal, with whom I have ever had the pleasure of being acquainted; and if the readers of your JOURNAL will believe these statements, as sincerely as I know them to be true,—it is all that I desire.—G. S.

Instinct in the Canary.—I find a very curious anecdote in the *Fifeshire Journal* about a Canary. Can you credit the circumstances as related? I confess I cannot. It savors too much of the marvellous I think for *you*;—“A favorite pet canary, belonging to one of the servants in Blair Adam House, being frightened by a person going near its cage, made its escape from it, and after making a few revolutions of the room, darted out at the window, which chanced to be open at the time, and in a moment was out of sight, taking its flight over the top of the house, and of course never was expected to be seen again. In this its owner was agreeably mistaken; for on the following morning, having been away a day and a night, the pet finding the change not for the better, made its appearance at the window out of which it had escaped, and was fruitlessly endeavoring to gain admission, when it was caught and safely consigned again to its wiry prison-house. This is no sooner found out than it began to pour out notes of thankfulness, we shall suppose, for its return again to its happy home. What renders the circumstance more striking is, that it was exposed during one of the frosty nights we had lately; and, as the canary is a delicate bird, it is surprising how it could have survived it.”

[If the above statement be true, we can only say the “facts” are singular. Of ALL birds, the canary is *most* out of its element when at liberty; and its return to where it flew from, would argue an “instinct” of which we never yet found this bird possessed. A Linnet or a Goldfinch would have shown such an instinct; but we confess there is a “doubt” about this canary.]

Diseases of Canaries and their Cure.—A Correspondent, A. P., in No. 4 of your “LONDON JOURNAL,” mentions that his and his neighbor’s bird had a complaint, well known by almost all who keep them—viz. hard breathing, &c. Having had canaries for some years, I have remarked as an almost invariable rule, that this (in the way your Correspondent mentions) is almost entirely confined to *hens*. I have very seldom known young birds, or cocks, to be so afflicted. Should they be, it is either to be traced to negligence in not keeping them clean, or to their having bad seed, water, or stale green food. But in hens, it is entirely different, and seems to assume a chronic form. After they are two or three years old, I have found that although kept in the same cage with cocks, and treated to precisely the same food and attention, they have become

wheezy and ill; whilst the cocks have retained their good health. Constipation is the chief cause of this, brought on, very often, by the bad judgment of the breeder. Many (particularly persons in the bird trade) over-task their poor birds, beginning perhaps in February and ending in September. They are never content unless a hen has 4, 5, or 6 nests; in fact ruining their bird's constitution, and rendering many of her young that year, poor and weak. Then what follows? The hen's health is undermined; and as the cold weather comes on, disease shows itself in the form of constipation, wheezing, &c. which, if they do not kill, make it quite distressing to keep them. I know a man who had no fewer than 6 nests and 21 birds from one pair; but then he was a *dealer*, and cared not what became of the hen. Next year he mended her up for the time being, sold her, and let some poor unlucky buyer try his skill in curing the disease which he had sown! In my experience, I have found the remedies mentioned by you, greatly relieve all sufferers,—particularly boiled milk, and bread and milk (without moist sugar, which many parties are in the habit of using.) Warmth, I may say, is the main thing; and in the freshness of spring, some hens will rally up and breed pretty well; but they are mostly troubled with an habitual constipation. I may here state, that I hope each "Fancier" who is skilled in the different subjects that appear; will contribute his stock of knowledge to the public fund; and hearing that you intend bringing out, in your paper, your original popular treatises on "British Song Birds," I trust as chapter after chapter come out, they will cause such a discussion on what each has experienced, among "Professors," as will at once render "KIDD'S JOURNAL" interesting, instructive and indispensable to the Lovers and Keepers of Pets and Cage Birds.—E. C., *Liverpool*.

An Ailing Goldfinch.—My pet Goldfinch has been suffering severely from illness, which has caused his plumage to suffer much damage. How shall I act, to restore its beauty? I have also a number of Canaries, from which I purpose breeding. Please, also, to give me all needful instructions about this.—E. T. H.

[As your Goldfinch gains strength, let him occasionally fly about your room, first placing a wire-guard before the stove to prevent his destruction by fire. Give him some watercress, also a hemp-seed or two, and let him bask in the sun as much as possible. We shall have "lots" to say about breeding canaries, by and by. All yet is in good time.]

Nightingales and Robins.—My old Nightingales, strange to say, are not yet in song. I really do think a good frost, at this season, would bring them out—especially as the sun now shines brightly. The habits of these birds much resemble those of the robin, and he, we know, always sings best and loudest in frosty weather. In connection with this, I will mention what to you may be an interesting circumstance. About three years ago, a boy brought to my servant some nightingales' eggs. There being the nest of a robin in the garden, I immediately changed the eggs: on the very day after, they hatched!

For a whole week the young birds were proceeding admirably, when a brute of a cat [it seems *all* tell "one tale" about this ill-fed, half-starved, "wandering minstrel"] took the whole nest at once! I cannot help thinking that this would be the most efficacious mode of rearing nightingales with the least trouble.—J. B.

[You are *quite* right about the Robin; of *all* affectionate, domestic, loveable "dears" this is THE one above the rest. It will feed, even in confinement, the young of any birds, as we have experienced often to our infinite delight. We shall record all this in due season.]

Cats regarded as "Vermin."—The public are indeed largely indebted to you, Mr. Editor, for so kindly coming forward to deliver them from the army of mischievous cats, who nightly commit such havoc upon our gardens, our pantries, and, in the season, upon our chickens and other live stock. Surely, if these animals were better fed, and better attended to, they would never stray as they do to such long distances. No person would wantonly destroy any of them, but, in self-preservation, they must in some way be got rid of; and your remedy is a very simple one, as it is unattended by pain or suffering. I have already disposed of *nine*, and my pigeons are all the happier for it.—Yours obliged, I. P., *Tottenham*.

[The above is one of so *very* many communications received on a similar subject, that we really *are* pleased to have been "useful" in this matter. Our well-known disposition, and love of animals, quite shelter us from the charge of *cruelty* as regards Cats. We only wish we could visit the offences of these poor creatures upon those who are *the cause* of their offending, and consequent punishment. The fact is patent, that *on an average* every house contains *three* cats. What, let us ask, can be the use of these? and what is the consequence of it? The presence of one single cat will suffice to keep all mice at bay; the excess of cats, therefore, is useless, and a public nuisance. That cats are, for the most part, half-starved, is too well known to be contradicted; a "dab" of cat's meat, transfixed on a long skewer, and the value of one half-penny, generally sufficing for the whole lot! This is, we are told, "to make them sharp, and cause them to get their own livelihood." Exactly so, and this is *why* these poor animals stray so far into their neighbors' grounds to steal what they can in the way of cold meat, chickens, rabbits, &c. We have, ere now, had the "morbid satisfaction" of seeing a large cat disappear over our own lofty wall—made lofty by us *on purpose* to shut these vermin out—with a valuable live chicken in her mouth; and this act has been repeated, by the same cat, *five times in a single fortnight*! We sent in to the neighbor who owned the cat, and very civilly requested it might be kept at home, or we should be under the necessity of shooting it. The reply was—"Blaze away, and ———!" We suppress the finale. We did *not* "blaze away;" but we were compelled to "remove" the cat. We feel quite sure that if cats were *properly fed* and attended to, like other animals, they would not stray away; neither should we be obliged to lie awake all night to listen to their nocturnal

music (!). While on this subject, let us also call attention to the inhumanity of those who keep *dogs*. The same "vulgar error" prevails, that these poor creatures should only be fed *once a day*, and then, how sparingly! What is the consequence? The pangs of hunger seize them; they bark furiously all day, and howl throughout the entire night. Such barbarities as these are monstrous. We are doomed to listen to these sounds, every night of our lives! We shall immediately commence an article on "Cruelty to Animals," and see if we cannot *shame* people out of such evil, such diabolical practices. Then will our "OWN" JOURNAL not have been brought forward in vain. We have said before, and we again repeat it, it is positively *sinful* for any person to keep dumb animals, without attending to all their wants and necessities. We see, daily, so very much cruelty of this kind practised, that our pen refuses to lie quiet under it, and we have no wish to coerce it.]

Breeding of Canaries.—Having a lot of very valuable canaries, among which are the Jonques, and not thoroughly understanding their proper management, I kindly ask your assistance in instructing me in the art of breeding, rearing, and keeping in health these beautiful little creatures, as they are *so much more delicate* than the common sort. What month do you advise me to put them together? and how shall I feed them? Mine are the only Jonque canaries I have ever seen in our part of the country, and therefore the breeding of them is quite a mystery.—A. R. P.

[We shall pen an article on this subject, very shortly. There is yet plenty of time.]

A Terrier Dog troubled with Worms.—My "pet" terrier is sadly troubled with worms, and I know not what to give him. Will you kindly prescribe, and make me your debtor in the article of gratitude?—J. M.

[All medicines, properly so called, are objectionable; but there is one method of expelling worms from the intestines of a dog that is almost infallible. This is, the administration of glass finely powdered. Not a particle of it can penetrate through the mucus that lines the bowels, while it destroys every intestinal worm. The powdered glass should be made into a ball, with lard and ginger.]

Grey Parrot with Bad Habits.—I have a grey parrot (presumed to be African) which, being a great favorite, I am very desirous of improving in its personal appearance, which at present is anything but prepossessing. It is now, and has been for the last ten years, almost destitute of feathers, from its constant habit of plucking them as they appear. Could you suggest a method of cure?—M. T. H.

[If bitter aloes, rubbed over the bald places, does not cure this malady, it would be charitable to kill "poor Polly" at once,—would it not? This fault is peculiar to parrots,—a branch of the animal creation for which we have no particular fancy. They are never well, and seldom happy.]

Fruitful Eggs of Fowl and other Poultry.—Is it yet known, whether it be possible to ascertain by the microscope, or otherwise, the fact of an egg being fertile? There is so much "said," *pro* and *con*, about this, and nothing satisfactory "known," that I feel anxious to have your opinion.—WALTER.

[Mr. BOCCIUS has lately used a microscope at Worcester, and seen some millions of eggs in an *eel's* ovary (at least, so he "*says*"); but we have no faith in microscopes applied for any such purposes, and one single "fact" goes further with us than the "wide range." We believe no person living can satisfactorily determine which is, or which is not, a fruitful egg,—either by the touch, the sight, the weight, the size, the form; or the chemical appearance viewed by the aid of the strongest gas light. However, having put the question, let us hear what there is to be said about it,—leaving the "microscope" quite out of sight!]

The Guinea-pig.—Is the guinea-pig at all useful in keeping vermin away from rabbit-houses? [not that we are aware of]. And what is best to feed them on?—F. M.

[These little fellows are very hearty, and will eat anything,—oats, hay, bread and milk, &c. If allowed their liberty, they never ail anything, and will "multiply exceedingly." We once had a pair running about our house,—that pair soon became some other "half-a-dozen pairs."]

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY MARY MITFORD.

"I'm desperately afear'd, Sue, that that brother of thine will turn out a jackanapes," was the apostrophe of the good yeoman, Michael Howe, to his pretty daughter, Susan, as they were walking one fine afternoon in harvest through some narrow and richly wooded lanes, which wound between the crofts of his farm of Rutherford West, situate in that out-of-the-way part of Berkshire which is emphatically called the "Low Country"—for no better reason that I can discover, than that it is the very hilliest part of the royal county. "I'm sadly afear'd, Sue, that he'll turn out a jackanapes!" and the stout farmer brandished the tall paddle which served him at once as a walking-stick and a weeding-hook, and began vigorously eradicating the huge thistles which grew by the roadside, as a mere vent for his vexation. "You'll see that he'll come back an arrant puppy!" quoth Michael Howe.

"Oh, father! don't say so," rejoined Susan; "why should you think so hardly of poor William—our own dear William, whom we have not seen these three years? What earthly harm has he done?"

"Harm, girl! Look at his letters! You know you're ashamed yourself to take 'em of the postman. Pink paper, forsooth, and blue ink, and a seal with bits of make-be-

lieve gold, speckled about in it like a lady-bird's wings—I hate all make-believes, all shams; they're worse than poison; and stinking of some outlandish scent, so that I'm forced to smoke a couple of pipes extra to get rid of the smell; and latterly, as if this folly was not enough, he has crammed these precious scrawls into a sort of paper-bag, pasted together just as if o' purpose to make us pay double postage. Jackanapes did I call him? He's a worse mollycot than a woman."

"Dear father, all young men will be foolish one way or another; and you know my uncle says, that William is wonderfully steady for so young a man, and his master is so well pleased with him, that he is now foreman in his great concern. You must pardon a little nonsense in a country youth, thrown suddenly into a fine shop, in the gayest part of London, and with his god-father's legacy coming unexpectedly upon him, and making him too rich for a journeyman tradesman. But he's coming to see us now. He would have come six months ago, as soon as he got this money, if his master could have spared him; and he'll be wiser before he goes back to London."

"Not he. Hang Lunnon! Why did he go to Lunnon at all? Why could he not stop at Rutherford, like his father and his father's father, and see to the farm? What business had he in a great shop? a man-mercier's they call it. What call had he to Lunnon, I say? Tell me that, Miss Susan."

"Why, dear father, you know very well that when Master George Arnot was so unluckily obstinate about the affair of the watercourse, and would go to law with you, and swore that instead of marrying William, poor Mary should be married to the rich maltster, old Jacob Giles, William, who had loved Mary ever since they were children together, could not bear to stay in the country, and went off to my uncle, forbidding me ever to mention her name in a letter; and so —"

"Well, well," rejoined the father, somewhat softened, "but he need not have turned puppy and coxcomb because he was crossed in love. Pshaw!" added the good farmer, giving a mighty tug with his paddle at a tough mullein, which happened to stand in his way, "I was crossed in love myself, in my young days, but I did not run off and turn tailor. I made up plump to another wench—your poor mother, Susan, that's dead and gone—and carried her off like a man; married her in a month, girl; and that's what Will should have done. I'm afraid we shall find him a sad jackanapes. Jem Hathaway, the gauger, told me last market-day, that he saw him one Sunday in the what-dye-call't—the Park there, covered

with rings, and gold chains, and fine velvets—all green and gold, like our great peacock. Well, we shall soon see. He comes to-night, you say? 'Tis not above six o'clock by the sun, and the Wantage coach don't come in till seven. Even if they lend him a horse and cart at the Nag's Head, he can't be here these two hours. So I shall just see the ten-acre field cleared, and be home time enough to shake him by the hand if he comes like a man, or to kick him out of doors if he looks like a dandy." And off strode the stout yeoman in his clouted shoes, his leather gaiters, and smock-frock, and a beard (it was Friday) of six days' growth; looking altogether prodigiously like a man who would keep his word.

Susan, on her part, continued to thread the narrow winding lanes that led towards Wantage; walking leisurely along, and forming as she went, half unconsciously, a nosegay of the wild flowers of the season; the delicate hare-bell, the lingering wood-vetch, the blue scabious, the heaths which clustered on the bank, the tall graceful lilac campanula, the snowy bells of the bindweed, the latest briar-rose, and that species of clematis, which, perhaps, because it generally indicates the neighborhood of houses, has won for itself the pretty name of the traveller's joy; whilst that loveliest of wild flowers, whose name is now sentimentalised out of prettiness, the intensely blue forget-me-not, was there in rich profusion.

Susan herself was not unlike her posy; sweet and delicate, and full of a certain pastoral grace. Her light and airy figure suited well with a fair mild countenance, breaking into blushes and smiles when she spoke, and set off by bright ringlets of golden hair, parted on her white forehead, and hanging in long curls on her finely rounded cheeks. Always neat, but never fine; gentle, cheerful, and modest, it would be difficult to find a prettier specimen of an English farmer's daughter, than Susan Howe. But just now the little damsel wore a look of care not usual to her fair and tranquil features; she seemed, as she was, full of trouble.

"Poor William!" so ran her thoughts, "my father would not even listen to his last letter, because it poisoned him with musk. I wonder that William can like that disagreeable smell! and he expects him to come down on the top of the coach, instead of which, he says, that he means to purchase a—a—even in her thoughts poor Susan could not master the word, and was obliged to have recourse to the musk-scented billet), britschka—ay, that's it!—or a droschky; I wonder what sort of things they are—and that he only visits us *en passant* in a tour, for which, town being so

empty, and business slack, his employer has given him leave, and in which he is to be accompanied by his friend Monsieur Victor—Victor—I can't make out his other name—an eminent perfumer, who lives next door. To think of bringing a Frenchman here, remembering how my father hates the whole nation. Oh dear, dear! And yet I know William. I know why he went, and I do believe, in spite of a little finery and foolishness, and of all the britschkas, and droschkies, and Victors, into the bargain that he'll be glad to get home again. No place like home! Even in these silly notes, that feeling is always at the bottom. Did not I hear a carriage before me? Yes—no—I can't tell. One takes everything for the sound of wheels when one is expecting a dear friend. And if we can but get him to look, as he used to look, and to be what he used to be, he won't leave us again for all the fine shops in Regent Street, nor all the britschkas and droschkies in Christendom. My father is getting old now, and William ought to stay at home," thought the affectionate sister; "and I firmly believe that what he ought to do, he will do. Besides which—surely there *is* a carriage now."

Just as Susan arrived at this point of her cogitations, that sound which had haunted her imagination all the afternoon, the sound of wheels rapidly advancing, became more and more audible, and was suddenly succeeded by a tremendous crash, mixed with men's voices—one of them her brother's—venting in two languages (for Monsieur Victor, whatever might be his proficiency in English, had recourse in this emergency to his native tongue), the different ejaculations of anger and astonishment which are pretty sure to accompany an upset; and on turning a corner of the lane, Susan caught her first sight of the britschka or droschky, whichever it might be, that had so much puzzled her simple comprehension, in the shape of a heavy-looking open carriage, garnished with head and apron, lying prostrate against a gate-post, of which the wheels had fallen foul. Her brother was fully occupied in disengaging the horses from the traces, in reprimanding his companion for his bad driving, which he declared had occasioned the accident, and in directing him to go for assistance to a cottage half a mile back on the road to Wantage, whilst he himself intimated his intention of proceeding for more help to the farm; and the obedient Frenchman, who, notwithstanding the derangement which his coiffure might naturally be expected to have experienced from his tumble, looked, Susan thought, as if his hair were put in paper every night, and pomatumed every morning, and as if his whole dapper person were

saturated with his own finest essences—a sort of travelling perfumer's shop, a peripatetic pouncet-box—walked off in the direction indicated, with an air of habitual submission, which showed pretty plainly that, whether as proprietor of the unlucky britschka, or from his own force of character, William was considered as the principal director of the present expedition.

Having sent his comrade off, William Howe, leaving his steeds quietly browsing by the way-side, bent his steps towards home. Susan advanced rapidly to meet him; and, in a few seconds, the brother and sister were in each other's arms; and, after most affectionate greetings, they sat down, by mutual consent, upon a piece of felled timber which lay upon the bank—the lane on one side being bounded by an old coppice—and began to ask each other the thousand questions so interesting to the children of one house, who have been long parted.

Seldom, surely, has the rough and rugged bark of an unhewn elm had the honor of supporting so perfect an exquisite. Jem Hathaway, the exciseman, had in nothing exaggerated the magnificence of our young Londoner. From shoes which looked as if they had come from Paris in the ambassador's bag, to the curled head, and the whiskered and mustachioed countenance (for the hat, which should have been the crown of the finery, was wanting—probably, in consequence of the recent overturn), from top to toe he looked fit for a ball at Almack's, or a fete at Bridgewater House: and, oh! how unsuited to the old-fashioned homestead at Rutherford West! His lower appointments, hose and trousers, were of the finest woven silk; his coat was claret color, of the latest cut; his waistcoat—talk of the great peacock, *he* would have seemed dingy and dusky beside such a splendor of color!—his waistcoat literally dazzled poor Susan's eyes; and his rings, and chains, and studs, and brooches, seemed, to the wondering girl, almost sufficient to stock a jeweller's shop.

In spite of all this nonsense, it was clear to her, from every look and word, that she was not mistaken in believing William unchanged in mind and disposition, and that there was a warm and a kind heart beating under the finery. Moreover, she felt that if the unseemly magnificence could once be thrown aside, the whiskers and mustachios cleared away, and his fine manly person re-instated in the rustic costume in which she had been accustomed to see him, her brother would *then* appear greatly improved in face and figure, taller, more vigorous, and with an expression of intelligence and frankness delightful to behold. But how to get quit of the finery, and the Frenchman, and

the britschka? Or how reconcile her father to iniquities so far surpassing even the smell of musk?

William, on his part, regarded his sister with unqualified admiration. He had left a laughing, blooming girl; he found a delicate and lovely young woman—all the more lovely for the tears that mingled with her smiles, true tokens of a most pure affection.

"And you really are glad to see me Susy? And my father is well? And here is the old place, looking just as it used to do; house, and ricks, and barnyard, not quite in sight, but one feels that one shall see them at the next turning—the great coppice, right opposite, looking thicker and greener than ever. How often have we gone nutting in that coppice!—the tall holly at the gate, with the woodbine climbing up and twisting its sweet garlands round the very topmost spray, like a coronet. Many a time and often have I climbed the holly to twine the flaunting wreath round your straw-bonnet, Miss Susy. And here, on the other side of the hedge, is the very field where Hector and Harebell ran their famous course, and gave their hare fifty turns before they killed her, without ever letting her get out of the stubble. Those were pleasant days, Susan, after all!"

"Happy days, dear William!"

"And we shall go nutting again, shall we not?"

"Surely, dear brother! Only ——" and Susan suddenly stopped.

"Only what, Miss Susy?"

"Only I don't see how you can possibly go into the copse in this dress. Think how the brambles would prick and tear, and how that chain would catch in the hazel stems! And as to climbing the holly-tree in that fine tight coat, or beating the stubble for a hare in those delicate thin shoes, why the thing is out of the question. And I really don't believe," continued Susan, finding it easier to go on than to begin, "I really don't believe that either Hector or Harebell would know you, if they saw you so decked out."

William laughed outright.

"I don't mean to go coursing in these shoes, I assure you, Susy. This is an evening dress. I have a shooting-jacket, and all thereunto belonging, in the britschka, which will not puzzle either Harebell or Hector, because it's just what they have been used to see me wear."

"Put it on then, I beseech you," exclaimed Susy; "put it on directly."

"Why, I am not going coursing this evening."

"No—but my father! Oh, dear William, if you did but know how he hates finery, and foreigners, and whiskers, and britschkas!

Oh, dear William, send off the French gentleman and the outlandish carriage—run into the coppice and put on the shooting-dress."

"Oh, Susan," began William; but Susan having once summoned up courage sufficient to put her remonstrances into words, followed up the attack with an earnestness that did not admit a moment's interruption.

"My father hates finery even more than either Harebell or Hector would do. You know his country notions, dear William; and I think that latterly he has hated everything that looks Londonish and new-fangled, worse than ever. We are old-fashioned people at Rutherford. There's your pretty old friend, Mary Arnott, can't abide gewgaws any more than my father."

"Mary Arnott! You mean Mrs. Giles. What do I care for her likes and dislikes?" exclaimed William, haughtily.

"I mean Mary Arnott, and not Mrs. Giles, and you do care for her likes and dislikes a great deal," replied his sister with some archness. "Poor Mary, when the week before that fixed for the wedding arrived, felt that she *could not* marry Master Jacob Giles; so she found an opportunity of speaking to him alone, and told him the truth. I even believe, although I have no warrant for saying so, that she confessed she could not love him, because she loved another. Master Giles behaved like a wise man, and told her father that it would be very wrong to force her inclinations. He behaved kindly as well as wisely; for he endeavoured to reconcile all parties, and put matters in train for the wedding that had hindered his. This, at that time, Master Arnott would not hear of, and therefore we did not tell you that the marriage, which you took for granted, had gone off. Till about three months ago, that odious lawsuit was in full action, and Master Arnott as violently set against my father as ever. Then, however, he was taken ill, and, upon his death-bed, he sent for his old friend, begged his pardon, and appointed him guardian to Mary. And there she is at home—for she would not come to meet you—but there she is, hoping to find you just what you were when you went away, and hating Frenchmen, and britschkas, and finery, and the smell of musk, just as if she were my father's daughter in good earnest. And now, dear William, I know what has been passing in your mind, quite as well as if hearts were peep-shows, and one could see to the bottom of them at the rate of a penny a look. I know that you went away for love of Mary, and flung yourself into the finery of London to try to get rid of the thought of her, and came down with all this nonsense of britschkas, and whiskers, and waistcoats, and rings, just to show her

what a beau she had lost in losing you: did not you now? Well, don't stand squeezing my hand, but go and meet your French friend, who has got a man, I see, to help to pick up the fallen equipage. Go and get rid of him," quoth Susan.

"How can I?" exclaimed William, in laughing perplexity.

"Give him the britschka," responded his sister, "and send them off together as fast as may be. That will be a magnificent farewell. And then take your portmanteau into the copse, and change all this trumpery for the shooting-jacket and its belongings; and come back and let me trim these whiskers as closely as scissors can trim them, and then we'll go to the farm, to gladden the hearts of Harebell, Hector, my dear father, and—somebody else; and it will not be that somebody's fault if ever you go to London again, or get into a britschka, or put on a chain, or a ring, or write with blue ink upon pink paper, as long as you live. Now go and dismiss the Frenchman," added Susan, laughing, "and we'll walk home together the happiest brother and sister in Christendom."

MANNERS AND INDEPENDENCE.

The value of an easy manner and courteous address is not by any means sufficiently estimated among us. Proud of his political independence and his republican rights, the citizen is very apt to carry his notions of personal privileges to an improper extent; especially in the smaller matters of the social circle, as well as in the details of business.

Two young men shall commence life together, equal in circumstances—both being destitute of means—but the one full of talent, abundant in resources, and apt in business, conceited of his own "reserved rights," and not easy in his manner, or happy in placing others at ease. The other, not above, if even up to mediocrity, not especially gifted with business talent, but still ready in adapting himself to those he meets, and felicitous in his address. Now, let us see how they get on. We will call one *Manners* and the other *Independence*.

MANNERS is a clever, civil, and obliging fellow, disposed to prattify. He steps up to you with a bow and a smile, and wishes to know how he can serve you. He is ready to give up his seat to a lady; even to stand behind her bonnet, at a concert, if necessity requires.

INDEPENDENCE is a stiff, upright, angular gentleman, who waits to be spoken to, and then answers or not, as the humor takes him; he yields with a bad grace to solicitation,

and robs a kind act of its merit by the manner of doing it. His independence is always rubbing against somebody else's independence, and society seems as if mankind had been made *square* instead of *round*, and in a crowd were perpetually chafing their sharp corners! He returns your salute with a gruff air, and walks about with his back to the fire and his legs straddled.

MANNERS is a neat, dapper, brisk body, that has a joke for one, a song for another, and a "how are you" for every body—he looks about as he walks, notices his acquaintances, returns their bows, and occasionally calls to see them. He won't endorse, but declines by a polite excuse; and can't afford to lend, but makes the borrower feel his regret by his kindness of reply. Occasionally he beaus a lady, and is not very much afraid of old maids, or young children.

INDEPENDENCE is a surly, honest, rough, loud-voiced chap, that laughs at no jokes but his own, and don't care whether he speaks or is spoken to; he owes nobody any thing and depends on himself for amusement. Let any body ask him to endorse! He never borrows, and won't lend; and considers a request for a loan as a species of pickpocketing. Yet he has been known to give handsomely unto the distressed, and even to forgive a debt. He won't play porter or post-office for any body, and hates bandbox as he does Satan. He considers children as small nuisances requisite to supply the world with population; and if he ever does get married, intends to *insure* himself against paternity.

Such are the twain, and so they go through the world, both often successful, and both respected—the one liked and popular, the other feared and avoided. Great philosophy was there in the scissor-grinder's proverb, as applied to success in life,—"*Sweet oil* and perseverance conquer every thing."—*Brother Jonathan*.

"SUNSET" FROM MONT BLANC.

THE sun, at length, went down behind the Aiguille du Gouté, and then, for two hours, a scene of such wild and wondrous beauty—of such inconceivable and unearthly splendor—burst upon me, that spell-bound and almost trembling with the emotion its magnificence called forth—with every sense, and feeling, and thought absorbed by its brilliancy, I saw far more than the realisation of the most gorgeous visions that opium or *hasheesh* could evoke, accomplished. At first everything about us—above, around, below—the sky, the mountain, and the lower peaks—appeared one uniform creation of burnished gold; so brightly dazzling that, now our veils were removed, the eye could scarcely bear the splendor.

As the twilight gradually crept over the lower

world, the glow became still more vivid; and presently, as the blue mists rose in the valleys, the tops of the higher mountains looked like islands rising from a filmy ocean—an archipelago of gold. By degrees this metallic lustre was softened into tints,—first orange, and then bright transparent crimson, along the horizon, rising through the different hues with prismatic regularity, until, immediately above us, the sky was a deep pure blue, merging towards the east into glowing violet.

The snow took its color from these changes; and every portion on which the light fell was soon tinged with pale carmine, of a shade similar to that which snow at times assumes, from some imperfectly explained cause, at high elevations—such, indeed, as I had seen, in early summer, upon the Furka and Faulhorn. These beautiful hues grew brighter as the twilight below increased in depth; and it now came marching up the valley of the glaciers until it reached our resting-place. Higher and higher still, it drove the lovely glory of the sunlight before it, until at last the vast Dome du Gouté and the summit itself stood out, ice-like and grim, in the cold evening air, although the horizon still gleamed with a belt of rosy light.—ALBERT SMITH.

The Dearest.

(A SONNET.)

Oh! that from far-away mountains
Over the restless waves,
Where bubble enchanted fountains,
Rising from jewelled caves—
I could call a fairy bird,
Who, whene'er thy voice was heard,
Should come to thee, dearest!

He should have violet pinions,
And a beak of silver white;
And should bring from the sun's dominions,
Eyes that would give thee light.
Thou should'st see that he was born
In a land of gold and morn—
To be thy servant, dearest!

Oft should he drop on thy tresses
A pearl, or diamond stone,
And would yield to thy light caresses,
Blossoms in Eden grown.
Round thy path, his wings would shower
Now a gem and now a flower,
And dewy odors, dearest!

He should fetch from his eastern island
The songs that the Peris sing;
And when evening's clear and silent,
Spells to thy ear would bring—
And with his mysterious strain
Would entrance thy weary brain,
Love's own music, dearest!

No Phoenix, alas! will hover,
Sent from the morning star;
And thou must take of thy lover
A gift not brought so far;
Wanting bird, and gem, and song,
Ah! receive and treasure long
A heart that loves thee—dearest!

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To the Readers of "Kidd's Journal."

I CANNOT CHARGE MY MEMORY WITH IT,—but, gentle reader, did *you* ever know a young lady who was too weak to stand up during prayer-time at church, who could not dance the whole night through, without being at all tired?

Q.

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No. 10.—1852.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6.

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PROGRESS OF THE SEASONS.

MARCH.

We will take upon ourselves the full responsibility of the remark, that all our readers are glad to have bid adieu to FEBRUARY. A month has it been of sickness, illness, death. We have ourselves been sorely indisposed for some weeks,—indeed all but at death's door; although necessitated to keep moving, and venture abroad to fulfil our prescribed needful duties. With the coming season, we raise our drooping heads.

We have had heavy rains, and lots of them. Wind too has done its work, and laid waste all before it. Scenes on shore, and scenes at sea have been recorded, that cause the heart to feel faint. We have seldom perused such and so many sickening accounts of lives sacrificed, in any February of preceding years. Let us strive to forget what we have heard, and live for the future. Fog and damp we throw in, without comment.

We imagine the heavy rains are nearly over; not so the cold bracing air; nor the biting blasts from the keen East. These we feel, and must feel for many weeks to come. But these are endurable, and keep us on the healthy trot:—

Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds

Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
Constringent; feeds and animates our blood,
Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves
In swifter sallies darting to the brain;
Where sits the soul intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies and as the season keen.
All nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter.—

All who would be well, young people as well as older folk, should make a point of walking out daily for at least one hour. It is as much a "duty," as is any other matter of daily performance. Want of circulation is what destroys the happiness of half our

homes. People are always ailing, and crowding round large fires, when they ought to be rambling and frolicking in the fields or the high road. Even in London when the weather holds fair, everybody should stir abroad. The street pavements are dry, and every comfort is at command in our public parks. Gentlemen of the faculty! forgive us for so picking your pockets.

But let us bid a sweet good morrow to the coming Spring. It will be almost here before we can again discourse of the month of April. Even now the glorious SUN lifts high his mighty head, and penetrates his deep darting force to the dark retreat of vegetation; setting

—the steaming power

At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay green!
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!

We who reside in the country, and who can watch daily the effects of the growing sun, mark with delight the progress even of a single day:—

Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands displayed
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales.

We now bid good bye to the Holly and the Mistletoe; these will have no more charms for us till the year is in "the sere and yellow leaf." Yet have they served us bravely through the months of winter, and we dismiss them kindly. They call to mind, as they become lost to sight, many things that we would *not* have altogether forgotten. H—e—m! "Christmas comes but once a year."

Years gone by, we remember to have experienced much genial warmth in the month of March. The sun shone brightly, and vegetation was in a truly forward state:—

In His strong reign of blast and storm,
Smil'd many a long, bright, sunny day;
The winds once bleak were soft and warm,
And Heaven put on the blue of May!

We trust we shall see many such bright days, ere the present month of March departs. The birds have been sadly outwitted this year. They began nidification early, but suffered total loss by the roughness of the weather. Their song, too, commenced early; this also was gradually silenced. Nothing daunted, again are they busily occupied. Some are building, some laying, some sitting, and some have their eggs nearly hatching.

The thrush is loud, merry, and joyful: the blackbird mellow, the robin in fine voice, the skylark daily rehearsing, the little wren trembling with song, and Dicky Dunnock loud and eloquent. These and others will now be daily adding to our happiness, as well as their own. We must all now bid adieu to sorrow.

WORDSWORTH, like ourselves, seems partial to the month of March,—no doubt from the fact of his having enjoyed many a bright day in that month, long to be remembered. The first mild day of March seems to have made him eloquent. We will let our readers as well as ourselves, share in the perusal of his poetic effusion on that occasion:—

*It is the first mild day of March;
Each minute sweeter than before:
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.*

*There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.*

*My sister! ('tis a wish of mine)
Now that our morning meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resign;
Come forth and feel the sun.*

*Edward will come with you. and pray
Put on with speed your woodland dress:
And bring no book; for this one day
We'll give to idleness.*

*No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living Calendar:
We from to-day, my friend, will date
The opening of the year.*

*Love, now an universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth;
—It is the hour of feeling.*

*One moment now may give us more
Than fifty years of reason:
Our minds will drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.*

*Some silent laws our hearts will make,
Which they shall long obey:
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.*

*And from the blessed power that rolls
About, below, above,
We'll frame the measure of our souls:
They shall be tuned to "love."*

*Then come, my sister! come, I pray,
With speed put on your woodland dress:
And bring no book; for this one day
We'll give to idleness.*

Who can read such delightful lines as these, and enter into the spirit that animated the writer, without loving the COUNTRY and the retirement it induces?

We who live, or at least are from day to day doomed to be pent up for many hours in the abominable City of London, sigh for the "means" of retirement; but alas, they come not! Let us then speak and end our wishes in verse. Would that they could be granted!

—————Far from the town,
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let us wander o'er the dewy fields
Where freshness breathes; and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush,—as through the verdant maze
Of sweet-briar hedges we pursue our walk,
Or taste the smell of dairy, or ascend
Some lofty eminence!

Such *ought to be* the privileges of an EDITOR.

ON THE "PAIRING" OF BIRDS—CHAP. I.

THE poet Cowper, in one of the lively and ingenious fables which he penned as the pastime of some of his leisure hours, represents under the title of "Pairing-time Anticipated," an assembly of the birds on a warm and bright winter's day, resolved to take advantage of the mildness of the season and anticipate the coming spring. The youthful birds, in their first full-pledged season, are all wondrously taken with the project, and reject with scorn the advice of an experienced Bullfinch,

*"Who could boast
More years and wisdom than the most."*

The consequence we may anticipate. The whole feathered tribe proceed as wiser human beings too often do, setting all experience at defiance, and *refusing to be guided by any advice which runs counter to their own inclinations and wishes.* The results were soon sufficiently apparent—

*"All pair'd, and each pair built a nest.
But though the birds were thus in haste,
The leaves came on not quite so fast;
And Destiny, that sometimes bears
An aspect stern on man's affairs,
Not altogether smiled on theirs.
The wind, of late, breath'd gently forth,
Now shifted east, and east by north:
Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,
Could shelter them from rain or snow,
Stepping into their nests, they paddled;
Themselves were chill'd, their eggs were addled;
Soon every father bird and mother
Grew quarrelsome, and peck'd each other,
Parted without the least regret,
Except that they had ever met;
And learn'd in future to be wiser,
Than to neglect a good adviser."*

The issue of human rashness and folly thus humorously pictured in the experience of the feathered tribes, are frequently of so mischievous and disastrous a nature, that it might seem desirable with thousands to have the unerring instincts of the lower animals substituted for the rational faculties which are possessed by them to so little purpose.

Such unseasonable excesses, however, though sufficiently common in the experience of men, are altogether unknown among the lower animals. No mild winter ever tempts the finch or the robin to build its nest, or awakens the inharmonious music of the cawing rookery, to call its inmates to the social work of spring. The birds which flit about the leafless woods throughout the winter, remain as indifferent to the whole proceedings connected with the reproductive functions and instincts, as the whole tribe of insects, then cradled in their silken cocoons and chrysalis cases.

But no sooner does the proper season approach, than a total change is apparent. Though the chill of winter still lingers, and the increasing warmth of the sun's rays are only very partially perceivable, a complete regeneration of nature seems already begun. The sap is rising in the dry and dead-like branches, the buds are beginning to swell, and their hardened, dry scales to expand and make way for the growth of the tender leaf; the frost-bound clod is thawing, and the soft buds, and seeds, and roots within, are quickening into life. Soon the bare branches of the forests and hedge-rows are to be clad in the green livery of spring, and the whole feathered tribes, as if in anticipation of this change, are making joyful preparations for the season of love.

This is the period when the feathered songsters are in full note, and many birds which are silent or rarely heard at other seasons, now enliven the period of the opening year with their cheerful invitation to their mates. The pairing of birds, while it lasts, has something so much akin to the social and domestic duties and affections of the human race, that they excite a sympathy such as we cannot extend to other animals.

With the earliest indications of approaching spring, each feathered songster is seen to seek its mate; and the pair thus associated together, remain faithful to each other until they have reared a young brood, and seen them fledged, and perfectly capable of providing for their own subsistence; nor is the union *always* limited to the single season. Some birds have been known to return year after year, and repair and occupy the same nest. In a wood in the neighborhood of Cumbernauld House, Dumbartonshire, in the vicinity of some extensive lime quarries, a pair of magpies were observed to build in a large beech tree for several successive years, and one of the birds having been caught and marked, it was seen to return to the same nest for six successive seasons thereafter, most probably also with the same mate. Mr. Rennie has noted another magpie's nest which continued thus successively occupied, season after season, for ten years; and though a brood of four or five young ones was reared each season, all of them

disappeared from the neighborhood, as if recognising it as the exclusive property of the old pair.

There is something exceedingly lively and pleasing in the cheerful notes of birds in the spring time. However unmusical their voices may be, their notes convey so much the idea of industrious happiness and the full enjoyment of life, that few indeed will fail to derive rapturous pleasure from the sounds. The twittering of the swallow, the chirp of the sparrow, and even the incessant cawing of the rook, seem all to harmonise with the reviving life of nature, and to add a new charm to the season of spring.

"The swallow," Sir Humphry Davy remarks, "is one of my favorite birds, and a rival of the nightingale; for he glads my sense of seeing, as much as the other does my sense of hearing. He is the joyous prophet of the year, the harbinger of the best season; he lives a life of enjoyment among the loveliest forms of nature; winter is unknown to him, and he leaves the green meadows of England in autumn, for the myrtle and orange groves of Italy, and for the palms of Africa."

The migratory habits here referred to, and which are common to so many of the birds that visit us in the spring, and another remarkable feature to the fact of their return, year after year, to the same locality. It is, indeed, scarcely possible to conceive of a more marvellous and unerring instinct than that which guides the little swallow, or a less powerful bird, back over nearly a quarter of the globe, returning unerringly at the appointed season, and finding its way over land and ocean, *to the precise spot in the old tree or meadow*, or under the sheltering eave where its nest has been renewed from year to year.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

"He who opposes his own judgment against the consent of the times, ought to be backed with UNANSWERABLE TRUTHS; and he who has TRUTH on his side is a fool, as well as a Coward, if he is afraid to own it because of the currency or multitude of OTHER MEN'S OPINIONS."—
DEFOE.

No. II.—THE LIFE OF DR. GALL.

WE have already, in an Introductory Chapter (see page 129), prepared the minds of our intelligent readers for an intellectual treat of an almost unimaginable kind; nor will they be disappointed, however high their expectations may be raised.

It has even now become evident, that the proposal to embody the Works of the great Philosopher, Dr. GALL, in our columns, is hailed with enthusiasm far and near,—the more so, as we have promised to offer observations, and append Notes as we go on, when ever such may be considered needful or advisable.

Only let this great Philosopher be fairly represented, and let the Reason God has given us be properly exercised, and we shall find Society rapidly advancing in the intellectual scale—and no less rapidly than *safely*; for THIS must be ever uppermost in our thoughts.

We will sift everything, and prove everything,

as we go gently on; and we will advance no wild theories that cannot be fully borne out by practical experience. Nor will we assert, or suffer to be asserted, any one thing that cannot be proved as a "fact."

What we here propose to effect is, by calm reason; not venturing, in the remotest degree, to tread upon "forbidden ground." The soul of man is far beyond our comprehension; it ever has been so, ever will be so;—we ever wish it to be so. Had it been essential for our "happiness" to comprehend it, it never would have been withholden from our knowledge. This is "OUR Faith."

The inquiry we now pursue, is worthy of the times in which we live. It could not have been successfully undertaken at an earlier moment; but now, the "masses" begin to emerge from their state of darkness; one discovery creates a desire for another, and the issue is—"Thought."

An attentive ear then, a ready mind, and a thirst for knowledge, being the materials upon which we calculate, we need not dwell longer upon the threshold. We will therefore at once address ourselves to the Multitude.

As promised, we shall commence our "labor of love" with a carefully-compiled biography of Dr. Gall. This will be followed, in easy stages, by translations from his "Great Work."

François Joseph Gall was born in a village of the Grand Duchy of Baden, on the 9th of March, 1758. His father was a merchant and mayor of Tiefenbrun, a village two leagues distant from Pforzheim, in Swabia. His parents, professing the Roman Catholic religion, had intended him for the church; but his natural disposition was opposed to it. His studies were pursued at Baden, afterwards at Brucksal, and then were continued at Strasburg. Having selected the healing art for his profession, he went, in 1781, to Vienna, the Medical School of which had obtained great reputation, particularly since the time of Van Swieten and Stahl.

Dr. Gall gives an account, of which the following is an abstract, of the manner in which he was led to the study of the natural talents and dispositions of men, his views of which terminated in the formation of the Phrenological System.

From an early age he was given to observation, and was struck with the fact, that each of his brothers and sisters, companions in play, and schoolfellows, possessed some peculiarity of talent or disposition, which distinguished him from others. Some of his schoolmates were distinguished by the beauty of their penmanship; some by their success in arithmetic, and others by their talent for acquiring a knowledge of natural history, or of languages. The compositions of one were remarkable for elegance, while the style of another was stiff and dry; and a third connected his reasonings in the closest manner, and clothed his argument in the most forcible language. Their dispositions were equally different, and this diversity appeared also to determine the direction of their partialities and aversions. Not a few of them manifested a capacity for employments which they were not taught: they cut figures in wood, or delineated them on

paper: some devoted their leisure to painting, or the culture of a garden, while their comrades abandoned themselves to noisy games, or traversed the woods to gather flowers, seek for birds' nests, or catch butterflies. In this manner *each individual presented a character peculiar to himself*; and Gall observed, that the individual who, in one year, had displayed selfish or knavish dispositions, did not become in the next a good and faithful friend.

The scholars with whom young Gall had the greatest difficulty in competing, were those who learned by heart with great facility; and such individuals frequently gained from him by their repetitions, the places which he had obtained by the merit of his original compositions.

Some years afterwards, having changed his place of residence, he still met individuals endowed with an equally great talent of learning to repeat. He then observed, that his schoolfellows, so gifted, possessed prominent eyes; and he recollected, that his rivals in the first school had been distinguished by the same peculiarity. When he entered the University, he directed his attention, from the first, to the students whose eyes were of this description, and he soon found that they all excelled in getting rapidly by heart, and giving correct recitations, although many of them were by no means distinguished in point of general talent. This observation was recognised also by the other students in the classes; and, although the connection betwixt the talent and the external sign was not at this time established upon such complete evidence as is requisite for a philosophical conclusion, yet Dr. Gall could not believe that the coincidence of the two circumstances thus observed was entirely "accidental." He suspected, therefore, from this period, that they stood in an important relation to each other. After much reflection, he conceived, that if Memory for words was indicated by an external sign, the same might be the case with the other intellectual powers; and, from that moment, all individuals distinguished by any "remarkable" faculty became the objects of his attention. By degrees, he conceived himself to have found external characteristics, which indicated a decided disposition for Painting, Music, and the Mechanical Arts. He became acquainted, also, with some individuals distinguishable for the determination of their character, and he observed a particular part of their heads to be very largely developed. This fact first suggested to him the idea of looking to the head for the signs of the Moral Sentiments. But in making these observations, he never conceived, for a moment, that the *Skull* was "the cause" of the different talents, as has been erroneously represented;—he referred the influence, whatever it was, to the *Brain*.

In following out, by observations, the principle which accident had thus suggested, he for some time encountered difficulties of the greatest magnitude. Hitherto he had been altogether ignorant of the opinions of Physiologists, touching the brain, and of Metaphysicians respecting the mental faculties, and had simply observed nature. When, however, he began to enlarge his knowledge of books, he found the most extraordinary conflict of opinions everywhere prevailing, and

this, for the moment, made him hesitate about the correctness of his own observations. He found that the moral sentiments had, by an almost general consent, been consigned to the thoracic and abdominal viscera; and, that while Pythagoras, Plato, Galen, Haller, and some other Physiologists, placed the intellectual faculties in the brain, Aristotle placed it in the heart, Van Helmont in the stomach, Des Cartes, and his followers, in the pineal gland, and Drelincourt and others in the cerebellum!

He observed also that a great number of Philosophers and Physiologists asserted, that all men are born with equal mental faculties; and that the differences observable among them are owing either to education, or to the accidental circumstances in which they are placed. If all differences are accidental, he inferred that there could be no natural signs of predominating faculties, and consequently, that the project of learning, by observation, to distinguish the functions of the different portions of the brain, must be hopeless. This difficulty he combated, by the reflection that his brothers, sisters, and schoolfellows, had all received very nearly the same education, but that he had still observed each of them unfolding a distinct character; over which, circumstances appeared to exert only a limited control. He observed also, that not unfrequently they, whose education had been conducted with the greatest care, and on whom the labors of teachers had been most freely lavished, remained far behind their companions in attainments. "Often," says Dr. Gall, "we were accused of want of will, or deficiency in zeal; but many of us *could not*, even with the most ardent desire, *followed out by the most obstinate efforts*, attain in some pursuits even to mediocrity; while in some other points, some of us surpassed our schoolfellows *without an effort*, and almost, it might be said, without perceiving it ourselves.* But, in point of fact, our masters did not appear to attach much faith to the system which taught the equality of mental faculties; for they thought themselves entitled to exact more from one scholar, and less from another. They spoke frequently of natural gifts, or of the gifts of God; and consoled their pupils in the words of the gospel, by assuring them that each would be required to render an account, only in proportion to the gifts which he had received.

Being convinced by these facts that there is a natural and constitutional diversity of talents and dispositions, he encountered, in books, still another obstacle to his success in determining the external signs of the mental powers. He found that, instead of faculties for languages, drawing, distinguishing places, music, and mechanical arts, corresponding to the different talents which he had observed in his schoolfellows, the metaphysicians spoke only of general powers—such as perception, conception, memory, imagination, and judgment; and when he endeavored to discover external signs in the head, corresponding to these general faculties, or to determine the

correctness of the physiological doctrines regarding the seat of the mind, as taught by the authors already mentioned, he found perplexities without end, and difficulties insurmountable.

Dr. Gall, therefore, abandoning every theory and pre-conceived opinion, gave himself up entirely to the observation of nature. Being Physician to a Lunatic Asylum in Vienna, he had opportunities, of which he availed himself, of making observations on the insane. He visited prisons, and resorted to schools: he was introduced to the courts of Princes, to colleges and the seats of Justice; and wherever he heard of an individual distinguished in any particular way, either by remarkable endowment or deficiency, he observed and studied the development of his head. In this manner, by an almost imperceptible induction, he conceived himself warranted in believing, that "particular mental powers are indicated by particular configurations of the head."

(To be Continued Weekly.)

A BOTANICAL RAMBLE In the Neighborhood of Abbotsford.

ON the morning of Saturday, the 16th of June, 1849, a party of botanists in embryo, headed by their respected professor, proceeded by an early train from Edinburgh to Galasheils, determined upon a day's enjoyment in the classic ground in the immediate vicinity of Abbotsford. In one who has no knowledge of botanical zeal, the sight of a motley party proceeding in high glee to the field of their delightful labor, with box on back and spud in belt, is apt to excite an amount of curiosity, coupled too often, in the minds of the vulgar, with a degree of ridicule. Young gentlemen of all forms and sizes, from the tall, thoughtful student, canistered and belted, to the merry, ruddy little fellow, whose cherry face as yet bears not a mark of "time's effacing finger;" from the serious, spectacled four-year, to the freshman in the monkey. To see the glee and unforced smiles, and hear the ready tattle and merry laugh, few would imagine that all these bearers of canisters were bent on a day of pleasure accompanied by severe toil, physical and mental. Well, our tickets being taken, our corns crushed, and hats knocked in amid the hurry, we rushed into the bare-seated third-class carriages; for botanists are not over particular; and two hours' puffing and banging brought us with fresh spirits to the shawl-manufacturing town of Galasheils, situated partly in the adjacent counties of Selkirk and Roxburghshire.

What was done there, let no man ask. Some breakfasted; a few, not the botanists, had beer; and a large party searched the ditches and field sides in pursuit of their peculiar pleasures. All were bent on enjoyment, and all *did* enjoy themselves, one

* We have, in our Introductory Chapter, noticed the same striking fact in connection with our own early education; and very often since, in others.—Ed. K. J.

way or another. What need is there of a detailed account of every little incident and march in its regular order? We were merely rambling, not surveying; and this is but a page from a Rambler's Note-book—not a geographical monograph. What need, either, for a mention of every plant? Some are so commonly met with, that no one thinks them worthy of particular notice. Who, in describing a botanical walk, would particularise such way-side plants as the white-flowered dead nettle, *Lamium album*; or the little blue-flowered germander speedwell, *Veronica chamædrys*; and who would expect to take a half-hour's walk into the country, and not meet the modest blue bell, *Campanula rotundifolia*, in his way; also the golden, brown *Sarothamnus scoparius*, and its spiney, ever-flowering relative, the furze or whin, *Ulex Europeanus*—with a hundred other every-day familiars, all of which, that

“Wee, modest, crimson tippet flower,
the daisy, not excepted, were met with, and helped to increase the weight of our tin cases?

The Tweed, as might be expected, was an object of no small interest to us—the river which Scott and Hogg, and a multitude of lesser bards had sung—and was not to be passed carelessly, even had we had no longings after a morsel of its famous salmon.

When we first saw it, the river was clear as crystal—not a green leaf or finny creature in its bosom, but we could distinctly trace it. However, at the time of our second visit dark clouds had o'ercast the sky, and large drops of warm rain were falling fast upon our shoulders: and as we looked upon the dark and swollen stream, we could not resist the melancholy satisfaction of repeating the words of one of Scotland's dearest songs—

“I've seen Tweed's silver stream,
Glitt'ring in the sunny beam,
Grow drumlie and dark as it roll'd on its way.”

But it is not with poetry that we have to do; it is with plants. On crossing the river, we were charmed with the pretty white flowers of a water crowfoot, which, on examination, turned out to be *Ranunculus fluitans* of Lamarck, distinguished from *R. aquatilis* by the leaves being all divided into threadlike segments, and submersed beneath the water; the silvery white flowers, with their cluster of golden stamens, being the only portion visible to the passer-by. Several patches of *R. aquatilis* were also seen with floating leaves, divided into three or five rounded lobes, forming, when dried on paper, a curious contrast with the capillary submersed ones. The wavy green and olive leaves of the crisp pond weed, *Potamogeton crispus*, were also in considerable abundance; as well as the leathery-leaved *P. natans*.

Passing on from the river, let us at once into the plantation at Abbotsford, and the first object which attracts our notice is a large cover of meadow-sweet, *spiræa ulmaria*, and the wood-crane's bill, *geranium sylvaticum*, with its pretty purple flowers and curiously beaked fruit, forming no inapt representation of the bill of a crane. The unrivalled London pride, *saxifraga umbrosa*, shone with a pride so becoming, that we did feel inclined to address it by its commoner name, “Nancy Pretty!” So beautiful are the flowers of this little plant, and so exquisite are the pencillings on them, that the belief is prevalent that no artist can paint a likeness of it; and so far as the writer has observed, the popular opinion seems tolerably true:—

“Who can paint like Nature?
Can imagination boast,
Amid her gay creations, hues like these,
And lay them on so delicately fine,
And lose them in each other?”

“Deep in the forest glade” the flesh-colored spike of the bistort, *Polygonum bistorta*, was found, and enriched more than one student's vasculum; and the three-colored wild violet, or heartsease, *viola tricolor*, said to be the origin of the richer-colored ones in the garden, was, as usual, abundant, with the modest dog violet, *V. canina*.

Not the least beautiful, though by no means the rarest of our captures, was the lovely wood-forget-me-not, *Myosotis sylvatica*. Never had we seen it look so fresh, or show so rich a blue; it seemed to know that it grew on holy ground, and forcibly called to our minds the beautiful words of the poet Clare:—

“A flower is not a flower alone,
A thousand sanctities invest it;
And as they form a radiant zone
Around its simple beauty thrown,
Their magic tints become its own,
As if their spirits had possess'd it.”

Had, in reality, as we almost believed it, the spirit of the mighty bard hovered about the lovely green, we could not have looked on it with more admiration; nor could it have been more firmly impressed on our memory. Primroses, *Primula vulgaris*, and columbines, *Aquilegia vulgaris*, were in abundance; looking beautiful amid the forest of green which surrounded them. Tall grasses and hemlocks looked grave or gay, as the sun stole over them; and trees, whose trunks were yet free of “usurping ivy,” were plentifully covered by patches of “idle moss.” The cypress moss, *Hypnum cupressiforma*, was in great plenty, as well as its less beautiful companion, the *Orthotrichum striatum*.

The only other plant we here care to mention, is the common ling or heather, *Calluna vulgaris*, which, though by no means plentiful in the wood or uncommon in the

hills, served to call to mind the words of the mighty spirit who once presided over the scene:—"If I did not see the heather at least once a-year, I think I should die!"

We shall not stay to describe the habitation of the poet; leaving that, with the Abbeys of Melrose and Dryburgh, for the archæologist, and must content ourselves with a quotation from one who wrote in Sir Walter Scott's own time. The writer of the article Roxburghshire, in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, says:—

"The most interesting of these mansions is Abbotsford, a fine Gothic castle, the internal and external decorations of which characterise it as the residence of the poet and antiquarian of Scotland. But it is not merely in his residence that Sir Walter has evinced his taste and judgment. He has covered his extensive property with the most thriving and judiciously laid-out plantations; and in improving and planting his estate, he has set an example which has greatly contributed to ornament that beautiful portion of the valley of the Tweed."

Fair Melrose was next visited, and many of our names inscribed in the visitors' book; but being toward the latter part of our journey, very little was done in botany. The interior was, as might be expected, covered with grey lichens, and in many places by soft green moss; while between the flags of the pavement, where such existed, "green grass grew up." The glory in a great measure has departed from it; the pealing organ and the swelling anthem are silent; and the solitary chirp of the sparrow, or the hollow sighing of the wind, alone awake its echo. Truly,

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins grey."

The carving on the pillars and windows is very beautiful, and to a poetic mind give the idea of reality:—

"Nor herb nor flow'ret glistened there,
But was carved on the cloisters' arches as fair."

By far the most interesting spot to us was the romantic resting-place of him whose fame sheds a halo round the locality—Dryburgh, a fine old abbey, the favorite resort of the poet when living, and his grave-yard when dead. It appears almost sacrilege to touch anything belonging to the great departed. "Touch not the flowers, they are sacred to the dead," continually rang in our ears; and yet we reverently lopped a few twigs from off a fine old yew tree, *Saxus baccata*, once his favorite shade, and even cut a morsel of the ivy, *Hedera helix*, and honeysuckle, *Lonicera perelyclenum*, which shaded his grave.

Another relic brought up before us the sturdy antiquarian; it was an old stone coffin, which had been dug from the banks of the Tweed some twenty years before. It had now a rich lining of green moss. This was immediately in front of the tomb of the poet. Enclosed within an iron grating, and wreathed over with ivy and honeysuckle, was a simple block of granite, covering the once robust frame of the Border Minstrel. Beneath that simple block, rested the ashes of one who will ever live in the hearts of his countrymen, in fellowship with their adored Wallace and well-beloved Burns.

There crumbled into dust the earthly tenement of one of the most powerful minds that ever lightened up the fireside's evening glow, or set the world a speculating as to where they should find his fellow.

"*Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

J. B. D.

The Moon's Influence on the Atmosphere.

From the comparison of a series of observations made at Munich, Stuttgart, and Augsburg, by Professor Schubler, and continued for twenty-eight years, it appears that it rains more frequently during the increase than during the wane of the moon—the proportion being that of 845 to 696; or, in round numbers, of 6 to 5. The same fact has been confirmed by the observations of Pilgrim, at Vienna. From some observations made by an astronomer at Viviers, it appears, that during the last twenty years, the number of wet days at the New Moon was 78; at the First Quarter 88; at Full Moon 82; at the Last Quarter 65; at the Moon's perigee 96; and at her apogee 84. It appears also that the mercury in the barometer is, on an average, 2-10ths of an inch higher during the two weeks of the Moon's greatest illumination than during the other half of her course. The time of the Moon's changes has long been popularly supposed to be attended by changes of the weather. M. Toaldo gives the following as the probabilities of a change—the results of 48 years' observation; New Moon 6 to 1; First Quarter 5 to 2; Full Moon 5 to 2; Last Quarter 5 to 4; perigee 7 to 1; apogee 4 to 1; from which it will be seen that a change is much more probable at the New Moon than at any other period. When two of these points coincide, the probabilities are as follows:—New Moon and perigee 33 to 1; New Moon and apogee 7 to 1; Full Moon and perigee 10 to 1; Full Moon and apogee 8 to 1. These positions usually cause storms and tempests, especially if the Moon is near the equator. The changes will not be found to take place on the exact days of the Moon's phases, but in the winter months to precede, and in the summer months to follow them.—From *Donovan's Meteorological Almanac*.

TIME.—Since Time is not a person we can overtake when he is past, let us honor him with mirth, and cheerfulness of heart, while he is passing.—Goethe.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. P.—Thanks. Send any contribution you may be preparing. The Subject is both popular and interesting.

H. G.—You are right. The value will be doubled, as we are aware, by what you have proposed.

S. C.—Your questions will soon be fully discussed in a leading article.

C. R. C.—Do not attempt to give your Bullfinch his liberty before the middle of May.

T. G.—Our space is so circumscribed, that "Fugitive Poetry" can only be admissible under very peculiar circumstances. We are already overwhelmed with similar "kind offerings." This "reply" will suffice for *all* the writers. Their favors have *merit*, and would be readily available in a Monthly Magazine.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS, and CASUAL READERS, are referred to the LEADING ARTICLE in our FIRST NUMBER for the DETAILED OBJECTS of the LONDON JOURNAL: to these we shall rigidly adhere.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them. Our time is more profitably occupied. All vacancies, as they are called, are filled up. Let this general answer suffice.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any "facts" connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS.—It having been deemed expedient, to meet the views of *the Trade*, that this JOURNAL should always be published by *anticipation*, CONTRIBUTORS AND OTHERS will be so kind as to bear in mind that they must give us an *extra* "week's grace," and *wait patiently* till their favors appear.

All persons who may send in MSS., but which may not be "accepted," are requested to *preserve copies of them*, as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for their return.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, March 6, 1852.

WE have for some time past been unmistakeably dejected,—“our harp hung upon the willows.” There have been too many reasons for this—reasons which ought not to have existed; for whilst WE have been pulling manfully forward, OTHERS have, by a dead weight, drawn us fearfully backward.

Our JOURNAL, it seems, has been denounced all over the country as having been “discontinued,” “not to be had,” “never published in time,” &c., &c. Our table groans under such complaints. These, and similar acts of kindness done us by the provincial booksellers, we have to listen to, ponder over, digest (fortunately we *have* a good digestion)—and forgive. Be it so, 'an ye will, Good Masters:—

“To err is human; to forgive, Divine;”

So let us, from to-day, turn over a new leaf.

And hearken, ye worthy booksellers in the

provinces! We now present NEW and irresistible claims to your kindly feelings. We are about to RE-PRINT all the Articles on “BRITISH SONG BIRDS,” from the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, which have for years past delighted both yourselves, your help-mates, your sons, your daughters, your friends, and your acquaintance.

Nor do we stop here. No; we are going to bring under the notice of yourselves and families, a Science, in the knowledge of which you are ALL vitally interested. No longer shall parents be in doubt as to what their children have the capacity to learn; no longer shall children be punished and chastised for not learning what they are by Nature *unable* to learn. Every father, every mother, and every child, will now bid us “God-speed” on our journey; and thus “backed,” what is there to forbid our triumph?

“Lovers of NATURE,” and the readers of our JOURNAL, are synonymous persons; and the Goddess Nature being our patron,—whether in the field, the garden, or the closet, we shall have an inexhaustible store to draw from, a fund which can fail us *only* when time with us shall be no more. Henceforward then, ours will be a JOURNAL that will make all men “THINK.”

We will just add our best thanks to the Government, for enabling the First and Second Monthly Parts of our JOURNAL to travel together by post, and for the homoeopathic cost of sixpence *the two*. The cost will happily remain the same when FOUR of our Monthly Parts shall have been issued—so that, *ceteris paribus*, all our sorrows are fast “dissolving into adieu!”

These new postal delectabilities came into operation on the 1st instant. We almost imagine our most Gracious Queen VICTORIA, who regularly reads our JOURNAL, had us in her eye whilst she was framing them. We remember, whilst doing grateful homage to her sacred person at the Great Exhibition of all Nations (whither we were summoned), that we were visited by one of her most surpassingly-eloquent looks, and smiles of approval. That ineffable “look” still lives with us; that “smile” will die graven on our cheek. “May her dear little Majesty—God bless her!—live for ever!”

We have pleasure in informing our readers, that the TREATY between ourselves and the proprietors of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* is concluded. All the Articles on “BRITISH SONG BIRDS” which we furnished to that Paper (and which have long since been Out of Print), are now vested in us by right of purchase.

Next week we propose Re-printing in this JOURNAL, the FIRST of the series,—the remainder will follow in due course.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The Insect Tribes.—May I suggest to you, whether it would not form a very pleasing feature in your popular JOURNAL, were a Monthly Calendar inserted of Insects about to appear, or which might shortly be expected? This would be on the plan adopted in "Samouelle's Entomologist's Companion," a book now quite OUT OF PRINT. You have a vast number of entomological readers; and no doubt some one of them will furnish you with an amateur contribution of the kind, if they hear your opinion on the subject.—F.

[A very excellent suggestion, truly. We shall be happy to receive any such Monthly List, and grateful for the favor rendered; but it must be sent in the middle of each month, as we go to press with our JOURNAL in advance.]

Parrots, and the Parrot Tribe.—As you seek advice in the proper treatment of these beautiful creatures, let me come to your aid as a man of experience. Half the ailments of the parrot tribe proceed from improper food, and from exposure to cold and draught. With judicious treatment, they thrive as well, and look as handsome, as any other birds. There is no doubt that both the parrot and the parakeet, whose troubles you have recently recorded in your JOURNAL, proceed from neglect. Let them be fed on canary seed, and some fine plain, dry bread, once a day; also, let them have clean water daily. A very little hemp-seed may be occasionally given them; but animal food and grease of every kind must be strictly forbidden. I have known a parrot in such a state of health as to be almost naked, perfectly restored by proper diet. [No doubt of it, half these poor doomed parrots are over-fed, over-excited, and rendered irritable by excess. They then fidget themselves, and eventually disrobe themselves of every feather within their reach.] This tribe of birds, some species of which are very susceptible of cold, should always be kept, during the winter season, in a room where there is a fire; and at night the cage should be covered over with a cap of green baize or flannel. I have at the present time, five Australian ground parakeets of several species (genus *Platycercus*), which are all in rude health and fine plumage. Their colors cannot be surpassed, if equalled; they are of the finest scarlet, crimson, purple, green, and yellow. They run along the ground, or climb with equal facility and grace. Their movements are totally dissimilar from those of the awkward Arboreal species; and this renders them striking and interesting subjects for the aviary, wherein their graceful carriage is set off to very great advantage. These birds, too, are very playful and very affectionate; you cannot help loving them. Some of the species I would particularly recommend, are, the *King*, the *Rosille*, the *Crimson-shouldered*, the *Barnard*, and the *Blood-billed*. These are very beautiful, but rather expensive. Let me, before taking my leave, add, that the food above mentioned does not apply to the *Lory*, and the *Lorikeet*. They must have sop.—J. B.

[We are much obliged for the above friendly communication. It will be eagerly devoured by very many of our readers, who are now daily besieging us with letters of inquiry. It

would seem that half the world keep parrots!]

The Ailing Bullfinch.—I am happy to say that my bullfinch is now in a fair way of recovery. He has now commenced piping again. One side of his head, however, is entirely destitute of feathers, in consequence of his rubbing it against his perch. Should I apply anything to allay the remaining irritation and reproduce the feathers, or leave it to nature?—J. C.

[Let him fly daily about the room, for a change. The rest may be left to nature.]

The Brain in Insects.—Can any of your kind correspondents enlighten me as to the precise situation of the brain in insects? Opinions are so diverse on the subject, that I feel posed. Is it not situated in the first and second ganglions? I have always imagined it to be so.—J.

Breeding of Canaries.—Many of your readers may feel interested in an account of the management by which a single pair of canaries in one season, brought up twenty-five young ones without the least mishap. They were placed in a cage about 3 feet long, 2 feet high, and 18 inches deep, with wire front and sides. One of these, in the breeding season, was covered with green gauze, there being a division, or platform, at one end, with nest-box (which, by the bye, can be excellently well made by the half, or rather less, of a small cocoa-nut, screwed on a broad, flat piece of wood, to make it stand upright), and the usual seed troughs, doors, drawer, &c. For building, they were supplied with clean, common white wadding, with which the hen quickly built her nest. When completed, it looked white and clean as the driven snow. There was no insect there; consequently, she sat without discomfort, and all the eggs were productive. The night before the young were expected, two little saucers were filled, one with chopped egg, the other with soaked "ladies' fingers." This was always repeated the last thing at night, in order that as the daylight appeared, she could feed them as early as was required. After breakfast, as punctually as possible, the sand, water, egg, biscuit, seed, and green-meat were duly seen to; leaving the hen to use that which her instinct taught her as being best,—a far more sure guide than all our philosophy. I had at one time, from this one pair, five young feeding themselves; six fed by the cock; and the hen sitting on the third nest of five eggs. She hatched one nest of six; three of five; and one of four eggs. By the bye, let me here warn your readers against breeding where gas is used; unless indeed, there is most excellent ventilation.—WALTER.

Ducks Hatched by Hens and Turkeys.—In No. 4 of your JOURNAL a question has been raised—"Is it cruel to place ducks' eggs under a hen?" You say it is so. May I say a word upon the subject? The reason that hens are often employed to hatch ducks' eggs is, that the young swimmers thrive much better when kept from the water about a fortnight, which cannot be done when a duck is the mother. Some of my friends think, that they avoid the cruelty you denounce by employing a turkey as incubator, instead of a

hen. A turkey can hatch a greater number of eggs, and is always a most careful mother. One of their turkeys has been in the habit of hatching two broods in a season, and seemed last year to be quite accustomed to her task. When the young ducks took to the pond, which is shallow, she used to wade in as far as she could go with safety, and there remain, seeming to survey her charge with much more complacency than fear. My friends say, that since adopting the plan of hatching ducks by means of turkeys, they have reared almost all the young ones hatched. That was never the case under the "natural" system. Surely the saving the lives of so many innocents, that would otherwise be sacrificed, far more than counterbalances the slight charges of cruelty which may be brought against us?—J. B. M.

The Redpole; its Amiability and Docility.—I send you a short account of the wonderful instinct of a redpole. About two months ago, I purchased two of these little birds in the neighborhood of Holborn, and had them both "braced," in order to train them to draw water. One of them very soon became accustomed to his new mode of life, and speedily became a "proficient" in drawing his water. About three weeks ago, I purchased a cage trap, and placed in it the bird that I could not train; I thought he might act as a decoy to others. My dog, a small terrier, being loose, damaged the cage and liberated the bird. Missing my little friend, I concluded that the dog had killed him. In the course of the day, however, I was agreeably surprised to see the little fugitive hopping about the garden; and placing his companion in the trap, soon decoyed him home. Since then, I have each morning let the little fellow out for a flight. I take the spring off the trap, and he flies to and fro; refreshing himself from his companion's board. The most remarkable part of the story is, that he never enters the trap till he wishes to go to roost in the evening. Will you be kind enough to inform me whether the redpole is an English or foreign bird? I never remember seeing them here, excepting only in certain seasons.—C. G.

[The redpole is an English bird, and visits our southern latitudes during the Winter principally. It is gregarious, and the London bird-catchers trap them in large quantities. It breeds in the northern parts of the kingdom, and comes down to us in the middle of Autumn. It is a pretty and a good-tempered bird, and may be taught any thing.]

Experiments in Breeding Canaries.—I am particularly fond of birds, and have been in the habit of breeding canaries for the last fifteen years. During the last ten years, I left the eggs with the hens, as they laid them; and the last five years, I took them away. This I know *you* speak very much against; but, if not troubling you too much, I will send you an account of my success, under both plans, during the fifteen years or seasons; and tell you *why* I tried both plans last season. I shall now be guided by your JOURNAL in every respect; and at the end of the season, I shall see what the result will be.—J. A. B.
[Send us full particulars by all means, and let

the public have the benefit of your experience. We shall offer our own remarks, as usual; but we court information from every quarter. "In the multitude of counsellors, there is *safety*."]—

Instinct and Reason in the Feathered Tribe.—You have expressed in your remarks on instinct and reason, a desire to know, "Where instinct ends and reason begins?" and many, you say, even doubt the existence of "reason," so called, at all. Now, I have a bird that is generally in a cage, with two companions; if the cage containing the three birds is put upon the table, when the candles are lighted, the bird continues perfectly quiet, and is disposed to roost; but if he is put into another cage, and that cage, after the hour of roosting, be placed upon the table, he becomes excited—feels that his companions are away; and tries, by means of song, to bring them to his notice. Instinct does not call to his *recollection* the society of his playmates; 'tis reason that informs him of their absence. [How so?] If you place the cage in which they are confined by the side of his, anxiety at once ceases, and he remains tranquil and composed. If, therefore, a knowledge of their return pacifies his fears and renders him content, he must be governed by a reasoning faculty, since instinct alone could not impress upon his mind the absence of those from whom he had been separated. I have another bird that possesses, I think, an understanding. If a small flower-pot-pan, nearly full of cold water, be put into his cage, he will use it readily for the purpose of bathing; but if one of larger dimensions be placed upon the floor, he will forsake the smaller bath for the one that is more extensive. It is not instinct that directs him to the increased enjoyment which the greater quantity of water affords. Again:—amongst many little tricks that Master Pressnitz performs, there is one of taking off the lid of a box, containing a few dainties. When the box is placed before him, he takes the lid in his beak and throws it from him; but if you place your finger on the lid he will stand and scold, and knows full well that to remove it is impossible. But the moment the finger is taken away, and the obstacle removed, off goes the lid in a jiffy. He will fly about the room for hours, apparently intent upon his own amusement; but should his mistress go to the cheffonier, which contains his bit of dried sponge-cake, he is after her at once—settles on her shoulder, and asks, in his way, for a "bit of nice." If I were not unwilling to trespass longer on your time, I could give you a dozen proofs that my canary birds are governed by reason and not by instinct.—E. R. M.

[We have ourselves had animals that exhibited marks of intelligence, very, very, very far beyond those here related; but we confess ourselves totally unable to agree with our fair Correspondent as to their indicating anything beyond the "instinct" of their nature.]—

The Skylark.—Of all birds, the skylark is my favorite, and has been from my infancy; but I could never succeed in rearing them from the nest, or in fact, keeping a bought bird for any length of time. They all dropped off, one by

one. This, I believe, originates from my not having understood the proper food for them. The bird-fanciers of this city (Dublin) give them nothing but hemp seed; and this according to all enlightened bird-fanciers, is very injurious to birds. I never saw finer larks than were kept by a person in Liverpool, who fed them, I believe, on palm oil and pea meal, made up into a paste. Their cages were only 15 inches long, by 9 wide; and he never gave them a turf; yet did I never see finer birds, either for song or for feather. Will you be so kind as to give me the information I require, and say whether you approve of the palm oil and pea meal? Also tell me if larks can be kept without a turf, as people in a large city like this could not be running up into the country every time a turf is wanting. I have just heard that one of our inhabitants has succeeded in breeding from a robin and a canary; could such a thing be? I intend to try the experiment.—J. C.

[Palm oil is a "wrinkle," quite new to us, as regards feeding larks with it. "CLIFFORD'S German Paste," (24, Great St. Andrew Street, Holborn), is the only mixture we dare recommend. This should be rubbed with stale bun, or sponge-cake; and be administered fresh, daily. If you want your larks to be "happy," give them, at least twice a week, a clover turf. If you care nothing about this, the alternative is before you. All who LOVE birds, must not mind trouble; and all who do *not* love birds ought not to keep them at all. We love a great many things, and a great many people; and never are we so happy as when we can take them home something we know they are fond of; one half the pleasures of life consist in these "trifles." As for breeding from robins and canaries, this is a fallacy. It cannot be. Nature has denounced it as impossible.]

Will Bullfinches pair with Canaries, or with each other, in Confinement?—Feeling sure it is no use trying to pair the bullfinch with the canary, after reading your answer to T. A., Aberdeen (see page 43), although I have done so for the last four years, without getting one bird, I should feel obliged to you if you would tell me whether you think bullfinches will pair in a breeding cage? I ask this question, as I have a remarkably fine cock bird, and also a fine hen, which I bred up from a nestling, in 1850. I paired the latter with a male canary last season; and she laid four nests of eggs (in all, nineteen), not one of which was of any good. I could not get her to build a nest for herself; but I gave her a nest from one of my canaries, to which she added more nesting, and laid her eggs in it. The hen sat as close as any of my hen canaries. Her first five eggs she laid in the empty box. My object is, not to make any gain thereby, but to see whether the thing could be done, as some of my friends, readers of your JOURNAL, tell me it cannot be done. I have also a pair of hedge-sparrows, in a large cage; they are paired, and have laid the foundation of a nest, in a corner of the cage. Should they have eggs, I will try and rear some of them under my canaries, of which I shall have sixteen pairs up to breed from.

[Your friends are quite right in saying you cannot succeed with the bullfinches and the

canaries. It is a rule of Nature that such things *cannot* be. Eggs there may be, perhaps will be, in plenty; but they will be necessarily unfruitful. We have had a cock robin paired with a hen canary, and lots of eggs from them,—but every experiment proved to us, that though we are foolish in *our* ideas, Nature is ever true to herself. Take this as solid truth. There is no reason why the eggs of bullfinches should be unfruitful, if the birds be naturally paired, and if you can get them to lay. The same with hedge-sparrows,—but you should appropriate a large room for the purpose, and let them fly about. We shall be glad to hear how your experiments go on; but study Nature in all you do, and never look for impossibilities.]

Pigeons, Diseases of.—"Mitcham" is informed that the lump under the tongue of his pigeon (see page 105.) is the Cancer, and the sooner he puts it out of its misery the better. It has arisen solely from the bird having been obliged to drink *foul* water. I never had one die of that, or indeed any other disease. To insure a supply of *clean* water, let J. S. purchase, at any earthenware shop in the neighborhood of Islington or Shoreditch, a pigeon fountain; one holding half a gallon will cost 2s., but they are to be had larger. By adopting these the pigeons cannot get *into* the water, which is thereby kept *clean*. I would here suggest that your correspondent keep some clay, mixed with a large quantity of salt, for his pigeons to peck at; and if cleanliness be observed, his birds will continue healthy. It is useless to prescribe "remedies" for diseases which may be prevented.—J.H.

[Pigeons require extreme cleanliness, as our correspondent remarks. We have kept them from early childhood, and nothing ever ailed them. This was all owing to good management, for we loved our birds.]

Migratory Butterflies, an important Query.—T. G., in No. 6, of your JOURNAL (page 90), at the conclusion of a long article on the "Propagation of Eels," says,—"*Even Butterflies congregate together previous to migration.*" Will he be so obliging as to mention the *names* of these migratory Butterflies which thus congregate? He will thereby afford great satisfaction, not only to myself but to very many other Entomologists.—BOMBYX ATLAS.

A RAMBLE IN DEVONSHIRE.

Early Spring Flowers.

By S. HANNAFORD, JUN., ESQ.

"O welcome Spring!

Who can bathe

His brow in thy young breezes, and not bless
The new-born impulse, which gives wings to thought
And pulse to action?"—CARRINGTON.

Who is there amongst us—lovers of flowers and the beauties of Nature, in whose heart these beautiful lines by our Devonshire poet will not find an echo; and not feel, when rambling by woods and hedge-rows at this cheering time of the year, when—

"The Thrush (of all the throng Sweetest), lets loose her silver words, and sends A message to the linnets near, his friends :"

and after the tedious confinement of Winter, "life renew'd at all its thousand fountains?" The mildness of the climate in this part of Devonshire, unlike that mentioned in your "Natural History of Song Birds" at page 81, renders the months of January and February particularly beautiful; and the time of flowering of many of our Wild plants is so much earlier than our Botanical works mention, that I think it worthy of record in your valuable little JOURNAL. I will first remark that on Christmas day last, I found blooming as beautifully as ever, specimens of the Wood Strawberry (*Fragaria vesca*) which by the bye is scarcely ever out of flower here—the Ox-Eye Daisy—(*Chrysanthemum leucanthemum*)—the Red Campion (*Lychnis reopertina or divica*) and Germander Speedwell (*Veronica chamaedrys*). The same day, wild ducks (*Anas boschas*) were flying over the River Dart.

As early as 8th January, that "bonny peasant lass," the primrose (*Primula vulgaris*), who

"Doth haunt the hours of Spring,
A wood nymph brightening places lone and green,"

was in flower in some situations, recalling Blanco White's beautiful remark on seeing primroses carried by his window. "They were primroses—new primroses—so blooming, so fresh, and so tender, that it might be said *their perfume was received by the eye*," and about the same time, the woods were

"All golden with the never bloomless furze,
Which now blooms most profusely."

COLERIDGE.

Who can wonder at Linnæus falling on his knees when he first saw this beautiful shrub, and thanking God for producing it? On 17th January, the *Galanthus nivalis* (snow-drop) was in flower, (double specimens are frequently found,) and the same day I heard the cry of the green woodpecker (*Picus viridis*) which is considerably earlier than I have remarked it in former years. On the 29th, the Periwinkle (*Vinca minor*) enlivened the hedges with its delicate blue flowers, and in a ramble this day, (February 7) a warm sunny day—with occasional showers, and cold ones too, making one feel that

"Winter lingering chills the lap of [Spring],"

I found on a moist rock, the Golden Saxifrage (*Chrysosplenium oppositifolium*), its pretty pale yellow flowers almost hidden amongst the green leaves which encircle them: it derives its name from *Chrysos*, gold; and *Splen* the spleen; a disease which this plant was supposed to cure. The Dog's Mercury (*Mercurialis perennis*) too was just coming into bloom—a green flower—named after the

god Mercury, who is said to have discovered its virtues. It is rather an inconspicuous plant, but well worth examination; the *Leontodon taraxacum* (Dandelion) I noticed for the first time, and the sweet violet (*Viola odorata*)—

"The virgin Violet,
That nun, who nestling in her cell of leaves,
Shrinks from the world in rain:"

also the Ivy-leaved Speedwell (*Veronica hederifolia*) and Lesser Celandine (*Vicaria verna*). About 6 o'clock the same evening, I for the first time remarked the common Bat—March or April being the usual time of its appearance.

"On the mountains
By the fountains,
In the woodlands dim and grey;—
Flowers are springing, souls are singing,
On heaven's hills—and ye are they!"
W. HOWITT.

MODERN "MIRACLES!"

Electro-Biology.

It is curious to watch the progress of HUMBUG; not only in remote parts of the country, but even in the great City of London, where folk *ought to be* wiser.

To enumerate the whole, or even a tenth part of the humbugs of the day, would fill one entire page of our JOURNAL; let us therefore select *one* only to fire at; and that shall be Electro-Biology, a "flash word" for MESMERISM.

On a recent visit to the Hanover Square rooms, we found a person rejoicing in the name of Darling,—“Doctor” Darling we believe he called himself, practising some of the greatest follies of which any man could be guilty; and we are pleased to say that a great part of his audience seemed cognisant of the fact.

Everybody now-a-days knows something of the principle of “Mesmerism,”—and few can be ignorant that, as a curative process (apart from all dabbling with mental phenomena), much, very much good has been effected by it. Indeed, we have ourselves, on several occasions, released persons from intense suffering, by merely doing what anybody else could do—passing our hands over the seat of pain *without attempting to produce sleep*. There is nothing “miraculous” in this; but it is a humane and delightful discovery in modern science, and it is gratifying to know that such curative power does exist in our system. This by the way.

We found on the platform three individuals, of the masculine gender; and “Doctor” Darling trying hard to convince them one by one, that black *was* white, white *was* black, and cold water *was* vinegar, &c. &c. His patients said “no,”—very fre-

quently; but the "Doctor" repeated, with the most violent and hideous gestures, that what *he* said was "the fact." Still, it was "no go." A more lamentable piece of chicanery and prostitution of intellect(!) never came under our observation. We do not affirm that we know there was collusion; it is not necessary for us to do so. But we do say that such miserable exhibitions as these, got up at the expense of science and truth, to promulgate the doctrines of veritable humbug, and gross imposition, ought to be exposed.

If MESMERISM be true; if any cures, or alleviation from pain, have by its agency been accomplished—let us rejoice in that fact, and make it patent to the world. We thereby confer a lasting-benefit on society; but let us not get up "a show," a puppet show, or a mountebank exhibition at the expense of it—and MAKE MONEY BY IT! It is the direct way to cast discredit on every discovery that has been made, and as such we denounce it.

We do not wish to be severe on "Doctor" Darling in particular; although the contortions and convulsions of his body, and the horrible violence of his gesticulations, were sufficiently indicative of the *means* whereby he sought to produce certain diabolical effects on the nervous system of his poor "patients,"—but we war with the whole tribe of *charlatans*.

Under cover of a new-fangled, jaw-breaking word (Electro-Biology), the public are got together in many parts of London to see something wonderful (John Bull like); and the result ends, as usual, in the easing of their pockets of loose cash.

We have lots of other "Doctors" beside Darling. There are Brisk, Whisk, -Frisk, Disc (who charges 1s. extra for a "talisman"), Stone, Moan, Groan, and a host of other starving adventurers—all "Doctors!" Not one of these WORTHIES knows anything about science, and cares even less for it.

May their money perish with them; and may all the diabolical follies with which they seek to inoculate society be concentrated in their own silly sconces, and buried with them! So long as we can hold a pen, so long will we defend the community from the mal-practices of such miserable, crawling *charlatans*.

THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS,— Regent's Park.

THERE are few persons ignorant of the very beautiful appearance which these gardens present in the various seasons of the year; and it is only doing common justice to Robert Marnock, Esq., F.S.A., by whom they were arranged and laid out, and by

whom they are still superintended, to pay him this well-earned tribute of unqualified praise. Dr. Balfour a stranger to us, and therefore an impartial critic, thus comments on the gardens in his printed "Notes," written during a recent visit:—Visitors to the City of London should not fail to obtain a peep at the garden of the Royal Botanic Society, Regent's Park, where there are some features of interest which cannot fail to be instructive to all who interest themselves (as every gardener ought to do) in landscape gardening. Within the limits of a by no means extensive garden we have a variety of scenery—gardenesque and picturesque—all of the most interesting character, and displaying the results of a correct taste such as is not daily met with in works of art. The quiet seclusion of the lake, and the manner in which the whole grounds are laid out, convey to the visitor's mind an impression that the grounds are of an extensive character, such as is by no means the case; and some of the most sequestered nooks whose seclusion the visitor is apt to regard as obtained by the sacrifice of a wide extent of surrounding grounds, in reality verge upon the very limits of the garden, and are within two or three feet of the public park.

The ground forming the garden was, we believe, originally quite level; but the well-directed ingenuity of Mr. Marnock has broken it up in a hundred different ways, and with so just a conception of the natural, that an accomplished geologist might readily depict in imagination the phenomena attending the upheaving of the miniature mountains, and the sinking of the hollows, without dreaming that they are the result of human labors.

The ivied bridges and other rustic objects that are introduced, are in good keeping with the surrounding scenery, and serve to heighten its picturesque character. Here, the artists of London ought to repair to study nature; they will find the elements of landscape beauty arranged to their hands, and in combinations calculated to correct their views of the beautiful and the picturesque as they are exhibited in nature.

In England the expansive flat country presented to the eye, with its monotonous clusters of trees, is unfavorable for exhibiting those "views" and small bits of exquisite scenery, which perpetually open up upon the traveller in Scotland: hence the acknowledged tameness of English scenery; in it the charms of variety and decisiveness of character which so enchant the imagination, are entirely wanting.

The new conservatory in the Regent's Park Garden is a magnificent object; but it is intended to add considerably to its extent.

While exhibiting a light appearance, sufficient taste has been displayed in giving it architectural beauty. We believe it is mainly intended for the exhibition of camellias, heaths, and other conservatory plants, somewhat in the same manner as the winter garden structure in the experimental garden of Edinburgh; but it contains many plants of botanical interest, including tropical shrubs and trees, young tree ferns, &c., which have been planted in it to remain as permanent specimens.

The "Victoria House"—a small span-roofed structure—was the one that perhaps received most attention from us, notwithstanding the very oppressive heat of its humid atmosphere. A fine plant of the Victoria was flourishing in the tank most beautifully, and presented a better appearance at the time of our visit than any other individual of this royal plant which we had the pleasure to see in the neighborhood of London. The leaves were finely developed, most perfectly margined, and their undersides of a rich reddish crimson. Associated with the royal water lily, were a number of other stove aquatics, including various species of *Nymphaea*, the aquatic fern *Ceratopteris thalictroides*, *Pontederias*, *Limncharis*, the rice plant, and many others.

The royal water lily seemed to be an object of great attraction to the numerous visitors that frequented the garden, all turning in the direction that led to the Victoria House. The botanical arrangement in the garden cannot fail to be serviceable to students; along the margin of the lake we noticed a few interesting native plants, such, for instance, as the rare *Cyperus longus*, which was growing at the water's edge in great luxuriance. These random notes from memory convey but a meagre idea of the aspect presented by the garden on a hasty visit.

MODERN ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

Had she been but a daughter of mine
I'd have taught her to hem to and sew;
But her mother, a charming woman,
Could not attend to such trifles, you know.

Song—Charming Woman.

"WHY on earth, Cornelia, do you persist in having that child taught music?" said Mr. Langtree to his sister; "she has not a particle of talent for it, and hates it to boot."

"I never saw a child yet that was fond of practising," replied Mrs. Robinson coldly. "Upon the same principle, that 'she does not like it,' I suppose I am to give up arithmetic and grammar with music."

"Not at all. They are necessary, and, beside, require no peculiar talent to acquire,"

answered Mr. Langtree. "If Fanny had any ear, I would not say a word in opposition to your present system. But here she has been practising an hour, and has certainly struck two false notes to one true. It is enough to put one's teeth on edge to hear her," continued Mr. Langtree, whose nice musical sense had undergone torture during the aforesaid hour.

"What *are* false notes, uncle?" said the little girl, quitting the piano as she heard the last words of the above dialogue. "My teacher scolds me so about them, and I sing as well as I can—I am sure I do not know what he meant."

"Come to the piano, and let me see if I can show you," said Mr. Langtree, good-humoredly, and, running his fingers over the keys, hummed a few bars first correctly and then incorrectly, pointing out the difference to the child, who shook her little head as she answered to his.

"Don't you see it now?"

"I see it, but I don't hear it."

"I don't know what you mean by seeing and not hearing, Fanny," said Mr. Langtree.

"Why," said she, "when I look at the piano I see you do not strike the same keys, but it *sounds* to me all the same."

"Ah, well," said her uncle, quitting the instrument, "you are tired and stupid now, may be you will comprehend better another time."

"No," said Mrs. Robinson, approaching them and fixing a severe look upon her daughter; "Fanny is not stupid, but she is naughty; it is nothing but wilfulness and laziness, and I'll cure her of both," she added with emphasis. "You have practised very ill, miss, and as I told you, you shall not go out to-day, nor have any desert after dinner, and now go and prepare your French lesson—not a word," she added imperiously, seeing the child about to speak, "but do as I bid you."

Tears started from the little girl's eyes as she obeyed in silence.

"Poor Fan!" said her uncle, as the door closed upon her. "I am sorry my interference has procured her this punishment, which she certainly does not merit, and, moreover, the nature of which I do not like." You are making her already attach most undue importance to her meals, which will end in her being a perfect little epicure."

Mrs. Robinson colored as she answered,

"She is punished for wilfulness and inattention. I do not see what your interference has to do with the matter."

"I do, if you do not," replied her brother, coolly. "You are angry with me because I said Fanny had no talent, and that your system of education is wrong; but, as you cannot make me go without my desert for

saying so, therefore poor Fan must pay the penalty. It is just what I have always said, that nine times out of ten, when a child is punished, it is the parent, and not the child, who deserves it.'

Mrs. Robinson felt herself too angry to reply immediately to this, and after a few minutes' silence she only said,

'I know you have very peculiar notions, as most old bachelors have. According to your views, I should let Fanny grow up without any education at all.'

'No,' he replied; 'but you should consult nature in the undertaking, and not darken the brightest and freshest period of her existence by forcing her to learn what it is not in her nature to acquire.'

'Consult nature!' repeated his sister, contemptuously, 'What's a child's nature?—to play with a doll and eat sugar-plums; and am I, forsooth, to let her play with dolls and eat sugar-plums for the rest of her days?'

'No,' he replied; 'but you are not to make her shed unnecessary tears, for which the future may have no compensation. God only knows what bitter drops she may be called upon to weep hereafter, and were she a daughter of mine, I would secure sunshine and happiness for her childhood, the only portion of life that is within a parent's control, and for the happiness of which he is responsible.'

'Phsaw,' said Mrs. Robinson, impatiently, 'you do attach so much importance to a child's tears. Fan's are dried ere now, I'll answer for it; the dew-drop on the rose is not more evanescent.'

'A very pretty simile, which suits those who are careless about causing them,' pursued Mr. Langtree; 'the thorn upon the rose would be more accurate—tiny, but sharp. That childhood's sorrows are evanescent is one of God's providences, for if they were as lasting as they are keen, the earliest years of our lives would be wretched indeed. Let any one look back to their own youth, and if they have any memory at all they will remember some of the bitterest griefs they have ever known. If I had children, I would certainly study their young hearts and consult their natures more than I think is generally done.'

'I wish to heaven you had, and half a dozen of them,' thought Mrs. Robinson, 'and then you would soon be cured of these fine notions;' but she only said aloud, 'Then I am to dismiss Fanny's masters, and let her run wild by way of securing her this 'sunshine' you talk of.'

'You are not to cram her with what she never can digest; force accomplishments upon her for which she has no talent, nor, above all, punish her for having no ear.'

'She has ears enough,' said Mrs. Robinson,

haughtily, 'if she only chooses to open them.' Perseverance and application are all that are needed to make children learn any thing you choose to teach them.'

'Then you recognise no original difference in capacities nor peculiar gifts of nature?' remarked Mr. Langtree.

'Certainly I do,' replied his sister; 'but they are rare—genius of the highest grade, for instance, like beauty. Fanny is no beauty, and I do not expect to make her one; that is a direct gift from Heaven, but,' added she, with an expression of the utmost determination, 'I *can* make her accomplished and I *will*.'

'In spite of nature and thanks to no one,' said Mr. Langtree, laughing. 'Well, we will see who will conquer.'

Mrs. Robinson was a widow with an only child, the little Fanny, whose education has already been discussed so much at large, and whose career she was resolved should realise the visions that had been disappointed in her own. Like most persons, she determined that all the defects of her own education should be remedied in that of her child. *She* was not accomplished, therefore Fanny should be, and she had married poor, but so should not Fanny. With a craving vanity and restless ambition, that nothing had yet satisfied, she attributed all the mortifications she had met with to want of early culture, and believed that she could have sung like a Malibran and talked like a Corinna, if her mother had only pursued the system she intended for Fanny, and that had not her parents yielded to her foolish fancy for the first young man that had addressed her, she might now have been at the head of some brilliant establishment where she would have had that distinction her heart panted for. In short, Fanny's belleship and Fanny's marriage were to be that 'balm of Gilead' which she had not yet found on earth. Wo to the child whose future is expected to do so much! The different hours were only marked by different studies, and play and relaxation would have been left altogether out of the scheme, had not Mr. Langtree kindly hinted at the bright eyes and glowing tints to be acquired through them alone.

Mr. Langtree saw that all these expectations were probably doomed to disappointment, for his little niece was as like what her father had been, as he recollected him a boy at school, as it was possible to imagine, and certainly never were husband and wife more unlike than Mr. and Mrs. Robinson proved to be. He had been a plain, kind-hearted, honest man, as obtuse and good-humored as his wife was restless and ambitious. They had jogged on together a few years at opposite ends of the chain, which galled her but never troubled him, as he might rather be

compared to the anchor of which she was the buoy, the cable of which being suddenly snapped asunder she would have sailed down the stream of time, uncontrolled and unhampered, had she not been arrested by the strong hand of poverty. Small means are great soberers. Mrs. Robinson found herself compelled to cut her pattern to her cloth, that is, live quietly, and in comparative obscurity. She had formerly fumed at her husband, but there was no use in chafing now against circumstances. She had only to submit. Her brother resided with her, and for the sake of his income she was compelled to put up with his advice, which, luckily for Fanny, always came to the side of good sense and humanity.

'Well, Fanny love,' said her uncle, whose kind heart mourned over the punishment he had unwarily drawn upon her; 'dry your eyes. If you would like to go to the opera with me this evening, I'll take you.'

'No, thank you, uncle,' said the little girl; 'all those big fiddles make such a noise that they make my head ache.'

'Why you monkey,' said Mr. Langtree, laughing, 'to call such music 'noise.' No matter, if you don't want to go you shan't. If there is any thing else you would like to have you had better speak quick, for I am in good humor now.'

'Oh,' said the child, throwing her arms round his neck, 'yes, there is the prettiest pattern for working in worsteds at a shop in the arcade. It is a little dog with long ears and something in his mouth, I don't know what exactly,' (it would have puzzled older people to determine) and on Fanny went in her description, getting quite excited with the recollection, when suddenly she stopped, and her countenance changed as she said sorrowfully, 'but I suppose mamma would not let me work it if you were to give it to me.'

'Why not?' inquired her uncle.

'Because,' she said, turning her earnest young face toward him, 'she never lets me sew. She says it makes me stoop, and besides is a loss of time. Oh,' continued she, with animation, 'how I mean to sew, when I have got through with learning every thing!'

Mr. Langtree only laughed and said,

'Well, I am glad you have decided against the opera, for it is beginning to rain.'

'Is it?' said Fanny in an accent of disappointment, 'oh! I am so sorry. Now I shall not be able to go to Sunday-school to-morrow.'

'What is to prevent you?'

'Mamma never lets me go in bad weather, as she says I will take cold. But I never take cold when I go in the rain to take my dancing lesson, and so I should not think I would now—would you?' she said, innocently turning to her uncle, who only smiled in silence.

And thus Fanny's education went on, and at the age of sixteen she was very much what she had been at six, neither musician nor dancer; speaking French, but hating Frenchmen, a simple-hearted, straightforward good girl, without either taste or talents for society, and loving her uncle Langtree better than any one in the world, and only longing for a time to come when she should be married, that 'mother need not fuss about her dress or care how she looked;' for, she said to her old confidant, Mr. Langtree,

'Mother always wants me to look better than I can; and there is no use in that, is there?'

'None in the world, I should think,' said Mr. Langtree, with a hearty burst of laughter, highly diverted at the form in which Fanny had couched her mother's ambitious and somewhat unreasonable expectations.

A Whisper in a Mother's Ear.

MOTHERS! LISTEN!—Being once in company with a mother and her three children, we observed one of them, a boy about six years old, who was particularly unruly and mischievous. At one act of his rudeness, his mother, being somewhat excited, turned to him and threatened to punish him severely if he should repeat it. In a few minutes, the little fellow did precisely the same thing, and as the mother did not notice it, we ventured to say to him, "Did you not hear your mother say she would punish you if you did that again?"—The urchin, with the expression of a bravado on his countenance, quickly replied, "I'm not afraid; *mother often says she'll whip me; BUT SHE DON'T DO IT.*" The mother smiled, as if her little boy had really said a smart thing; but, alas! she was teaching him a lesson of insubordination which would probably make her heart ache. Mothers, never unnecessarily threaten! but when you *do* threaten, be *careful not to falsify your word.*—*Family Herald.* [Whenever we witness such scenes as these, and they are of hourly occurrence, we should like to see the parent punished instead of the child. How very many children there are, who live to curse their parents!]

Locusts.

THE LOCUST is a species of the *Gryllus* genus, in which genus are included the common grasshopper and cricket. Most warm countries are subject to the devastation of these terrible insects, for terrible they are, destroying all appearance of vegetation wherever they alight, even stripping the leaves from the trees. Locusts are used for food; the Arabs, and also the Moors, hunt them, and after frying them in oil, sell them publicly.

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No. 11.—1852.

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BIRDS OF SONG.*

Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart,
Something to LOVE, to rest upon,—to clasp
AFFECTION'S tendrils round.—MRS. HEMANS.

Introductory Chapter.

WE ARE AWARE that the very extensive Series of Papers which we have undertaken to write on this most popular and prolific subject, are looked forward to with great anxiety; and when we consider the many thousands of individuals to whom such matters are of every-day moment, the task is an important one.

It must not be imagined, that because we instruct persons how to select their birds, and how to treat them when in confinement—we are therefore advocates for their imprisonment. No; this we repudiate altogether. The whole tenor of our remarks in the columns of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* for many years past, will prove the contrary. We would not, were it in our power to prevent it, have *any* bird, excepting the Canary (which is a lawful and happy captive), deprived of its liberty, and doomed to pine in captivity. But as people *will* keep birds, be it our grateful task to ameliorate their captivity.

We are a true WATERTON at heart, and love to see every one of the feathered tribe in the full enjoyment of that liberty which is their native right. Then are their songs, songs of joy,—their tameness in our gardens is a mark of confidence; their residence in our grounds a proof of affection; their companionship a matter of inexpressible delight. All these enjoyments have been ours; they

will continue to be ours. Excepting a few choice canaries—perhaps unrivalled for the excellence of their music, not a bird of any kind have we immured within prison walls. Our aviary was long since dismantled, and nought now remains to us but the pleasant memory of the past. We loved our birds, and they loved us.

It will hardly be surmised that we could have written so many years for the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, without receiving during that time, from all quarters of the world, information of the most valuable kind connected with Natural History. This we have treasured up carefully, and we shall place the whole at the disposal of our readers; interweaving it, as we go on, in our general remarks.

By Naturalists generally, we have been highly complimented on the extent of our practical knowledge; and we have received a universal vote of thanks from them, for having put down and silenced certain visionary theorists, who are opposed to all new discoveries simply because they are beyond their own shallow comprehension. This mode of action we shall still pursue; for science is progressive, and every successive week brings something novel and interesting before our view.

As every eye has been on us and our writings for so long a period, and many cavillers have been ready to pounce upon us the moment we committed any error of speech—it is a cause of rejoicing with us that we have achieved so signal a triumph. Moreover, it gives the public confidence in us as their future Guide.

We bring to the subject we have undertaken to discuss, a long and very interesting experience; and, as we travel onwards, we shall be able to introduce a multitude of anecdotes that will prove of no little interest to our readers.

We have placed on record more than once, the opinion, that people who love dumb animals are seldom unworthy mem-

* By an arrangement entered into with the Proprietors of the GARDENERS' CHRONICLE Newspaper, all Mr. Kidd's popular Articles on "British Song Birds" and "Natural History," which appeared in their Paper, have now become his own property by purchase. They will all be Re-printed in this JOURNAL, with many New and Important Additions.

bers of society; whereas, cruelty, or indifference to their little winning ways argues a disposition anything but amiable, and all but universally repulsive. A naturally-affectionate disposition is our delight. Where we find it, we feel "at home" in an instant. Such are our sentiments. We shall proceed to the discussion of our general subject next week.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

A Vade-mecum for Fly-Fishing for Trout; with copious Instructions for making Artificial Flies, &c. By G. P. R. Pulman. Third Edition. 12mo.

THIS is a book which must rejoice the heart of all true lovers of the Waltonian sport. It is not a dry compilation from old musty volumes, but the original production of a heart alive to all the beauties of Nature. It contains indeed, beautifully expressed, every possible information on the subject of which it treats, with admirable instructions for making Flies, and dressing hooks (excellently illustrated by wood-cut fac-similes); and it leaves nothing unsaid that is at all needful to be known. This alone stamps it with a lasting value.

But we are most pleased with the amiable spirit that pervades the volume; the lover of the Angle is also a lover of Nature. When these go together, what a pleasant, what a delightful pastime is Trout fishing! We can even now imagine ourselves, at early dawn, setting out for the glorious sport. But as our space is valuable, and this book will keep (we must inevitably quote from it again hereafter), we now content ourselves with subjoining the author's reasons for writing it. They are well worthy perusal. He says—

We have written this book from an ardent love of the art on which it treats, and from the desire of enabling others to partake of its manifold enjoyments. In this work-a-day world, it is something to find an innocent amusement for oneself, and to contribute to the amusement of others. It is contrary to the mental and physical conformation of mankind to labor or to study incessantly—to be perpetually engaged in any of the ordinary every-day affairs of life, without paying the penalty in the shape of shattered health of body or of mind. People are not yet so much inured to a highly artificial state of society—and never will be—as to be able to dispense altogether with recreation; nor have the woods and fields, the mountain and the stream, the birds and the flowers, and the thousand other objects of all-beauteous nature, yet lost their fascinating influences—however much we may be involved in the intricacies of social life and in the active duties which more or less devolve upon us all. There are times when brain and sinew, mind and muscle, call aloud for rest and change, and need recruiting ere their func-

tions can be properly continued. An amusement which draws its votaries away from the scenes of their labors into contact with external nature, in all its innocence and beauty—which supersedes the too often sensual "pleasures" which can never be its efficient substitute—is a blessing to the individuals who adopt it, and to their connections also, so long as it is consistently pursued.

Such an amusement is that on which we have written these chapters. In all ages some of the best and wisest of men have not only been the staunchest advocates of angling, but also have ranked among its best and most enthusiastic practitioners. It would give us unfeigned happiness to know, at any time, that our humble labors were the means of extending, however little, the practice of that delightful art—of initiating however few into its guileless mysteries—and thus of enabling them to experience those pleasures which it is capable of affording so largely, and which, from childhood upwards, we have ourselves so abundantly enjoyed.

When we read the above, how many happy reminiscences of early days are conjured up in our imagination! We live again, in these days gone by; and feel younger than ever. Why not?

THE "PAIRING" OF BIRDS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

THE comparison which has been drawn between the attachments shown in the pairing of birds, and the affections of the human species, is borne out by many striking corroborations, but in no case is it more markedly apparent than in the pigeon tribe. This natural family of birds, comprising the pigeon, dove, and turtle, is found, with very few exceptions, to be gregarious, living together both in the wild and domesticated state, in large flocks. When, however, the season of love approaches, they pair together, and the male and female continue thenceforth to manifest a degree of attachment and mutual fidelity, the strength and ardor of which have long been proverbial. They work jointly in the construction of the nest, and after this preparatory work has been completed, and the female has laid her eggs, each takes by turns the charge of the nest during incubation, and share alike in the nurture and rearing of the young.

Contrary to the natural habits of most other birds, pigeons lay only two eggs at a time, and when the young pigeons have been hatched and reared so as to be able to take care of themselves, the faithful pair instead of separating, as is usual with the feathered tribe, maintain their attachment, and repeatedly incubate during the year. There is something peculiarly winning in the gentle cooing of the pigeon to its mate; while, when the two are together, they are seen frequently putting their bills together like two fond lovers, and consorting themselves with such evident symptoms of mutual affection that the phrase "billing and cooing" has come to be a

familiar one in reference to the fond dalliance of happy pairs.

The great difference in the hatching of insect eggs, contrasted with those of birds, as well as the nature of the wants of young birds and the means of supplying them, compared with the offspring of quadrupeds, abundantly account for the fidelity to the parental duties thus peculiarly manifested by birds. The labor of building the nest requires the conjoint aid of the male and female; and when this ingenious structure has been completed, and the eggs disposed on its soft lining, they would, in most cases, perish were the female unrelieved in brooding.

But it is not a mere share of labor that is undertaken by the feathered pair; the affectionate interchange of attention is manifested in the most engaging ways. Sometimes the male is seen to bring food to the brooding hen; at other times he perches himself on a neighboring bough, and solaces her with his most cheerful and sweetest notes. Then he will take her place and continue the maternal duties, while she roams abroad for a short time in search of needful food and exercise.

The perseverance and instinctive ingenuity of birds in the building of their nests, is truly admirable. Among familiar instances of the ingenuity of the feathered tribe, the nest of the song-thrush is well deserving of selection. The parent birds, having selected a convenient spot on the branch of a tree, proceed to lay their foundation with moss or fine fern. Into this they weave grass and straw, or root-fibres, twining them together, and interlacing the raised sides like a piece of basket-work. The interior is then shaped by the breast of the animal into a neat and uniform hollow, not unlike a breakfast tea-cup, and by means of a cement, composed chiefly of decayed wood, mixed with their own saliva, the whole is cemented internally, so as to be perfectly smooth and water-tight, and as regular as if finished on a turning lathe. In this dry and hard bowl the eggs are laid, without any softer lining; so that, when the nest is hastily moved, or shaken by the wind in the absence of the parent birds, the eggs may be heard to rattle on the sides. The song-thrush displays considerable diversity of taste in the choice of a place for building its nest, choosing sometimes a tall fir-tree, at others a holly or hawthorn bush, and sometimes even a furze bush, or the tall grass on a raised fence. It has also been observed, in some few instances, to build in an ivied wall, or in an outhouse.

A very great diversity is apparent in the choice of materials for the nests even of our commonest native birds; so that the naturalist can tell by the nest, as readily as by the eggs, the character of the little builders. Grahame, the Scottish poet, gives interesting and minute descriptions of these in his "Birds of Scotland." The yellow-hammer, for example, a bird common in Scotland, combines in its ingenious process of nest-building the basket-work of interweaved roots and grass for the exterior, and the felting with soft moss, hair, and wool in the inside. The usual site of its nest is in the hedge-row, or in some low bush; but it also frequently builds among tufts of reeds, or in the mossy clumps

on the broken banks of a stream. The poet thus refers to its native habits in the spring:—

"Up from the ford, a little bank there was,
With alder-copse and willow overgrown,
Now worn away by mining winter floods;
There, at a bramble root, sunk in the grass,
The hidden prize, of withered field straws
formed,
Well lined with many a coil of hair and moss,
And in it laid five red-veined eggs, I found."

Were we to examine the ingenious arts of the nest-builders of various countries, we should find a theme of interest which would require volumes to exhaust it. The instincts by which insects provide for the safety of their progeny, are in no degree more remarkable than those of the feathered tribes.

The *tailor-bird* of Hindostan, for example, gathers cotton from the shrubs, spins it to a thread by means of its feet and long bill, and then employing its bill as an awl, it sews the large leaves of an Indian tree together so as to protect and conceal its young. Cotton, as an article of manufacture, is quite of modern introduction to Europe; yet long before the capabilities of this invaluable plant had been discovered by us, the instinct of this little bird had guided it to its use, and the cotton thread was annually employed in the completion of its nest.

The remarkable structures reared by the sociable *grosbeak* must be familiar to most readers, from the numerous engravings of them which exist. They appear like a great bird-city, having many approaches, each with the nests constructed under the caves, as in a covered passage, neatly built, of what is called the Boshman's Grass, so firmly basketed together as to be impervious to rain.

Another species, the pensile grosbeak, suspends its curious pendant nest from the end of the branch of a tree; generally over water, and with the entrance by means of a long cylindrical passage from below. The little builder is only about the size of our common sparrow, yet this pendant passage to its nest frequently measures fifteen inches long.

Another remarkable example of a similar class of nests, is furnished by the *Indian toddy-bird*, or *baya*, thus described by Forbes:—"The *baya*, or bottle-nested sparrow, is remarkable for its pendant nest, brilliant plumage, and uncommon sagacity. These birds are found in most parts of Hindostan; in shape they resemble the sparrow, as also in the brown feathers of the back and wings; the head and breast of a bright yellow, and in the rays of a tropical sun have a splendid appearance, when flying by thousands in the same grove; they make a chirping noise, but have no song; they associate in large communities, and cover extensive clumps of palmyras, acacias, and date-trees with their nests. These are formed, in a very ingenious manner by long grass woven together in the shape of a bottle, and suspended by the other end to the extremity of a flexible branch, the more effectually to secure the eggs and young brood from serpents, monkeys, squirrels, and birds of prey. These nests contain several apartments, appropriated to different purposes: in one, the hen performs

the office of incubation ; another, consisting of a little thatched roof and covering a perch, without a bottom, is occupied by the male, who, with his chirping note, cheers the female during her maternal duties."

The object of these ingenious builders appears to be to protect their young against squirrels, serpents, and numerous other deadly enemies, against whose force they thus oppose a more effective defence than superior strength and watchfulness could furnish.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

"He who opposes his own judgment against the consent of the times, ought to be backed with UNANSWERABLE TRUTHS; and he who has TRUTH on his side is a fool, as well as a Coward, if he is afraid to own it because of the currency or multitude of OTHER MEN'S OPINIONS."—DEFOE.

No. III.—THE LIFE OF DR. GALL.

HITHERTO Dr. Gall had resorted only to Physiognomical indications, as a means of discovering the functions of the brain. On reflection, however, he was convinced that Physiology was imperfect when separated from Anatomy. Having observed a woman of fifty-four years of age, who had been afflicted with hydrocephalus from her youth, and who, with a body a little shrunk, possessed a mind as active and intelligent as that of other individuals of her class, Dr. Gall declares his conviction that the structure of the brain must be different from what was generally conceived,—a remark which Tulpus also had made, on observing a hydrocephalic patient, who manifested the mental faculties. He therefore felt the necessity of making anatomical researches into the structure of the brain.

In every instance, when an individual whose head he had observed while alive happened to die, he used every means to be permitted to examine the brain, and frequently did examine it; and he found as a general fact, that on removal of the skull, the brain, covered by the *dura mater*, presented a form corresponding to that which the skull had exhibited in life.

The successive steps by which Dr. Gall proceeded in his discoveries are particularly deserving of attention. He did not, as many have imagined, first dissect the brain, and pretend by that means to have discovered the seats of the mental powers; neither did he, as others have conceived, first map out the skull into various compartments, and assign a faculty to each "according as his imagination led him to conceive the place appropriate to the power." On the contrary, he first observed a concomitance betwixt particular talents and dispositions, and particular forms of the head: he next ascertained, by removal of the skull, that the figure and size of the brain are indicated by these external forms; and it was only after these facts were determined, that the brain was minutely dissected, and light thrown upon its structure.

Dr. Gall was first known as an author by the publication of two chapters of an extensive work, entitled "*Philosophisch-medicinische Untersuchungen über Natur und Kunst im gesunden und kranken Zustande des Menschen*, Wien, 1791."

The continuation of this work has never appeared; but, in the first of the two chapters printed, he has evinced the spirit with which his researches into the moral and intellectual nature of man were subsequently conducted. The first written notice of his inquiries concerning the head appeared in a familiar letter to Baron Retzer, which was inserted in the German periodical journal "*Deutschen Mercur*," in December, 1798. In this letter he announces the publication of a work upon his views concerning the brain; but circumstances induced him to alter his intention.

In reading it, one will be surprised to find contained in so few pages, written so long ago, all the principles of the physiology of the brain. It will be observed, that Gall clearly defined the object of his researches; to wit, a knowledge of the brain in relation to the fundamental qualities of man, illustrated by that of the instincts and propensities of animals in connection with their cerebral organisation. Our readers will perceive in it all the useful applications which he proposed to make of his new doctrines to medicine, to morals, to legislation, to everything, in a word, which relates to the physical, moral, and intellectual nature of man.

This paper is a valuable document for the history of the science, and should convince every one that to Gall alone belongs the honor of having discovered the true physiology of the brain.

Letter from Dr. F. J. Gall, to Joseph Fr. De Retzer, upon the Functions of the Brain, in Man and Animals.

I have at last the pleasure, my dear Retzer, of presenting you a sketch of my "*Treatise upon the Functions of the Brain*;" and upon the possibility of distinguishing some of the dispositions and propensities by the shape of the head and the skull. I have observed, that many men of talent and learning awaited with confidence the result of my labors, while others set me down as a visionary, or a dangerous innovator.

But, to the subject: my purpose is to ascertain the functions of the brain in general, and those of its different parts in particular; to show that it is possible to ascertain different dispositions and inclinations by the elevations and depressions upon the head; and to present in a clear light the most important consequences which result therefrom to medicine, morality, education, and legislation—in a word, to the science of human nature.

The particular design of my work is to mark the historical outline of my researches; to lay down the principles, and to show their application. You will readily conceive, that the study of the real springs of thought and action in man, is an arduous undertaking. Whether I succeed or not, I shall count upon your indulgence and support, if only on account of the hardihood of the enterprise.

Be so good as to recollect, that I mean by the brain or cranium, the bony box which contains the brain; and of this, only those parts which are immediately in contact with it. And do not blame me for not making use of the language of Kant. I have not made progress enough in my researches to discover the particular organ for

sagacity, for depth, for imagination, for the different kinds of judgment, &c. I have even been sometimes wanting precision in the definition of my ideas, my object being to make known to a large number of readers the *importance* of my subject.

The whole of the work is divided into two parts, which together make about ten sheets.

PART I.

contains the principles. I start with my readers from that point to which nature had conducted me. After having collected the result of my *tedious experiments*, I have built up a theory of their laws of relation. I hasten to lay before you the fundamental principles.

I. *The Faculties and the Propensities innate in Man and Animals.*

You surely are not the man to dispute this ground with me; but, follower of Minerva, you should be armed to defend her cause. Should it appear from my system, that we are rather slaves to, than masters of our actions, consequently dependent upon our natural impulses, and should it be asked what becomes of liberty? and how can the good or evil we do, be attributed to us?—I shall be permitted to give you the answer, by extracting it literally from my preface. You can strengthen the argument by your metaphysical and theological knowledge.*

Those who would persuade themselves that our dispositions (or qualities) are not innate, would attribute them to education. But have we not alike acted passively, whether we have been formed by our innate dispositions, or by education? By this objection they confound the ideas of faculties, inclinations, and simple disposition, with the mode of action itself. The animals themselves are not altogether subject to their dispositions and propensities. Strong as may be the instinct of the dog to hunt, of the cat to catch mice, repeated punishments will, nevertheless, prevent the action of their instincts! Birds repair their nests when injured; and bees cover with wax any carrion which they cannot remove. But Man possesses, besides the animal qualities, the faculty of speech, and unlimited *educability*—two inexhaustible sources of knowledge and action. He has the sentiment of truth and error, of right and wrong; the past and the future may influence his action; he is endowed with moral feeling, with conscience, &c. Thus armed, man may combat his inclinations: these indeed have always attractions, which lead to temptation; but they are not so strong that they cannot be subdued and kept under by other and stronger inclinations which are opposed to them. You have a voluptuous disposition, but, having good morals, conjugal affection, health, regard for society and for religion, as your

preservatives, you resist it. *It is only this struggle against the propensities* which gives rise to virtue, to vice, and moral responsibility. What would that self denial, so much recommended, amount to, if it did not suppose a combat with ourselves? and then, the more we multiply and fortify the preservatives, the more man gains in moral liberty. The stronger the internal propensities, the stronger should be the preservatives; from them result the necessities and the utility of the most intimate knowledge of man, of the theory of the origin of his faculties and inclinations, of education, laws, rewards, punishments, and religion. But the responsibility ceases, even according to the doctrine of the most rigid theologians, if man is either not excited at all, or if he is absolutely incapable of resistance when violently excited. Can it be, that there is any merit in the continence of those who are born without the sexual passions natural to man? Rush mentions the case of a woman, who, though adorned by every other moral virtue, could not resist her inclination to steal.* I know many similar examples among others, of an irresistible inclination to kill. Although we reserve to ourselves the right to prevent these unhappy beings from injuring us, all punishment exercised on them is not less unjust than useless: they merit indeed only our compassion. I hope some day to render the proof of this rare, but sad fact, more familiar to judges and physicians.

(To be continued Weekly).

EASE v. FASHIONABLE ELEGANCE.

THE form of man is allowed by all writers, ancient and modern, to stand foremost in the ranks of animated nature. Man has it in his power to retain his fine symmetry with greater ease than any animal, because Omnipotence has endowed him with reason; whereas it has only given instinct to those below him. Perhaps there is nothing more attractive in the living beauties of creation than the human figure; standing firmly on the right foot, with the right arm elevated above the head in a curve to the heavens, and the inside of the half-closed hand towards the face: whilst the other out-stretched foot barely touches the earth with its extremity,

* Instances of this innate propensity to "steal," in Women (who are above want) especially, are numerous at the present time. At all our places of fashionable resort such as Bazaars, the Pantheon &c. &c., the utmost vigilance is daily practised, or thefts by well-dressed women would be fearful. Any one may satisfy themselves of this by inquiry. Well do we remember, years ago, when the police courts were daily thronged by people complaining of these outrages. One lamentable case of a young lady, whose parents (highly respectable) lived at East Sheen, excited universal attention. The Magistrate was "bought off" it is true, and the "young lady" thus heavily ransomed, escaped; but it was a scandal that frightened the town for a long period. It is a notorious fact, that many ladies of high birth possess this innate propensity, and practise it *daily*. Linendrapers, &c., (more than one or two in Oxford-street) are told by the noble husbands, "not to appear to notice anything that is stolen, but to charge it in the bill." The bills are of course regularly "paid" by the husbands, and so the culprits escape!—Ed. K. J.

* Philosophy, says ABERCROMBIE, wisely—fails of its noblest object if it does not lead us to God: and, whatever may be its pretensions, that is unworthy of the name of SCIENCE which professes to trace the sequences of nature, and yet fails to discover, as if marked by a sunbeam, the MIGHTY HAND WHICH ARRANGED THEM ALL; which fails to bow in humble adoration before the power and wisdom, the *harmony and beauty*, which pervade all the works of HIM who is eternal.—Ed. K. J.

forming as it were a graceful counterpoise below, to the elegant attitude above; and the remaining arm hanging loosely down, and at a little distance from the perpendicular line which is formed by the erect position of the body. With such a perfect form, replete with reason, health, and vigor, man acts strangely to his own disadvantage, whenever he allows the foolish fashion of the day to injure his symmetry, or permits the gratification of his appetite to interfere with the arrangements for the preservation of his health.

It is but too true, that the astonishing discoveries in the mode of preparing his food have disposed him to disease in many frightful shapes; whilst the unfitness of his attire to the true form of his body has been productive of so much mischief to his general symmetry, that there are doubts if he would not have been better off had he adhered to his original haunts, so admirably touched upon by Dryden:—

“When wild in wood the noble savage ran.”

Civilised man has certainly an undoubted right to put on clothes of any color, or of any size and shape; but then, the rest of the community ought not to be pointed at, nor turned into ridicule, if their own notions of raiment dissuade them from imitating his example. But how little is this liberality either practised or understood by man reclaimed from the forests! Some royal spendthrift, supported by the public purse, some brainless son of fortune just entered into the possession of enormous wealth, sets the fashion; and then all must adopt it, be their aversion to it ever so extreme. Fashion may be tolerable in some degree when it merely trims the purse, but it is utterly intolerable when it affects the person.

He was a cunning and a clever shoemaker, who first succeeded in turning old Grandfather Squaretoes into ridicule, and in setting up young Sharpfoot as a pattern for universal imitation. What must have been poor old Dame Nature's surprise and vexation, when she saw and felt the abominable change? The toes have their duty to perform, when the frame of man is either placed erect, or put in motion: shoes at best are a vast incumbrance to them; but when it happens that shoes are what is called a bad fit, then all goes wrong indeed, and corns and blisters soon oblige the wearer of them to wend his way—

“With faltering step and slow.”

When I see a man thus hobbling on, I condemn both his fortitude and folly: his fortitude, in undergoing a pedal martyrdom without necessity; and his folly, in wearing, for fashion's sake, a pair of shoes so ill adapted to his feet in size and shape. Corns are the un-

doubted offspring of tight shoes; and tight shoes the proper punishers of human vanity. If the rules of society require that I should imprison my toes, it does not follow that I should voluntarily force them on to the treadmill. The foot of man does not end in a point; its termination is nearly circular. Hence, it is plain and obvious that a pointed shoe will have the effect of forcing the toes into so small a space that one will lie over the other for want of room. By having always worn shoes suited to the form of my foot, I have now at sixty-two the full use of my toes; and this is invaluable to me in ascending trees.

There is something very forbidding to my eye, in a foot with a pointed shoe on; I always fancy that I can see there, comfort, and ease, and symmetry, all sacrificed at the tinsel shrine of fashion. Never be it forgotten, that tight shoes and tight garters are very successful agents in producing cold feet; and that cold feet are no friends to a warm heart. The foot of man is formed in Nature's finest mould: custom causes us to conceal it, and necessity to defend it from the asperities of the flinty path; but we never can improve its original shape, or add any thing to its natural means, in the performance of its important task.

It were well if our bodily miseries commenced and ended in our shoes; but there is something fearfully wrong in our wearing apparel, at the other end of our body, betwixt the head and shoulders.

What in the name of hemp and bleaching has a cravat to do with the throat of man, except at Newgate? The throat is the great thoroughfare or highway for the departure and return of the blood from the heart to the head, and back again; and we all know that pressure on the vessels which contain this precious fluid, may be attended with distressing, and even fatal consequences; so that, when a man falls down in a fit, the first attempt at relief on the part of the bystanders is to untie his cravat. Indeed, the wind-pipe, the veins, and the arteries located in the neck, may be considered as life's bodyguards, which will not allow themselves to be too severely pressed upon with impunity.

When we consider how very near these main channels of life are to the surface of the throat, we wonder at the temerity of the man who first introduced the use of cravats as a protection against the weather, or as an ornament to the parts. When he was about this roguish business, why did he stop short at the neck? He might just as well have offered clothing to the nose and cheeks. If these last-mentioned parts of our mortal frame can safely accommodate themselves to the blasts of winter, or the summer's sun, surely the throat might be allowed to try its

fortune in the external air, especially when we see this important privilege conceded to females in every rank of life, and of the most delicate constitutions.

If any part of the human body be allowed to be uncovered in these days of observation and improvement, certainly the throat of man has the best claim to exemption from the punishment which it undergoes at present.

However, we are not quite so outrageous now-a-days, in some things, as we were when I was a lad. I remember well the time when cravats of enormous height and thickness were all the go. 'Twas said that these jugular bolsters came into fashion, on account of some unsightly rosebuds having made their appearance a little below the ears of a royal dandy. This may have been scandal for aught I know to the contrary; but certain it is, that the new invention spread like wildfire, and warmed the throats of all in high life. A connexion of ours placed so much stress upon the necessity of it, that he never considered himself sufficiently well dressed until he had circumvented his neck with seven cravats,—only two less in number than the aqueous folds which surrounded the body of Eurydice, when she was in the realms below, where

— "*Novies Styx interfusa coercet* :

" Fate had fast bound her

With Styx nine times round her."

My own cravat, although it had nothing extraordinary either in size or shape, had once very nearly been the death of me. One night, in going my rounds alone in an adjacent wood, I came up with two poachers: fortunately one of them fled, and I saw no more of him. I engaged the other; wrenched the knife out of his hand, after I had parried his blow, and then closed with him. We soon came to the ground together, he uppermost. In the struggle, he contrived to get his hand into my cravat, and twisted it till I was within an ace of being strangled. Just as all was apparently over with me, I made one last convulsive effort, and I sent my knees, as he lay upon me, full against his stomach, and threw him off. Away he went, carrying with him my hat, and leaving me his own, together with his knife and twenty wire snares.

I cannot possibly understand why we strong and healthy men should be doomed by fashion to bind up our necks like sheaves of corn, and thus keep our jugular veins in everlasting jeopardy. I know one philosopher in Sheffield who sets this execrable fashion nobly at defiance, and always appears without a cravat. How I revere him for this; and how I condemn myself for not having sufficient fortitude to follow his example! The armadillo and land tortoise of Guiana, although encased in a nearly impenetrable

armour, have their necks free. Indeed, man alone is the only being to be found in the whole range of animated nature who goes with a ligature on the throat.

Thus it would appear that fashion brings torment to our toes, and peril to our throats. But what a still more unfavorable opinion must we entertain of this inexorable goddess when we reflect that, by her invention of tight stays, she dooms thousands of young females to lose their health and symmetry, and to sink at last into the cold and dreary grave long before their time!

The crocodile, although sheathed in adamant both above and below, has his sides free for the expansion of his body; and this most necessary provision has been kindly given to him by old Dame Nature, for the well working of his iron frame. Shall, then, our own thoughtless dames of fashion, with this example before their eyes, allow their still more thoughtless daughters to counteract the plan of Nature by putting those parts into prison, which, as they value their health, ought always to remain free?

No sooner are the external parts sent in by the ligature of stays, than the internal parts begin to suffer from the unnatural pressure; and then the heart, and lungs, and adjacent vitals, robbed of their means of full expansion by this ugly, bad, and cruel process, no longer can perform their duty as they once were wont to do. In the meantime, health sees closing in upon her a train of diseases, wan, and hideous, and terrible to think of. Irregular beatings of the heart, loss of appetite, loss of health, and loss of sleep, are the certain consequences, in a greater or less degree, of circumventing the body with a pair of tight stays.

Nature must and will be free. If you press her on one part, she will protrude at another; and there she will cause a permanent deformity, if you continue to torment her.

In Prussia and in Italy, nothing can exceed the horrible distortions brought upon the human frame by the use of swaddling clothes. In these countries may be seen the spine in every stage of deformity that the most vivid imagination can conceive, with a misshapen breast as a counterpart to it. When the moralist shall have made his tour through these regions, where a most lamentable deficiency of common sense in the proper application of wearing apparel has exposed the frame of civilised man to all the horrors of spinal curvature and decrepitude, let him repair to the forests of Guiana, in which Nature has had her own way in training the human frame. During the whole of the time I spent in those interminable wilds, I never observed a female, either young or old, who was laboring under a complaint of the spine. These obedient children of good

Dame Nature have never had their better judgment warped by the sophistry of the advocates of fashion, nor their vanity punished by deformity. Not a single pair of stays, nor any thing resembling them, did I see during my wanderings in that uncivilised part of the globe.

Oh, it makes an honest man's heart ache to see his fellow-creatures cheated out of their birthright by the intrigues of fashion. Can there be a sight in all nature more sad and melancholy, than to behold the beautiful female form sinking gradually into the tomb, through the indiscreet application of ligature to those parts which Providence had formed so true in their proportions, and of such charming symmetry? That fine black eye, expressive of a noble soul within, has lost its wonted brightness; those feet no longer move with firmness; the frame can barely keep from drooping. In a few weeks more, a close confinement to the bedroom will shut out the last sweet carol of the nightingale and lark.

"That face, alas! no more is fair;
Those lips have lost their red;
Those cheeks no longer roses bear,
And every charm is fled."

CHARLES WATERTON.

[There is more sound sense, freely and honestly expressed, in this short Paper, than is usually found in a dozen octavo volumes. When *will* men and women begin to try to learn to be wise?]

SLEEP.

SWEET the repose of him whose breast
Is by no cankering grief oppress'd,
Or guilty dread;
Who can, while sleep the eyelid closes,
Sweetly press his bed of roses,
By fancy fed!

Who dreams of happy years to come,
Reckless of untimely tomb,
Or woe-fraught hours;
Who sees gay Summer's laughing ray
Usher in the perfumed day,
And cull its flowers!

Of him, alas! how sad the sleep,
Who's made the hapless orphan weep,
Or widow sigh;
When Conscience bids before him stand,
Attended by a demon band,
ETERNITY!

To whose sad agonising fears,
Outraged Justice then appears,
With iron rod;
Before whose terror-frenzied eye
Upstands, in dreadful Majesty,
Offended God!

L. L. L.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. T. W.—It is a Hen bird. Let it fly early in May. It will very soon find a mate, if taken a few miles from London.

S. COOKSON.—Send your address.

J. H. Your note has been forwarded to "W. J. L.," as requested.

F. C. Thanks; the information about the injured Robin will be useful on a future occasion.

A. H.—Our space is so circumscribed, that "Fugitive Poetry" can only be admissible under very peculiar circumstances. We are already overwhelmed with similar "kind offerings." This "reply" will suffice for all the writers. Their favors have merit, and would be readily available in a Monthly Magazine.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS, and CASUAL READERS, are referred to the LEADING ARTICLE in our FIRST NUMBER for the DETAILED OBJECTS of the LONDON JOURNAL: to these we shall rigidly adhere.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them. Our time is more profitably occupied. All vacancies, as they are called, are filled up. Let this general answer suffice.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any "facts" connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append their names and places of abode. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS.—It having been deemed expedient, to meet the views of the Trade, that this Journal should always be published by anticipation, CONTRIBUTORS AND OTHERS will be so kind as to bear in mind that they must give us an *extra* "week's grace," and wait patiently till their favors appear.

All persons who may send in MSS., but which may not be "accepted," are requested to preserve copies of them, as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for their return.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, March 13, 1852.

OUR JOURNAL is now forcing itself into notoriety, in spite of the apathy and opposition of those worthy gentlemen booksellers who ought to have been first and foremost in assisting it from its birth. They viewed it at the onset, with suspicion; next with contempt; then with doubt; anon with surprise,—now with admiration! At last, they confess it is "a meritorious Paper." Clear-sighted are they all,—very!

Let us now address one or two observations to our good friends, the public. The subjects we have recently introduced in our JOURNAL are, it is acknowledged, of universal interest. Instead then of our Paper being lent for perusal from one family to another, let each well-wisher purchase a copy for himself. The cost is trifling to an individual, but the result to us will be grand. Thus supported, our JOURNAL will flourish and our anxiety for its success will cease.

Hitherto it has been kept up by a heavy outlay of money, and unceasing activity,—for, as we said weeks ago, we must either "conquer or die." It has been a severe

battle, we grant; but our ammunition has held out, and victory, we would fain hope, is not very far distant.

Still, we say to our good friends,—“*Continue* the helping hand, and the day is our own.”

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Pigeons of different Kinds bred in a Room.—I am an amateur poultry-fancier on a small scale, and residing in a densely populous neighborhood, am obliged to confine the valuable part of my pigeons (one pair of Croppers, one pair of Jacobins, and one pair of Almond Tumblers), to a lofty room, with two windows. They have for some time manifested a strong desire to increase their numbers; but I find, after their eggs have been laid a day or two, in nests prepared for their reception (partly by themselves), that the eggs are uniformly thrown out, broken, and forsaken. The pigeons are never disturbed except when I feed them myself, which I do with barley and hemp seed; and I am careful never to meddle with them. No vermin have ever been seen, or can approach them. I suspect they are in the habit of quarrelling, and that their eggs are thrown out by an invasion on each other's nests. Should I have a better chance by removing one pair? Others succeed, I believe, in rearing first-rate birds in this way, and I can't conceive any other cause for my failure. Any suggestion you or your correspondents can make, through your valuable periodical, I doubt not will be useful to many others who, like myself, have similar tastes, and yet are compelled to live in towns.—G. P.

[It is bad management to have these various breeds associated. Pigeons are very jealous birds, and not altogether so moral as they ought to be in their habits. They have drunk deep of the vicious principles inculcated by that wandering star, PROF. OWEN. Separate therefore the different families; then will your eggs be fruitful, and your increase constant. Pigeons, like ourselves, prefer to be quiet and domestic. No doubt our correspondent is aware that jealousy is not exclusively confined to *pigeons*, when the sexes are commingled and cannot escape!]

“*Cochin China Fowl.*—A most remarkable Case of Cure under adverse Circumstances.—Many thanks for your kind advice, so freely given me in a former JOURNAL, as to how I ought to treat one of my fowls,—a Cochin China cock. You recommended, among other things, change of air, diet, and exercise. Well, what with your advice, my skill, or luck,—which you will, I have succeeded in restoring the poor bird to perfect health; and for the benefit of that portion of your readers who keep valuable poultry, and may perhaps some time or other be in a similar “fix,” I send you my mode of operations. Let me first state the symptoms of illness the bird exhibited. These were,—loss of appetite, dung of a dark-green color, ruffled feathers, comb and wattles on the edges turning blue, forsaking

the company of the hens. These being the symptoms, I consulted thereon with my neighbors who keep poultry. Some said the invalid had got the pip; others that he had swallowed poison; and several of the “*oldest inhabitants*,” by way of consolation, told me the bird was sure to die in a day or two. It is said that “in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom.” Not so, however, in this case; for all the advice I obtained only puzzled, confused, and made matters worse; until the thought struck me that the bird might have swallowed something indigestible. But how to arrive at the solution of the mystery? After a few words with myself (and when a man talks to himself it is generally to the point), I made up my mind to imprison, and keep the bird without food for twenty-four hours. I then visited him, and felt the crop of the now hungry bird. Guess my surprise to find, that the crop was as much distended as it was twenty-four hours before! “A desperate disease requires a desperate remedy.” I therefore at once plucked the feathers off the inflamed crop, and carefully cut the same open with a pair of sharp-pointed scissors. The cause for the illness of the bird now became apparent; the half-putrid corn, &c., quickly protruded through the orifice; then, with the handle of a teaspoon, I brought forth two large pieces of bone, which the poor bird must have swallowed but could not digest. After washing out the crop, the lips of the wound were sewed together with silk: so that, instead of dying, Chanticleer yet lives to “*crow the tale*”—I hope for the future benefit of others of his tribe.—W. L. J.

The Squirrel.—Your account of the squirrel is truly interesting, and as I have one in a cage who is nearly as tame as the one you speak of, I feel unusually interested in the discussion of his amiabilities. I feed mine on bread and milk and nuts; acorns he does not seem to like. Are fir cones good for him?—P.

[French roll, moistened with new milk, fresh twice daily, is the best general food. A Spanish nut or two, occasionally, will be an extra treat; but these should be sparingly given. Your cage should be a rotary cage. These little fellows delight in flying about like lightning, and always mope if not so indulged. We shall have lots more to say about the squirrel, as opportunity offers. We should advise that neither fir cones nor acorns be administered. In confinement, squirrels prefer that which when at liberty they refuse.]

The Nuthatch.—Are you aware of the tameness of the nuthatch, or lesser wood-pecker? I have had a pair in my grounds all through the winter; and they are amongst the tamest of my “wild” birds. They come daily to my window to be fed, and exhibit no signs of fear whatever. Both in Summer and Winter, they are my most constant, most welcome guests. Perhaps you will say a word or two about these amiable denizens of our woods, forests, and gardens, in your JOURNAL. It cannot fail to interest many of your readers. The more extensively the habits of these pretty and interesting creatures become known, the more they must ever be admired.—P., *Hants*.

[The Nuthatch is a merry little fellow truly,

and we are not surprised at our Correspondent courting the company of himself and mate. (These birds by the way, do not, like most other birds, dissolve the marriage union every year). In size they resemble the sparrow, and are about six inches long. In some of our counties it remains all the year; it seldom however visits Cornwall, nor does it go far north. It creeps up the trunks of trees, and builds in their hollows. Its whereabouts may be known by a smart rap, rap, rap, enunciated by its bill coming in contact with a tree. If you then look carefully upwards, you will see a small, grey, blue-backed bird, busily occupied in knocking away with the full force of its head against the trunk,—its beak and body, as if the whole were one solid mass, moving on the hinges of its thigh-bones. After a while, the bird will be seen to glide, rather than climb, up or round the stem, and disappear, till it is again detected by a repetition of the rap-rap-rap. It is curious to watch how artistically it hammers a nut to pieces, first fixing it in a crevice of the bark. The shell broken, it eats the kernel at its leisure. In secluded grounds, these birds are easily tamed; and when undisturbed, will live and die on the same spot. We have heard that in America they are far tamer than they are here,—approaching the person, and exchanging all sorts of familiarities with their owners. As we have said repeatedly, kindness will do anything. The Nuthatch lays six, sometimes seven eggs, about the size of those of the *Parus major*, or larger titmouse. The nest, which has a very small entrance, is used in winter for a storehouse; also for a bed.]

On the Artificial Incubation of Eggs.—I sent you a communication on this subject some time since (see p. 90), and am anxious to know what you think about my new incubator. Its cheapness is surely as great a recommendation as its unfailing usefulness.—W. L. J.

[We have no doubt of the success of this apparatus, so far as the successful hatching at a cheap rate extends. But we advise you and all others using it, to sell all the poultry so reared for the table. Fowls thus bred, will never be fit for breeding from. Nature shakes her head at this artificial means of producing chickens from eggs.]

Another Ailing Bullfinch.—I have a pet bullfinch which sings sweetly. May I give it a bath now and then? [Certainly not at this season,—wait until May. He will then enjoy a bath, and may have one daily.] What is the proper food for these birds? [Canary and flax only. Six hempseeds a-week; one daily, as a treat, may alone be allowed. Then will the plumage be always bright, and the bird well.] Is the bullfinch a seed bird? [Yes.] May I give him sugar, rice, biscuit, and cake occasionally? [You had far better not.] Can I ever teach him to “pipe”? [No; in Germany alone can the airs you wish to hear warbled over, be taught. It is an “art” we English do not possess.]—ROSA.

The Anatomy and Mechanism of Birds.—An Article or two on this subject in your JOURNAL

would be most acceptable to your readers, and not only amusing, but highly instructive.—C. P.

[We quite agree with you, and shall furnish what you require at an early day. It is pleasing to observe what curiosity our JOURNAL is exciting everywhere. Knowledge is never stationary.]

Food for Blackbirds.—I have a blackbird in a cage; but he pines sadly and looks unhappy. I feed him on bread and hempseed, and now and then I give him a few worms. These, however, bring on a looseness which causes him to be very weak.—J. B., *Tottenham*.

[Give him some “CLIFFORD’S German Paste,” and some stale sweet-bun rubbed with it, as his common food. Also, a snail or two, in lieu of worms; and a little piece of Cheshire cheese now and then. When at breakfast, hand him a portion of your bread and butter. He will then amply repay you by an early and sweet song.]

A Squirrel’s Cage.—Ought a squirrel to have a stationary or a rotary cage? Some say the latter drives a squirrel mad, as he flies round so rapidly when it is in motion. As you are well acquainted with all that relates to animals, I shall be most thankful for any information you can give me. My squirrel is very tame, and runs between my parlor and shrubbery daily, coming in just as, and just when he pleases.—A CONSTANT READER.

[That squirrels go mad from frolicking in rotary cages, is an old wife’s fable. Open the cage door, and see the performer take to the wheel! Why his little heart would burst if he found he could not turn a wheel of this sort. Buy a rotary cage immediately.]

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

Succulent Plants.—No. II.

IN these days, when taste is becoming every day more refined, and the elementary principles thereof better understood, it has followed, as a matter of course, that plants can be rendered useful as an ornamental appendage to the windows of our dwelling-houses. We now find them assigned a place in the first drawing-rooms of our aristocracy, and cultivated by every grade of society, down to the very humblest cottager. Indeed, it has become almost a rare sight to visit a house without beholding a plant of some kind or other in a prominent position. The *window*, however, is, at best, but a bad place for all plants; to some more especially; and were they to remain for any length of time in such a situation, it would test the skill and ingenuity of many good cultivators to keep them in perfect trim. Yet their experience would make them adopt (under the circumstances) those things most suitable; and so their knowledge would secure to them the best practical result. The case, however, is very different with the many. Some, from an innate love of flowers, always keep their

windows gay with a variety of Flora's favorite specimens, purchased from the nursery at no small cost (when all things are taken into account); from their altered circumstances, these soon become shabby in appearance, and are again replaced with fresh ones. It is not a matter for wonder that it should be so, when their habits are not understood, and the treatment they have received, and should receive, is not known. This, however pleasing (and it is not money mis-spent), is yet, nevertheless, rather expensive, and as often vexatious—many priding themselves upon rearing and preserving their "own plants," at least for a time, more than if they occupied the place of expended £ s. d. The cost I have instanced is a great drawback to many.

Again, another class, over careful, do more harm than many who actually neglect their plants. For instance, a plant is becoming unhealthy from defective drainage; water stagnates at the root. Instead of withholding water until this was in some measure given off in vapor (of course, repotting would be far better, if properly done), water is more abundantly applied than before. The plant now becomes worse and worse, and ultimately dies; and then you hear it said, "I cannot think what ailed that plant of mine! I am sure I was very careful in watering it, and yet it drooped and then died." I may add, that every cause but the right one is assigned for its untimely end. Thus much for our ordinary window gardeners.

Succulent plants derive their name from their peculiar physiological formation. Most plants are furnished with pores, by which they give off in vapor all superfluous moisture, called evaporation. Now these are furnished with very few of these evaporating pores: and thus this process goes on very slowly indeed; so that what they receive by their roots is, as it were, stored up for their use against a time of need. Hence, these plants can endure drought for a longer period than any others with which I am acquainted. Thus far for their name.

I now come to the first part of my subject, viz:—Their suitability for window decoration.

The first I shall begin with is the *Cactus*. This I propose to separate into several general divisions, called sections.

Epiphyllum is the first that comes under our notice. This division, or section, consists of thick, fleshy-stemmed plants; the stems, or leaves, growing from nine inches in height to two feet and upwards. Some are angular shaped, some flat, some are both angular and flat on the same stem; while on the edges or angles at regular and irregular distances, small tufts of spines are developed, and from these points the future flower in-

variably proceeds. This division is again subdivided into many varieties; a few of the principal I shall here notice. Those most suited to our present purpose are:—1, *Epiphyllum Ackermanii, major*. 2, *E. Ackermanii, minor*. 3, *E. Jenkensonii*. 4, *E. Speciosa*. The first is a very beautiful plant indeed when seen in flower; and those who have taken any trouble with it, and have been rewarded with a profusion of bloom in return, must confess it stands unrivalled as to splendor among this section. Glowing scarlet stars, appearing as though they were stuck upon the green wax-like leaves, form a very beautiful contrast as to color; although the leaves are almost obscured while the plant is in bloom. The flowers of this variety are very large, and are, in themselves, perfect gems, the interior being exquisitely arranged. We observe an unusual quantity of stamens (male organs) laid side by side in a most beautiful manner, the tops bearing small tufts (anthers) loaded with white dust (pollen), which give the flowers an unusual appearance as to symmetry of form. In the centre of these stands the pistil (the female organ), a larger organ than any of the stamens; at the top of which, in the shape of a star, stands what is called *the stigma* (by botanists), which completes the description of the flower.

I cannot help here noticing the beautiful arrangement of nature to secure the fertility of the seeds. After the flowers have been open from three to six days, there is from the interior of the flower an exudation of an oily substance, as sweet as the sweetest honey. This takes place, I think, from the pistil, and dropping on the leaves of the flowers (petals), just about the anthers, causes the pollen to adhere closely to these parts. The flower then begins to close, and brings them close around the stigma, thus securing fertility. These are indeed wonderful contrivances of Nature, to accomplish her own purposes. I refer this very interesting subject to the study of all, as being not only entertaining but instructive withal.

I would here remark, that in the Great Exhibition almost every known flower was to be seen modelled in wax "to the life," rendering it in some cases difficult to distinguish, at a distance, whether real or artificial. My plants, however, claimed an honorable exception. In no one instance was a flower of this kind to be seen without the counterfeit being stamped on its very face,—very much to my satisfaction, you may suppose. The flowers of this variety are larger than any others of their class. I had a plant, which, through some neglect on my part, just as the buds were setting, received a check: this caused all but one to prove abortive; however, under very simple

treatment, it grew to the size of 5½ inches in diameter (this is the actual measure), and perhaps might, with stimulating circumstances, have been considerably larger. The petals are scarlet, edged with crimson inside, and expand very wide, almost as flat as a saucer.—N. B.

A COLD.

What disease hast thou?
A COLD, Sir; a cough.

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry IV.*

IN itself, a COLD is one of the most uncongenial titillating plagues to which mortal creatures are subjected, during their earthly pilgrimage. A decline saps one down to the grave in a delicate, gentlemanly sort of manner. A tooth-ache, or an ear-ache, is outrageously painful; but then they are downright John Bull sort of attacks; now a cold is a cowardly, indescribable complaint. It intrudes at all seasons and in all places. It may be caught in the hot blush of summer, as well as in the surly breeze of winter; and as for places,—into what can it not enter? Sometimes it whistles itself through a creek in the window, or whines through a half-opened parlor-door, or comes blundering down the chimney, or rolls itself in many a whistled mutter along the hall; it is a wizard malady.

The most popular way of catching a cold, is by "getting wet through"—to use a common, but expressive idiom. This "getting wet through" frequently ends in something more serious than a cold;—many a sweet creature is placed under the turf by it. As an introduction to a mere cold, it is truly miserable and comfortless. You have been out, for instance, to have a little cheerful chat with a friend, and at the respectable hour of ten, encased in a heavy benjamin, return to your lodging. By-and-by the skies deepen into a gloomy swell of clouds, and then discharge themselves in a most tremendous shower. You may button your coat tighter, shiver and shake, and look as black as the heavens—and yet, if you have no umbrella, and no close coat, to shelter yourself in—you'll "get wet through." The unruly rain-drops will drip from the rim of your hat, as from the tiles of a house, and thence creep down your back in many a chilling trickle. This invariably makes one fret and fume. The coat begins to cling like a wet blanket; and lastly, every step you take generally introduces your soaked shoe or boot into a puddle, at which you involuntarily start with a "drat it!"—and then step into another, which seldom fails to spatter your dress with mud. Should you happen to be on the outside of an omnibus in rainy weather, Heaven defend you from one

of those stoical, stone-hearted, big-faced fellows, who will let the pinions of his umbrella drop buckets full of rain into your poll, with the utmost *sang-froid*; and when you attempt to resent his cruelty, replies—"Can't help it, Sir; what can't be cured must be endured!"

Never is the street door of our dwelling so charming an object, as when we reach it half coddled by the incessant patter of the rain. What a peal we play on the door, sending the stormy music of its knocker through the chambers like cannon echoes! 'Tis bustle all! Your wife has been fretting about you for the last hour, and now she is at the door before any of the domestics. Your Louisa (an only daughter) is by her side, and between both you are tenderly hauled into the parlor, there to undergo a complete revolution of the "outward man." And how delightful are the little attentions of affection and love on these occasions! It is at all times pleasurable to have a woman fluttering about one, with her looks of love, and her delicate hands ready to assist you; but especially on these uncomfortable occasions.

The author knows too little of the Esculapian art, to describe scientifically the appearance of a person who is under the endurance of a cold; yet he may be able, perhaps, to give a representation of its effects. A polite cold approaches one with maiden-like modesty.—First, a feverish ardor suffuses itself over the whole person; and while this is the case, the very atmosphere appears burdensome: we would fain disengage ourselves from it, and mount upwards into purer and more refreshing air. Next, the nostrils are tinted with a blush which, unfortunately, attends too many who have no cold to account for it. It must not be forgotten, that the frequent communication which takes place between the nose and pocket-handkerchief occasions a disagreeable feeling in the former.

The effect of a cold on the sight is, perhaps, the most uncongenial of all its influences. It reddens the corners of the eye, fills it with heat, and makes the eye-ball throb with feverish excitement. Next comes the sneezing; and he who says that sneezing is unpleasant, never sneezed legitimately, he may be assured. Certainly it compels the breast to swell and heave, gives the whole body an abrupt jerk; but nevertheless, sneezing is agreeable, and when it is over, the sensation that remains is similar to that which arises from resting the legs after they have been exercised greatly, during the day: in short, sneezing must be ranked among the minor pleasures attending a cold. The result of all these symptoms is a nervous and languid aspect; and having

arrived at this, let us inquire what social charms attend the victim of a cold.

The first pleasure is that of being an invalid, and therefore exacting a family sympathy throughout the whole domestic circle. For who, with a heart of human mould, would not assume a complacent aspect towards a man with cracked lips, and over-shaded countenance? If he be surrounded, therefore, with amiable relatives while enduring a cold, he will experience a thousand tender attentions which would be omitted, were he cold-less. His wife, for instance, will be buzzing about him with smiles of unaffected kindness on her connubial cheek, and looking, and spying, and handing, and taking, and asking, and laying down numerous solicitous regulations respecting his comfort. The doors must not be left open—indeed they must not; and that hawk-eyed, giggling little fellow there will be smartly lectured for not shutting the street-door behind him when he knows papa has such a cold! And then the arm-chair!—oh, the arm-chair!—What hours are they, passed in an old-fashioned roomy arm-chair, by the side of a broad-faced, coal-cracking fire! A cold is almost worth catching, for the sake of having an excuse for dosing in the embrace of an arm-chair by the fire-side. It is in an arm-chair, while lolling supine, that home and its comforts are prized: let it be a wet evening, (which is mostly the case on these occasions,) and how many a comfortable shrug the invalid will give himself when reflecting on the peace and home-bred joys around him! The stir of wheels, hoofs, and voices in the street, the arrowy rain-showers drifted across the window-panes, and now and then pattering down the chimney, and spitting like a roasted apple on the glowing coals,—the voices of friends around him, or the prattle of his children who are playing bopeep behind the curtains, or visioning, with their fingers, rabbits' and pigs' heads on the lighted walls of the room,—all these, together with that undefinable sensation of gratitude to Heaven for the blessing of a home, entice into the heart its most pleasurable feelings.

And who is that sitting by him, with needle-work in her fair hands, and now and then LOOKING volumes of love and sweetness at him?—Why, who else can it be, but his WIFE? Yes, now is the hour for woman to bring her enchantment into action, when the languor of a cold has left the heart at full liberty to recognise her attentions and fondnesses. All the doctors in the universe—all who have ever existed, from Dr. Hippocrates to Dr. Abernethy—can never afford such ease to a patient, as one single darling woman. And to the honor of her sex be it spoken, that female tenderness is always

prompt to exert itself when the illness of a loved-one requires it: her very words, on these occasions, are accents of mercy and sympathy. A wife at this season is perhaps beyond a mother. No man likes to give an aged parent the trouble of waiting on him. A box of lozenges, and some primitive maxims respecting damp shoes and the necessity of "taking care of the health," &c. are quite sufficient from a grey-headed mother. But a young wife—let her bestir herself as much as she please. For, when do her eyes beam so eloquently beautiful as when they are darting sympathy into those of her husband? When does her voice sound so sweetly as when it is exercised in tones of consolation, of affectionate counsel? And when do her soft hands seem so delicately made, as when they are employed in handing some allaying beverage of refreshing fruit to a husband?

If I were in the fancied patient's situation—that is, lolling in an arm-chair, with my wife by my side, the well-fed cat purring feline melodies at my feet, and my children scrambling on the carpet,—I should request Miss Amelia, who has just finished her education, and has some idea of love and lovers, to seat herself at the piano, and warble a simple ballad or song:—What tune shall it be? No Italian incomprehensible jingle, certainly; for that is calculated to give one a cold, instead of charming it away. No: let us have one of Tom Moore's melodies: this will inspire the soul, and waft it into ideal worlds. Puss herself seems entranced with it, and wags her tail by way of *encore*; the blue urchins have popped their fingers halfway between their lips, and have laid aside their play for the sake of listening to the music; your dear lady is pleased to find Miss Amelia much improved in her style of playing and singing, and now and then sticks her needle in her muslin, smiles at her daughter, glances at you, smiles at her youngest son who is pricking a pincushion on her knee, and then stitches again. And pray, how is your cold by this time? If not relieved, you have certainly half forgotten it; and, lulled by the music, have been rifling from by-gone years a remembrance of pleasure, pains, joys, and woes, till a tear, or something like it, has stolen into your eye.

When sated with music—if you can be so—let another daughter take up KIDD'S JOURNAL, and read to you for an hour. A noble work like this, perused occasionally, and particularly when you are afflicted with a cold, serves admirably to mellow the mind, and clear the feelings of that selfish dross with which a long intercourse with active life clogs them. It will be a genuine pleasure to accompany the Editor through the scenes which, in younger years, you must have

often witnessed; and when Miss arrives at some tender love section, be sure and take a sly peep at her countenance: if you observe her features deepen into a doubtful expression, and her bosom swell with anxiety, conclude that she is in love herself—or at least *very near it*.

During the time that a cold confines us to our apartment, is the appropriate season for indulging in a little good-tempered gossip with some gossiping acquaintance, whose voluble tongue will glow with delight as it unrolls the parlor-history of our neighbors. It is of no consequence however highminded the patient may be; philosophical, poetical, political, scientific, or what not: there is a time, as Solomon has remarked, for all things; and while a cold is residing in our throats is the time for a little gossip.

There are some readers who will require eau-de-Cologne at the bare mention of gossip. Out on such stately creatures! They would be walking universities, and living encyclopædias; they cannot sit in a chair for five minutes, without unrolling their literary bales, and displaying their literary pomposity; they would be the game-cocks of society,—for ever prating and gambling about poetry, philosophy, and science. We ought heartily to detest this loveless pedantry. I could scarcely read with delight a work, if I knew the author to be one of those of the anti-social genus; he might write well, but he would not feel well. Learning and books are very well at appropriate times and places; but there are seasons, when to introduce them denotes a lamentable defection from sense, taste, and good manners.

The personage wanted on the present occasion, is a light-minded, unaffected, talkative fellow,—full of an “infinite deal of nothing,”—who will plant himself opposite you, and for two or three hours serve like a glass hole in a peep show, to give you a glimpse of the world, from which your cold has barred you for some days. He is a living epitome of the political events which have taken place for the last week, and has the art of remembering and repeating all the sharp paragraphs of the leading journals. But his services do not conclude here: as it is his custom to buzz round an extensive circle of acquaintance, he has much family-matter to relate. There is not a mother or daughter within the neighborhood, whose plans, parties, &c. &c., he cannot describe, and with much *naïvete*. Thus the trifler may serve to wile away a weary hour; and although his gossip does not store the mind, it allays the feverishness of a cold, which is of equal consequence.

But of all the pleasures attending a cold, the warm bed, and the steaming “treacle-

posset” are the *most* exquisite. What a delightful sensation runs over the body when we are just nestled between the warm sheets! We are in a linen hot bath—if this can be understood. And now for the posset—sweet, delicious, schoolboy-beloved posset!—prince of beverages! how often have we feigned a cold at school, in order to have a basin full of thy rich, brown, bubbling mixture! Whenever you see a person—lady or gentleman, gentle or simple—whining and whimpering under the affliction of a cold, let your invariable receipt be posset—nothing but posset. It is to a cold what action is to eloquence. Let the patient stretch himself between some warm sheets, and then swallow a basin-full of hot, curdly, shining and steaming treacle posset, then roll himself together, and woo the approach of slumber, and he will be lapped in the very bosom of comfort; and by the morning, his cold will have evaporated in the gentle dews of undisturbed repose.

The above are a few of the pleasures connected with a cold. There is one more thing to be said on the question: a cold is a gentle hint to the gay, the healthy, and the flourishing, that illness *may* arrest their career; it is a tap on the shoulder from Mortality, to make us think and remember our destiny;—what is the state of the DAY-BOOK OF LIFE?—aye, THERE'S THE RUB.

PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS.

M. Robin's Soirees Parisiennes.

WE have again visited this most amusing exhibition, and our wonder has increased as to how certain things are managed.

The “last moments of a Bloomer,” and that Bloomer a very pretty, trim little craft (no other than Madame Robin herself), puzzle us excessively. The “Bloomer” bounds merrily forward—dances, smiles, and seems as if she would live for ever. But alas! no. She skips merrily on to the table, and in an instant her doom is fixed. A large extinguisher is popped over her head—it trembles, falls down, and lo! the bird has flown! It must be remembered that the table stands in the centre of the stage, is on four legs, and hollow beneath, so that nothing can pass *that way*! Then the top of the table is too narrow to admit of the pretty Bloomer being squeezed between its ribs. Where then *is* she? Echo answers—“Where?” and points to “Deeper and deeper still!”

It may be so; but we never go below the surface of our paper when writing about exhibitions, and especially about ladies.

Then again there are those multitudinous bushels of white flock feathers produced from a small hat; those fantastic dancing figures

on the rope; and those inexhaustible repositories of fun and laughter, which contain within a space of six inches what usually occupy the space of fifty yards: these, we say—and how many hundred others? send us, and half the world home, brim full of Bloomers, tricks, fun, and good humor. M. Robin! thou art a clever fellow. In the name of all married men, do tell us (in confidence) how you get rid of your wife so easily; and that, too, with so winning a smile on her pretty face.

'Pon honor, if you let us into your confidence we will give you another notice in our JOURNAL; and even then remain partly in your debt! Mind; we are not going to 'practise.'

"WE'LL SEE ABOUT IT."

THE following graphic sketch, from the pen of Mrs. S. C. HALL, is meant by that lady to apply particularly to the inhabitants of Ireland; but it has a voice quite as powerful to the inhabitants of England. The danger of delay cannot be too strongly pointed out, and the procrastinating spirit that exists among us of putting off till a future moment what may just as well—nay better, be done at once, deserves the severest censure. With this feeling in view, we give extensive currency to the following, in the hope that the moral it inculcates may be generally acted upon.

"We'll see about it!"—from that simple sentence has arisen more evil to Ireland, than any person, ignorant of the strange union of impetuosity and procrastination my countrymen exhibit, could well believe. They are sufficiently prompt and energetic where their feelings are concerned, but, in matters of business, they almost invariably prefer *seeing about*, to *DOING*.

I shall not find it difficult to illustrate this observation: from the many examples of it, in high and low life, I select Philip Garraty.

Philip, Philip's wife, and Philip's children, and all the house of Garraty, are employed from morning till night in *seeing about* everything, and consequently in *doing* nothing. There is Philip—a tall, handsome, good-humored fellow of about five-and-thirty, with broad, lazy-looking shoulders, and a smile perpetually lurking about his mouth or in his bright hazel eyes—the picture of indolence and kindly feeling. There he is, leaning over what was once a five-barred gate, and leads to the haggart; his blue worsted stockings full of holes; which the suggan, twisted half-way up the well-formed leg, fails to conceal; while his brogues (to use his own words), if they do let in the water, let it out again. With what unstudied elegance does he roll that knotted twine and then unroll it, varying his occupation at times by kicking the stones that once formed a wall, into the stagnant pool, scarcely large enough for full-grown ducks to sail in.

But let us first take a survey of the premises.

The dwelling house is a long rambling abode,

much larger than the generality of those that fall to the lot of small Irish farmers; but the fact is that Philip rents one of the most extensive farms in the neighborhood, and ought to be 'well to do in the world.' The dwelling looks very comfortable, notwithstanding: part of the thatch is much decayed, and the rank weeds and damp moss nearly cover it; the door posts are only united to the wall by a few scattered portions of clay and stone, and the door itself is hanging but by one hinge; the window frames shake in the passing wind, and some of the compartments are stuffed with the crown of a hat, or a 'lock of straw'—very unsightly objects. At the opposite side of the swamp, is the haggart gate, where a broken line of alternate palings and wall exhibit proof that it had formerly been fenced in; the commodious barn is almost roofless, and the other sheds in pretty much the same condition; the pig-stye is deserted by the grubbing lady and her grunting progeny, who are too fond of an occasional repast in the once cultivated garden to remain in their proper abode; the listless turkeys, and contented half-fatted geese, live at large on the public; but the turkeys, with all their shyness and modesty, have the best of it—for they mount the ill-built stacks, and select grain, *à plaisir*.

'Give you good morrow, Mr. Philip; we have had showery weather lately.'

'Och, all manner o' joy to ye, my lady, and sure ye'll walk in, and sit down; my woman will be proud to see ye. I am sartin we'll have the rain soon agin, for it's everywhere, like bad luck; and my throat's sore with hurishing them pigs out o' the garden—sorra' a thing can I do all day for watching them.'

'Why do you not mend the door of the stye?'

'True for ye, ma'am, dear, so I would—if I had the nails, and I've been threatening to step down to Mickey Bow, the smith, to ask him to *see about it*.'

'I hear you've had a fine crop of wheat, Philip.'

'Thank God for all things! You may say that; we had, my lady, a fine crop—but I have always the height of ill luck somehow; upon my sowskins (and that's the hardest oath I swear) the turkeys have had the most of it; but I mean to *see about* setting it up safe to-morrow.'

'But, Philip, I thought you sold the wheat, standing, to the steward at the big house.'

'It was all as one as sould, only it's a bad world, madame dear, and I've no luck.—Says the steward to me, says he, I like to do things like a man of business; so, Mr. Garraty, just draw up a bit of an agreement that you deliver over the wheat-field to me, on sich a day, standing as it is, for sich a sum, and I'll sign it for ye; and thin there can be no mistake, only let me have it by this day week.—Well, to be sure I came home full o' my good luck, and I tould the wife, and on the strength of it she must have a new gown. And sure, says she, Miss Hennessy is just come from Dublin, wid a shop full o' goods, and on account that she's my brother's sister-in-law's first cousin, she'll let me have first sight of the things, and I can take my pick, and ye'll have plenty of time to *see about* the agreement to-morrow. Well, I don't know how it was, but the next day we had

no paper, nor ink, nor pens in the house; I meant to send the gossoon to Miss Hennessy's for all—but forgot the pens. So when I was *seeing about* the 'greement, I bethought of the ould gander, and while I was pulling as beautiful a pen as ever ye laad ye'r two eyes upon out of his wing, he tattered my hand with his bill in sich a manner that sorra' a pen could I hould for three days. Well, one thing or another put it off for ever so long, and at last I wrote it out like print, and takes it myself to the steward. Good evening to you, Mr. Garraty, says he; Good evening kindly, sir, says I, and I hope the woman that owns ye, and all ye'r good family's well. All well, thank ye, Mr. Garraty, says he. I've got the 'greement here, says I, pulling it out as I thought—but behold ye—I only cotcht the paper it was wrapped in, to keep it from the dirt of the tobacco that was loose in my pocket for want of a box—(saving ye'r presence); so I turned what little bits of things I had in it out, and there was a grate hole that ye might drive all the parish rats through, at the bottom—which the wife promised to *see about* mending, as good as six months before. Well, I saw the sneer on his ugly mouth (for he's an Englishman), and I turned it off with a laugh, and said air holes were comfortable in hot weather, and sich like jokes, and that I'd go home and make another 'greement. 'Greement for what? says he, laying down his grate outlandish pipe. Whew! may be ye don't know, says I. Not I, says he. The wheat field, says I. Why, says he, didn't I tell you then, that you must bring the 'greement to me by that day week; and that was by the same token (pulling a red memorandum book out of his pocket) let me see—exactly this day three weeks. Do you think, Mr. Garraty, he goes on, that when ye didn't care to look after ye'r own interests, and I offering so fair for the field, I was going to wait upon you? I don't lose my papers in the Irish fashion. Well, that last set me up—and so I axed him if it was the pattern of his English breeding, and one word brought on another; and all the blood in my body rushed into my fist, and I had the ill luck to knock him down—and the coward, what does he do, but takes the law of me—and I was cast—and lost the sale of the wheat—and was ordered to pay ever so much money; well, I didn't care to pay it then, but gave an engagement; and I meant to *see about it*—but forgot; and all in a giffy came a thing they call an execution—and to stop the cant, I was forced to borrow money from that tame negur, the exciseman, who'd sell the sowl out of his grandmother for sixpence (if indeed there ever was a sowl in the family) and it's a terrible case to be paying *interest* for it *still*.'

'But, Philip, you might give up or dispose of part of your farm. I know you could get a good sum of money for that rich meadow by the river.'

'True for ye, ma'am, dear—and I have been *seeing about it* for a long time—but somehow I have no luck. Jist as ye came up, I was thinking to myself, that the gale day is passed, and all one as before, yarn a pin's worth have I for the rint, and the landlord wants it as bad as I do, though it's a shame to say that of a gintleman; for jist as he was *seeing about* some old custodium, or

something of the sort, that had been hanging over the estate ever since he came into it, the sheriff's officers put an *executioner* in the house; and it's very sorrowful for both of us, if I may make bould to say so; for I am sartin he'll be racking me for the money—and indeed the old huntsman tould me as much—but I must *see about it*, not that it's much good, for I've no luck

'Let me beg of you, Philip, not to take such an idea into your head; do *not lose* a moment; you will be utterly ruined if you do; why not apply to your father-in-law?—he is able to assist you; for at present you only suffer from temporary embarrassment.'

'True for ye—that's good advice, my lady; and by the blessing of God, I'll *see about it*.'

'Then go directly, Philip.'

'Directly! I can't, ma'am dear—on account of the pigs; and sorra' a one I have but myself to keep them out of the cabbages; for I let the woman and the grawls go the pattern at Killaun; it's little pleasure they see, the cratur's.'

'But your wife did not hear the huntsman's story?'

'Och, aye did she—but unless she could give me a sheaf of bank notes—where would be the good of her staying—but I'll *see about it*.'

'Immediately then, Philip;—think upon the ruin that may come—nay, that *must* come—if you *neglect* this matter: your wife too, your family, reduced from comfort to starvation, your home desolate'—

'Asy, my lady—don't be after breaking my heart entirely; thank God I have seven as fine flahulugh children as ever peeled a pratee, and all under twelve years ould; and sure I'd lay down my life tin times over for every one o' them; and to-morrow for sartin—no! to-morrow—the hurling! I can't to-morrow; but the day after, if I'm a living man I'll *see about it*.'

Poor Philip! his kindly feelings were valueless because of his unfortunate habit. Would that this were the only example I could produce of the ill effects of that dangerous little sentence—'*I'll see about it*.' Oh, that the sons and daughters of the fairest island that ever heaved its green bosom above the surface of the ocean, would rise and *be doing* what is to be done, and never again rest contented with—'*SEEING ABOUT IT*!''

PREJUDICE.—NEW DOCTRINES, however true, and however beautiful, never please men of the olden school. They like to fancy that the world has been losing wisdom instead of gaining it, ever since they were young.

INORDINATE GRATIFICATIONS OF SENSE are the fatal prerogatives of Reason; and the further an animal is removed from human organisation, the purer are its habits, and the more healthy its life.

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"THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS," &c.

"THE OBJECT OF OUR WORK IS TO MAKE MEN WISER, WITHOUT OBLIGING THEM TO TURN OVER FOLIOS AND QUARTOS.—TO FURNISH MATTER FOR THINKING AS WELL AS READING."—EVELYN.

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NOTES FOR NATURALISTS.

MARCH.

March now is here. The voice of song
Is heard, and gardens brightly bloom;
Though stormy winds may sweep along,
Their sound inspires no moody gloom;
Though clouds, at times, perchance may lower,
We look beyond the present hour!

ALL vegetation, awakening from the torpor of its winter existence, is now gradually developed, and will next month burst forth into all its gaiety of life. Each plant, with unerring order, advances into the fairy ranks of Nature; and each as it rises, fails not to portray, by perpetual change, the boundless power and beneficence of its great Creator. At the beginning of this month, among the first indications of returning life in the vegetable world, may be seen the dark-tinted sprouts of culinary or spearmint (*mentha viridis*), and the buds of the gooseberry and currant bushes, which soon burst their scaly envelope, and show their leaflets.

The bullfinch now commences his ravages upon the swelling buds; and he is, consequently, one of the doomed feathered tribe that the horticulturist never spares. The azure flowers of the *hepatica*, one of the earliest offspring of the year, and those of the laurel, are completely open. The leaves of the damask rose (*rosa centifolia*), are rapidly expanding; and, thus awakened from her winter's trance, she calls from us the lay of Casimir:—

Child of the summer, charming Rose,
No longer in confinement lie;
Arise to light, thy form disclose,
Rival the spangles of the sky.

The rains are gone, the storms are o'er,
Winter retires to make thee way;
Come then, thou sweetly-blushing flower;
Come, lovely stranger, come away.

The autumn-planted brocoli is now becoming fit for use. The yellow wall-flower, "stained with iron-brown," ventures into life and fragrance. Crocuses, crouching low upon the bosom of the parterres, as though afraid of the fickleness of the youthful year, are now generally in flower, and some of those which were the heralds of the tribe begin to droop. The tunicate sprout of the crown-imperial bursts from its earthen prison; thus, by degrees, "Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;" and with her too come the gardeners' foes, the *weeds*, which are now advancing in growth and mischief, in multitudes far "beyond the power of botanists to number up their tribes."

All hate the rank society of weeds,
Noisome, and ever greedy to exhaust
Th' impoverished earth; an overbearing race,
That, like the multitude made faction mad,
Disturb good order, and degrade true worth.

One of the foremost and most predatory of these is the nettle (*urtica urens*). Hurtful to, and despised as is this weed by the cultivators of the soil, yet it is one of the comparatively few of the vegetable myriads of which man has discovered the utility. In the county of Salop, it is dressed and manufactured like flax into cloth; this is likewise the case in France, where too it is made into paper: when dried, this plant is acceptable to sheep and oxen. In Russia, a green dye is obtained from its leaves, and a yellow one from its roots. In the spring, every person is aware that nettle-tops are made into a salutary pottage; and in Scotland they make a rennet from a decoction of it with common salt, for coagulating their milk in the making of cheese. A few flowerets of the white violets (*viola odorata*), now make their appearance, "emblems, expressive emblems, of those virtues which delight to blossom in obscurity." The swelling of the flower-buds of the wall-fruit gives notice to the gardener to prepare his matting, and the branches of firs, for their protection, since Spring oft—

Brings her infants forth with many smiles;
But once delivered, kills them with a frown.
He, therefore, timely warned, himself supplies
Her want of care, screening and keeping warm
The plenteous bloom, that no rough blast may
sweep

His garlands from the boughs. Again, as oft
As the sun peeps, and vernal airs breathe mild,
The fence withdrawn, he gives them every beam,
And spreads his hopes before the blaze of day.

The brilliantly verdant leaflets of the larch (*pinus larix*), are now expanded, as also are the crimson bourgeons of the peony, which have for some time protruded through the surface of the earth. The primrose (*primula veris*), is now appearing beneath every hedge—

Low tenant of the peaceful glade,
Emblem of virtue in the shade,
Rearing its head to brave the storm
That would its innocence deform.

The new year's leaves, in coronal shape of the martagon and white lily (*lilium candidum*), are rapidly advancing.

The melody of birds now gradually swells upon the ear. The thristle (*turdus musicus*), second only to the nightingale in song, charms us with the sweetness and variety of his lays. The linnet and the goldfinch join the general concert in this month, and the golden-crowned wren (*motacilla regulus*), begins its song. The sky lark also must not be forgotten;—

Light from the sod the lark exulting springs,
Joy tunes his voice and animates his wings;
Bard of the blushing dawn, to him are given
Earth's choicest verdure and the midway heaven:
Hark! the glad strains that charm our wond'ring ears,

As upward still the fearless minstrel steers;
Till wide careering through the solar stream,
A speck, he wanders in the morning beam.

In this month, black ants (*formica nigra*), are observed; the blackbird and the turkey (*meleagris gallopavo*) lay; and house pigeons sit. The greenfinch (*loxia chloris*), sings; the bat (*vespertilio*), is seen flitting about; and the viper uncoils itself from its winter sleep. The wheatear, or English ortolan (*sylvia ananthe*), again pays its annual visit, leaving England in September.

Those birds which have passed the winter in England, now take their departure for more northerly regions; as the fieldfare (*turdus pilaris*), the redwing (*turdus iliacus*), and the woodcock (*scolopax rusticola*.)

On this very day, the vernal equinox takes place; all nature feels her renovating sway, and seems to rejoice at the retreat of winter.

The general or great flow of sap, in most trees takes place in this month; this is preparatory to the expanding of the leaves, and ceases when they are out. The ash now

puts forth its grey buds, and the hazel and the willow exhibit some signs of returning life in their silky unfolded catkins. The columbine (*aquilegia vulgaris*), now shows its tufted heads along the borders; and the first of the daffodils (*pseudo narcissus*), are trusting their "flowering gold to treacherous skies." The leaflets of the black currant, and of the quince (*pyrus cydonia*), are rapidly expanding. If the weather be mild, the blossoms of the almond, the apricot, and other wall-fruit of the amygdalus tribe, are unfolding. "How the heart trembles, while the pen relates;" for fear, in spite of hope, paints them scattered beneath the wall by the blasts of Eurus and Auster,—

And the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves.

Those trees, which as yet are too young to bear fruit, are also advancing in leaf. "The violet, darkly blue," is now generally in flower, peeping among its heart-shaped leaves, and, often in this month, justifying the comparison of the poet, of

Young Mirzala's blue eyes,
Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets lies.

The red currant (*ribes rubrum*), is now rapidly assuming "its mantle o'green." The buds of the red lilac (*syringa vulgaris*), lead "the dance of life," and are the first to exhibit within their bosoms the tender embryo of their summer hopes. The leaves of the thornless rose, and of the hawthorn (*crataegus oxyacantha*), are gradually becoming determinate. The rich, yet soft-tinted auriculas, "enriched with shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves," are gradually displaying their flowers, and our beloved daisy, the favorite of Chaucer and of Wordsworth, is now seen scattered over dry pastures.

'Tis now that trouts begin to rise, and blood worms appear in the water. The clay hair-worm (*gordius argillaceus*), is found at the bottom of drains and ditches, and the water-flea (*gyrinus natator*), may be seen gliding about upon the surface of sheltered pools. It is seldom, however, that the water-flea awakens from winter's rest in the mud, at the bottom, until April. This is a very interesting little creature, and every school-boy that has angled for a minnow, is acquainted with this merry swimmer in his shining black coat. They associate in small parties, of ten or a dozen, near the banks of pools, or on the quiet waters of brooks and rivers, where they circle around each other without any apparent contention, or object, from morning until night, with great sprightliness and activity; and in their motions imprint faint circles upon the surface on which they glide. They are seldom seen alone, and generally in action. One pool may afford space for the amusement of several of these com-

panies, yet they do not commonly unite, but perform their cheerful circlings in separate family associations. If we interfere with their merriment, they instantly disperse, or dive to the bottom; but shortly all fear is over, and our little party is seen circling again. This little gliding flea becomes familiar to us in our boyhood, and often recalls, in after years, some of our earliest and most pleasant associations.

The equinoctial gales are usually most felt, both by sea and land, about this time:

How fiercely drives the rattling hail!
How loudly blows the blustering wind!
Now deep and distant sounds the gale,
And with its murmurs soothes the mind:
Anon, a whistling sound prevails—
By fits, irregular, it roars—
With boisterous force the house assails,
While with harsh, dreary noise, resound the jar-
ring doors.

The barren strawberry (*fragaria sterilis*), and the yew tree (*taxus baccata*), are now in flower, and the elder tree (*sambucus nigra*), begins to put forth its flower buds. The hounds-tongue (*cynoglossum*), is now seen with its modest flowers of pink or light blue. It is a common and vulgar error to suppose that the roots of the *cynoglossum* will drive away mice and rats.

The smelt (*salmo eparlanus*), begins to ascend rivers to spawn, when they are taken in great abundance. The gar-fish, gar-pike, or horn-fish (*esox belone*), appears in this month. It is much esteemed in Devonshire and Dorsetshire, though not upon the Essex coast and in London. The gannets, or Solan geese (*pelicanus bassanus*), resort in March to the Hebrides, and other rocky islands of North Britain, to make their nests and lay their eggs.

At the end of March, a brimstone-colored butterfly (*papilio rhamni*), appears. Bees may now be seen in the garden culling their various sweets. Black beetles, too, may now be observed flying about in the evening; and bats issue from their places of concealment. Roach and dace float near the surface of the water, and sport about in pursuit of insects. Peas appear above ground; the sea-kale (*crambe maritima*), now begins to sprout. The male blossoms of the yew tree expand and discharge their farina. Sparrows are busily employed in forming their nests. Young lambs are yeaned this month; and young otters are produced.

This is the month for inserting most of the main crops on which depend our winter's supply; many too for successional production during the summer; as well as several inhabitants of the herbary, where required. It is hazardous any longer to continue planting and pruning trees; their sap, "de-
truded to the roots by wintry winds," has

recommenced its circulation. No planter should be unmindful of the homely adage, "plant in autumn, and *command* them to grow; plant them in spring, and *implore* them to grow." The work of preparation in the flower garden should also this month be completed.

BIRDS OF SONG.

Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart,
Something to LOVE, to rest upon,—to clasp
AFFECTION'S tendrils round.—MRS. HEMANS.

No. II.—An Address to all who Keep Birds.

WE CONSIDER it essentially necessary, before entering in detail on our proposed "Treatise of British Song Birds," to offer a few preliminary observations closely connected with the subject.

It is worthy of note, that there is scarcely a family, high or low, rich or poor, whether residing in town or country, in which some one species of our feathered songsters is not to be found domiciled. From boyhood, nay almost from infancy, upwards, there exists in most of us an innate propensity to keep a bird. There is companionship in the very thought—a feeling of comfort, essentially English. How very many of us there are who can vouch for this fact!

It becomes, however, a matter for serious consideration how these little prisoners are treated, when placed in confinement, and committed to our tender care and keeping without the possibility of assisting themselves. With some indeed it is a question whether it be strictly lawful to keep birds *at all*, in confinement. The question certainly does admit of disputation; but allowing it to be lawful, there is at least entailed on us a serious and indispensable duty to make them forget, so far as kindness can do so, their privation of liberty. This we have ever studied to do; and in most instances, we would fain believe, successfully. We regret, however, to say that our observation has led to the discovery of many acts of barbarous cruelty practised on these innocent creatures; arising, let us hope, not so much from an unfeeling heart as from a culpable want of due consideration of their necessities.

Many people are apt to imagine, while viewing the occasional activity and sprightliness of their little caged favorites, and while listening to the melody of their tiny voices, that they are necessarily in the enjoyment of perfect health and happiness. They take this for granted. Some birds, however, though they sing, are still very far from being happy. In all, there is a plaintive note as well as a joyous note. Our ear could detect either, in an instant. Other birds convey the state of their feelings by a remarkably

singular note, a note which is totally different at other times. We have known a bird warble delightfully, but ominously, a few minutes only before his decease. Like the swan, he has sung most sweetly at his death. As the strain ceased, he fell lifeless from his perch. His heart had burst! On looking into the cage, we found our suspicions verified. From neglect, either Dicky's food had been exhausted, or his water, from carelessness, had been inaccessible. That "last" eloquent song of his was a bitter reproach to his hard-hearted master or mistress!

We cannot help thinking, and we wish to be very emphatic on the point, that no persons should ever attempt to keep birds, or allow their children to do so, unless they are naturally "fond" of them, and, at the same time, themselves of a kindly disposition. To trust birds to the care of a thoughtless child, a callous servant, or an indifferent person, in one's absence from home, unless under very particular circumstances, is to yield them up to almost certain destruction. Hard-hearted servants either cram their troughs full of food (sufficient to last a week) with a view to save trouble, or, by never changing their water, they allow it to become corrupt. In the former case, the hull of the seed which is eaten, falling on the top of the residue, prevents the birds obtaining a fresh supply; whilst, in the latter, the birds become poisoned by putridity.

We are sorry to say, adults are frequently quite as much in fault as children in this matter; too often more so—for birds are not unfrequently killed by children through an excess of attention, having many things ministered unto them quite unsuited to their animal economy. They are also taken out of their cages to be nursed and "petted"—a horrible practice; when the heat of the hand and undue pressure of their body cause their death.* Why, let us ask, should we be thus thoughtlessly, and continually cruel, when five minutes of our time every morning would, in many cases, be amply sufficient to make our favorites both comfortable and happy?

* A few months since, while making some purchases at the shop of a bird-fancier, a ragged urchin rushed in and asked for a "penny bird." In exchange for his penny, he received a cock sparrow. Shortly afterwards, a little girl entered, with scarcely sufficient clothes on to cover her person; her demand was for a "half-penny bird." There was handed to her a *hen* sparrow. From the exquisitely-savage feeling of delight with which both birds were clutched by their respective purchasers, it would require little of the spirit of divination to enable one to predict their fate—torment, doubtless, and starvation; but the consoling reflection presents itself that,—they were "only sparrows!"

These little creatures, if we would narrowly watch them, possess the most singular attractions, exhibit the most romantic attachments. Not a movement of their master or their mistress escapes their observation. They may be taught, easily taught, by affectionate care, to come out of their cages when called for; or to sit on the finger, and sing when requested. A simple movement of the head, or expression of the eye, will accomplish this; whilst the reward of a bit of hard-boiled egg, or a morsel of loaf sugar, will speedily cement an intimacy terminable only by death: the attachment of some birds knows no other limit. We have verified this, times out of number; and have by us, at the present moment, a little army of "pets," who, having paid the debt of Nature, are now carefully and lovingly embalmed in glass cases—mementoes of many by-gone happy hours.

We have rarely found, during a long experience of nearly 30 years, any great difficulty in taming a bird, or indeed an animal of any kind. Instinct, on some occasions very closely bordering on reason, unerringly teaches the lower order of animals to discriminate who are their friends, and who are their enemies. This is demonstrable by the extraordinary familiarity, apart from all fear, which some birds and other animals exhibit when in the presence of their masters and mistresses, on whose fingers we have known birds to sit and sing with the most perfect confidence.

We were much struck the other evening, whilst visiting the Cyclorama, in the Regent's-park, to observe, mounted on a stand, a large and very ferocious macaw; who, having been evidently subjected to a succession of annoyances from tormenting visitors, was ever on the alert to fasten on the first victim that should fall in his power. Unlucky wight! The ferocity of the animal was the subject of general remark. Whilst passing through the same room, in the after part of the evening, we saw the macaw caressing the face of a gentleman with the fondest marks of affection, insinuating his head inside the gentleman's waistcoat, and giving other most extravagant tokens of regard. That gentleman was his master!

Apropos of these little endearments. We remember, some years since, holding an argument with an "unbeliever" about the power we possessed of taming animals. We pretended indeed to no particular gift or mode of fascination; simply kindness. Mesmerism at that time slumbered; and we were in the habit of recognising effects without being able accurately to divine their causes. Science has, since, rapidly progressed; and we now view matters through a different, a

clearer glass. *Mais rêvenons à nos oiseaux*, or rather, *à nos poissons*.

We offered our sceptical friend to procure a glass bowl, and to place in it a number of fish; undertaking to tame every one of them so effectually, within a fortnight, that they should one and all recognise us. This satisfied him; and he promised, if we succeeded, he would acknowledge our power. That was kind of him—very.

To work we went. Thirteen sprightly minnows were introduced into a glass bowl, and we changed the water regularly every morning; removing them in a closely-meshed net, and tenderly replacing them when the bowl was again ready for their reception. It is not necessary to enter into particulars here, how we accomplished our purpose. A second Cæsar, we exclaimed—“*Veni, vidi, vici!*” We were indeed “a Triton among the minnows.”

Within the prescribed time, every one of our finny friends had made our acquaintance; coming to the top of the water whenever we placed our head over the bowl, leaping some distance out of the water in the exuberance of their delight, and positively listening to us attentively whilst we whistled to them a lively air.

More than this: when we placed one of our fingers in the bowl, each graceful inhabitant swam affectionately round it; rubbing his sides against it, and evidencing a degree of pleasure hardly credible unless witnessed.

We converted the infidel, it is true; but we shortly afterwards lost the society of our little friends. They perished during the heat of that same summer.

In our next, we shall introduce to our readers' notice that universal pet—the CANARY.

ANIMALS AND THEIR YOUNG.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THERE is a marked difference in the number of the eggs laid by different species of birds. This forms one of the many remarkable provisions by which animal reproduction is protected and controlled by fixed laws.

The pigeon lays only two eggs at a time, but it rears several broods in the season. Most birds, however, only rear one brood in the year, and as a general law it is found that birds of prey produce their young much more sparingly than others of the feathered tribe. The eagle and the vulture lay only two eggs, and rear but one brood in the season; the hawk, the owl, and other rapacious birds, in like manner increase slowly, and are found in their most favorite localities only in very small numbers, compared with those on which they are accustomed to prey; while the feeble little wren lays frequently as many as nineteen eggs, and rears the whole brood!

Yet a curious instinct seems to control this important law of reproduction. We are familiar in the case of the domestic hen, with the fact that, in the spring, when she begins to lay, if left undisturbed, she will provide a nest, and having there deposited a certain number of eggs, she then ceases to add to their number, and proceeds to the maternal work of incubation. If however the eggs are removed, the hen continues to lay others to an almost unlimited extent.

Nearly the same is the case with birds in their natural state. If their eggs are left untouched, they lay only the fixed number; but if these are destroyed or removed, they and the black-bird will repeatedly replace them. The yellow-hammer, for example, has been known to lay seventeen eggs; when they have been removed, one at a time, from the nest, without abstracting the whole. The bird at length deserted the nest and died.

When chickens are hatched, a total change of duties devolves on the parent birds. The voracity of the young is extreme, their appetites being adapted to their rapid growth and development. A young sparrow will eat its own weight of food in a single day; we may therefore conceive the unwearied care and toil which devolve on the parents after the brood is hatched, to provide for a nestful of such clamorous and greedy offspring. The instinctive care of the parent bird, however, is shown in the selection of the proper food, and in some in its preparation, as well as in the regulation of the requisite supply.

The pigeon, for example, is specially remarkable for one provision of its internal organisation. The crop in its ordinary state is a thin membrane with the internal surface smooth; but a total change occurs in it preparatory to the hatching of the young brood. The crop then increases to a thick and glandular bag, having the internal surface rough and irregular; and within this all the food of the young pigeon undergoes a preparatory process of a very peculiar kind. A milky fluid of a greyish color is secreted by the glands and poured in upon the grain and seeds, which have been collected in the crop to undergo the needful preparation for suiting them to the delicate digestive organs of the young pigeon. The whole apparatus bears a considerable resemblance to the provision by which quadrupeds are nursed in the earliest stage of existence, on their mothers' milk.

The fluid secreted in the female lacteal glands, by means of which the offspring of quadrupeds are supplied with food admirably adapted for their nourishment in the earliest stage of their existence, is one of the most important differences between birds and beasts, in the propagation of their species; accompanying as it does the production of the one from eggs: while in the other, the same process is carried on in the womb, and the young are brought forth alive and fully formed.

The same laws, however, which regulate the balance of numbers between rapacious birds and those on which they prey, control the reproductive powers of quadrupeds. The lion and tiger bear only once a-year, and rarely bring forth more than two or three young ones at a time.

They are also, like all the great cat family, entirely unsocial, so that their ravages are in no case multiplied either by the union or the sagacity displayed in the combined operations of the dog or wolf. Each with his female partner, occupies a solitary den, usually concealed in some obscure retreat in the wide jungle or forest. Were it otherwise, it would seem nearly impossible for any other creatures to live in a region occupied by them, so that they must speedily effect their own destruction by the annihilation of their whole means of subsistence. The bound with which the tiger springs from his ambush, and dashes himself on his prey, is astonishing and terrible, and may be said to be irresistible in its effects. Man appears as a mere puppet in the clutch of this ferocious animal, which has been known, as in the case of Sir Hector Monro's unfortunate son, to dash into the midst of a party of armed men, and paralysing the whole by its sudden and tremendous roar, to carry off with ease its victim, apparently indeed scarcely feeling any impediment from the weight of a full-grown man. Even the great Indian buffalo is borne down by this ferocious beast, and dragged off through the jungle without any violent exertion of its enormous strength. To such voracious animals, a large district is needed for the range of a single pair, where the flocks of the herbivorous animals abound, and where the immense preponderance in the number of the latter shall prevent the violent inroads of their dread foe from becoming so frequent as to scare them from the district.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

"He who opposes his own judgment against the consent of the times, ought to be backed with UNANSWERABLE TRUTHS; and he who has TRUTH on his side is a fool, as well as a Coward, if he is afraid to own it because of the currency or multitude of OTHER MEN'S OPINIONS."—DEFOE.

No. IV.—THE LIFE OF DR. GALL.

Now that our opponents are tranquilised, let us take up these questions—in what manner are the faculties and propensities of man connected with his organisation? are they the expression of a principle of mind purely spiritual, and acting purely by itself? or is the mind connected with some particular organisation? if so, by what organisation?—From the solution of these questions, we shall derive the second principle.

II. *The Faculties and Propensities of Man have their seat in the Brain.*

I adduce the following proofs:—1. The functions of the mind are deranged by the lesion of the brain: they are not immediately deranged by the lesion of other parts of the body.

2. The brain is not necessary to life; but as nature creates nothing in vain, it must be that the brain has another distinction; that is to say,—

3. The qualities of the mind, or the faculties and propensities of men and animals, are multiplied and elevated in direct ratio to the increase of the mass of brain, proportionally to

that of the body; and especially in proportion to the nervous mass. Here we find ourselves associated with the boar, the bear, the horse, the ox—with the camel, dolphin, elephant, and the stupid Sloth. A man like you, possesses more than double the quantity of brain in a stupid bigot; and at least one-sixth more than the wisest or the most sagacious elephant. By this, we are led to admit the second principle here laid down.

III. and IV. The Faculties are not only distinct and independent of the Propensities; but also the Faculties among themselves, and the Propensities among themselves, are essentially distinct and independent: they ought, consequently, to have their seat in parts of the Brain distinct and independent of each other.

Proof 1. We can make the qualities of the mind alternately act and repose; so that one, after being fatigued, rests and refreshes itself, while another acts and becomes fatigued in turn.

2. The dispositions and propensities exist among themselves, in variable proportions in man, as also in animals of the same kind.

3. Different faculties and propensities exist separately in different animals.

4. The faculties and propensities develop themselves at different epochs; some cease, without the other diminishing, and even while the other increases.

5. In diseases and wounds of certain parts of the brain, certain qualities are deranged, irritated, or suspended; they return by degrees to their natural state, during the curative process.

I do not imagine myself a man sufficiently great to establish anything by *bare assertion*. I must endeavor therefore, to establish each one of these facts *by proof*. Nevertheless, some timid minds will object thus: If you allow that the functions of the mind are produced by corporeal means, or by certain organs, *will you not assail the spiritual nature and the immortality of the soul?* Condescend to hear my answer. The naturalist endeavors to penetrate the laws of the material world only, and supposes that no natural truth can be in contradiction with an established truth; he now finds, that *neither the mind nor body can be destroyed without the immediate order of the Creator*; but he can draw no conclusion as to spiritual life. He contents himself with perceiving and teaching, that the mind is chained in this life to a corporeal organisation.

Thus much in general: but for details, I answer in the following manner. In the preceding objection, the Being who acts, is confounded by the instrument by which he acts. That which I laid down respecting the lower Faculties, that is to say, of the inferior organs of the functions of the mind, in numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, takes place also with it in regard to the external senses. For example, while the fatigued eye reposes, we can listen attentively; the hearing may be destroyed, without the vision being impaired; some of the senses may be imperfect, while others are in full force; worms are entirely destitute of hearing and sight, but they possess a perfect touch; the new-born puppy is for several days both blind and deaf, while his taste is perfectly developed; in old age, the hearing generally

diminishes before the sight; while the taste almost always remains unimpaired. Hence results the proof of the existence of the senses by themselves, and of their independence, which no one doubts. Has any one ever drawn the conclusion, that the mind ought to be material or mortal, from the essential difference of the senses? Is the mind which sees, different from the mind that hears? I extend the comparison a little farther: he is mistaken, who thinks that the eye sees, that the ear hears, &c.;—each external organ of sense is in communication by nerves with the brain; and at the commencement of the nerves, is a proportionable mass of brain which constitutes the true internal organ of each sensitive function. Consequently, the eye may be never so sound, the optic nerve may be never so perfect, and yet, if the internal organ is impaired or destroyed, the eye and the optic nerves are of no avail. The external instruments of sense have, consequently, their organs also in the brain, and these external instruments are only the means by which the internal organs are put in relation with external objects: it is for these reasons, that it never entered the head of Boërhaave, nor of Haller, nor of Mayer, nor even of Lavater, who seeks for the qualities of mind in the head, and of character in the body, that anything could be inferred against the doctrine of the immateriality and immortality of the soul, from the difference and independence of the faculties and propensities, and of their internal organs. The same mind which sees through the organ of sight, and which smells through the olfactory organ, *learns by heart* through the organ of memory, and does good through the organ of benevolence. It is the same spring which puts in motion fewer wheels for you, and more for me. In this way, the general functions of the brain are established.*

I now proceed to prove, that we can establish the assistance and the relation of many faculties and propensities, by the formation of the cerebral development. By which means will be demonstrated, at once, the functions of the different cerebral parts.

V. Of the Distribution of the different Organs and their various Development, arising from different forms of the Brain.

Among the proofs in support of this principle, I point out the differences of conformation between carnivorous, frugivorous, and omnivorous animals. Then I show the cause of the difference between different species of animals, also the cause of accidental differences of species and individuals.

* If any of our readers have the pleasure of personally knowing Dr. ELLIOTSON, the most eminent and skilful physician of modern times, let them hear him speak on "Phrenology" and the organisation of the human brain. His devotion to science, properly so called, and the admirable manner in which he resolves and explains the fundamental laws of Nature, place him on an eminence that very few, if any of his brethren, can ever hope to reach. His abilities, and his researches into truth (the results of which he has not hesitated to make publicly known), have naturally procured him many enemies; but their ignorance only serves to augment his triumph.—Ed. K. J.

VI. From the Totality and the Development of Determinate Organs, results a Determinate Form, either of the whole Brain, or of its Parts as separate regions.

Here I take the opportunity to show, that an organ is the more active, the more it is developed, without denying other exciting causes of its activity. But how is all this to lead us to a knowledge of the different faculties and the different propensities, by the formation of the skull? Is then the form of the skull moulded upon that of the brain?

VII. From the Formation of the Bones of the Head, until the most advanced period of life, the form of the internal surface of the Skull is determined by the external form of the Brain: we can then be certain of the existence of some Faculties and Propensities, while the external surface of the Skull agrees with its internal surface, or so long as the variation is confined to certain known limits.

Here I explain the formation of the bones of the head, and I prove that, from the moment of birth, they receive their form from the brain. I speak afterwards of the influence of other causes upon the conformation of the head; among which causes we may rank continual or repeated violence. I show that the organs develop themselves, from the earliest infancy, until their final completion, in the same proportion, and the same order, as the manifestation of the faculties and natural propensities. I show, besides, that the bones of the head take on their different forms in the same proportion, and in the same order. I show finally, the gradual diminution of our faculties, by the diminution of the corresponding organs, and how nature deposits in the vacant spaces new portions of bony matter. All these things were heretofore unknown in the doctrine of the bones of the head. By these, is the first step taken for the determination of the particular functions of the different parts of the Brain.

PART II.

Application of general principles.

Establishment and determination of the Faculties and Propensities existing of themselves.

As I suppose a particular organ for each one of our independent qualities, we have only to establish what are the independent qualities, in order to know what are the organs which we may hope to discover. For many years I met great difficulties in this research, and at last I am convinced that, as in everything else, we take the nearest and surest road if we lay aside our artificial logic, and allow ourselves to be guided BY FACTS. I make known to my readers some of the difficulties which it was necessary to surmount. They may solve them, if they have more penetration than I have.

(To be continued Weekly).

TRUE HAPPINESS.—That state of life is most happy, wherein Superfluities are not required, and Necessaries are not wanting.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. F.—Pray send your name and address. How can we write when these are wanting?

W. B. HARDING.—You ask questions requiring *immediate* replies, and withhold your address! Your birds will die, perhaps, before you read these remarks.

"A WELL-WISHER," Kensington, has surely subscribed himself by a wrong name. He stands "alone" in his remarks. Let us hope his feelings will be more kindly when he knows us better.

E. T.—Our space is so circumscribed, that "Fugitive Poetry" can only be admissible under very peculiar circumstances. We are already overwhelmed with similar "kind offerings." This "reply" will suffice for *all* the writers. Their favors have *merit*, and would be readily available in a Monthly Magazine.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS, and CASUAL READERS, are referred to the LEADING ARTICLE in our FIRST NUMBER for the DETAILED OBJECTS of the LONDON JOURNAL: to these we shall rigidly adhere.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them. Our time is more profitably occupied. All vacancies, as they are called, are filled up. Let this general answer suffice.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any "facts" connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS.—It having been deemed expedient, to meet the views of *the Trade*, that this Journal should always be published by *anticipation*, CONTRIBUTORS AND OTHERS will be so kind as to bear in mind that they must give us an *extra* "week's grace," and *wait patiently* till their favors appear.

All persons who may send in MSS., but which may not be "accepted," are requested to *preserve copies of them*, as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for their return.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, March 20, 1852.

ANOTHER month has rapidly rolled away; and its successor heralds in, this day, our Twelfth Number and Third Part. We shall now soon be in our "teens."

Many pleasing changes in the prospects of this JOURNAL have taken place since our last Monthly Address to our distant friends,—and these are mainly attributable to themselves. It is true we may have had some little to do with them, as regards certain new features of interest in our Paper; but we claim no merit on that score. If we want aid, we must try and *deserve* it.

It would appear that the candor with which we have stated from week to week the many unfair difficulties which have beset us, has enlisted the best sympathies of very many of our subscribers,—more particularly those residing in Scotland and Ireland, where our presence is most heartily and enthusiastically welcomed.

A lady, quite a stranger to us, writes (from Edinburgh) that, "as promises are easily made and as easily broken," she has proposed and *carried out* the following scheme,—viz. :

collected within a few days among her own immediate connection, six weekly subscribers, who *each* hope to obtain other six subscribers by their own individual exertions,—thus carrying out the wholesome principle at compound interest among their friends and acquaintance (let us hope) *ad infinitum*. *Quid fœmina non possit!* or, freely rendered—Victory! thy name is Woman.

Our kind patroness then suggests, that "if every one of your subscribers were to do the same thing (and, she adds, they must surely be luke-warm if they do not), the success of your JOURNAL would be secured in a single week, and your mind rendered happy." This is quite true. What womanly tact do we see here; and how much fine feeling! It is positively more welcome than the offer of a well-filled purse.

There yet, however, remains one thing to be done; and that is, to *order the local bookseller to procure the required number of our Paper regularly*, and to see him enter the order in his Books, before leaving him. If he refuse to procure them, our London Publisher (Mr. Berger) will forward them direct *by post*. Any numbers of our JOURNAL, not exceeding 1 lb. weight, will now travel free for the all-but-nominal cost of 6d. postage.

Our friends continue to express their wonder that a Periodical like ours, so much wanted and so much liked by the public, should be so unfairly opposed. Nor can they, any more than ourselves, offer any valid reason for it. It is admitted by all lovers of Natural History, that a work like this, when a careful INDEX shall have been prepared, will be indispensable for Reference.

All difficulties in MANCHESTER we are happy to say, are now overcome. This is attributable to the efficient and kindly aid of Mr. Abel HEYWOOD, Oldham-st.

In EDINBURGH, too, and in DUBLIN, we are going a-head. Mr. John MENZIES at the former, and Mr. Edward MILLIKEN at the latter, are immortalising us daily by their joint efforts. In GLASGOW, our friends are legion; yet have we no efficient agent there. Will Messrs. MURRAY and SON kindly number themselves among our body-guard? Then shall we be nobly represented in these three great cities.

Let us now only add the hope, that the example set by our "Lady Bountiful" in Edinburgh may be faithfully followed all over the known world!

To meet the views of many much-valued Correspondents, who attribute great importance to the formation of an INDEX for our Work—we purpose issuing at an early day, the FIRST QUARTERLY VOLUME, neatly bound, with a Title-page, Index, &c. The idea is an admirable one, and it will give immense satisfaction in the country.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Irish Biped, Feathered and Unfeathered.—I send you herewith a copy of the *Cork Examiner*, bearing date February 25th. In it, headed as above, is an attack upon your JOURNAL by a party signing himself "J. A. B." The letter is of course too long for you to copy into your JOURNAL, but, at all events, you will take some notice of it. It is evidently penned by an Hibernian, who is a plain-spoken native, and one who can see nothing, as the saying is, that is beyond his nose. However, at heart, he does not appear to be a bad fellow. Deal gently with him.—S. W.

[Several other correspondents have kindly supplied us with a copy of the said *Cork Examiner*. The letter is indeed a long one, and the writer evidently as ignorant of us as we are of him. He quarrels with us for having said, at page 43, that the reason why certain birds do not visit Ireland is their dislike for *such* a "distracted" country, and the reason for their not singing there,—*ditto*. Our remarks had reference to a very interesting correspondence between a gentleman residing in Ireland, and ourselves, many months ago, when the habits of certain birds were discussed *seriatim*. We will re-print this correspondence in our next JOURNAL. The letters will tend to throw much light upon what may now appear misty; and we imagine they will abundantly pacify our, at present, wrathful disputant. We hope, ere long, to make him one of our best friends. By the way, we have sent a long letter of reply to the *Cork Examiner*; so that all friends who may reside in that neighborhood may at once look out for it. Our letter, be it observed, contains no part of, and has no reference to, what will appear in this JOURNAL.]

Immense Speed of the Ostrich.—Seeing some interesting remarks connected with the ostrich, at pages 3 and 25 of your valuable JOURNAL, I beg to add some additional particulars of that singular bird. If we can place any confidence in travellers' tales, the ostrich is swifter than an Arabian horse. When Mr. Adamson resided at Pador, a French factory on the south side of the river Niger, he says that two ostriches (which had been about two years in the factory), afforded him a sight of a truly extraordinary nature. These gigantic birds, though young, were nearly the full natural size. They were so tame, that two little blacks mounted together on the back of the larger of the two. No sooner did the animal feel their weight, than he commenced running as fast as possible, carrying them several times round the village, nor was it possible to stop him otherwise than by obstructing the passage. The sight, says Mr. Adamson, pleased me so much, that I wished it to be repeated. He then directed a full-sized negro to mount the smaller animal, and the two little boys mounted the other. The burden did not appear at all disproportioned to their strength. At first they started at a pretty sharp trot; but, when they became heated a little, they expanded their wings, and moved with such fleetness, that they seemed scarcely to touch the ground. Most people must have seen, some time or other, a partridge run-

ning; they must, consequently, be aware that no man can keep up with it in speed. We may easily imagine, that if the partridge had a longer step, its speed would be consequently augmented. The ostrich moves like the partridge, and has this additional advantage; and I am quite certain those I am speaking of would have distanced the fleetest race-horses that were ever bred in England. It is true that they would not hold out so long as a horse, but they would undoubtedly be able to go over the same space in less time. I have frequently witnessed what I am now speaking about, and this affords an idea of the prodigious strength of the ostrich, and shows how useful the animal might be made, had we but the method of "breaking and managing him, as we do the horse."—F. M., Abington.

Pugnacity of the Robin.—A short time since, whilst at my country residence at Broomfield, in Somersetshire, I met with the following strange occurrence:—Attached to a house just opening into a pitched court-yard, is a room furnished with two windows, one of which is grated and open, and the other is glazed; through this open window, robins and other small birds were in the habit of passing into the room, which, being kept generally undisturbed and the door locked, afforded them an occasional refuge from the inclemency of the weather. At times you might see two robins, one of them being within and the other without the room, pecking at each other, with the glazed window between them, and seemingly much amused with their play. One day I had occasion, in the summer time, to look for something in this room, and, accompanied by one of my sons, I unlocked the door with the intention of entering, when two robins, which were both within the apartment, being disturbed, flew out through the open grated window, and then making a circuit through the air, pitched together on the ground of the court on which we were standing, and at about ten yards' distance from us. They then, apparently, commenced a most furious fight with each other, and shortly one of them fell on his back, stretched out his legs, and seemed perfectly dead. The other instantly seized him by the back of the head, and dragged him several times round and round a circle of about seven or eight feet in diameter. My son, with a view to stop their savage amusement, was about to spring forward, when I gently arrested him, to see the issue. Much to my astonishment, after being dragged a few rounds, the fallen and apparently dead bird sprang up with a bound, and his antagonist fell in his turn upon his back, and stretched out both legs with consummate adroitness, in all the mock rigidity of death; when his late seemingly dead opponent in like manner seized him by the head, and after dragging him a few rounds, they both sprang up and flew away. I have seen strange sights in my life, in which birds and beasts have been the actors, but none equal to this.—A. C.

A Husky Canary.—I have a valuable canary. He sang well until he moulted. He has since remained silent. He breathes with difficulty, and his feathers are irregular. His mouth is never fairly closed; and his eyes are moist, as if from

cold. He is so weak as to be unable to reach his top perch. He eats well, and what passes from him is healthy. What can I do for him?—R. J.

[We refer you for particulars of treatment in this case, to page 58. Your bird has caught cold whilst moulting, and we fear he is not kept in a close cage. Open cages kill very many thousands of birds in a year. You can write again, if you wish further advice.]

A White Blackbird.—A blackbird, nearly white, has recently been shot in this neighborhood, and is now in the hands of Mr. Evans, bird-stuffer, of Bourn. The long wing and tail feathers are milk white; the rest of the feathers are black and white—but principally the latter.—R. S., *Rippingale*.

[These birds are indeed very curious, but they are frequently met with in various parts of the country. We have a perfectly white linnet. It was a splendid bird whilst living, and is very handsome now that it is stuffed.]

The Scales of Fish viewed by the Microscope.—The scales of fish are beautiful objects for the microscope. Those of the roach are inserted half-way into the skin, with the round part outwards. They are perfectly transparent—the skin being covered with minute spots which produce the color of the fish; and each scale is placed underneath, almost in the same manner as a looking-glass. Fishermen state that they at one time sold the scales of roach and dace for ten shillings per fin, and the scales of bleak for as much as twenty shillings per fin. They were in demand for the manufacture of imitation pearls, made by running a composition from the scales into the inside of hollow glass beads.—F. M., *Abington*.

How can I tell the Sex of a Thrush?—I purchased one, two years ago; and never has it sung a note, beyond a low twitter. Can you help me in this matter?—J. T. W.

[Your bird is a hen. Take it some distance from town in the month of May, and let it fly. No birds are more difficult to judge of than thrushes. If, however, they be cock birds, they will *always* open in spring. If you want a good bird at a reasonable cost, apply to Mr. Clifford, 24, Great St. Andrew Street, Holborn.]

Affection of a Hen Canary, in the Breeding Season.—A hen canary of mine reared three broods in the season. She laid a fourth batch of eggs; but fearing lest her strength should become exhausted, these I removed. A fortnight subsequently, another canary was sitting upon four eggs. Not being a good mother, she deserted her eggs after sitting on them a few days only. On carrying the deserted nest-box and nest of eggs past the cage in which the bird first spoken of was kept, she appeared to look so wistfully at them, and uttered such a succession of plaintive notes, that I at once committed the box and eggs to her care. She immediately took to the nest, sat her full time, and produced four healthy offspring. This was in the month of September, when the mornings and evenings were getting dark. I therefore provided her early and late with a lighted candle, and thus were the

young regularly fed, and eventually reared. Never, surely, was a happier mother seen. She was “a pattern” for families.—ANNE E.

Bullfinch Killed by Improper Food.—Herewith I send you a bullfinch; and I wish you to tell me the cause of his death. He was in high spirits, and ate voraciously an hour before his death. His usual food was rape and canary, varied with lettuce and plantain; and occasionally, as a treat, two or three hempseeds. On the day he died, he was given a piece of the enclosed shrub, the leaf of which you will observe is just opening. We lost a goldfinch about a month since, just in the same manner. I should add, that a small piece of *Laurestinus* was also given to the bullfinch, to peck at.—M. L.

[The bird is in such a healthy state, that his death was occasioned, beyond all question, by the green food so foreign to his stomach. It is highly objectionable to administer *any* green food, other than that in which these birds so much delight. Groundsel, chickweed, and plantain (all fully ripe), are amply sufficient for the purposes of health all the year round.]

Moths and Butterflies.—Can any of your readers give me a receipt for attracting moths and butterflies?—C. M.

The Antler Moth.—The upper wings of this sober-colored insect (*charæas graminis*) are of a dull brown—a fit color for the month in which it appears. Nearly parallel with the anterior edge, and running along the centre vein, is a rather broad line of a whiteish color, which reaches a little beyond the middle. Traversing the outer margin, is a row of seven or eight dark spots. There are also two light-colored spots, of a circular form, placed near the middle of the wing. The hinder wings are grey, gradually deepening in color towards the outer edge; the fringe of all the wings is greyish white; the thorax and abdomen are of a brownish tint. The antler moth is of rare occurrence in this country. The periodical time of its appearance is stated to be June and July; but I possess a specimen that was captured in the month of October. The caterpillar is said to be of a greenish shade, smooth, and marked with brown spots. It feeds on various kinds of grasses, and is exceedingly voracious—oftentimes proving a very destructive insect. “In 1759, and again in 1802, the high sheep farms in Tweedale were dreadfully infested with a caterpillar, which was probably the larva of this moth. Spots a mile square were completely covered with them, and the grass devoured to the root.” I can add no description of the Chrysalis.—C. MILLER, *Hackney*.

The Goat Moth.—At page 110, your printer has made two errors: *Signiperda* should have been *Ligniperda*; and *Nocturga* should have been *Nocturna*. Please direct attention to these *corrigenda*.—C. M.

Migratory Butterflies.—There is something very mysterious about the flight of butterflies recorded in your JOURNAL at page 58; and I agree with “*Bombyx Atlas*,” that some further

explanation is called for. Entomologists, of whom I am one, give little credit to the assertion of "B.," *Burnham, Bucks.* Surely it is a fiction? Can he, and will he describe the character of the butterflies he and his friend saw, so as to give us some idea of the name?—*VERITAS, Oxford.*

[The particulars furnished us, had all the appearance of authenticity; and our contemporary, the *Times*, copied them; as did also many other journals. We must in future decline the insertion of any contributions, unless the name of the writers in full are sent us in confidence. Science is materially injured, when assertions are put forth which are not founded on fact.]

THE RING OUZEL.

It is not often, unless in mountainous districts, that the lover of the feathered tribe has an opportunity of admiring this rare and beautiful bird. When accidentally met with, he is of so shy and unsociable a disposition as to afford but hurried and distant glimpses at his plumage.

Living amidst the Downs of North Hants, I have for many years remarked the regular appearance of a few ring ouzels on their vernal and autumnal migrations. They have arrived about the last weeks in March and September, and, after remaining on the hills a few days, have taken leave, and pursued their route. I have never heard them sing, but in their flight; and in the notes of alarm they utter when disturbed, they resemble the fieldfare rather than the blackbird, mounting higher in the air than the latter.

Towards the close of summer last year, I had a very pleasing visit, which enabled me to see much of these passing strangers. I have in my garden a large mountain ash, which was thickly covered with pendant clusters of bright coral berries. Being attracted by an unusual note, I observed one morning (the 31st August) a ring ouzel fly from the tree, and soon discovered that no fewer than five of these unusual guests had taken up their temporary abode in my garden. Laying aside their wild habits, they soon allowed me to stand near the tree, and watch them closely. From dawn until dark, unless disturbed, they scarcely quitted the scene of their repast, and seemed to be employed almost without intermission in gormandizing these favorite berries. When driven off, they would make a circuit high in the air, and quickly return to their tree; and on more than one occasion I had the pleasure of seeing them, from my window, picking up worms and sporting with blackbirds on the lawn, chasing and being chased. From the white crescent, I judged one of them to be an old male; the rest, birds of the season; or, probably, one of those marked with less vivid white might have been the parent hen. In the course of a week my tree was entirely denuded of its fruit. The berries were gone;

positively not a cluster remained. And, with the berries, disappeared my pretty visitors. Looking for them on the morning of the 8th September, they were missing; and I saw them no more. H. H. W.

Combe Vicarage, Feb. 24, 1852.

OBITUARY.

Mr. W. Thompson, of Belfast.

THE *Athenæum* of the 21st ult., records the sudden death of this distinguished writer on natural history. The melancholy event took place in London, where Mr. Thompson had been visiting for the purpose of making arrangements for the approaching meeting of the British Association in Belfast, of which he had been appointed by the council a vice-president. Mr. Thompson was well known as a writer on various branches of natural history. He devoted himself principally to zoology—though all branches of natural history and comparative anatomy received a share of his attention. Science is indebted to him for the ardor with which he investigated the zoology of his native country, and the large number of his papers in the annals and magazines of natural history attest his great diligence in this respect. He was an early friend of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and at the meeting held at Glasgow delivered in a report on the Fauna of Ireland. He constantly attended its meetings; and subsequently to his report in 1840 he contributed many papers on the natural history of Ireland. It was owing to his efforts, that the Natural History section was so remarkably successful when the association met at Cork. His investigations on the Zoology of Ireland were subservient to a great work which he had planned on the natural history of that island, and which, had his life been spared, there is no reason to doubt he would have completed. "The Birds of Ireland" was the first part of this work; and we understand that Mr. Thompson has left the larger portion of a work on the Fishes of Ireland ready for the press. His loss will be deeply felt at Belfast, in the institutions of which city he took deep and active interest. Mr. Thompson was President of the Natural History Society of Belfast. He died in the forty-seventh year of his age.

IMPROVEMENTS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

A NEW patent has been recently specified, for "Novel Improvements in Photography,"—the discovery of Mr. Fox TALBOT.

These novelties have for their object the preparation of plates so sensitive to the action of light, that a momentary brilliant flash, such as an electrical discharge, shall be sufficient to impress the scene or image illuminated by the flash, distinctly and perfectly on the prepared plate, improving upon the methods adopted in the experiments made at the Royal Institution during last June, when a printed paper, affixed to a rapidly-rotating wheel, was copied on a photographic plate, during the really inconceivable space of time whilst the revolving print was illuminated by the electrical flash, at the precise angle at which its

reflection fell on the prepared plate during this rapid revolution; and also to obtain surfaces of such extreme sensibility as to avoid the necessity of an increased intensity of the electrical light.

To effect these objects, the patentee washes a glass plate with a strong solution of white of egg; this, when dried, is to be dipped into a solution of nitrate of silver, containing three grains to the ounce, then the plate, having been previously allowed to dry spontaneously, is to be washed with distilled water, and again coated with albumen. Having prepared a solution of 140 grains of iodide of iron in an ounce of water, and mixed this with an ounce of acetic acid, and ten ounces of alcohol, the albuminized plate is to be dipped into this mixture for a few seconds; so far as this stage, the process may be conducted in diffused daylight; the plates may now be dried, and kept ready for use.

When it is wished to take a photograph, a solution of 200 grains of nitrate of silver, in three ounces of water, and two of acetic acid, is made, into which one of these glass plates is to be dipped, once or twice, for a few seconds each time, and then quickly placed in the camera; as soon as it is withdrawn from the camera, the plates must be washed with a strong solution of sulphate of iron, when the image begins to appear; it is then washed with water, and steeped for a minute or so in a strong solution of hyposulphate of soda. This brightens up the picture, bringing out every line distinct and visible. When again washed and finally dried, the finished photograph may be protected by a coating of albumen or of varnish.

The patentee styles these *Amphitype* pictures, on account of their double property of appearing negative when held against a bright light, or placed on a sheet of white paper; but positive, and far more strongly delineated, in obliquely inflected light, or on a black surface. There are further modifications of these processes claimed by the inventor, who has also endeavored to secure to himself any advantage which may result from the pretty experiment, already alluded to, made at the Royal Institution.

MODERN ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

[Concluded from page 160.]

The best-laid schemes o' mice and men,
Gang aft a-gley,
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy.

Burns.

'THAT is rather a pretty girl,' said young Rives, as he saw a new face in a ball-room; 'who is it?'

'Miss Robinson,' replied the person he addressed; 'a very nice girl; and by the way, you are a marrying man and she is just the wife for you. Let me introduce you.'

'No, thank you,' replied Mr. Rives, 'I don't want a daughter of Mrs. Robinson's—I know the mother, and that is quite enough.'

'Well, and what has that got to do with

the matter?' inquired the other. 'Because Mrs. Robinson is not to your taste it does not follow that the young lady may not be.'

'Yes, it does though,' replied Mr. Rives; 'how can you expect anything like truth and simplicity from the daughter of such a worldly, ambitious woman as Mrs. Robinson? Of course, the girl is but a second edition of the mother; newer, fresher, and *better got up*, I admit, but still must be the same in essentials.'

'Nonsense!' answered the first speaker; 'never let yourself be run away with by prejudice founded on theory. I have seen many a simple, true-hearted daughter of an artificial mother, and many an artificial daughter of a simple-minded mother. There is just as apt to be reaction as imitation in such cases, according to the character of the individual. So don't prejudge poor Miss Robinson before you know her. Come and be introduced.'

The young man yielded accordingly, and, just as he made his bow, some one happened to be speaking of the performance of the last night's opera, which had been 'Lucia di Lammermoor.'

'I have not seen it,' said Mr. Rives, addressing Fanny. 'It is taken from Scott's novel, I presume. Is the plot adhered to throughout?'

'I don't know,' replied Fanny, quietly. 'I never read the novel.'

'Oh, my dear,' said Mrs. Robinson, in her most silvery accents, 'you are not thinking of what you are saying. You remember the *Bride of Lammermoor*,' and from the inflexion on the words 'you remember,' Rives saw that Mrs. Robinson meant that Fanny *should* remember whether or no, but Fanny did not take the hint, for she replied—

'It is impossible for me to remember what I never read, mamma, and that I never read the novel I am very sure.'

'Then,' said Mrs. Robinson playfully, but really vexed that Fanny would, as usual, persist in telling truth in contradiction to her views and hints, which Fanny's frank but not very quick mind never seemed to catch; 'then, at least, *don't say so*.'

'Why not?' persisted Fanny, opening her eyes in uncomprehending surprise at her mother's advice.

'Why not, indeed?' said the young man, in whose opinion she had risen at once. 'I like your frankness, Miss Robinson,' and turning to Mrs. Robinson, as her daughter spoke to some one else, he said, 'such unsophisticated simplicity is worth all the learning in the world. Why would you destroy it?'

'It may *take*,' thought Mrs. Robinson, struck with the idea that Fanny's simplicity

might charm. 'There are some men who like that kind of thing,' and, for the first time, the mother was consoled for the daughter's truth; that truth which she had hitherto regarded as a terrible stumbling block in the way of her success, for it must be admitted that Fanny's frankness bordered on brusquerie, and that, spite of all her mother's training, she was often absolutely blunt. But the contrast between the mother and daughter took most so by surprise, that few blamed as inelegant what they found so refreshing. Music was naturally touched on in the course of conversation, and he said,

'You are a musician, Miss Robinson?' to which Mrs. Robinson replied,

'Oh, yes,' with a decision of manner that implied that she was a proficient.

'Only after a fashion, Mr. Rives,' said Fanny, smiling. 'My music does not amount to much—I have no ear.'

Mrs. Robinson was really vexed, and took Fanny to task afterward for such unnecessary frankness.

'There is no use, Fanny,' she said, angrily, 'in telling every one what you don't know, particularly as you never tell what you do. Really it is too hard, after all the money I have spent upon your music, that you should not have even the reputation of it.'

'I am sure, mamma,' said Fanny, good-humoredly, 'you need not reproach me with the expense of it, for certainly I dropped more tears than you have guineas over that old piano. I think it has cost me the most of the two.'

And so they went on; Mrs. Robinson telling fibs which Fanny always contradicted, to the great amusement of their friends, who could not help often smiling at Fanny's interposing, with 'oh, mother, how can you say so?' or 'dear, mother, how you forget,' when Mrs. Robinson was weaving up some tissue that only wanted truth to be very fine.

Mr. Rives seemed quite taken, and more even by Fanny's ignorance than by her acquirements; for the one he had been prepared, but the other was avowed with such naiveté that he thought it charming. There was nothing brilliant about him in the way of a match, and therefore Mrs. Robinson did not pay much attention to his admiration for Fanny, and consequently was taken quite by surprise in the course of some months by his offering hand and heart with all the earnestness of serious affection. It was a surprise, however, that had nothing disagreeable in it, as it had been a part of Mrs. Robinson's expectations that Fanny should reject some two or three before she finally decided, and young Rives Mrs. Robinson thought a very creditable offer to

refuse. But how was the feeling heightened, and that anything but pleasantly, when she found that Fanny had no idea of refusing him. On the contrary, she stoutly persisted that she liked him, and saw no reason why she should not marry him, and appealed as usual to Uncle Langtree for support and countenance, and begged his intercession.

'Why, really, Cornelia,' said he, 'I see no reasonable ground for your disapprobation. Rives is a young man of good character, and good business, and, if Fanny likes him, I see every prospect for her happiness.'

'Is this then to be the end of all my pains, all my toiling,' said Mrs. Robinson with bitterness, 'that Fanny is to settle down thus, without either fortune or distinction? Fanny,' she said, and the tears started to her eyes, 'I did hope to see you at the head of such an establishment as Melville's. But my whole life has been a disappointment—and this is the bitterest of them all.'

Fanny was touched by her mother's evident distress, and she said more gently—'But, mamma, I do not want such an establishment as that. You know I have no taste for display.'

'Come, Fanny,' said her uncle, 'what is your beau idéal? Let us have it. Love in a cottage?'

'No,' said Fanny, laughing; 'love in a nice, pretty little two-storey house, well furnished and supplied with every comfort. And, uncle,' she continued with animation, 'when you come to drink tea with me, I'll give you the nicest soft waffles you ever ate yet.'

There was something so prosaic, so unsentimental, yet so rational in this speech, that Mr. Langtree could not restrain his laughter, which was 'long and loud,' without any control.

'Pon my word, Fanny, I should not think there was much danger of your being disappointed in *your* visions. I think they are such as mortality may attain. Love and soft waffles, hey! "Pains and penitence," have had the effect I always prophesied. However, Fan, if you are a bit of an epicure, you'll only make the better housekeeper.'

And Fanny being called from the room, Mr. Langtree turned to his sister, and said—

'Cornelia, I would not advise you to oppose this marriage. You had better yield with a good grace, for yield you'll *have* to in the end, and what must be done at last had better be done at first. When two young people have made up their minds, and there is no reasonable objection to their wishes, depend upon it they will have their own way. Besides, I think myself, that you ought rather to be pleased than otherwise. It is not a brilliant match, I admit; but yet, I do not think Fanny's chance of making

such a conquest very probable. I certainly love Fanny dearly. She is a good girl, but no beauty, and not what I should call very attractive. If you don't want her to be an old maid, you had better let her marry Frank Rives.'

This was coming to the point, and a point, too, which made Mrs. Robinson shudder. Such doubts and fears had thrilled in her own bosom before now, and Mr. Langtree sent them home with a shock that brought her to her reason at once. She sighed heavily as she said—

'Well, if you say it must be, so be it. I will not oppose, though I cannot approve it.'

'He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.' Mrs. Robinson had often felt equal to the 'taking the city,' for she had resolution and energy sufficient for any emergency; but the 'ruling her own spirit' was a task she had never attempted, whether as a feat beyond her powers or beneath them, we do not undertake to say.

Her consent was given, however, and the thing settled, but no sooner was it thus settled than she became as her servants expressed it, 'so cross there was no living in the house with her.' Nothing went right, nothing pleased her. She was indignant at being congratulated, and vexed when she was not. Mr. Langtree saw that this irritation of spirit would not subside until the marriage was over, and therefore backed Mr. Rives in his petition for naming an early day; and Fanny being only in too great a hurry to get away and take refuge in her own house, the affair was soon arranged, the wedding over and Fanny gone.

Mrs. Robinson sat down and cried heartily as the bridal carriages drove off, but whether her tears were shed for Fanny or herself she could not perhaps have told, even while she wept. It was the termination of many a bright dream and brilliant vision, the rainbow ending in the shower.

A few weeks had passed away, and Mrs. Robinson and Mr. Langtree were to dine with Fanny. Her husband expected several strangers; and this being her first dinner, was, of course, quite an event in her domestic economy. But, alas! when it made its appearance, that it was the *first* was very evident. The soup was miserable, the fish half-boiled. Roast turkey boldly faced roast venison, and the currant jelly was forgotten. In short, it was a dinner of mistakes. Mr. Rives cast an expressive look, half-distress and half-reproach, at his young wife, who colored crimson, and in her embarrassment said, 'No thank you,'—not hearing what was said, to some one who asked her to take wine.

She left the table, mentally resolving to get a book on Cookery before she slept; and

never again to trust her husband's temper or her own comfort to the native skill of a new cook.

'Well, Fanny,' said Mrs. Robinson to her daughter, after they withdrew to the drawing-room, 'I think your husband must have been proud to hear you conversing at the head of your table to foreigners in their own language.'

'He might have been,' she replied, sorrowfully, 'if he had not been so ashamed of the dinner—but I rather think, if he had said frankly what he thought, he would have said "there was no accomplishment like cooking."'

'Mr. Rives did not expect to find a cook in my daughter,' said Mrs. Robinson, haughtily.

'No, certainly not,' replied the young wife; 'but every mistress of a family should know how to *direct*, and *that* I mean to set about learning at once. Ah! Uncle Charles,' she continued, as her mother turned away, 'do you remember how often I used to say that I should be glad to be married, if it were only to be done with my education, and here I am just beginning, at the useful part of it at least. You would laugh at me of an evening, stitching coarse wristbands and cutting up old calico for the sake of learning how to sew and shape.'

'Take comfort, Fanny,' said her uncle kindly, 'these things are easily learnt; and though your husband was mortified to-day, depend upon it, he would have been more so if everything had been perfect on the table, and his wife had shown herself a mere domestic drudge.'

'That is true,' said Fanny, brightening, 'and, as you say, it is easily learnt. What comes *au naturel* comes readily.'

'Fanny seems very happy,' said Mr. Langtree, as he walked home with Mrs. Robinson.

'Yes,' she answered, 'very; but her tone was so dispirited and sad, that her brother saw that the conviction gave her little comfort, for though Fanny was happy, it was not in her way, and she could not comprehend the fact.'

'And what should you ask more,' continued he, 'than her happiness? You did all you could to give her other tastes, but she is as God made her.'

'I know what you have always thought,' said Mrs. Robinson; 'and though in some particulars I may have erred, yet upon the whole, I think I have been in the right. Without all the pains and education that have been bestowed upon Fanny she would have been, it must be confessed, very homespun.'

'There is a great deal in that,' replied Mr. Langtree, more struck than he had ever

been before by any argument of his sister in favor of her views; 'but after all nature is a good model. Cultivation improves, forcing spoils her. Children are like plants—the sun and air and some pruning, and a fair opportunity, are what they require; but *forced* fruits and flowers have no second bloom or racy flavor, and I think the present system of cramming produces parallel effects.'

The "Rape of the Lock,"—a Random Shot.

"There is nothing like my 'wide range'—only try it!"
CAPTAIN WARNER.

"ALAS! alas! how true it is," says the author of the "Lovers' Own Book," an amusing miniature tome which has raised several smiles on our cheek during its perusal,—“how true it is, that those who are most endeared to each other are generally the most quarrelsome on occasions! I have myself been an eye-witness to the truth of my remarks; but though I have endeavored to reconcile the parties, I always found I was 'one too many.' Lovers will have their quarrels, it is true; but they will 'confess' to themselves and to none other. And then, how sweet a moment is that which brings about a reconciliation! Both parties seem astonished at their folly, and cannot but wonder how they came to quarrel! * * However, there are some exceptions to every rule. I remember an instance of two young persons, something more than twenty years ago, whose innocent flirtations while they lasted, afforded me infinite amusement. The lady, who lived at Exeter, was in every sense of the word 'an angel,'—of a sweet temper, an obliging disposition, and beautiful countenance; indeed she was *the* favorite, go where she might. Her swain, an ardent youth, doated on the very ground she walked on, and never seemed to be in his right senses unless he was in her company. It so happened that the young lady 'cultivated' a beautiful lock of hair (oh! how magnificently it curled!), which hung pendant over her snow-white neck, and which excited, as well it might, the envy of all her admirers (and they were by no means few, for *all* who saw her could not help loving her). Now it was well understood by all, that this 'curl' was sacred, and that it was death by the law for any unhallowed hand to approach it. And this law was like that of the Medes and Persians,—it altered not. * * However, one fatal evening (I positively tremble at the recital), our love-sick, doating gentleman, despising all restraint and dying to possess this luxuriant 'forbidden fruit,' watched his opportunity. A pair of small scissors, as ill luck would have it, lay upon the table. He seized them, his brain reeled; and scarce knowing what he did, or where he was, he suddenly found the 'prize' *his*! He was in the immediate and positive possession of that, which, while it remained *in statu quo* was beautiful to behold; but now, the 'charm' was broken, and *he*, conscience-stricken, an object for intense pity! The storm was not long gathering (I feel sick at the recital); it fell—and great was the fall thereof. * * * It was at the least two months after this, before a recon-

ciliation took place; and then, only a very partial one. The lady indeed 'said' she forgave, but she never *forgot* the injury; and her unhappy admirer, quitting the scene of his by-gone Elysian days, betook himself to the south of France. * * By this, my male readers will see that it is 'dangerous' to play with 'edged tools;' and they will, it is hoped, take timely warning. My friend did indeed love! 'He loved, not wisely—but too well.'"

[As it is impossible to say who does, and who does not read OUR JOURNAL, let us, should this fair lady chance to be living, and among those who peruse our weekly lucubrations, urge her to *forgive* the unhappy youth,—if perchance he also survives. Then will he die "happy." There is an air of *truth* in the foregoing extract, that savors much of the "romance of real life;" and we should indeed like to be the means of effecting at least a reconciliation *in feeling* between the parties,—if nothing more. The office of an intercessor is a kindly one. May the arrow, drawn from our bow at a venture, hit the mark!]

How to Destroy Fleas.

"OUR Bob," says Mr. Henslow, of Hitcham, "clever dog as he is at a rat, cannot contrive to rid himself of fleas. Partly Scotch terrier, and partly undefined mongrel, he is short-necked and short-legged as a turnspit. In spring and autumn, more especially, the fleas take up their quarters in two positions; one along his back, and the other on his chest, where they increase and multiply to an extent sufficient to make the life of Bob very uncomfortable. I recommended some *sweet oil* (any oil would have answered) to be poured over the infested parts, and rubbed in with a rag, knowing how instantly fatal such an application would be to insect life. The application succeeded perfectly. I am told, the dead fleas tumbled out by scores; and hundreds fell off him as the rubbing proceeded. He was afterwards washed with a solution of common soda, in order to get rid of the oil; and Bob has assumed the air of a *decidedly comfortable dog* ever since."

Love's Good-morrow.

Shine brightly through her casement, sun;
Thou gale, soft odors bring her;
Ye merry birds that hail the day,
Your *sweetest music* sing her;
Smile, nature, on her, as she wakes,
And hide all sights of sorrow;
And have no sounds but those of joy
To bid my love—GOOD MORROW!

Good morrow to those lustrous eyes,
With bright good humor beaming!
Good morrow to those ruddy lips,
Where smiles are ever teeming!
Good morrow to that happy face,
Undimm'd as yet by sorrow!
Long be thy head as free from care—
Good morrow, love—GOOD MORROW!

A Song for March.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

The Dormouse hath waked from his winter sleep;
 And the Squirrel is springing from bough to bough;
 And the Mole is at work in his caverns deep,
 Unhurt by the shares of the delving plough;
 The song of a bird
 Is now and then heard,
 As the sunshine falls on the leafless woods;
 And the boughs, though bare,
 Give here and there
 A glorious promise of crimson buds.

Now one by one, in the meads so green,
 The silver daisies their eyes uncloze;
 From its icy bonds set free, between
 The sprouting alders the streamlet flows—
 Singing a song
 The whole day long,
 To spread the glad tidings on every hand;
 The winter is gone,
 The spring cometh on—
 And the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.

Every day and every hour,
 New shapes of beauty the eye beholds—
 As the sun shines out with greater power,
 The green blade springs, and the bud unfolds;
 Down, far down,
 'Neath the surface brown,
 What a busy stir of life is there!
 Seed and root
 Expand and shoot,
 Making their way to the light and air.

"No more slumber, and no more rest,
 There's a work to do, and a race to run;
 Sluggards may sleep if it like them best,
 We must away to meet the sun;
 To deck the hills,
 To shade the rills,
 And to cover the vales with waving grain;
 With leaves to shield,
 Ripe fruits to yield,
 To please the sense, and the life sustain."

"No more slumber, and no more rest,
 (Such is the song all nature sings)
 Till the Autumn sun sinks in the golden west,
 And the birds sit mute with folded wings;"
 For even forth
 To the icy north,
 A voice hath gone which saith—"Arise!
 Deck earth anew,
 With every hue
 Which she wore in her eastern Paradise!"

Such is the song that all nature sings;
 Shall man be idle, shall man be mute?
 While flying, and swimming, and creeping things,
 The coldest clod, and the dullest brute,
 Now straight begin
 To delve and spin,
 And to do the works which they have to do;
 And obey the call
 Which biddeth all
 The pre-appointed path pursue!

Coral Zoophytes.

THE flora of the tropics has ever been a theme for admiration, but the ocean can boast of a garden equally gorgeous and varied. In a very able Paper on Coral Zoophytes, by James D. Dana, Esq., there is the following description of a sight so novel and beautiful, that it realises the glowing scenes of fairy tales:—"Zoophytes imitate nearly every variety of vegetation. Trees of coral are well known; and, although not emulating in size the oaks of our forests, for they do not exceed six or eight feet in height, they are gracefully branched, and the whole surface blooms with coral polypes in place of leaves and flowers. Shrubbery, tufts of rushes, beds of pinks and feathery mosses, are most exactly imitated. Many species spread out in broad leaves, or folia, and resemble some large-leaved plant just unfolding. When alive, the surface of each leaf is covered with polypi flowers. The cactus—the lichen clinging to the rock—and the fungus in all its varieties, have their numerous representatives. Besides these forms imitating vegetation, there are gracefully modelled vases, some of which are three or four feet in diameter, made up of a network of branches and branchlets and sprigs of flowers. There are also solid coral hemispheres, like domes among the vases and shrubbery, occasionally ten, or even twenty, feet in diameter, whose symmetrical surface is gorgeously decked with polypi stars of purple and emerald green.

A "Love" Song.

When LOVE came first to Earth, the Spring
 Spread rose-buds to receive him;
 And back he vow'd his flight he'd wing
 To heaven, if she should leave him.

But Spring departing, saw his faith
 Pledg'd to the next new comer—
 He revell'd in the warmer breath
 And richer bowers of Summer.

Then sportive Autumn claim'd by rights
 An archer for her lover;
 And e'en in Winter's dark cold nights
 A charm he could discover.

Her routs, and balls, and fireside joy,
 For this time were his reasons—
 In short, young LOVE's a gallant boy,
 That likes ALL TIMES AND SEASONS.

EPISTOLARY PROOFS OF ARDENT AFFECTION.
 —St. Valentine's day was a very busy day in the Post-office. Up to five o'clock in the evening 200,000 letters, over and above the ordinary daily average, had passed through the Post-office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, the total number amounting to nearly 400,000, the postage realised being £1,500. Qy.—How many heads have been turned thereby,—and how many hearts broken?

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KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

A LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, AND INSTRUCTIVE FAMILY PAPER.

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AUTHOR OF THE FAMILIAR AND POPULAR ESSAYS ON "NATURAL HISTORY;" "BRITISH SONG BIRDS;" "BIRDS OF PASSAGE;" "INSTINCT AND REASON;"
"THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS," &c.

"THE OBJECT OF OUR WORK IS TO MAKE MEN WISER, WITHOUT OBLIGING THEM TO TURN OVER FOLIOS AND QUARTOS.—TO FURNISH MATTER FOR THINKING AS WELL AS READING."—EVELYN.

No. 13.—1852.

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PERSECUTED ANIMALS.

An Apology for various supposed Injurious Creatures.—No. I.

By BEVERLEY R. MORRIS, Esq., A.B., M.D.

THE right which man possesses, and has exercised from the earliest times, of destroying such animals as were injurious to himself or his works, directly or indirectly, has never I think been denied him; and will not be questioned in the following remarks. How far it has, in certain cases, been proved that an actual injury has been committed, or how far that injury may have been counterbalanced, or over-balanced, by other actions decidedly beneficial to man, may I think fairly and usefully be a subject of inquiry; and it is in this spirit that I am desirous of treating the matter in hand. In order to do this as fairly as possible, I shall endeavor to base and support my arguments upon facts observed by others rather than by myself.

The subject I am entering on is one of great extent; and as it would make these observations far too long were I to go fully into it, I shall be compelled to make such a selection from a vast mass of materials, as I trust may sufficiently illustrate the object I have in view, and induce those who may be interested in it to carry it out more fully.

It may be objected, that so much having been already written on both sides of this question, my taking it up is superfluous. To this I answer, that the same argument would apply to numerous authors whose labors have been anything but unproductive, —possibly from their putting the arguments in a different dress, and so making them more agreeable, either to readers in general, or possibly only to some particular class. Should my remarks excite or encourage a spirit of humanity, even in one single individual, I shall consider that fact a sufficient answer to the objection. If, on the contrary, I should not be so fortunate, I can

only regret that the subject has not fallen into abler hands.

It is not my intention to consider this matter in connection with those animals which are destructive to human life, as I think there can be no doubt, not only of the right, but also of the necessity for their destruction. I rather propose to examine the cases of those that are, in a minor degree, believed to act injuriously on man's comfort, or on his means of support. In doing this, I shall commence with those usually supposed to rank highest in the scale of animated nature—I mean the mammalia—gradually descending to those which occupy an inferior position in the same extended line.

As I wish my observations to be somewhat of a practical nature, I shall confine myself to animals which are indigenous to Great Britain; and I regret to find that, without going beyond our own shores, I shall find far more than a sufficient number of creatures that I believe to be persecuted, not only without cause, but many of them in direct opposition to our own interests. Taking the usual arrangement of the *mammalia*, I think I may almost pass over the *Vespertilio-nidæ*, or bat family; for, although they are occasionally hunted by boys, I do not think they are generally persecuted as injurious animals; their utility in destroying numerous insects is too well known to allow of a general persecution of their race.

The first animal then which I shall notice is—

The HEDGEHOG (*Erinaceus Europæus*),

which has suffered a long and determined persecution, mostly on account of faults which he never committed. We here allude more especially to the fable of his sucking cows. How this ever got into general circulation, we are quite unable even to offer a conjecture. That it did so, however, the poor hedgehog has proved by bitter experience, and has left thousands of dead but

faithful witnesses by every road-side. No doubt milk would be an agreeable article of diet to him, should he find it placed in his way; but the impossibility of his *sucking* cows, should long ago have put a stop to his persecution on this account by the farmers. Ignorance alone can account for its long continuance. That the hedgehog will eat eggs, and possibly even a young bird occasionally, I do not deny; but the amount of injury committed in this way is very trifling, and far more than compensated for by the innumerable insects consumed by it, as its usual food, for nine-tenths of its time. If the stomach be examined, it will *generally* be found filled with insects, snails, frogs, some succulent roots, and other vegetable substances. In addition to these articles of food, Dr. Buckland has stated that it destroys snakes; having named these, we have, we believe, named its usual diet for most of its time; and the great amount of actual good done by it will, we trust, in future be considered at least as an equivalent for any occasional slight and trivial damage it may do, and which, we believe, to be to so small an extent as to be altogether undeserving of notice. Its habits and manners are extremely interesting, and will well repay any one who attempts to investigate them. Articles of food, however, which it will consume in a state of domestication, should not be set down as its natural diet in a wild state. We merely name this as a caution, knowing that mistakes of this kind have been made, to the manifest injury of the little hedgehog.

We shall next speak of

The MOLE (*Talpa vulgaris*).

This curious and persevering little miner has many enemies to contend against, and has endured a more determined persecution from man than any other creature that we are acquainted with. A more harmless and inoffensive, nay, a more useful little creature, we do not know. All his life, he is going about doing good, often to those who make his destruction their constant endeavor so long as he remains in their inhospitable vicinity. It always grieves us to see a mole-tree; to see the bodies often of scores of these little fellows hung, as it were, *in terrorem*, for the benefit, we may presume, of their living brethren. The farmer who sanctions this wholesale destruction, little knows that the real object the army of moles, which invaded his land, had in view, was the destruction of a still larger army of the grubs, which are the *larvæ* of various insects. Among these may be specified that of the common cockchafer, a large grub, some two inches long, and proportionally thick, which remains in this state several years, and does, if unmolested,

serious injury to the crops by preying on the roots. The food of the mole consists of grubs of all kinds, worms and insects, and frequently of slugs. This last item in his dietary I give on the authority of a writer in *London's Magazine*, vol. viii., p. 227, who says, "It has been observed, in Selkirkshire, that where the moles have been nearly extirpated, upon the Duke of Buccleugh's pasture farms, slugs have increased to such a degree as to render it probable that they really consume a great proportion of the herbage. On the pasture land of other proprietors, where the moles are not destroyed, the slugs are certainly not so numerous, not more so than usual. Now, it is well known, whatever may be the reason, and no other can be thought of, that the grounds upon which the moles are destroyed do not keep so many sheep as formerly when the moles were not destroyed." When the moles have cleared the land of the depredators which infested them, they at once migrate to some other field requiring similar assistance. *They never remain in land that is not infested with grubs.* For our part, we should hail with delight the advent of moles to any land of ours; well knowing that our future crops would be largely benefited by the labors of those grub-destroying animals, and that the trifling inconvenience arising from the certainly unsightly mole-hills, is infinitely overbalanced by the positive good effected. These very mole-hills too, if spread on the land, form a good top dressing; and in wet situations, the runs of the moles assist in draining the ground—so that an indirect benefit is thus also obtained.

Our next subject will be

The BADGER (*Meles vulgaris*).

The days of badger-baiting are, we trust, in this country extinct; but still, the fact of a badger being found is a signal for its destruction by a large number of people. We believe this animal to be a very harmless creature, and should greatly regret the extinction of the only British representative of its family. Nothing, however, can justify the cruelty which has usually attended the death of this pretty and interesting creature. If the destruction of any animal is necessary, let it take place with as little unnecessary cruelty as possible, and without the moral debasement which is the necessary consequence of making the torture of any of God's creatures a subject of sport. The badger feeds on roots, fruits of various kinds, insects, and the smaller field animals, frogs, and occasionally (for truth must be told), on the eggs and young of game birds. As however it is only in retired places that the badger is found in any numbers, the amount of injury in this way must be very trifling, and we know some game preservers who

consider it so slight, that they will not allow this curious creature to be molested. The interest which attaches to it, as the only *Plantigrade* animal indigenous to Britain, should also induce us to afford it some protection. We are convinced, that the trifling amount of injury done is more than equalled by the direct advantage arising from its destruction of the smaller animals and insects.

BIRDS OF SONG.*

Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart,
Something to LOVE, to rest upon,—to clasp
AFFECTION'S tendrils round.—MRS. HEMANS.

No. III.—CAGE BIRDS.—THE CANARY.

PREVIOUS to entering on the universally-interesting subject of "Cage Birds," and speaking of each individually, we wish to offer one or two passing observations which deserve attention.

We have as yet, been writing of birds in a state of freedom—rambling through the woods and the fields, and listening to their voices with delight. This subject we shall continue to pursue, as usual, in another part of our paper; but in this division, we are pledged to a lower flight.

"A change, then, now comes o'er the spirit of our dream—"

We turn from the land of liberty, and have henceforward to speak of those little prisoners *only* whose fate "for better for worse" is more immediately in the hands of a master, a mistress, a servant, or a child. Before proceeding one step further, we beg again most earnestly to protest against any song bird being entrusted to the tender mercies of the two latter. Servants, in particular, are notoriously thoughtless, careless, and indifferent; children (as we all know but too well) are, in addition, too often remorselessly cruel.

Most of our pet birds owe their immediate death to neglect. To speak within compass, one-third of them, at least, perish from starvation. Herein lies a great moral evil, which cannot be too loudly nor too frequently spoken against. If people would but reflect for a moment, they surely would never be guilty of such a *sin*—for sin it is. *Verbum sat.*

In the first place, we would suggest that, before purchasing any cages, due regard should be paid to their being of a proper size, and in every respect adapted to the comfort and convenience of the intended occupant. This is a most important consi-

deration. We have very frequently seen birds hung outside a window, with an open top, and with open sides to their cages—admitting not only the scorching rays of a meridian sun, but strong eddies of wind, and drenching showers. Many a bird falls sick from such gross neglect; and however fine his song may have been, it will, if he be thus exposed, soon be for ever silenced or ruined.*

In no one instance is this unpardonable neglect more observable than in the case of the sky-lark—the very prince of our songsters. He unfortunately has the reputation of being a "hardy" bird, and therefore is hung out of the window, as we may see daily, the first time the sun shines; and in a cage with open wires on both sides! The currents of air passing the live-long day through the cage, over his head, and against his breast (the pressure of which he frequently cannot withstand), are enough to ruin his constitution and his song for ever. The natural consequence of this exposure is, the bird gets puffy, and his voice becomes wiry, husky, and hoarse. He may rather be said to shriek than to sing; melody there is none. It is truly wonderful to observe the almost universal practice prevailing in this matter. It is not less impolitic than it is cruel.

Nothing can be more easy than to obviate all this. If one side of the cage were of wood, projecting the entire length of the front, and the other of wire—the birds would get plenty of air, and be snugly protected from the wind. If it were considered necessary to make them "hardy," by leaving them out in all weathers—a hideous fallacy—they would then find a sheltered corner in which to take refuge from the storm.

We have had sky-larks in full song for fourteen years; and we have always treated them in this way. People have said, they could not possibly imagine how we got our birds to live so long. The fact is, they would not take any trouble about their birds; nor would

* The evils of this extreme folly and thoughtless cruelty, have been visible for years past in the court leading directly from Parliament Street to the foot of Westminster Bridge. Here we have frequently stopped to listen to the voices of the larks, robins, and other birds, which have been exposed during all weathers and all seasons. We hardly need remark, that these poor creatures, some of them originally of first-rate excellence, have from time to time fearfully degenerated in value,—their voices being husky, and their so-called song (or, rather, shrieking) positively disagreeable to listen to. How often have we beheld them shivering before the bitter blasts of winter; trembling in the wind, and exciting the pity of passers-by! And how often have we felt a wish to see their cruel master suspended in their stead!

* REPRINTED, with many New and Important Additions, from the *Gardeners' Chronicle* Newspaper.

they think how best they might contrive to keep them well, and make them happy in their confinement. When they died, as the saying is, "there was an end of them," and their places were quickly supplied with others. Miserable bird-fanciers, these!

Nor is due attention to the proper sizes of your cages the only thing required. The birds' perches must be well arranged, and so fixed as not to interfere one with the other. By no other method can you keep them, and consequently your birds' feet, clean. The water, too, must be changed in summer twice daily; and the seed looked to every morning. The gravelly sand, also, must be changed thrice weekly, and the birds' claws kept neatly cut.

In the matter of food, we should recommend a constant variety, in addition to the regular diet—such as egg, boiled hard; lettuce, chickweed, groundsel, &c.; but no sugar. A little CLIFFORD'S German paste, now and then, mixed with grated stale bun, is an agreeable change for your canaries, goldfinches, and linnets.

Au reste,—let your good sense be in active exercise day by day. Observation will tell you what your birds like, and what deranges their stomach. They are easily pleased, and as readily tamed. If you study *them*, they will study *you*. Above all, remember to keep them in every respect as clean, and give them as much change of air and scene as you would your own children. They will render you in return the affection of a child.

It would be quite unnecessary to travel out of our road to select any particular songster to commence with; as ALL will receive due notice in turn. However, as the *Canary* is associated with our earliest and happiest reminiscences, and as certain of his tribe have been our constant companions from boyhood upwards, we feel inclined to give *him* precedence over all others. Our first consideration will therefore be of

THE CANARY.

Of all cage birds, this appears to be the general favorite. There are very few families, comparatively speaking, in which he is not to be found domesticated. Nor is it to be wondered at; for his natural disposition is to be friendly and affectionate, and he will sing anywhere.

Although originally a native of the Canary Islands, the canary has been so long naturalised in this country, that he may truly be pronounced an English bird. When first introduced here, he was very tender, delicate, and difficult to rear; but the race are now robust, and among the heartiest of the feathered tribe if properly tended. They

will even live in our gardens, and breed in the open air, as we propose to show in a distinct article at an early day. This is a most important feature in the natural history of the canary.

The great marts which supply London and the provinces with canaries, are Norfolk, and some parts of Yorkshire. The Norwich birds are celebrated for their high color, and freeness of song; also for their liveliness and trim plumage. They are, however, very tender, and apt to fall sick. The Yorkshire birds are splendid songsters; but they are not handsome, either in form or plumage, and their colors are bad; neither are they so lively as the Norwich birds. However, their voices are infinitely finer, they sing more steadily, and with more harmony, while their constitution is wonderfully strong.

These birds arrive in considerable numbers—very many thousands of them in one week, immediately before the season of Christmas. They are sent to the written order of the various dealers in London, who await their arrival at the railway stations, and attend to their little wants immediately they are delivered into their safe custody. The principal dealers reside in Great St. Andrew Street, Holborn, and its immediate vicinity. All persons who are anxious to secure *good* birds should pay an early visit here; but we must advise *great caution* as to where and with whom they deal.

The best time to select your birds is by gas-light. They will be found all ranged in cages round a large square room. To keep them in a state of excitement, a quantity of peas are placed in a wooden box, which is then rattled violently backwards and forwards. This noise, for it is nothing better, puts the birds on their highest mettle; and every one of them, resolved on not being outdone, sings bravely against his fellow. This is the time to test your judgment. If you have a fine ear, and a quick eye, you will readily detect the best songster of the lot. Do not be in a hurry, but show a state of the utmost repose; neither let the dealer know where your heart is set. Take at least half an hour before you finally decide. Sometimes a very extraordinary song-bird has a damaged tail, and an otherwise defective plumage. This is *nothing*, if he be in other respects perfect. By drawing his feathers, you can quickly reinstate his beauty. Three short weeks will suffice to regenerate him entirely. By proper management you may pick out a first-rate bird, at a cost not exceeding a crown-piece. If we might advise, we should say, sacrifice color to accomplishments—you will never repent it. Nature seldom gives us rare beauty and great accomplishments united.

When you have selected your birds, one or more, and looked to their legs and feet, to

see that they are healthy and perfect, *on no account allow the dealer to touch them*, or remove them from their cages. Pay him a deposit on the cages, and take the birds away in your hand. You should previously have prepared a local habitation for them at home, well furnished with seed and water; and have nothing to wait for on your arrival. When introducing them into their new residences, do not remove them with your hand, but open the door of the new cage, placing the old one *dos-à-dos* against it. Station a lighted candle in front, and your little prisoners will hop in cheerfully, well pleased at the change—for their late cramped and ill-savored abode will have had little charms for them. We shall speak of the proper-sized cages, &c. anon.

It will be desirable to hang them up at once, in the place you intend them to occupy. If purchased at the season we have spoken of, the chances are—they will sing within ten minutes after they have been caged off. The best trait in the character of a canary is—he will sing, place him where you may. These birds very seldom show a sulkiness of disposition; and even if they should occasionally do so, a single hempseed, or a morsel of chickweed, would set all to rights in a moment. An amiability of disposition is herein shown, which should put some of us to the blush. Intellect does not always confer wisdom.

(To be Continued Weekly.)

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

"He who opposes his own judgment against the consent of the times, ought to be backed with UNANSWERABLE TRUTHS; and he who has TRUTH on his side is a tool, as well as a Coward, if he is afraid to own it because of the currency or multitude of OTHER MEN'S OPINIONS."—DEFOE.

No. V.—THE LIFE OF DR. GALL.

I COME at last to the means, which have served me most in the determination of the independence of the natural qualities; and I begin by pointing out more clearly the seat of the organs. It is necessary, first, to show and to examine the means by which we discover the seat of the organs. Among these means I cite,

1. The discovery of certain elevations or certain depressions, when there are determined qualities. I mark here the course which it is necessary to follow in like researches.
2. The existence of certain qualities together with the existence of certain protuberances.
3. A collection of models in plaster.
4. A collection of skulls.

We shall find many difficulties with regard to human skulls: you know how every one fears for his own head: how many stories were told about ME, when I undertook such researches! Men unhappily, have such an opinion of themselves, that each one believes I am watching for *his* head, as one of the most important objects of

my collection! Nevertheless, I have not been able to collect more than twenty in the space of three years, if I except those that I have taken in the hospitals, or in the asylum for idiots! If I had not been supported by a man who knows how to protect science, and to consult prejudices, by a man justly and universally esteemed for his qualities of mind, and for his character—I should not have been able, in spite of all my labors, to collect even a few miserable specimens.

There are those, indeed, who do not wish that even their dogs and monkeys should be placed in my collection after their death. It would be very agreeable to me, however, if persons would send me the heads of animals, of which they have observed well the characters; for example, of a dog, who would eat only what he had stolen; one who could find his master at a great distance; heads of monkeys, parrots, or other rare animals, with the histories of their lives, which ought to be written after their death, lest they should contain too much flattery. I wish you could establish the fashion; for every kind of genius should make me the heir of his head. Then, indeed, [I will answer for it with mine own], we should see in ten years a splendid edifice, for which at present I only collect materials; it would be assuredly dangerous for a Casner, a Kant, a Wieland, and other like celebrated men, if the exterminating angel of David were placed under my order; but, with Christian patience, I shall wait the tardy will of Providence.

However, in the meantime, my dear Retzer, look a little with me into futurity, and see assembled the choice spirits of men of past ages; how they will mutually congratulate each other, for each minute portion of utility and pleasure, which each one of them has contributed for the happiness of men. Why has no one preserved for us, the skulls of Homer, Ovid, Virgil, Cicero, Hippocrates, Boërhaave, Alexander, Frederick, Joseph II., Catharine, Locke, Bacon, and others?—what ornaments for the beautiful temples of the muses!

I come now to the fifth means.

5. Phenomena of the Diseases and Lesions of the Brain. I have also much to say on this subject. The most important is, the entirely new doctrine of the different kinds of insanity, and the means of cure, all supported *by facts*. If all my researches should only conduct me to *this* result, I should deem myself sufficiently rewarded for my labors. If men of sense will not thank me, I ought at least to be sure of the thanks of fools.

6. The sixth means for discovering the seat of the organs, consists in examining the integral parts of different brains and their relations, always comparatively with the different faculties and the different propensities.

7. I come at last to one of my favorite subjects, the gradual scale of perfections.

Here I imagine that I am a Jupiter, who beholds from above his animal kingdom crowding upon the earth. Think a little of the immense space which I am going to pass through:—from the zoophyte to the simple polypus, up to the philosopher and the theosophist! I shall

hazard, like you, gentlemen poets, some perilous leaps. In setting out I shall create only irritable vessels; then I add nerves and the hermaphrodite nature; then Beings who merit something better, who can unite, and look around upon the world by the organs of sense. I make an arrangement of powers and instruments, and divide them according to my pleasure; I create insects, birds, fishes, mammalia. I make lap-dogs for your ladies, and horses for your beaux; and for myself, Men—that is to say, fools and philosophers, poets and historians, theologians and naturalists. I end then with Man, as Moses told you long before. I give you the language of signs, or natural language, that you may amuse yourselves, and that if any mute should be found, there may be for him one other language besides that of speech. I assure you, that, although no one has thought of acknowledging it, I have not been able to effect this, but by putting in communication, in a strange manner, your body, and your muscles with your cerebral organs.

The first section of the second part being here finished, I ought to beg my readers to examine all that I have said, so that they may be more convinced of the truth of my first principles, which I have explained in a superficial manner; but I think that he who is so blind as not to see by the light of the sun, will not do better by the additional light of a candle.

The second section contains various subjects.

1. Of National Heads.

Here I agree in some measure with Helvetius, whom I have heretofore contradicted. I shall, perhaps, fall out with Blumenbach, Camper, and Scemmering, although I gladly confess that I am not certain respecting it. You may nevertheless perceive, why some of our brethren cannot count more than three,—why others cannot conceive the difference between *meum* and *tuum*,—why lasting peace among men will be always but a dream.

2. Of the difference between the Heads of Men and Women.

That which I *could* say on this subject must remain *entre nous*. We know very well that the heads of the women are difficult to unravel.

3. On Physiognomy.

I shall show here that I am nothing less than a physiognomist. I rather think, that the wise men have baptized the child before it was born; they call me craniologist, and the science which I discovered, craniology; but, in the first place, all learned words displease me; next, this is not one applicable to my profession, nor one which really designates it.

The object of my researches is the Brain. The cranium is only a faithful cast of the external surface of the brain, and is consequently but a minor part of the principal object. This title then is as inapplicable as would be that of maker of rhymes to a poet.

Lastly, I cite several examples to give to my readers something to examine, so that they may judge, not by principles alone, but also by facts,

how much they can hope from the effect of these discoveries. You know, without doubt, my dear friend, how much strictness I observe in my comparisons.

If, for example, I do not find in *good horse*, the same signification as in *good dog*, and if I do not find in this the same as in *good cook*, or *good philosopher*, and if it is not in the same relation to each of these individuals,—the sign or word is of no value to me; for I admit no exceptions in the works of nature.

Finally, I would warn my disciples against a rash use of my doctrine, by pointing out many of its difficulties. On the other hand, I shall get rid of many doubters.

Allow me, at present, to touch upon two important defects in my work. First, it would have been my duty and my interest to conform more to the spirit of the age; I ought to have maintained, that we could absolutely ascertain by the form of the skull and the head, all the faculties and all the propensities, without exception; I ought to have given more isolated experiments, as being a hundred times repeated; I ought to have made of the whole, one speculative study, and not to submit my doctrine, as I have done, to so many investigations and comparisons; I should not ask of the world so much preparatory knowledge and perseverance; I ought to have mounted Parnassus upon Pegasus, and not upon a tortoise. Where is the charm or the interest of a science, *so hard to acquire*? The premature sentences which have been pronounced, the jokes and squibs which have been let off at my expense, even before my intention or my object was known, *prove that men do not wait for research*, in order to draw their conclusions.

I remark, in the second place, I have not sufficiently appreciated the *à priori*—that is to say, the philosophy which is to be founded upon the *à priori*. I have had the weakness in this, to judge others by myself; for that which I have considered as well established by my logic, I have invariably found incomplete or erroneous. It was always difficult for me to reason soundly upon the experiments which I make, as well as upon those made by others, although I am persuaded that I can collect truths only on the highway of experience. It is possible nevertheless, very possible, that others may have a more favorable organisation than I have, to arrive at knowledge *à priori*; but you will do me the justice not to insist upon my entering the lists with other arms than my own.

In 1796, Dr. Gall commenced giving courses of Lectures at Vienna. Several of his hearers, as well as others, who had never heard him lecture, published notices of his doctrines, and have represented them with greater or less exactness. Among the better class, the following deserve to be noticed:—

FRORIEP.—Who has printed an Exposition of the Doctrine of Dr. Gall.—*3rd Edition*, 1802.

MARTENS.—“*Quelque chose sur la Physiognomie*.”—*Leipzig*, 1802.

WALTHER.—“*Exposition critique de la Doctrine de Gall, avec quelques Particularités concernant son Auteur*.”—*Zurich*, 1802.

Having continued his lectures for five years, on the 9th January, 1802, the Austrian Government issued an order that they should cease; his doctrines being considered *dangerous to religion!* A General Regulation was made upon the occasion, prohibiting all private lectures, unless a special permission was obtained from the Public Authorities. Dr. Gall understood the object of this "General Regulation," and never solicited permission, but rather stopped his courses. The doctrines, however, continued to be studied with greater zeal than before;—the prohibition strongly stimulated curiosity, and all publications on the subject continued to be permitted, provided they abstained from reflecting on the Government for issuing the "general order."

(To be Continued Weekly.)

ELECTRO-BIOLOGY.

DR. CARPENTER'S LECTURE.

THE exposure we recently made of the various (Darling) pseudo-doctors, such as Moan, Frisk, Disc, &c., &c., who have been practising the "black art," under the guise of "science," has had its beneficial effect; and we rejoice to say that the public are becoming daily more wary. They do *not* flock in crowds, as they used to do, to see nervous people frightened—literally "bullied" into the belief that things are what they are not; neither do they receive all as true that is attempted to be foisted upon them by these wretched, wandering humbugs, who live, we blush to say, by preying on the weaknesses of their fellow men, and who prostitute science to gain their evil ends. Their day, thank God, is nearly over.

We have recently had an opportunity of hearing a Lecture by Dr. Carpenter, at the Royal Institution, on Biology. What a treat was it, to hear a man of sense, education, and really scientific attainments, treat upon the phenomena of the human mind; and rationally show, by argument and proof, that these counterfeit men of science were just what we have called them,—abject humbugs. We cannot follow the lecturer, nor is it needful, through all his beautiful remarks; but we may express our great delight in hearing him assimilate certain newly-discovered phenomena to what we call absence of mind; this he humorously illustrated by referring to the late Dr. Hamilton, of Aberdeen, author of an "Essay on the National Debt" (a subject, we should say, *weighty* enough to cause absence of mind in any sensible man). This gentleman would sometimes meet his own wife, admire her as a fair stranger, be polite to her, and cordially "hope that by and by they should be better acquainted," &c., &c. He would also, when thus abstracted, run against a cow, take off his hat, apologise, and hope her ladyship was not hurt, &c. These mental abstractions were noticed with a view to explain certain disputed points, and place them in a clear light.

Dr. Carpenter also showed, that the mind of the operator was not altogether dominant over the mind of the 'subject' that was in the abnormal state; but confined to *one* particular operation

on the mind only. Neither was it, he said, necessary for the mind of the operator to be always intent upon the nature of the effect he was about to produce. He might be full of mirth, and his patient might be full of thought, &c. We also liked his expression of a man being, under certain circumstances, a "thinking automaton."

Dr. Carpenter finally explained, by demonstration, the system of the brain; and thus satisfactorily accounted for certain effects produced upon certain sensitive individuals. This branch of the Lecture, and indeed all parts of it, was listened to with breathless delight by a very numerous auditory; and it afforded us much pleasure to see many of our fair countrywomen present, whose interested feelings appeared hardly less earnest than those of the assembled *savans*. Let us hope that these Lectures will be often repeated. Then will our dishonest quacks, who now degrade science by their charlatanism, be for ever silenced; and die unpitied, uncared for.

We need only observe, that Dr. Carpenter did not operate upon any living subjects, with a view to produce an *ad captandum* effect. This he wisely left for the travelling "doctors"—mountebanks who can only exist by imposture. SCIENCE wants no such defenders of the faith as starveling quacks.

Showy Accomplishments.

THE rage for teaching young ladies *that* which will totally unfit them for the discharge of their duties in society as wives and mothers, continues unabated. Novels—which have justly been called "England's curse," are still swallowed by the thousand, and every noxious weed that can defile the pure mind of woman is still sedulously cultivated. No pen can put such things down, and society *must* continue debased. This we feel to be too true. The pianoforte, the dancing master, and the novel-writer, have contrived together so to mar God's fair creation, that scarcely a remnant of purity is left us! We gladly copy the following sensible remarks from *Arthur's Home Gazette* :—

"There are no greater mistakes than the prevailing disposition among people in middling life to bring up their daughters as fine ladies, neglecting useful knowledge for showy accomplishments. The notions, it has been justly observed, which girls thus educated acquire of their own importance, are in an inverse ratio to their true value. With just enough of fashionable refinement to disqualify them for the duties of their proper station, and render them ridiculous in a higher sphere, what are such fine ladies fit for? Nothing, that I know, but to be kept like wax figures in a glass case! Woe to the man that is linked to one of them! If half the time and money wasted on the music, the dancing, the embroidery, were employed in teaching them the useful arts, and managing household affairs, their present qualifications as wives and mothers would be increased fourfold."

When the proper time arrives, we shall not fail to treat of these matters with all the attention they deserve. This, meantime, will serve as a hint.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. A. BROOKS.—Your favor shall be rendered available very shortly.

LARRY.—Accept our best thanks.

J. A. B.—Your letter about Breeding Cages, &c., &c., has reached us. Not being pre-paid, and 2d. postage being demanded, it was, like many others, "refused." We happened, however, to recognise the handwriting on the second presentation. No unpaid letters are taken in.

J. F., Glasgow.—We earnestly desire your address : thanks.

A. Y.—Our space is so circumscribed, that "Fugitive Poetry" can only be admissible under very peculiar circumstances. We are already overwhelmed with similar "kind offerings." This "reply" will suffice for all the writers. Their favors have merit, and would be readily available in a Monthly Magazine.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS, and CASUAL READERS, are referred to the LEADING ARTICLE in our FIRST NUMBER for the DETAILED OBJECTS of the LONDON JOURNAL: to these we shall rigidly adhere.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them. Our time is more profitably occupied. All vacancies, as they are called, are filled up. Let this general answer suffice.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any "facts" connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS.—It having been deemed expedient, to meet the views of the Trade, that this Journal should always be published by *anticipation*, CONTRIBUTORS AND OTHERS will be so kind as to bear in mind that they must give us an *extra* "week's grace," and wait patiently till their favors appear.

All persons who may send in MSS., but which may not be "accepted," are requested to *preserve copies of them*, as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for their return.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, March 27, 1852.

IN OUR THIRD NUMBER we observed,—
"It is yet early for us to talk about having matured our plans. Each successive week, as Contributions fall in from all quarters, will itself decide the tone that our Paper is likely to take." This remark has been already confirmed, and the character of our JOURNAL is fairly developed.

It would be as difficult for us, henceforth, to put forward a number of our Paper devoid of interest, as it has hitherto been to get it a "local habitation" in all parts of the world. This perhaps is speaking as strongly as we could speak; for our death-struggles against avowed hostility and unfair opposition are too well known to need repetition. Our good friends have borne with us thus far most patiently, while recording our sea of troubles; we shall tax their patience no longer. All we can say in extenuation of our apparent egotism is,—had we *not* spoken out so frankly as we have done, this

JOURNAL would have ceased to live. It is now "healthy," and participates largely in the influences of the coming Spring; and as we have produced our first Quarterly Volume, shining brightly in its cloth of gold, we feel we have risen to a new life. A peep at the INDEX is indeed a curiosity; and promises right well for future intercommunications of useful knowledge and practical instruction.

We have now shaken off the lethargy of Winter—our aches and our pains we will remember no more. The mornings are bright, the days are long, the gardens are green, the trees donning their new liveries, and all Nature is in a state of happy activity. With what a rich garment will she soon be clad!

As for the birds, who animate the lovely scene—no pen can record their doings. Ere it is light, "some well-known voice salutes the ear," and acts as a charm upon the whole choir, who one by one melodiously chant their "morning sacrifice of praise" before entering upon the duties of the day. A hint have we here, that many of us may turn to a profitable account, as we—

"Our daily stage of duty run."

It is hardly needful for us to repeat, that these are the things in which we so much delight, and in which we shall pleasingly labor from week to week to make our readers delight also.

"Non est vivere, sed valere vita—"

We cannot be said to "live," unless we are "well" and enjoy life; and how those people can be well and enjoy life who live for ever immured in towns and cities, passes our comprehension. Well has the poet said—"GOD made the country, and MAN made the town."

Even at this comparatively early season, there is much to marvel at in the revival of vegetation; nor can we turn to the right or to the left without feelings of admiration at Nature's handiwork:—

Through hedge-row leaves, in drifted heaps,
Left by the stormy blast,
The little hopeful blossom peeps,
And tells of Winter past;
A few leaves flutter from the woods,
That hung the season through;
Leaving their place for swelling buds
To spread their leaves anew.

Every day adds to these pretty discoveries, and we welcome each new visitor with delight.

The feelings of those who dwell in large cities,—their habits, their manners, their ideas, their views of society, and their opinion of the "grand end of life,"—are for the most part totally dissimilar from those of the quiet, retired occupant of a snug country

retreat. If they seek pleasure, it is of an artificial kind. If they are amused, their amusements are evanescent. Balls, theatres, and the opera, are "delightful" doubtless. Concerts, performed by men and women of the highest celebrity and the most consummate "art," are also attractive—very; and we much doubt whether those who are so greatly pleased therewith would enjoy the harmony which WE would propose to substitute for them, in the vernal and summer months. But give us, and those who love to peruse our JOURNAL, the voices of the feathered choir, in their state of nature; and let us listen to them as we wander abroad through the shady lanes, the fragrant orchards, and the verdant fields. Thus occupied, the thoughts of man are purified; and however short-lived, from circumstances, the pleasure may be,—yet how ardently does he long for a renewal of such enjoyment,—“another stroll like the last!”

It will be our aim from this day forward, to cultivate such feelings as we have hinted at; and as these *al-fresco* pleasures are placed by Nature at the command of the humblest individual in the kingdom, let him steal a few hours (when he can lawfully do so) from his grovelling occupation in the cities, and at once bound into the open air. Steam-boats, rail-roads, and locomotives of all kinds, are not wanting to add wings to the flight of such as would escape from dust, dirt, and smoke. An *extra* bedroom, too, is obtainable from a country friend, if asked for; so that there is no available excuse for breathing bad air. And then—to rise with the lark on the following morning, and to see the sun gilding the landscape with his earliest rays—what sight, we say, can be compared with it! Even now,—

Bright dews illumine the grassy plain,
Sweet messengers of morn!
And drops hang glist'ning after rain,
Like gems on every thorn.

Would that our pen had eloquence enough to devastate whole cities at this season! However, we will, like our “gentlemen in black,” be satisfied with our “tenths”—simply because we can get no more!

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The Distemper in Dogs. Can it be prevented? I have heard of vaccination as applied to dogs, with a view to render them proof against the distemper. Can this be done? and if so, *how*? I hardly need say, if such a discovery exists, it is indeed invaluable.—CANIS.

[You are quite misinformed about this. There is no preventative against the distemper in dogs. Cleanliness and constant exercise are as likely as anything else to keep your dogs healthy—but they are all liable to the malady. It was imported

originally from France, and is of so dire a nature, that it is estimated to destroy fully one-third of the canine race. Dogs of all ages are subject to it, from a mere puppy upwards. It appears usually when the animal is from six to twelve months old. If the dog is more than four years old when thus visited, it usually goes hard with him. The disorder is highly contagious, and assimilates closely in this respect with the mange; also with the farcy and glanders in the horse. Some say that rock brimstone constantly kept in the water given dogs to drink, acts medicinally. We doubt it—simply because the brimstone is insoluble by water. Clean water, constantly supplied, and *plenty of it*, is the best “physic” we can recommend to keep dogs healthy.]

Luminous Appearance presented by Dead Wood.—Although doubt may perhaps be justly attached to the reality of the luminous appearances in the flowers of Phænogams, unless indeed there be truth in the odylic light described by Von Reichenbach, as emitted by flowers, among other things, and only visible to somnambulists and healthy persons (whom from their peculiar perceptive powers he calls “sensitives,”) I can vouch that the occasional phenomenon of luminosity in dead wood, when observable, can be seen by *all* persons possessed of ordinary vision. In evidence of this I may mention that, when a boy at school in Dumfriesshire, I remember when going through a shrubbery in the dark with several companions, stumbling over and breaking down a rotten stump, which gave out so much light at the fracture as to excite the immediate attention of all present. The wood was so much decayed that it could be crumbled in the hands, and so luminous that the features of a monstrous human face, traced with the crumbled fragments on the floor of the room where I slept, kept the inmates amused and awake during half the night. The light was of that wavy, smoky kind, exhibited by traces of phosphorus, and frequently exemplified in a common way, where one has made an abortive attempt to ignite a lucifer match.—W. C., Jun., Glasgow.

On the present Scarcity of Salmon; and a few Thoughts on Eels.—Although eels, notwithstanding their voracity, are not perhaps very destructive to salmon in their active state, their habits are such that they would exterminate the species, were it not for a very singular provision of nature, which, as we do not remember ever to have seen it dwelt upon or alluded to, it may be worth while to notice in passing. The history of their spawning is the converse of that of the salmon's; for whilst the latter is oviparous, and produces in fresh water, the former is viviparous, and produces in the sea; and it so happens that when the salmon is hurrying up towards the very sources of rivers on the great errand of generation, the eel is hurrying on the same errand to the depths of the ocean. Were the eel to remain in the river after the salmon roe is deposited and covered in, its voracity and habit of boring in loose gravel, and even under large stones, would disturb the beds, and lead to the annihilation of the whole salmon tribe. But at this critical time the two creatures are driven, by the same

instinct, towards different poles; and before the eel reappears in fresh water, the salmon roe has undergone a series of transmutations, emerged from his sub-aqueous dormitory, and becomes a little fish, fragile indeed and tiny, but in the highest degree vigilant and nimble; not capable of confronting a single one of its numerous enemies in the open field, yet disconcerting and defying them all by the celerity of its flight. Is this an evidence of design, or is it a stroke of chance?—REV. D. S. WILLIAMSON.

[Let us answer the last query, by remarking that *all* these beautiful arrangements and provisions of nature are so many undeniable proofs of design and purpose, that it becomes really culpable to entertain any doubt about it. Is it not delightful so to view all the harmonies of nature? And what can we gain from infidelity? "*Gloria Deo!*" is visibly imprinted on all living operations of nature.]

Original Anecdote of a Cat and a Rabbit.—As one object of your excellent JOURNAL is the collection of facts, bearing on the subject of natural history, and as you have inserted some anecdotes of the "cat," I will, with your leave, add another to the number, which disposed me to look with more kindness than I had before done, on a very common and familiar member of most households. When a boy, I had a not uncommon fancy for keeping rabbits, and took great delight in breeding them. At one time, I had as many as twenty, all from the same stock, and running about together. They were very tame, and would, like sensible creatures as they were, answer to the several names by which it was my fancy to designate them. They would, moreover, sit upon their hind legs, and beg for bread, and perform other tricks equally interesting and sagacious. One cold, frosty, winter's morning, a luckless member of this family, by name Caleb, unhappily got immersed in a tub of water, and was almost frozen to death. He was in a truly pitiable condition, and in such a state of inanition as made me almost despair of his recovery. However, he was taken up and wrapped in a warm blanket, and laid on the hearth by the kitchen fire. At this time, a favorite "tabby" was among our "household gods;" and she, good natured and benevolent soul! took compassion on poor Caleb, nursed him carefully and tenderly, and, repudiating the swaddling clothes in which I had ensconced him, took him to her own warm and kindly embrace, succeeding most effectually in recovering him from the state into which his immersion in a bucket of water, considerably below the freezing point, had thrown him. After this event, you may be sure that "tabby" and Caleb were mighty good friends, and spent a great portion of their time in playing and sporting together. As I do not remember to have seen any account of so friendly a relationship subsisting between a cat and a rabbit, and as it is but fair to chronicle the good deeds of poor pussy, as a set-off to the many bad ones with which tradition has invested her, I send you this account; and shall feel pleased if you deem it of sufficient interest to see it placed in the (somewhat scanty I fear), cat-alogue of pussy's "good deeds."—R. M.

Generosity of the Dog.—The following, copied from the *Carmarthen Journal* of February 28th, has already been transferred to the papers, but it deserves a place in your columns,—the more so, as it is a substantiated fact:—"A curious and very interesting instance of the sagacity of 'man's faithful friend,' the dog, occurred on Monday last, at Sterling Park, the residence of S. Tardrew, Esq. There were a large bull-dog and a Newfoundland dog kept about the premises, and on Monday, as a little boy was wending his way along the path, leading from the turnpike road to the house, the bull-dog broke the chain with which he was fastened, and sprang fiercely upon him. The poor little fellow cried for assistance most piteously. The Newfoundland dog was in another part of the premises, but as soon as he heard the cries for help, he darted away with tremendous velocity, quickly reached the spot, and seizing the bull-dog with his powerful jaws, flung him off his prey, and held him firm, until the boy got up from the ground, and was completely out of harm's way." This is a pretty anecdote, is it not?—J.B.

On the Propagation of Eels.—Having seen much very curious and interesting disputation in your valuable JOURNAL concerning the "Propagation of Eels," I venture to quote to you, from the "Fisherman's Law Book," Walton and Cotton's "Complete Angler," page 274, chap. xiii.—"Those that deny them (eels) to breed from generation as other fish do, ask—If any man ever saw an eel to have spawn or melt? And they are answered,—That they may be as certain of their breeding as if they had seen spawn [which no person yet ever did!] for they say they are certain that eels have all parts fit for generation like other fish; but so small as not to be easily discerned, by reason of their fatness; but discerned they may be, and that the he and she eel may be distinguished by their fins. And Rondeletius says, he has seen eels cling together like dew worms."—A BROTHER OF THE ANGLE.

[We insert your remarks,—but they do not throw any light upon what has now become a matter of all but "fact." It is asserted, you will observe, that certain signs of the sexes *may* be discerned; but no "authority" is given as to *who* discerned them. Respecting the propagation of fish generally, as remarked in the concluding part of your note (which it is unnecessary to print here), no doubt whatever exists. But the eel is the exception among fishes,—being viviparous.]

Cats known as "Tier-rangers,"—a curious "Wrinkle."—I assume that you know, although perhaps all your readers do not, that below London Bridge there is a part of the river called the "Pool." In this Pool, all coal-vessels and many others discharge their cargoes into barges moored alongside. Whilst thus occupied, they are lying in "tiers," or rows, having no communication with the shore. Now, I am told that there are certain cats inhabiting these tiers, called "Tier Cats." Neither these, their fathers, mothers, uncles, nephews, nieces, grandfathers, great grandfathers, *nec ultra*, have ever been on

shore for many generations! Should they be on board a vessel about to quit the tier, they well know, by "watching the governor's eye," what is "up," and they immediately quit one vessel for another. I merely give you an outline of this curious matter. No doubt, when your extensively-circulated JOURNAL reaches the quarter of the town of which I am speaking, you will get "full and interesting particulars." The cat is a truly sagacious animal, and as you say, if better used, would be less troublesome. Cats really are, for the most part, half starved; and no wonder they stray in search of "something" to keep their "nine lives" supported!—J. S. H.

A curious Place for a Nest of Lizards.—The following has just appeared in the *Nottingham Journal*, and being authenticated, deserves a place in your Paper; therefore I send it to you:—"A poor woman, named Newbert, from Coddington, was lately taken into the hospital at Newark. After she had been there a few weeks, she began to recover. On Thursday last, there was a slight revulsion, and she vomited a lizard, five inches long, apparently in perfect health—the long-confined prisoner having thriven well in its singular quarters. On Saturday, another lizard of the same size was set at liberty; but one of the couple unfortunately made its escape. The poor woman says she recollects drinking some water from a ditch several years ago, and supposes that she might then have swallowed the spawn of the animals. She believes she is not yet relieved of all the unwelcome inhabitants of her stomach." The foregoing is curious, is it not? I should have imagined the heat of the stomach would have proved fatal to the animals; but it seems otherwise.—H. A. T.

[Such instances as the above, have been recorded some dozen times within our recollection. They are curious, certainly, if true. As for the woman imagining she swallowed *spawn*, and that it was "hatched" in her stomach,—that is monstrously absurd. But for the respectable channel in which the above statement appears, we should have pronounced it a silly hoax.]

The Siskin or Aberdevine. How to Catch.—We have in the neighborhood of Bromsgrove a number of these pretty creatures flying about. Can you tell me how they may be trapped? also, how to feed them?—T., *Bromsgrove*.

[Only the bird-catchers, who use the overlapping nets, can succeed in catching these birds. Their food, when in confinement, is rape, flax, and canary seed.]

The Starling.—At page 69 of your excellent JOURNAL, you speak of the evening evolutions of starlings before going to roost. Your description has so enchanted me and many other of your Manchester friends, that if you will let this bird and its habits have an early place in your graphic delineations, we shall feel greatly obliged. Your paper, now that you have so thoroughly awakened our sleepy booksellers, reaches us regularly.—J. B., *Manchester*.

[Be it as you desire. We will at a very early period give what you wish, in detail. We are delighted to hear that our paper now reaches you

before it is a month old. We almost despaired of being able to rouse your "sleepy booksellers;" but they are now wide awake.]

A Prospective Calendar of Insects.—In reply to the suggestion of F. (p. 153), I would recommend that the labor of compiling the Calendar should be divided, as there are 15,000 species named in "Curtis's Guide" (2nd Edition); and that such insects as are rare, local, or varieties, should be excluded. Also, that a portion should appear each week in advance, so as to prevent an undue allotment of space in any one number. I will myself undertake the Order of *Lepidoptera*, and send you a list of the few butterflies appearing about April.—C. P., *Boston*.

CALENDAR OF BUTTERFLIES APPEARING IN APRIL.

NAME.	WHAT THE CATERPILAR FEEDS ON.	LOCALITY, ETC.
Clouded Saffron (<i>Colias Eriusa</i>).	Grass.	Not common; Norfolk, Kent, Devon, Jersey.
Tortoiseshell (<i>Panassa Urticae</i>).	Nettle.	Common all over the country.
Peacock (<i>Panassa Io</i>).	Do.	Common in the South of England. Found also in Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and Scotland.
Alderman (<i>Amiridis Alantida</i>).	Do.	Common everywhere.
Painted Lady (<i>Cynthia Cardui</i>).	Do. Spear Thistle, Mallow, &c.	Common in Middlesex, Devon, Lincolnshire, Edinburgh, and most parts of the globe.
Speckled Wood (<i>Hipparchia Egeria</i>).	Couch Grass.	Through England, and in Edinburgh.
Wall (<i>H. Megera</i>).	Grass.	Common everywhere.
Copper (<i>Lycena Phlaeas</i>).	Sortel.	Abundant throughout Great Britain.

[We are greatly obliged to our kind Correspondent, and feel sure that the plan he proposes will meet with general approval.]

Proper Cages for Nightingales.—I have laying before me an excellent little book, entitled "The British Warblers; an Account of the genus *Sylvia*, with Directions for their Treatment, &c., &c., by R. Sweet, F.L.S.," a work which all admirers of this interesting genus should attentively peruse, as it contains a great deal of valuable information concerning the management of these our most splendid songsters. Amongst other matter, Mr. Sweet says, "Bird-

fanciers generally keep their nightingales or other birds that they consider tender, in a close cage with wires only in front, thinking it will keep them warm and preserve their health; on the same principle I had my largest cage made, only with green baize at the top to keep them from injuring their heads when on their passage; at the same time, I had a less cage, wired all round except on one side, and I was surprised to find that the birds were always more healthy in that than in the close one, where some of them were frequently ill; and I generally found, that when removed into the open cage, they soon recovered. I therefore had the close one altered last spring with wires at both ends and front, and a close back, that there might be a free circulation of air, which I supposed the birds wanted, and since that time they have all been in excellent health. I had observed before, that the nightingales always sang better in an open cage than in a close one!" Now I have kept my nightingales in close cages, and have always seen them in such among fanciers. Can you or any of your readers give any information as regards close or open cages for this class of birds?—E. C.

[We shall have a great deal to say about this when we treat of the NIGHTINGALE, who will be amongst us in another fortnight, or thereabouts. The sort of cage entirely depends upon where, and with whom the bird is domesticated. If a bird loves its master, it will sing in an open as well as a close cage; yet we advocate the latter, for reasons hereafter to be given.]

CATS.—Having read in your JOURNAL several anecdotes of Cats, perhaps the following may be deemed worthy of adding to the store.—We have an old cat who is constantly in the habit of opening and shutting the wash-house door (which leads into our back kitchen) whenever he wishes to come in or go out. In the former case, if none of us are by to admit him, he will run round to the front kitchen, and scratch at the door until he be admitted. This cat will also remove the cup off the milk-jug (not put his paw in), tilt the jug on one side, and by these means obtain its contents. The latter exploit I have witnessed myself, but how he managed to remove the cup I never could discover. Probably there is an instinct in the feline class beyond what is generally imagined. They know their friends from their foes, though the latter may pretend to kindness. I have marked this in our cat. He never can be made to become sociable with a certain old man who occasionally calls to see us; but generally on his appearance makes a bolt under the sofa until he is gone. Are cats physiognomists? Our parrot, too, has a great dislike for this same old person, and retreats, on his entrance, to the furthestmost end of the cage.—JANE.

March 3rd, 1852.

[We think, *Mademoiselle*, you have done quite right in submitting this case to us. We know not who the "certain old man" may be, who pays a visit at your house; but this we do say,—be-ware of him! The cat would never bolt under the sofa on his appearance, neither would the parrot retreat to the remote end of his cage, on beholding him, were he what he ought to be. Depend upon it, his visits to your domicile have

some "hidden meaning" in them, which your sagacious animals are aware of, and try to make you sensible of. Be timely warned, and rate yourself at a proper value by keeping the "old man" out of the house. "Old men" should always keep at home.]

A Household Robin.—At a gentleman's house at Darby Dale, a robin has taken up his abode for three successive winters; having free access to the house by day, with leave to go or return, and the privilege of selecting from a well-filled larder. He generally roosts in the kitchen on a Christmas bough, which is still preserved for the purpose. He comes in for the night, just about dusk; having been singing merrily all day to the domestics in return for so many favors granted. Every year it builds its nest in the trunk of a tree, and feeds its young with something nice selected from the larder. It will then fearlessly fly from room to room, and make friends with all the inmates.—G. H.

SONG BIRDS IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

IN the *Cork Examiner* of February 25, there is a long Letter, addressed to us as Editor of this JOURNAL, and signed "J. A. B." The writer after going into a long detail on Politics, with which, thanks be to Providence, we have nothing whatever to do,—denies our statement that "larks are slaughtered wholesale in Ireland, because of their depredations on the wheat crops, &c." He is, moreover, very angry with us for playfully hinting at the broils of Ireland, and for jokingly ascribing the refusal of certain birds to "come and sing there," to the distressing convulsions of "that unhappy country." He gives us full and fair credit for ornithological lore; but he says that, of the genus *homo* in Ireland we are fearfully ignorant. For the offence we have given, see p. 43 of our JOURNAL.

Now as we have replied at some length to this letter, in the *Cork Examiner*, (wherein the attack was first made), let us to-day confine ourselves strictly to the matter before the house. We need offer no apology to our readers for going into this matter, as the Article we introduce to their notice involves the welfare of one of our very noblest birds of spring—whose sweet voice we now hear every morning carolling its anthem to the highest skies. We hardly need say we mean the SKY-LARK.

"J. A. B." makes the following remark:—"Now, Sir, with regard to what you say of larks, and as to the assertion that the farmers in this country destroy them by millions, most fearlessly do I say that such is *not* the fact. I never knew any but school-boys at Christmas holidays who killed larks."

Now let us be heard, on the authority of a most interesting correspondence that took

place last year in that widely-circulated Paper the *Gardeners' Chronicle*—between men of veracity and repute. We will print the letters in an abridged form, in the exact order in which they appeared; and using the words of a Barrister, say—"Gentlemen of the Jury—that is our Case."

British Song Birds: a Source of Mischief as well as Entertainment.—I have read with much pleasure, though no bird-fancier, the many articles published in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, from the able pen of Mr. Kidd; but with much more interest have I read the various statements on "thick and thin seed sowing," put forward from time to time in the *Agricultural Gazette*. I have been, for a long time, a disciple of the thin seeding school, and always, till this season, permanently successful in this species of domestic economy. However, I am doomed I fear, with many others, to pay dear for the whistle of skylarks, who are destroying the young corn in the germ, as we Irish say, "out of a face." So full of effrontery are they, they will not yield an inch to the bird-watcher's rattle or creak, pebbles from his sling, blank cartridge, *nor even well-loaded and primed musketry shots, till actually slain*; which in my case, would require a man on every rood of land, of which I have now sown over 300 acres, and expect to have 500 more sown still before the 1st of May. I have sown spring Wheats with from 42 lbs. to 70 lbs. per acre; Oats with from 70 lbs. to 84 lbs. per acre, and Barley I hope to sow in the same proportion as Oats, and would be certain of success, as far as an abundance of plants would insure success, but for the ravages of the larks. As I can devise no means of arresting their depredations, henceforward I must, as in duty bound, advise a discontinuance of spring corn sowing, lay some hundreds of acres down under Grass for sheep and cattle feeding, and throw on the poor-rates for support some thousands of able-bodied and willing laborers now employed cultivating these crops, all by spade husbandry. To avert this evil, *would it be too much for me to expect from Mr. Kidd*, or any other of your excellent correspondents, such instructions as will enable me, by reasonable means, to defeat the deadly efforts of these desperate larks to render our plagues in this respect worse by far than those produced by the Potato disease?—*A Shilmalier, March 20th, 1851.*

A Merciful Plea for the Skylark.—A Shilmalier who, in the last number of the *Agricultural Gazette*, takes up the cudgels so unmercifully against my good friend the skylark, for feasting on his young growing Wheat, is yet so courteous whilst speaking of myself and of my writings, that I cannot but reply to his invocation of my aid with marked civility and attention, at least. To combat his views at any length in a newspaper, with a pen nimble as mine, would be an impracticable matter. My arguments, fairly urged, would occupy half your whole space! However, let your desponding correspondent join me some fine Sunday morning in my walk to church—either to Acton, Ealing, Kew, or

Richmond. As we saunter along, with corn fields on our right and left, the "object" of our discourse shall be before us, behind us, on each side of us, and "above" us. His loud, happy, joyous "*Thrrr-upp! thrrr-upp!*" shall greet us at every step; and as he rises, poised on air, leisurely to chant his hymn of praise to the Creator, in a voice of pure, clear melody, soaring aloft till "Heaven's gate" opens to give entrance to his anthem—then will we together plan the readiest means to bring about his destruction; then devise how best we can blow him and all his fraternity to pieces—with hollow iron tubes. 'Twere indeed a project worthy of us both; for we are both men, and born no doubt with common feelings of humanity. I grant your correspondent has some cause for complaint; but so have all we busy mercantile mortals pent up in London, when those gigantic, Mammoth organs "play up" before our doors, in office hours. The hideous, unearthly noises belched forth from these "infernal machines," do fearful damage to the human frame. They are indeed far *more* than a fair "set off" to the ravages inflicted by the larks. Yet have we no redress, save to LAUGH "in spite of our teeth." Let your correspondent do the same, and his sorrows over the trials of life will sit lighter. I could with ease propose an efficient remedy for the destruction of larks, but it would be inconsistent with my duty—irreconcilable with my avowed principles. Let A Shilmalier wait patiently until Christmas. He will then have full revenge. Two-thirds, perhaps, of the skylarks which now torment him, and unbidden share his bounty, will be found slaughtered; lying "cheek by jowl" in the poulterers' window, and awaiting the still further indignity of a wooden skewer, which will most assuredly be run through each one of their individual gizzards. In declining to assist A Shilmalier, I do so—not rudely, but deprecatingly. I seek to make a "convert" of him. What *will* he say when I come to treat of the *Skylark*, and write his "Natural History" in my "*Treatise on British Song Birds?*"—*W. Kidd, New Road, Hammersmith, April 3, 1851.*

Skylarks.—The skylarks, let me again say, have been destroying and continue to destroy my spring crops of Wheat, Rye, Barley, Oats, Beans, Peas, and Vetches, and the fact of their so doing will produce another fact, that I must discontinue such spring sowings if I can devise no means of arresting their deadly depredations. And another fact will be the result—that very many able-bodied laborers and their families will be denied that employment which would keep them out of the poor-houses here, or perhaps swamping your labor-market in England, or your pauper markets, if I may use the expression, towards the large cities and towns throughout "happy" England, where "unhappy" Irishmen are wont to congregate. How on earth could Mr. Kidd, even with his nimble pen, fertile brain, facetious turn, and elegant style, combat all these, whilst he, with a humanity which all must admire, denies me the reasonable advice which I respectfully sought of him? I look forward with much interest to Mr. Kidd's "Treatise," which is to contain the natural history of the

Lark, and am glad, for the sake of natural history itself, that I have broached this subject. Few people outside this county, nor did I whilst in my early days in this my native county, think the dear lark to be so deadly a depredator on such crops as I have enumerated; so that if Mr. Kidd cannot on principle (a principle which I admire) assist me, I will presume to assist him in the natural history of the lark, whose principal food, in this corn-growing county at least, is the pulpy part of the germinated grain discovered and ferreted out on seeing the young shoot over ground. No other bird that I am aware of, seeks the grain in this state so voraciously—except the rooks, whose depredations are nothing compared to those of the larks. The larks will occasionally extract from the husk, or bran, the Wheat, Barley, or Oats before vegetation sets in; but it is only in the stage which I have attempted to describe they do the irreparable mischief—a thousand-fold worse than that done by crows, who can be scared or shot without any extraordinary cost; but I verily believe, a man, on every rood of land, with a deadly “Shilmalier,” or “Queen Anne,” in his hand, could not save the crops last March, at least from the larks; and what makes the matter worse if possible, the finer the tilth the more readily they effect their purpose. I take leave to enclose a card for Mr. Kidd, that he may know my whereabouts, should he be disposed to favor me with a visit. I will certainly, if I can visit the World's Great Fair next summer, avail myself of the pleasure of waiting on him. In the meantime, I must remain grateful for his polite attention, in admiration of his beautifully written and highly interesting letters, as well as in devotion to his humane principles.—*A Shilmalier, April 18th, 1851.*

Skylarks.—I see by a note appended to Mr. Kidd's letter in reference to the lark question, that he doubts whether larks eat grain at all. I can assure him that the larks here are similar to their Irish brethren in this respect. I once had complete faith in their innocence; but growing suspicious, I observed them more closely, and even committed the sacrilegious act of shooting four or five. A *post-mortem* examination compels me to pronounce them guilty of eating Wheat, Barley, and Oats, when sown, and even after the plant has sprung up through the ground, the latter, particularly with Wheat. Probably the wide difference which Mr. Kidd imagines to exist between his Richmond larks and the Irish ones, would be considerably narrowed, if on some bright morning in the seed-time he would take a walk in the corn fields, armed not with a murderous gun (I would not hurt his feelings by such a request), but with a good telescope. He would then perhaps see that his favorites charge a very handsome per centage for their musical services, fully more at this season in the shape of grain, than of wire-worms and insects I fear. The song of the lark,—

“Soft is his lay and loud
Far in the downy cloud”—

is no doubt very beautiful, and comes in spring with additional relish after a winter of London

fogs; but it is a question, on both sides of which a great deal may be said—whether after all the farmer does not pay *too much* for his “whistle.”—*J. Foreman, Kinnaber, Montrose, N.B., April 20th, 1851.*

As we have yet more to say on this subject, which cannot but interest our readers, “the Trial” of the accused must be postponed. The Court now rises, and will sit again, D. V., this day week, when “Judgment” will be given. The defendant meantime, is “out” on bail.

OBITUARY.

Thomas Moore, the Poet.

In a JOURNAL like ours, it would not do to pass over the Life and *Death* of a man like MOORE, whose writings have become so extensively known all over the world. We will therefore offer a brief summary of his long life and anticipated death.

THOMAS MOORE, “the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own,” died at Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes, on Thursday, the 26th ult., in his 72nd year. He had survived all his great contemporaries who started in the race of fame at the opening of the present century—except the veteran Rogers; but, as in the case of Sir Walter Scott and Southey, mere physical existence had for some time back outlived the vitality of genius. His career was one of the most brilliant and happy in the proverbially checkered annals of his class. No poet was ever so uniformly fortunate. Wherever the English language has penetrated, the winged words of his musical and melodious minstrelsy have wafted his name, and endeared him to millions in both hemispheres. Few men enjoyed through life such a splendid range of intercourse with all that is exalted in social refinement, intellect, rank, wit, or beauty; and there have been still fewer whose acquaintanceship was more honored for its worth, or more prized for its charm. This is not the place to indulge in critical analysis of his poetical system, or to examine the principles of taste which guided his active pen in every variety of composition; neither have we room to dwell on the incidents of his biography, which it was his latest occupation to detail in the prefaces of the last complete edition of his Works. It will suffice to state that he was born on the 28th of May, 1780, in Angier Street, Dublin, where his father, a strict Roman Catholic, carried on a grocery and spirit business. He was entered at an early age at Trinity College, and in his 20th year he came to London to study at the Middle Temple, and to publish his translations of Anacreon, which were highly successful, and were succeeded, in 1801, by “Poems and Songs, by Thomas Little.” Shortly afterwards, he was made registrar to the Court of Admiralty at Bermuda—as singularly inappropriate an appointment as some we have seen in our own day—went out to the islands, appointed a deputy, took a glance at the United States, and came home again. He then published “Sketches of

Travel and Society beyond the Atlantic"—a satiric work in heroic verse. Moore shortly afterwards made his first acquaintance with Byron and Campbell. The long and affectionate intimacy between him and the author of "Childe Harold," which resulted from the meeting, we need not do more than allude to. The "Two-penny Post Bag" was his next work, which made a great hit, and attained a wide-spread notoriety. The "Irish Melodies" followed, and in 1815, appeared his most successful poem, "Lalla Rookh," for which the Messrs. Longman paid no less than £3000 before a line of it was written. The success of this work was immense; the poem ran rapidly through several editions, and Moore's fame stood upon a higher and surer pedestal than ever, of which indeed the best proof is the fact, that the poem was translated into Persian, and is now enjoying a permanent popularity on the shores of the Caspian. After a continental tour with Lord John Russell, Moore wrote the clever and popular "Fudge Family." In the following year, he met Byron in Italy, when the latter entrusted to him his Memoirs for publication. These Moore sold to Murray for 2000 guineas, but, as is well known, the purchase-money was refunded, the papers re-obtained, and destroyed. Pecuniary difficulties connected with the misconduct of his Bermuda deputy about this time compelled Moore to seek a temporary refuge in Paris, where he led a pleasant social life, and composed the "Loves of the Angels." Soon after this period, he was established, by the kind offices of his staunch friend, the Marquis of Lansdowne, in Sloperon Cottage, where he passed the remainder of his days, and where he ended them. It was here that he commenced his career as a biographer, and produced successfully the Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, of Lord Byron, of Sheridan, and of "Captain Rock," and "The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion." His next prose work, and that which has attained a greater sale than any of them, was the Romance of "The Epicurean," and his last work was the "History of Ireland," for the Cabinet Cyclopædia, the most serious and the most elaborate of all his prose compositions. Of late years, political and social squibs were the only literary occupations to which Moore devoted himself, until, gradually and fitfully, mental darkness came upon him, and the quick and fanciful brain throbbed with thick-coming fancies no more. Though his latter days were thus clouded, his life, as we have already remarked, was both pleasant and prosperous. He fluttered from one brilliant coterie to the other, and was always in his most perfect element at the two great Whig resorts—Lansdowne House and Holland House. In every one of his characteristics he was formed for society. A lover of pleasure, with a keen appreciation of its every refinement, intellectual and social, he must have enjoyed every gratification which the greatest popularity in the most brilliant circles could heap on him. His nature was to enjoy, to amuse, to excite, and to be amused, and to be excited. Successful in almost every literary effort, accounted as brilliant a conversationalist as he was a poet, as charming a singer as he was a song writer—a privileged person in a sphere to which his mind, by its very

nature, looked up with longing for notice and for praise—few men have had a career so corresponding with their wishes and their ambition as Thomas Moore. The death of the poet coming so shortly after the setting of the public life of his good and constant friend, the Marquis of Lansdowne, is a curious and touching coincidence. Mrs. Moore, whose maiden name was Dyke, survives her husband; but their four children preceded him to the grave. He was buried on Wednesday, March 3rd, in the most private manner, in the churchyard of Bromham, four miles from Devizes, in the same vault with two of his children.

POOR RELATIONS.

A Poor Relation is the most irrelevant thing in nature—a piece of impertinent correspondency—an odious approximation—a haunting conscience—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of our prosperity—an unwelcome remembrancer—a perpetually recurring mortification—a drain on your purse, a most intolerable dun upon your pride—a drawback upon success—a rebuke to your rising—a stain in your blood—a blot on your 'scutcheon—a rent in your garment—a death's-head at your banquet—Agathocles' pot—a Mordecai in your gate, Lazarus at your door—a lion in your path—a frog in your chamber—a fly in your ointment—a mote in your eye—a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends—the one thing not needful—the hail in harvest—the ounce of sour in the pound of sweet.

He is known by his knock; your heart telleth you "That is Mr. —." A rap between familiarity and respect, that demands, and at the same time seems to despair of entertainment. He entereth smiling, and—embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner time—when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company—but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair—and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says, with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr. — will drop in to-day." He remembereth birthdays—and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remaining glass of claret, if a stranger press him to it. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough to him. The guests think "they have seen him before." Every one speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be—a tide

waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependent; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth no rent—yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanor, that your guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist-table, refuseth on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach—and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anecdote—at the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as “he is blest in seeing it now.” He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth—favorable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture; and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle—which you must remember. He dares say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet, and did not know till lately that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable, his compliments perverse, his talk a trouble, his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner, as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is—a Female Poor Relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. “He is an old humorist,” you may say, “and affects to go threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a *character* at your table, and truly he is one.” But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. “She is plainly related to the B—s, or what does she at their house?” She is, in all probability, your wife’s cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible of her inferiority.

He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquando sufflaminandus erat*—but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped—after the gentlemen. Mr. — requests the honor of taking wine with her, she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and chooses the former—because he does. She calls the servant *Sir*, and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronises her. The children’s governess takes upon herself to correct her, when she has mistaken the piano for the harpsichord.—*Charles Lamb.*

The Light of Nature.

EVERYTHING is good in its place; but an oil lamp is at all times better than a ‘mutton dip.’ The celebrated David Hume wrote an essay on the sufficiency of *the light of nature*, and the no less celebrated Robertsen wrote on the *necessity of revelation*, and the “insufficiency of the light of nature.” Hume came one evening to visit Robertsen, and the evening was spent in conversing on the subject. The friends of both were present, and it is said that Robertsen reasoned with unaccustomed clearness and power. Whether Hume was convicted by his reasonings or not, we cannot tell; but at any rate, he did not acknowledge his convictions. Hume was very much of a gentleman, and as he was about to depart, bowed politely to those in the room, while, as he retired through the door, Robertsen took the light to show him the way. “O, sir,” said he to Robertsen, “*I find the light of nature always sufficient*; and,” he continued, “pray don’t trouble yourself, sir,” and so he bowed on. The street-door was open, and presently, along the entry, he stumbled over something concealed, and pitched down stairs into the street. Robertsen ran after him with a light, and as he held it over him, whispered, “*You had better have a LIGHT FROM ABOVE, friend Hume.*” Hume thought so too; but his infidelity would not permit him to say it!—*How every man hugs his own creed!*

THE SIMPLICITY OF INNOCENCE.—A gentleman who had been absent for a considerable time, and who during his absence had raised a pretty luxuriant crop of whiskers, moustaches, &c., visited a relative, whose child, an artless little girl of five or six years, he was very fond of. The little girl made no demonstration towards saluting him with a kiss, as was usual. “Why, child,” said the mother, “don’t you give uncle P— a kiss?” “Why, Ma,” returned the little girl, with the most perfect simplicity,—“*I don’t see any place!*” [This is a splendid rebuke to the filthy folk who *will* so be-monkey themselves. The doomed wives of such creatures, must be at least a week finding “a place” on which to imprint the kiss of affection. *Affection*—for a monkey!!]

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"THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS," &c.

"THE OBJECT OF OUR WORK IS TO MAKE MEN WISER, WITHOUT OBLIGING THEM TO TURN OVER FOLIOS AND QUARTOS.—TO FURNISH MATTER FOR THINKING AS WELL AS READING."—EVELYN.

No. 14.—1852.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3.

PRICE 1½d.
Or, in Monthly Parts, Price 7d.

BIRDS OF SONG.*

Give me but

Something whereunto I may bind my heart,
Something to LOVE, to rest upon,—to clasp
AFFECTION'S tendrils round.—MRS. HEMANS.

No. IV.—CAGE BIRDS.—THE CANARY.

By purchasing your birds in the manner we have recommended, you will not, cannot be deceived as to their sex. But more than this must be regarded in the purchase. All the canaries sent up from the country are young birds; brought up under good tutors (such as the titlark and the nightingale), but apt to degenerate in song if not properly taken care of. To keep them, therefore, steady to their acquired song, do not hang them with any other noisy, racketty birds, but in a room by themselves. A few months' drilling will cause them to be staunch. They may then be suspended anywhere, and associated with any other songsters.

Those birds are considered most valuable which lead off with the nightingale's note, concluding with that of the tit-lark. The jug-jug, swelling slur, and water-bubble of the former, blended with the "chewing" and "wisking" of the latter, kept up in a long-continued strain, are, when observable in any of these birds, certain signs of excellence.

There are a vast variety of tastes, and a vast number of opinions, with respect to a fine bird. With some—a large number!—noise, shrillness, and a rapid execution carry the palm. Others are pleased with a lengthy song, whether musical or not—its duration being regarded as the test of value. *Chacun à son gout.*

For our own part, now that our ear is more attuned to real music, we infinitely prefer the German canary before all others. Not that all, or a twentieth part of those that

are brought over here from Germany are a whit better than those of our own rearing. Some few, however, are placed by canary breeders under first-rate tutors; and they sing with so much melody, so much pathos, so *con espressione*, that their value can hardly be overrated. The birds we speak of, will cost from three to four guineas each. The age to purchase them at, is in their second year. They are then true to their song. To listen to these birds by candlelight, is a treat perfectly indescribable. Theirs is the "music of the spheres."

Canaries are of various colors. Those most in request are the Jonque, or bright yellow: These are very tender. The finest are the bright yellow, with an admixture of black spots. They should have no white feathers whatever. Then there are the mealy, the mottled, the buff, and the grey. It must be borne in mind, as we have before remarked, that many birds despised for their color are in reality the finest songsters of any. Plumage therefore should be a secondary consideration, if you want a good *song* bird.

A bird in good health should be thin and trim; and very sprightly in his cage. If ever you see a bird with his head behind his wing, in the day-time, conclude that his days are numbered. His sickness is unto death. Be very careful, when purchasing, to bear this remark in mind. Keep a close eye also, when any bird is performing a call of nature, on the movement of his tail. If he "bolts" it, like the nightingale, he is in very bad health. We speak of course now of seed-birds. If what is voided be of a darkish hue in the middle, and quickly dry, the bird is in robust health. Previous to dissolution, what passes will be white and slimy, having no black in it. A few hours more, and the curtain will close on *his* career for ever.

Young birds, as we have already mentioned, are apt to be unsteady in their song. All undue excitement therefore must be avoided. Never, under any circumstances

* REPRINTED, with many New and Important Additions, from the *Gardeners' Chronicle* Newspaper.

keep HEN canaries in their vicinity. Although they may not see them, yet they can hear them twitter; and they will answer each other from morning till night. Thus is the serenity of their minds unduly disturbed, and their strains of melody are interrupted. *Hen* birds should only be kept for "breeding" purposes, and in a room far remote from the males. The male bird may be easily recognised from the hen by his "dare-devil" sprightliness and vigor. He will be found to sit bolt upright on his perch, and to stretch out his neck at full length, to see all that is going forward. He is also taller, and more vivacious about the eye; the eye of the hen being tame, and her movements lack-a-daisically measured. The larynx of the throat is also more fully developed in the male. He opens his mouth to good effect, and every note tells. The hen, on the contrary, jabs, and "makes much ado about nothing."

Canaries, when young, are most assuredly imitative; if, therefore, you associate them with other birds, let it be with a first-rate linnet, woodlark, or titlark. Whatever strains they may borrow from these are unobjectionable. They all discourse most eloquent music.

By the way, all lovers of *candle-light songsters* (and these beat *all* others hollow) should associate the four last-named birds in one room, arranged so as they may not see each other, but listen to each other's song. The effect produced by such a choir is enchantingly beautiful.

In order to keep your birds in continual song, hang them up in situations where they cannot by possibility get a sight of each other. We have often heard people express surprise at their canaries not singing; and we have frequently been consulted as to the cause. It has arisen, in nearly every instance, from the manner in which their cages have been suspended in the room. Immediately after the arrangement has been altered, and the birds have been kept out of each other's sight, they have commenced singing in all the joyousness of their nature. The reason is obvious. Their attention, when thus separated, is not diverted from their song; and a spirit of rivalry induces them to do their utmost not to be surpassed.

If you particularly wish your birds to sing by candle-light, darken their cages in the day-time, so as to prevent their over luxuriance in song. Also, keep them scantily supplied with food. When the candles are lighted, when the fire is seen to blaze upon the hearth, and when the cups and saucers are heard to rattle on the table—then you will be treated to something worth listening to.

(To be Continued Weekly.)

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

The Book of the Garden. By CHARLES M'INTOSH, F.R.P.S., &c. Part I. royal 8vo.

THE author of this elaborate but popularly-constructed book comes before the public with claims that must insure him a hearty welcome. From his earliest years he has been engaged in horticultural pursuits, and he has had rare opportunities for acquiring a thorough and extended knowledge of his art.

The object of the present Work is to exhibit in a clear and orderly treatise, all that is known at the present day on the subject of Gardening. We have, in addition, the author's own practical experience.

Judging from the First Part of the work now before us, which is very beautifully printed, we have every reason to believe that the promises held out will be fully realised. The subjects are very distinctly arranged, and lucidly treated of, and there are diagrams, wood-cuts, plans, and elevations in abundance to illustrate the text.

The wide scope which the author purposes embracing, will render his work more than commonly valuable; for we observe that he gives, *inter alia*, plans and designs for the erection of Conservatories, Greenhouses, Hothouses, Vineries, Fruit-houses, Pineries, Forcing Pits, Garden Walls, &c., on every scale, from the most extensive to the most humble.

Being issued in Monthly Parts, the "Book of the Garden" is easily accessible. When completed, it will form two very handsome volumes; and as a practical work of reference it will be in universal request. No gentleman's library would indeed be complete without it. The engravings, which are on copper and wood, will exceed one thousand.

On Breeding, Rearing, and Fattening Poultry, &c. By JOSEPH NEWTON, of Ickwell. 12mo.

THIS is a practical Treatise by a man of experience, who has therein noted down, *pro bono*, what has actually transpired under his own eye. His remarks are entitled to attention; and his experiments (at the end of the book) with "Artificial Incubation" will be read with interest. He proposes to carry on this system in connection with Horticulture; and he shows the advantages and economy resulting from such a practice.

MORE "FICTION."—A 'New work of Fiction' is announced, called "The Silent Woman." The publishers are hard upon the Sex; but we believe all the members of the firm *are* married men. They therefore speak out boldly. We do not hold ourselves answerable for their opinions, nor publish our private thoughts upon the matter. We know better.

MODERN SCIENCE.—No. II.

THE MAGNETOSCOPE.

IN our FIRST Number, we directed attention, at some length, to this curious discovery of Mr. J. O. RUTTER, of Brighton, and promised to watch its progress. Mr. Rutter, it would seem, is privately experimenting still; and the result of his studies will, no doubt, transpire at a fitting season.

We have meantime received from Messrs. Longman and Co., a volume, by Mr. Rutter, entitled "Magnetoid Currents." In this are some very interesting particulars of his invention, explained by diagrams. To these we direct the especial attention of the inquirer after truth.

At the end of the volume, is a Letter by Dr. King, of Cambridge. There is much matter for active thought in this letter, and we feel pleasure in diffusing it widely. Fools there are many, who rail at what they cannot comprehend. This ever has been, ever will be the case. Still there are some who can and will "think." Let such peruse the following

LETTER TO MR. J. O. RUTTER.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have taken so warm an interest in your experiments, from the time that you gave your Lecture at the Albion Rooms, Brighton, that I should like to be permitted to add a postscript to your little book, in which I may express some sentiments and views which my profession has suggested to me, and which, even if they occurred to you, you might not wish to bring before the public at present. A few words from me would not implicate you in my opinions, and they might be suggestive to others, who may be inclined to trace the consequences of your primary facts to their legitimate conclusions.

"To me, no scientific truth is interesting unless it has, directly or indirectly, a moral bearing. *It has been usual to separate science and morals, as if they had no real connection with each other; but to me it has always appeared impossible to do so.* The moment creation is viewed as a work of mind and personality, it becomes a question of good and evil ends, of right and wrong; and every new discovery in the laws of physics raises our ideas of the spirituality of man, and of the high moral position he is some day destined to occupy by his benevolent Creator. When Volta first saw the dead frog leap from the table, by its contact with two metals, he little supposed the sublime inferences to which that circumstance would lead, by furnishing a new instrument for interrogating nature, and in forming, by the electric wire, a new mode of communication in civilised countries, by annihilating space

and time. Undoubtedly, the order and harmony of creation were always a proof to reflective minds of power, intelligence, and omnipresence; but there is something in uniformity which has a tendency to conceal from us its cause, to deprive it of free-will, and to ascribe it to a necessity and a fate. But when we discover new modes of operation in this will, and view discoveries as new modifications of the same will, we are not only impressed with the novelty, but we are disposed to argue back to old facts and laws as manifestations of that will, and to wonder at our previous insensibility to such stupendous phenomena.

"It is the same with the discoveries which you have been permitted to make in the influences of magnetic and electric currents and energies, as connected with every object in nature, and with the human body in particular. We have long known the wonderful properties of the true magnet, and we have considered its applicability to navigation as one of the grandest discoveries of science; but there we stopped. Of late years, the magnetism of the earth has been a subject of curious and interesting research; and the late discovery of the relation of oxygen to the magnet, opened still sublimer views of the economy of nature, and of our intimate dependence upon the physical world. We imagined we were upon the threshold of greater truths, drawn from the infinity of nature, and more closely touching upon our moral constitution. The discovery of double electric currents, along insulated wires, having different properties, and called (for convenience), positive and negative,—paved the way to our comprehending how the human body might be the subject of similar currents. The road had also been prepared by Bell's discovery of the true anatomy of the nerves, and their double formation. We are now enabled to comprehend how the vitality of the body may be closely dependent upon magnetic and electric currents, both inherent in the body itself as a vital structure, and as a recipient of such agencies from the earth.

"Of the truth of these facts your experiments leave us in no doubt. The human body, when insulated, has an inherent independent vitality, but this is then confined to itself. In order to operate upon other bodies, it requires to be in connection with the earth. In this state it becomes a real magnet, surrounded by a magnetic aura, and possessing magnetic polarities, by which it influences and is influenced by other living bodies. To what extent these influences act, and in what way they modify our physical and mental phenomena, must be left for further investigation. What you have already discovered is of great importance in

a medical point of view, and seems to promise an abundant harvest for the future. You have discovered that the body has a point of rest and repose in the upright posture, and that this point changes in the recumbent. The electric or magnetic currents pass through the limbs in the upright posture in one direction, and in the recumbent posture in a different one. They pass in one direction in the upper extremities, and in an opposite direction in the lower extremities, and so insure the unity of the body. When the hands and feet are closed, the currents circulate without interruption, and the body is in a state of quiet and repose. When the hands and feet are separated, they are analogous to the poles of a Voltaic battery, and the energies of the body are in full activity. These are important physiological facts, now for the first time demonstrated. They harmonise with medical observations which have often been made, but never before explained. In seeking rest after fatigue, we always sit with our legs crossed. In sleeping, we lie on one side of the body, because then the legs are in contact. Infants always cross their feet in sleep, when they are free to do so, and are always restless when they cannot do it. They instinctively seek the position of repose. That repose which we vainly seek for by opiates in fevers and severe illness, would probably be obtained more naturally and effectually upon the principle of these currents. I have known cases where rest has been produced by the accidental application of the principle; but, from ignorance of the law, the example has not been followed out in its other applications. Your discoveries will encourage us to do so, and probably become an important accession to the medical art.

"Another wonderful circumstance in this discovery, is the susceptibility of the Magnetoscope to the electric influences upon the body of the operator. It is the most delicate test hitherto contrived of electric actions upon the human subject. We have long known that the body is a peculiar electric mechanism, but we were ignorant of its nature and laws, or how its actions were to be ascertained and tested. We now possess in this instrument a subtle electrometer, from which nothing can escape. Whatever is applied to the left hand of the operator, while his right hand holds the Magnetoscope, will indicate its presence by a corresponding motion of the pendulum. Every substance, mineral or vegetable, crystallised or amorphous, will give its own proper motion. How far these motions may be found to indicate the medical properties of substances will appear hereafter, when sufficient investigations have been made. At present, we can clearly see that each sub-

stance has its own specific action on the Magnetoscope, and that the actions are constant. * * * *

"The discovery of the magnetism of the body enables us to give them a much higher signification—it raises man as a living being above mere matter, and approximates the corporeal to the incorporeal and the spiritual; at the same time that it makes more intelligible and demonstrable that Divine Power, immaterial, incomprehensible, and omnipotent, by whose fiat and volition all these wonders are performed.

"Many are accustomed to talk of man's responsibility, and a future judgment, as of something abstract, distant, and uncertain. But here, in this magnetic aura, we possess a present reality, and a proof that responsibility is bound up with all our actions and principles. For we may now say with truth, that as a man's mind is, so will be his circumambient aura, in its influence upon himself and others for good or for evil.

"I may be thought too fanciful in the view I take of your beautiful, and, as I think, sublime discovery: but no reflecting mind will deny that we stand in need of some new principle or truth, to enable us to turn to full account those which we have already received. The disunion which pervades those who ought to be of one heart and one spirit, and the language used towards each other by those who profess to be in search of common truth, are painful spectacles to a considerate mind, and for which I see no remedy but in the development of some new principle of a moral, more than of a scientific nature, which, by its superior influence, shall give the passions of man that rest which they can never hope for from the bitterness of controversy.

"The many delightful hours which you and I have spent over your experiments, calling forth common feelings of wonder and thankfulness that we were endowed with faculties capable of comprehending and appreciating such mysteries, fortify my habitual hope that a time may come, and will come, when all who are engaged in the pursuit of truth and excellence may be actuated by a kindred spirit, and that as truth is one, so the hearts of those who seek it may also be one. When first I saw your machine prove the polarity of a decillionth of a grain of silex, and when I first saw it respond to the billionth of a grain of quinine, I was seized with the same kind of awe as when I first studied the resolution of the nebulae, and when I first saw the globules of blood and the filaments of the nerves through the microscope. Truly, as Paley says, 'in His hands great and little are nothing.'

"I have often asked myself what was to be the next new wonder after the electric wire

across the Channel? Surely we have found it in the magnetic aura of the human body, acting on the aura of other bodies; impregnated with the spirit of the mind within it, and upheld and actuated by the eternal mind in which it has its being. I am, my dear Sir, yours most truly,—W. KING, M.D., Cantab.

“Mr. J. O. N. Rutter, Black Rock.”

We offer no comment whatever upon the foregoing; but we wait with much anxiety to know more of Mr. Rutter's pending experiments. He has shown much true wisdom in not advancing more at one time than he is able to *prove*.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

“He who opposes his own judgment against the consent of the times, ought to be backed with UNANSWERABLE TRUTHS; and he who has TRUTH on his side is a fool, as well as a Coward, if he is afraid to own it because of the currency or multitude of OTHER MEN'S OPINIONS.”—DEFOE.

No. VI.—THE LIFE OF DR. GALL.

In 1800, Dr. Spurzheim commenced his labors along with Dr. Gall, and in that year assisted, for the first time, at one of his courses of lectures. He entered with great zeal into the consideration of the new doctrine; and to use his own words, “he was simply a hearer of Dr. Gall, till 1804, at which period he was associated with him in his labors, and his character of hearer ceased.”

“Dr. Spurzheim,” says Dr. Gall, “who for a long time had been familiar with the physiological part of my doctrine, and who was particularly expert in anatomical researches, and in the dissection of the brain, formed the design of accompanying and of pursuing in common with me the investigations which had for their end the anatomy and physiology of the nervous system.”

Gall and Spurzheim quitted Vienna in 1805, to travel together, and to pursue in common their researches.

In the period which elapsed betwixt the interdiction of Dr. Gall's lectures in 1802, and the time when he and Dr. Spurzheim left Vienna, the doctrine had made a rapid progress, not only in general diffusion, but in solid and important additions; a fact of which any one may be satisfied, by comparing the publications by Dr. Gall's auditors already mentioned, with those by his hearers in the different towns in Germany, visited in the course of his and Dr. Spurzheim's travels. The following works, in particular, afford evidence of the state of the science in 1805:—

BISCHOFF.—*Exposition de la Doctrine de Gall sur le Cerveau et le Crane, suivie de Remarques de Mr. Hufeland sur cette Doctrine.*—Berlin, 2de. Edit. 1805.

BLÖDE.—*Le Doctrine du Gall sur les Fonctions de Cerveau.*—Dresde, 2de. Edit. 1805.

From 1804 to 1813, Dr. Gall and Dr. Spurzheim were constantly together, and their researches were conducted in common. They left

Vienna on March 6, 1805, to go direct to Berlin, and thereafter visited the following places:—Berlin, Potsdam, Leipsic, Dresden, Halle, Jena, Weimar, Goettingen, Brauerschweig, Copenhagen, Kiel, Hamburgh, Bremen, Münster, Amsterdam, Leyden, Dusseldorf, Frankfort, Würzburg, Marbourg, Stuttgart, Carlsruhe, Lestall, Freybourg en Brisgaw, Doneschingue, Heidelberg, Mannheim, Munich, Augsburg, Ulm, Zurich, Bern, Bâle, Muhlhouse, Paris.

In these travels, “I experienced everywhere,” says Gall, “the most flattering reception. Sovereigns, ministers, philosophers, legislators, artists, seconded my design on all occasions, augmenting my collection, and furnishing me everywhere with new observations. The circumstances were too favorable to permit me to resist the invitations which came to me from most of the Universities.”

“This journey afforded me the opportunity of studying the organisation of a great number of men of eminent talents, and of others extremely limited, and I had the advantage of observing the difference between them. I gathered innumerable facts in the schools, and in the great establishments of education, in the asylums for orphans and foundlings, in the insane hospitals, in the houses of correction, in prisons, in judicial courts, and even in places of execution; the multiplied researches on suicides, idiots, and madmen, have contributed greatly to correct and confirm my opinions.”

From November, 1807, Dr. Gall made Paris his permanent home.

In November, 1807, Dr. Gall, assisted by Dr. Spurzheim, delivered his first course of Public Lectures in Paris. “His assertions,” says Che-nevix, “were supported by a numerous collection of skulls, heads, casts; by a multiplicity of anatomical and physiological facts. Great indeed was the ardor excited among the Parisians, by the presence of the men who, as they supposed, could tell their fortunes by their heads. Every one wanted to get a peep at them; every one was anxious to give them a dinner, or supper!”

In 1808, they presented a joint memoir, on the Anatomy of the Brain, to the French Institute. We present you, said they, in their memoir, “*Une description du Systeme Nerveux, moins d'après sa structure physique, et ses formes mécaniques que d'après des Vues Philosophiques et Physiologiques que des hommes habitués à des considérations supérieures ne refuseront point d'accueillir.*” The Institute was then in all its glory. In proportion as Bonaparte had cannonaded, it had grown enlightened. As the hero was the referendary of military justice, so was it the Areopagus of scientific truth. The chief of the anatomical department was M. Cuvier; and he was the first member of this learned body to whom Drs. Gall and Spurzheim addressed themselves.

M. Cuvier was a man of known talent and acquirements, and his mind was applicable to many branches of science. But what equally distinguished him with the versatility of his understanding, was the suppleness of his opinions. He received the German Doctors with much politeness. He requested them to dissect a brain privately for him and a few of his learned

friends; and he attended a course of lectures, given purposely for him and a party of his selection. He listened with much attention, and appeared well disposed towards the new doctrine; and expressed his approbation of its general features, in a circle which was not particularly private.

About this time, the Institute had committed an act of extraordinary courage, in venturing to ask permission of Bonaparte to award a prize medal to Sir H. Davy for his admirable galvanic experiments, and was still in amazement at its own heroism. Consent was obtained; but the soreness of national defeat rankled deeply within. When the First Consul was apprised that the greatest of his comparative anatomists had attended a course of Lectures by Dr. Gall, he broke out as furiously as he had done against Lord Whitworth; and at his levée rebuked the wise men of his land for allowing themselves to be taught chemistry by an Englishman, and anatomy by a German. A "hint" sufficed. The wary citizen altered his language. A commission was named by the Institute to report upon the labors of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim: M. Cuvier drew up the report. In this he used his efforts, not to proclaim the truth, but to diminish the merits of the learned Germans. Whenever he could find the most distant similarity between the slightest point of their mode of operating, and anything ever done before, he dwelt upon it with peculiar pleasure; and *lightly touched upon what was really new*. He even affected to excuse the Institute for taking the subject into consideration at all, saying that the anatomical researches were entirely distinct from the physiology of the brain, and the doctrines of mental manifestations. Of this part of the subject, Bonaparte, and not without cause, had declared his dislike; and M. Cuvier was too great a lover of liberty not to submit his opinion to that of his Consul. His assertion, too, that the anatomy of the brain has nothing to say to its mental influence, he knew to be in direct opposition to fact; but even the meagre credit which he did dare to allow to the new mode of dissection, *he wished to dilute with as much bitterness as he could*. So unjust and unsatisfactory, so lame and mutilated did the whole report appear, that the authors of the new method published "an Answer," in which they accused the committee of not having repeated their experiments. Such was the reception which the science of Phrenology met with from the Academy of the great nation.

Napoleon was unquestionably a good judge of character, and had his favorite rules in deciding upon the motives and designs of men. It was not in his nature to be either ignorant of, or indifferent to, the doctrines of Gall. Conscious of his own superiority, and eminently proud and selfish, it is not to be supposed that he would favor a system which opened to all the origin and nature of human actions. In admitting such a theory as that of Gall, *he would himself become a subject of remark and investigation by his own consent*; and, however well he might have liked the principles of organology, for his own exclusive use, his spirit could never have sanctioned *the practice of them in others*.

That this position may be made more apparent, we will quote the following conversation from the *Mémoires du Docteur F. Antommarchi, ou les derniers Momens de Napoléon*. He does not hesitate to express his aversion to all those philosophers who pretend to interpret the internal man by the external organisation.

Lady Holland had sent a box of books, in which was also contained a bust in plaster, the head of which was covered with divisions and figures according to the craniological system of Dr. Gall. "There doctor," said Napoleon, "that lies in your province; take and study it, and you shall then give me an account of it. I should be glad to know what Gall would say of me if he felt my head." I immediately set to work; but the divisions were not exact, and the figures misplaced, and I had not been able to put them to rights when Napoleon sent for me. I went, and found him in the midst of a mass of scattered volumes, reading Polybius. He said nothing to me at first, and continued to run over the pages of the work he held in his hand; he then threw it down, came to me, and taking me by the ears, and looking me steadily in the face, "Well! *dottoraccio di capo Corso*, you have seen the bust?"—Yes, sire.—"Meditated the system of Gall?"—Very nearly.—"Comprehended it?"—I think so. "You are able to give an account of it?"—Your majesty shall judge.*—"To know my tastes and to appreciate my faculties, by examining my head?"—Even without touching it (he began to laugh).—"You are quite up to it?"—Yes, sire. "Very well; we shall talk about it when we have nothing better to do."

It is a *pis-aller*, which is just as good as any other; and it is sometimes amusing to notice to what extent folly can be carried.

He now walked up and down, and then asked, "What did Mascagni think of these German reveries? Come, tell me frankly, as if you were talking to one of your brethren."

"Mascagni liked very much the manner in which Gall and Spurzheim develop and point out the different parts of the brain; he himself adopted their method, and regarded it as eminently fitted for discovering the structure of this interesting viscus. As to the pretended power of judging from protuberances, of the vices, tastes, and virtues of men, he regarded it as an ingenious fable, which might seduce the *gens du monde*, but could not withstand the scrutiny of the anatomist."

"That was like a wise man; a man who knows how to appreciate the merit of a conception, and to isolate it from the falsehood with which charlatanism would overcharge it: I regret not having known him."

Corvisart was a great partisan of Gall; he praised him, protected him, and left no stone unturned to push him on to me, but there was no sympathy between us. Lavater, Cagliostro, Mesmer, have never been to my mind; I felt, I cannot tell how much aversion for them, and I

* Verily the *Dottoraccio's* modesty was very great, and his understanding very gigantic in its dimensions. Few men, except himself, could have studied, comprehended and mastered, in as many months as he required hours, a science which, in its application and details, is perhaps the most extensive that is known!—Ed. K. J.

took care not to admit any one who kept them among us. All these gentlemen are adroit, speak well, excite that fondness for the marvellous which the vulgar experience, and give an appearance of truth to theories the most false and unfounded. Nature does not reveal herself by external forms. She hides, and does not expose her secrets. To pretend to seize and to penetrate human character by so slight an index is the part of a dupe or of an impostor; and what else is that crowd with marvellous inspirations, which agitates the bosom of all great capitals? The only way of knowing our fellow-creatures is to see them, to haunt them, and to submit them to proof. We must study them long if we wish not to be mistaken; we must judge them by their actions; and even this rule is not infallible, and must be restricted to the moment when they act; for we almost never obey our own character; we yield to transports—we are carried away by passion; such are our vices and virtues, our perversity and heroism. This is my opinion, and this has long been my guide. It is not, that I pretend to exclude the influence of natural dispositions and of education; I think, on the contrary, that it is immense; but beyond that, all is system, all is nonsense."

Sovereigns, remarks Dr. Gall, are always deceived, when they ask advice from the ignorant, the jealous, the envious, the timid, or from those who, from age, are no longer accessible to new opinions. Napoleon acquired his first notions of the value of my discoveries during his first journey to Germany. A certain metaphysical juriconsult, E——, at Leipzig, told him that the workings of the soul were too mysterious to leave any external mark. And, accordingly, in an answer to the report of the Institute, I had this fact in view when I terminated a passage by these words:—"And the metaphysician can no longer say, in order to preserve his right of losing himself in a sea of speculation, that the operations of the mind are too carefully concealed to admit of any possibility of discovering their material conditions or organs." At his return to Paris he scolded sharply those members of the Institute who had shown themselves enthusiastic about *my new demonstrations*. This was the thunder of Jupiter overthrowing the pigmies! On the instant, my discoveries were nothing but reveries, charlatanism, and absurdities; and the journals were used as instruments for throwing ridicule—an all-powerful weapon in France—on the self-constituted bumps!

We should here remark, that although Gall, merely from seeing the bust of Napoleon placed along side of those of the generals of the Austrian armies, predicted the immortal victories of Italy, yet he never received from the Emperor the smallest mark of attention!

Keeping in view the strong and adverse feelings of Napoleon, in relation to Phrenology, we may account for the imperfect Report of Cuvier. The report, it should be observed, related only to the anatomical discoveries of Gall and Spurzheim;—not to their peculiar doctrines of the functions of the brain. Cuvier, however, admitted, in the Annual Report, that their "*Memoir was by far the most important which had occupied the attention of the class.*"

That Cuvier was a phrenologist, there can be, if any, little doubt; neither his Report, nor any of his works, warrant us in supposing the contrary. Although political causes had a tendency to influence Cuvier against the doctrines of Gall,—nevertheless, these two celebrated men were made to understand and esteem each other, and, towards the end of their career, they did each other justice. Gall had already one foot in the grave when Cuvier sent him a cranium, "which," he said, "appeared to him to confirm his doctrine of the physiology of the brain." But the dying Gall replied to him who brought it, "Carry it back, and tell Cuvier, that my collection only wants one head more—*my own*, which will soon be placed there as a complete proof of my doctrine."

(To be Continued Weekly).

"Five Sundays in February."

It has been recently stated, that "there would not be such an event as five Sundays in February for seventy years." But I can with confidence affirm that it is "incorrect," and that Sunday falls on the 29th of February every 28 years (or as I call it every septennial leap-year, as there are seven leap years in the above-mentioned time). To find when the 29th of February is Sunday, divide any year you like by 28; and if nothing remains, there want four years to the time when it will so happen; but if the remainder is four, that year on the 29th of February will be Sunday. Thus the 29th of February, 1824, was Sunday, as was also the 29th of February this year; and the 29th of February, 1880 and 1908, will be Sunday; and every 28 years the calendar of the almanac is exactly the same as it was 28 years previously. Thus the months and years roll onward till they arrive at "the septennial leap-year," whence they stop, and again their course pursue; every event (of course not moveable feasts) falling on the same day and date of the month, as it did 28 years before. Thus St. James's day was on Thursday, July 25, 1811; and on the same day and date of the month, in 1839. St. James's day was on Sunday, July 25, in 1824, and will be on Sunday, July 25, this year (1852), there being just 28 years between.—T. GOLDING.

The Mastodon.

A NEARLY perfect skeleton of that extinct creature, the Mastodon, is now being exhibited in the Islington Bazaar. The bones were dug up, many years ago, in the State of New York; and the deficiencies, which are but trifling, having been supplied by wood, the skeleton appears perfect. The huge structure of bones stands fully fifteen feet high, and the general impression conveyed is that the living creature must have been nearly double the size of an elephant.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Anonymous writers are at heart and by practice, the very worst of assassins. Their doings are all in the dark—shunning the light. No man need hesitate, under any circumstances, to attach his name to an honest, straightforward document. In us, such characters shall find no advocates. We denounce them as the very scum of society. They would unhesitatingly rob you, if your back were turned; and as remorselessly stab you while you slept.

TO COUNTRY BOOKSELLERS, Liverpool, &c., &c. Your anonymous favors continue to arrive; and we keep them as so many proofs of the justice of the remarks that have been wrung from us from time to time in this JOURNAL. We never act on the offensive, but have a right to defend ourselves from injury. The collection of "autographs" with which you are furnishing us, afford lamentable evidence of your ignorance and evil dispositions; and we should indeed be sorry to reply in the same strain.

A. W. PARRY.—Next week.

G. C. G.—Your request shall be complied with. Having sent us no address, you must wait patiently. It is your own fault.

R. T.—m.—Read our JOURNAL of to-day carefully; you will therein find what you require.

E. T.—Our space is so circumscribed, that "Fugitive Poetry" can only be admissible under very peculiar circumstances. We are already overwhelmed with similar "kind offerings." This "reply" will suffice for all the writers. Their favors have merit, and would be readily available in a Monthly Magazine.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS, and CASUAL READERS, are referred to the LEADING ARTICLE in our FIRST NUMBER for the DETAILED OBJECTS of this JOURNAL: to these we shall rigidly adhere.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them. Our time is more profitably occupied. All vacancies, as they are called, are filled up. Let this general answer suffice.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any "facts" connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append their names and places of abode. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS.—It having been deemed expedient, to meet the views of the Trade, that this JOURNAL should always be published by anticipation, CONTRIBUTORS AND OTHERS will be so kind as to bear in mind that they must give us an extra "week's grace," and wait patiently till their favors appear.

All persons who may send in MSS., but which may not be "accepted," are requested to preserve copies of them, as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for their return.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, April 3, 1852.

WE essayed a short time since, a brief article on an "Editor's Letter Box;" and recorded some few of the miseries attendant upon the first appearance of a New Periodical. Every offspring of the brain that presents itself to an aspirant after fame, is sure to be dropped into this said "Lion's Mouth;" and many, doubtless, are the hopes and fears consequent upon the expectancy of the Editor's fiat.

We have passed through the ordeal of

this heavy infliction; and we imagine our eye must have wandered over the contents of many reams of Paper, now made light of for the benefit of our study fire. It is a matter for rejoicing, that we have extinguished this *ardor juventutis*,—this youthful frenzy. It was becoming a nuisance.

The contents of our Letter Box are now highly prized. We have three distinct places for the reception of Letters; and at each we find, daily, very many Communications that gladden our heart. No longer beset by the buzzing, giddy insects that fluttered around our candle, all tending by their wild flight to obscure our steady vision—we now find ourselves addressed by the good, the great, the noble,—all zealous in promoting our best interests, all anxious to congratulate us on our progress, and all desirous of cultivating our better acquaintance. Our efforts to please have been appreciated; our thoughts are in unison with those of our kind patrons; and the cause we advocate gives universal satisfaction. This, we repeat, is truly gratifying to our feelings. Our readers are our friends.

We have stated in a former Number that our presence is sacred; and that by the aid of our "mysterious cloak" (see page 104), we are as invisible to sight as we are impalpable to the touch. This is strictly true as regards our person when "on duty." But our invitations to all parts of the country are so numerous, that we feel it right to say we shall *not always* be "on duty." Gratitude alone would forbid this, seeing that our Company is so anxiously courted "from Dan to Beersheba." Our pen can travel with us; and the wings of the post can speedily convey our thoughts homeward to the man of types.

All these remarks however are prospective. Much remains to be done before we can feel "free." The seed we have sown is not yet harrowed in. Much of it has been rendered of non-effect by individuals of whom we are sick of speaking; and much of the same ground has to be gone over again. The existence of our JOURNAL must be made yet more extensively known, before it can be reckoned healthy. This will require time, indomitable energy, and, what is harder to find—money. The latter however, simple as the assertion may appear, might at once be rendered quite needless, if every one of our present weekly subscribers would procure us ONLY TWO OTHER weekly subscribers in addition! When we assure our readers of this fact, it is tantamount to asking their aid in this difficulty. We do not deny it.

We have done wonders thus far, and shall do many more; for we shall never rest till we are found in every corner of the civilised world. So far as regards our pen—we shall

use it on all occasions for the amusement and instruction of our readers. We shall soon be joined by the awakening hand of NATURE. It will then be her's to instruct—our's to record; for

Imitative strokes can do no more
Than please the eye; SWEET NATURE every
sense—

The air salubrious of her lofty hills,
The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
And music of her woods; no works of man
May rival these. They all bespeak a power
Peculiar and exclusively her own.

It is "something" to be the associate of such a Goddess as this; nor is the privilege of tracing her footsteps and recording her doings to be lightly esteemed. We hold our office in high honor. We must now hold our *hand*—for the Printer says we have already written twice too much.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Spring in Scotland.—How delightful is the country, even now! Spring has come in with a smiling face; and whilst admiring the scenery of the woods and glens, the birds greatly add to the interest excited. They are like living flowers, coming to provide for the bareness of the trees. They are all busy, singing, preparing their nests, making love or otherwise. The rooks have now got their nests completely founded, and are zealously working their task to completion. They are very numerous in many parts of Scotland this year. The pigeons too are already in pairs; more particularly the wild wood pigeons; and they are all busy looking out for a spot to place a few tiny twigs in, whereon they may rear their *duo*. Loud caroo-ing is heard in the woody glens. The birds generally are in full song and glee, and never seem to tire. The thrush, early in the morning, may be seen perched on the pinnacle of some substantial oak, vibrating the air and breaking the comparative silence with his sweet, mellow notes, quite drowning those of his smaller brethren. The Robin red-breast is not behind his "big brother;" for he is seen actively hopping about, arrayed in a vest of unusual brightness, expressly put on for the occasion; his notes are long and sweet, and appear to be tightened to their utmost. The other little modest feathered creatures are not less worthy of comment. Their plumage is beautifully glossy, their colors most distinctly marked, and their little hearts bursting with glee. It is a delightful employment to watch their movements; for they seem to anticipate the fortunes attending the good weather of coming April. The game birds (of the pheasant and partridge kind) have their beauties and enjoyments as well as their soaring neighbors. The pheasant is in his proud glory. The cry of the partridge is clearer and more distinct than at any other season; it seems the morning of their days. The hares turn mad through joy; and from their giddy stupidity, are perhaps more seriously plundered at this than at any other season; the utmost caution therefore should be taken by the protectors of these

animals against inroads. Nature meets at every turn with happy faces—all full of the warmest congratulation. Her family, one and all, seem to thank her for the enjoyments of a beautiful Spring.—J. F., *Glasgow, March 13.*

Soft-billed Birds and their proper Food.—The introduction of your JOURNAL for the diffusion of sound and useful knowledge for the rising and risen generation, deserves public thanks; and let me, as *one* of the public, congratulate you on the manner in which you provide weekly so large an amount of wholesome mental food. At page 26, you speak of my favorites, the soft-billed birds; and I want you, at your earliest convenience, to give in detail all that you know about them, and to tell us the *proper sort of food for them*. Nightingales will soon be amongst us, and I want to be "ready" with all needful information against their arrival.—J. P. B., *Hants.*

[We are in the field early with the information you require. A correspondent at Liverpool has most kindly undertaken to transcribe for us, weekly, from the pages of SWEET'S "*British Warblers*" (a noble work), the results of that gentleman's interesting experience. It will commence next week. In addition to this,—our own interesting experience of nearly 30 years will be brought to bear upon the question, so that your wants will be abundantly supplied.]

Where can I hear a Nightingale?—I am so interested in all you have said and written about the nightingale, that I wish you to tell me where I can hear one, and when?—A SUBSCRIBER.

[They will arrive in about a fortnight, and you may hear them in Lord Holland's Park, Kensington.]

Anecdote of a Blackbird; and certain Matters interesting to the Lovers of these Birds.—I once had a blackbird, who, on moulting, appeared with a pair of white wings. His name was "Smelt," so called from his close resemblance to an individual of that name. He was a nestling bird, and lived with me some seven or eight years in a state of happiness. One day in my absence, he was furiously attacked by a wild blackbird; and the cover of his cage not being put on, his assailant contrived to cleave his skull in such a position, that his indignant soul "went hissing through the wound." I had often, previous to this fatal encounter, been much amused whilst watching the rivalry that existed between my captive bird and those who enjoyed their liberty. After singing against each other for a while, the free bird would make a descent and settle on "Smelt's" cage; but not being able to attack him from the top, (for I always had a cover on the cage, to keep the rays of the sun off), he would presently hover in front of the cage, and after a while, being excited thereto by "Smelt's" menaces, he would cling to the wicker-work (after the manner of a woodpecker), and commence hammering away through the bars—in the hope I suppose of effectually stopping "his matin and his vesper song;" and this, alas! on the fatal day just mentioned, that jealous Hampshire blackbird (for "Smelt" was a native

of Kent) succeeded in doing. I record his fate as a warning to those who hang their blackbirds out of doors, never to leave the tops of their cages uncovered. Nor is this the only reason why cages hung in the sun (and that is where they are most frequently placed) should be covered. Much suffering and many deaths are caused by placing birds in the sun, without properly shading the cage. It should be borne in mind, that in sultry weather the wild birds take shelter in the shade of trees and hedges, and thus escape the too great heat from which our poor imprisoned songsters *cannot* flee when exposed in an unshaded cage. The very least that we can do, when we rob the feathered tribe of their liberty, is to be as kind and attentive to their wants as possible.—J. P. B., *Hants.*

German Paste for Soft-billed Birds.—How is it made?—Will some of your readers kindly furnish me with a first-rate "Receipt" for making German paste? We, who live in the country, find it very expensive to purchase it in London. The liberal tone of your JOURNAL convinces me you are not an "exclusive" where the good of the public is in question.—G. C. G., *Walthamstow.*

[We let this question appear for a variety of reasons. We ourselves are possessed of an admirable receipt; but even this may be improved on without doubt. We will "compare notes," and let the public have the benefit of our private investigation.]

Geological Inquiry.—Will you inform me through your pages, of any book or books in which I can find "Evidences of the igneous origin of plutonic rocks, granite, &c.,—together with the analogies between the lavas of the present day, and the Obsidian, &c., of times past?" Perhaps some of your readers can supply the information. If so, I shall feel obliged.—A GEOLOGIST, *Glasgow.*

Eels; more curious Facts.—The public are very greatly your debtors for the perseverance you have shown in establishing "the fact" as to how eels are generated. This now appears to admit of no dispute. You are aware, no doubt, that when eels do not find themselves comfortable in one spot, they betake themselves to another,—and this, *always*, during the night-time. Some time since, a gentleman of my acquaintance wished to stock his pond, in this neighborhood (Worcester), with eels; and with this view he purchased a large quantity. In something less than a fortnight, to his great mortification he found them all missing! The thought of their having been caught and stolen was natural enough. Another supply was procured. These again vanished. A third reinforcement shared the same fate. A general notice was then given by the owner of the pond, that the place would be well guarded, and depredators shot at if detected. One moonlight night, whilst watching the spot, my friend (to use his own words) "saw what caused his flesh to creep." The eels, quitting the water, by a tortuous motion proceeded across his garden,—thence across two meadows, and finally they descended into the River Severn, half a mile distant. No doubt all the others, by a similar instinct (incomprehensible by us), had

disappeared in the same manner. A fact like this, recorded in your JOURNAL, will doubtless be corroborated by many of your readers; and the result cannot fail of exciting great public interest.—A. E., *Worcester.*

[The emigration of eels is well known to naturalists; and their habits are as interesting to investigate as they are curious to record. The late debate has done much good. We no longer find any public advocate for the generation of eels from spawn. Mr. Boccius is to be highly commended for having "eaten his leak" in silence. It will not do now-a-days to use the long-bow, when people are in the steady pursuit of truth.]

A Prospective Calendar of Insects.—I send you a further List of moths about to appear in April. More shall follow in due course.—C. P. *Boston.*

CALENDAR OF MOTHS APPEARING IN APRIL. (Continued from page 203.)		
NAME.	WHAT THE CATERPILLAR FEEDS ON.	LOCALITY, ETC.
Humming Bird Hawk (<i>Macroglossa stellarium</i>).	Bed straw and dyer's woad.	Kent, Hertfordshire, Surrey, Yorkshire, &c.
Coccomb (<i>Lophopteryx camelina</i>).	Oak, birch, willow, poplar, alder, beech, lime, &c.	Near London, Durham, and Cheshire.
Clouded Drab (<i>Orthosia instabilis</i>).	Oak.	Essex and Surrey.
Leadene Drab (<i>O. grisealis</i>).	Do, willow, bramble, &c.	" and Kent.
Powdered Quaker (<i>O. sparsa</i>).	Tops of willows.	" and Hertford.
Steady " (<i>O. stabilis</i>).	Oak, elm, beech, lime, poplar, cherry, &c.	
Dwarf " (<i>O. cruda</i>).	Oak, wild rose, &c., in June.	Salop and Essex.
April (<i>Mischia Aprilina</i>).	Oak, beech, apple, &c.	Near London.
Herald (<i>Calyptra libatrix</i>).	Poplar and willow.	Yorkshire, Herefordshire, Essex, Kent, Surrey, and Somersetshire.
Gemma (<i>Plusia gamma</i>).	Various plants and grasses.	Boston, Lincolnshire; Cumberland, Durham, Yorkshire, Essex, and Hampshire.
Brimstone (<i>Pieris oratoryata</i>).	White thorn, sloe, apple tree, &c.	Cumberland, Durham, York, Middlesex, and most counties.
Pine Gem (<i>Boarmia didactyla</i>).	Various plants.	Dublin, Edinburgh, Durham, Boston, Lincolnshire, Wiltshire, and near London.
Garden Carpet (<i>Cnidaria plicatula</i>).	Horse-radish, cabbage, &c.	Essex, Kent, Surrey, and Devonshire.
		Durham, and near London.

[We thank you for your vigilance, which is duly appreciated far and near.]

Singular Spot for the Nest of a Wheatear.—

The wheatear (*saxicola ananthe*), though a very solitary bird, frequently builds its nest in rather public places. In the summer of last year, I had occasion often to walk on the line of the Wilts and Somerset Railway, a short distance from this town. On such occasions, I always observed a wheatear at a certain spot, and imagined that it must have a nest very near. Once I saw the old bird fly out from a hollow place, under one of the line of rails, which was left for the purpose of draining the water in case of heavy rains. I marked this spot, and, to my great surprise, found a nest of five young birds exactly under the centre of the iron rail on the up line; so that the old bird must have laid, and hatched these young ones, with six trains daily passing over her to and fro! I noticed the young ones several times afterwards, till the old birds led them away. It was certainly the most strange place for a nest I ever saw. In the northern parts of England and Scotland this poor bird is the victim of superstition. Old and young think it a merit to kill the old birds, and destroy their eggs. The male birds sing very sweetly, and have rather a powerful voice; but I believe they are never heard, save when the hen is sitting on the eggs.—J. K., *Trowbridge*.

Food for Pigeons.—If "G. P." (see page 169)

continues to feed his pigeons on hempseed, they will necessarily be so inflamed they cannot sit; besides which, it will in time cause first the feathers, and then the birds to rot. Pigeons, I am aware, are exceedingly fond of hempseed, but it should be given with a sparing hand, and only when they have a cold or other disease. To have various kinds of pigeons in one loft, it is necessary to "mate" the birds strongly before turning them loose. They should be fed upon beans, and, when they have young ones, on tares. If "G. P." observes these directions, and maintains strict cleanliness, his birds will be healthy. I beg to refer him to some other remarks of mine connected with pigeons, at page 155. By the way, your printer has given my initials on that page as "J. H.,"—they should have been J. R., *Boston*.

Sparrows.—How can I get rid of them?—

Can any of your numerous correspondents suggest a plan whereby I could poison the sparrows? They are very destructive at this season of the year to the gardens. I have tried various ways, but cannot get them to eat the poisoned food.—J. K.

[If you are tormented with sparrows as we are, we pity you. They eat more corn than all our poultry put together. However, do not poison them. It is cruel and dangerous; for many innocent birds fall victims, by eating the poisoned grain which the sparrows drop from their beaks. Try small netting spread over your beds.]

Breeding-cages.—You will agree with me in saying that the breeding-cages in general use are perfectly disgraceful to the times in which we live. [Indeed they are, and we have often raised our voices against them.] I therefore wish, as the season for the breeding of birds is

near at hand, to describe, *pro bono*, the cages which I adopt and find to answer admirably. It is idle for people to persist in saying they "love" their birds, whilst they yet keep them in abject misery. My cages, I would observe, have been in use four years, and they are now as good as ever. Their length is two feet six inches; height, one foot six inches; depth (from back to front), one foot. They are made of the best yellow deal. [Let us here, by all the strength of argument, insist upon the wood being of *mahogany*, as being protective from the inhabitation of "vermin"—those pests of the bird-cage and midnight murderers of the feathered race]—well painted inside and out [Thrice at least], the inside a light green. The fronts are made of polished mahogany, and strongly fitted with tinned wire. This will never rust, and with a little care will always look bright. The fronts are made moveable, with a view to remove and replace them when the cage has been properly cleansed, which it must be whenever needful. Inside the cage two perches are placed, from end to end. This makes the cage strong and firm. On the right-hand side, near the top, is an opening four inches square; and within two inches from the bottom (on the same side) is another opening, six inches long, and four inches high. I have then a box, six inches high and six inches wide, to reach from the front to the back of the cage, thus securing one side and one end *open*. I have a small door to fit on the outside of the open end, and this is partly wired to let a little light in. This being the box in which are placed the "nest boxes," is fixed to the cage over the top hole by means of two brass hooks, screwed on the top of the cage, and made to fit in two small "eyes" screwed into the box. Thus you will see I have my nest-boxes outside instead of inside the cages. By this arrangement the dirty box can be removed, and a clean one substituted, in less than a minute. The birds, too, are kept from being disturbed, and I have little or no trouble. For the purpose of hardening the shell of the hens' eggs, I throw a little well-bruised old mortar at the bottom of the cage. [Everybody should do this, and never neglect it.] I have, moreover, a small cage to fit upon the bottom opening, and it is wired on one side and on the front. Into this I put the young birds when they leave the nest, and their father feeds them without any trouble. The use of this cage is to prevent the old birds from plucking out the feathers of their offspring to line the next nest with. I thus keep my young birds in good plumage, and keep them out of the way of the old birds who are engaged in preparing for another family. In my last (see page 154), your printer has made me say—"During the *last* ten years," &c. It should have been "the *first* ten years," &c. Please comb his hair for him.—J. A. B.

[You are indeed a regular "fancier," and your plan of operations is a good one. Let us hear, by all means, of any pleasing results that may attend your experiments during the coming season. You say in your letter, you have procured us "a round dozen of subscribers." Thanks! Tell these good folk "to go and do likewise!" This is the legitimate way of pleasing themselves, and helping us; for we are really laborers in the

public service, and by no means overpaid. We are no advocates for a "Pension List," but we delight in getting our living by the "sweat of our brow." As did our ancestors, so do we. When you write again, pray send your address.]

Migration of Insects.—If such of your correspondents as are interested in this subject will refer to Volume 80 of "Constable's Miscellany" (Butterflies, Vol. 3), they will therein find a variety of extracts referring to the question, that will give them much pleasure in perusal. I am fully as anxious as your other readers to know more and more about this.—T. G. W., *Kennington*.

[We thank you much for the above, and also for other information conveyed to us. We shall be glad of you as an ally, and feel sure you will be an efficient one, for your heart is in your studies.]

Anecdote of the Grey Wagtail.—The grey wagtail (*Motacilla boarula*) is a bird of rather singular habits. One of this species has for the last three winters regularly visited the back of my house, flying and tapping at the windows a great number of times every day. Its motive for so doing I cannot make out. I have left the windows open, but it will not come in; and though its whole food is stated to be insects, we feed it with small bread-crumbs daily, which it eats with avidity. It is quite tame. It always makes its appearance about the latter end of October, and leaves us about the middle of February. I have not the slightest doubt that it is the same bird that visits us every season.—J. K., *Trowbridge*.

Our "Correspondence" becoming daily more voluminous, we entreat our kind contributors to exercise a little of that Christian virtue—Patience. Their favors will have the earliest possible attention paid them.—ED. K. J.

BIRDS OF SONG IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

[Concluded from page 206.]

THIS Case now comes on for a further hearing. Perhaps few trials have ever excited greater interest. The report is copied, as we acknowledged last week, from the *Gardeners' Chronicle*,—first-rate authority:—

Case of "The Skylark;" a Demurrer, and Motion for a New Trial.—When a man has a friend whom he dearly loves, how natural is it for him to plead earnestly in his friend's behalf when he hears him spoken against—particularly when he is, or is supposed to be, innocent of the crime laid to his charge! In this latter belief, I confess I recently espoused the cause of the hapless skylark, imagining him to be guiltless of chewing the cud of the young germinating Wheat, Peas, &c.,—at all events with so alarming an appetite, clearly indicative of his having what we English call "the wolf" in his stomach. Since however "A Shilmalier" returns to the charge with redoubled energy, and with multi-

plied grievances, and is now moreover backed by another highly respectable "witness," Mr. J. Foreman, of Montrose,—the "trial" assumes some importance. It is now "Ireland and Scotland v. England," with heavy odds against the latter. Unfortunately I, who represent in my humble person this "Land of the Brave," am at present unable to "prove my case." I am no farmer; never followed the plough; never detected, never read, never heard of skylarks living in spring-time on salads of delicate, succulent Wheat-grass; never fired at, nor shot these "rogues in grain," when so detected; nor disembowelled them afterwards to find "damning proof" concealed within to tell of such moral guilt. All I can conscientiously do therefore, is to speak what I know of their general character; of the "high" position they hold in the world at large—I have already done so; and to throw myself on the mercy of the court. However, *sub judice adhuc lis est*. Two witnesses only have appeared; and they represent Scotland and Ireland. I have only advocated as yet, the cause of the ENGLISH Lark, believing him honest, and like the rook—the farmer's best of friends. Let but a respectable witness for England appear against me, and the verdict, alas! must be for the plaintiffs. I hope, however, it will not be with "immediate execution;" but that "judgment may be respited until next term," (the larks—many of them I fear, will be spitted by your two zealously-affected correspondents, before they are respited by the judges!) "A Shilmalier" and Mr. Foreman are both such pleasant gentlemen, and write so well and so good-naturedly withal, that it is impossible to feel otherwise than friendly towards them, or to gainsay what they so clearly assert. They state their grievances very fairly, and as Mr. Foreman facetiously remarks, pay perhaps rather "dearly for their whistle." But what a whistle! Was ever any whistle heard like unto it? Never! And yet surely the voices of the larks which inhabit the corn-fields of Ireland and Scotland cannot equal those we are accustomed to hear in "merrie England!" Surely not; or a few extra bushels of Wheat—now said by the farmers to be "worth nothing"—would never be a consideration of importance. The dissentients shall soon hear our English lark, and judge for themselves. "A Shilmalier" hints that he will pay a visit anon, to our "World's Great Fair;" and that while in our gay city he will honor me with a friendly call. Of course he will. I shall fully expect him, and greet him with a hearty welcome on his arrival. Let Mr. Foreman follow suit in this goodly move; and let us all three, over wine and Walnuts, Pine-apples and sherry cobbler, argue once more, deliberately, humanely, and philosophically, the case of the poor skylark—Heaven's special favorite! Not longer ago than Sunday last, as I stretched far away among the Surrey Hills, I saw my *protégé*, crest erect,

"From his moist cabinet mount up on high;"

and the music he discoursed was so eloquent, that I thought if "A Shilmalier" was by my side, I could have converted him. Indeed I question, if I read his character aright, whether his "spring crops of Wheat, Rye, Oats, Barley, Beans, Peas, and

Vetches," would not, at the time I speak of, have been placed at the free disposal of this merry, innocent rogue and his associates. Mr. Foreman recommends me to use a good telescope in my rambles, and so "take a sight" of the larks' consumptive habits. As regards the larks of Scotland, I willingly confess my ignorance, and most readily take his word; but, if you please Mr. F., *pendente lite*, we will let the food of the wild English lark remain an "open question."—*W. Kidd, Hammersmith, May 1, 1851.*

The Skylark.—It must be admitted that the song of birds is among Nature's choicest gifts, and those only who have listened to the "charm of earliest birds" in full chorus, can form an idea of the stream of melody poured forth from hundreds of happy throats when they first wake up beneath the curtains of some shady grove:

"The lark begins the lay
Rising the nearest Heaven,
His tribute there to pay
From whence his joy was given."

Then we have the notes of the nightingale, the thrush, and the blackbird, alternating with those of the smaller warblers, relieved at intervals by the soft cooing of the dove.

Having often enjoyed this varied harmony, I must say a word in favor of the poor lark, although a tiller of the soil. Shall I boldly assert that he does no harm? No. Shall I suppress the fact that I have often seen him nipping off the young blades of wheat? No. What then? What then? Why he ought to be shot—says the destructive. Stop a bit; if put in at a proper depth, in proper soil, he will not injure the part below the coronet, and in a short time one or more shoots will spring up again. But even if it were otherwise, you should reflect that this world "and all that it inherit" were not made for you alone, and that you have no right to destroy off the face of the earth every one of God's creatures that does not immediately minister to your convenience. However, let your principles be fully carried out. Away with all restrictions, class interests, and conscientious scruples. Contemplate first of all the extirpation of the whole race of that hard-billed villain, the sparrow, who will have his allowance of corn both at seed time and harvest, in spite of gun and rattle. Then suppose the clouds to have fallen, in order that all the larks might be taken at one fell swoop, for eating it in the blade. Then pass an act for the abolition of rookeries, upon the plea of their being general feeders, and living on the plunder they obtain from the neighboring fields. Next, trap and shoot all blackbirds, thrushes, starlings, &c., for eating your fruit. Then, set a price on the heads of chaffinch, greenfinch, *et id genus omne*, for levying contribution on your Turnip and Radish seed; and when all the larger tribes are disposed of in a satisfactory manner, set innumerable steel traps for the extirpation of tomtits, and bring summary ejectments against jenny wrens for taking possession of your haystacks without permission. Now reckon up the number of nuisances you have got rid of: sparrow, lark, rook, crow, blackbird, thrush, dove, and ringdove, chaffinch, greenfinch, and bullfinch, hedge-sparrow, robin, and tomtit,

are only a few of the most conspicuous offenders who have received orders to depart this life, and henceforth to keep company with the shade of the "last of the Mohicans" and other proscribed races. The idea is almost suffocating, but it is done, and another year is come. "How are things now? What do I hear you say? Your plant of Wheat is very gappy. How is that? There are no larks now." "No, but there are plenty of grubs." "Oh, it's the grubs now, is it?" "Yes." "Well, what sort of a show of fruit have you got?" "Oh, I had a splendid blossom, and the frost kept off nicely; but soon after the fruit was set it fell off." "Indeed, how was that?" "Why I suspect that some caterpillars which I found in the fallen fruit were the cause of its falling off." "What a pity!" "Yes, it is, I assure you, quite a blight to my expectations, after all the pains I had taken to extirpate those vermin." "Then probably you are worse off after all than you were before you got rid of those nuisances?" "I really think so." "And you have had no whistle?" "None but my own." "Then you pay rather dearly for that."—*F. J. Graham, Cranford, May 14, 1851.*

Skylark, Case of the; final Hearing, and Application for his Discharge.—I have waited one week, two weeks, and now nearly three weeks, most patiently, to see how many more witnesses would come forward against my hapless friend, the lark. To show the all-but-universal reluctance entertained to prosecute this matter any further, one, only one English farmer (Mr. Hurt, of Etwall) has entered the witness-box against the defendant during all the period of discussion! The evidence of this gentleman, too, is rather general than particular; for it speaks only of larks having been seen to bite off the tender blades of young growing corn. I believe firmly they do occasionally so offend; and I can readily imagine that this vegetable diet amalgamates well with their animal food. Who would grudge it them? Mr. Hurt, however, shows no bitterness of spirit, and I thank him for giving his evidence so fairly. He proves neither too little nor too much. The second witness, Mr. Graham, of Cranford, enters the lists on my side. His arguments are good; he says, if the larks are to be killed, destroy also, for similar reasons, the mighty armies of sparrows, tits, [rooks, chaffinches, &c., which devastate the land. He is right. If the principle is to be preserved intact, there must be "war to the knife" with the whole feathered tribe *fera natura*; and even then, as Mr. G. naively remarks, future crops will be equally scanty and "gappy," and the whole blame cast upon the grubs! It is plain to the meanest capacity, that if these birds were all killed, the GRUBS *would* be the destroyers of the corn. But thus it ever was, and thus it ever will be. We are a grasping people; never satisfied. If Providence sends us cold, rainy weather, and it lasts, as we think, too long, we are in a rage immediately. We lament, in piteous tones, that the harvest must be a failure; that the price of bread will be raised; the poor oppressed; and the farmer ruined: and yet, after all, we find the harvest most abundant; bread cheap as ever; the poor constantly employed; and the farmer

grumbling at the small value of his corn. Well is it for us that an all-wise Director sits at the helm of affairs! If the reins of power were in our hands, we should, Phaeton like, make a sad mess of it indeed! Let me volunteer now on the part of my *protégé*, to withdraw the record, and enter a new plea of "guilty." The trembling defendant can then be brought up at once for "judgment;" and after being reprimanded (if such be deemed at all necessary), I urge his immediate discharge. We shall all of us hear his lovely voice somewhere this summer, as we journey about in the neighborhood of corn-fields; and never shall any of us repent having let the "divine attribute of mercy" interfere on his behalf. "Use every man according to his deserts, and who would escape whipping?"—*W. Kidd, Hammersmith, May 20, 1851.*

Irish Larks.—If Mr. Kidd means to say that there are no larks in Ireland, or that they do not sing, I am happy to assure him that they not only abound, but sing gloriously. I have never indeed heard the like in any other land. I have a suspicion, too, that the nightingale, *nacht-i-gallen* (old German—to sing a' nights) comes sometimes, but rarely, rarely.—*H. M'Cormac, M.D., Belfast, July 16, 1851.*

Irish Larks, &c.—If Dr. M'Cormac will have the politeness to read my passing remarks upon the "skylark in Ireland" once more,—he will find I spoke of their frequenting that "strange land" in armies,—not of there being none to be found there,—far otherwise. As for their singing "gloriously," I ventured playfully to doubt this on the authority of a worthy contributor to the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, who, under the *nom de guerre* of "A Shilmalier," stated that in Ireland guns were in constant requisition to slaughter them by the million. Nay,—he even solicited my "kind aid" in inventing some means to annihilate their race altogether, and so save his crops from total destruction. My remark, therefore, that they rose upon the wing with "every disposition" to sing, but *minus* the power, is hardly incorrect,—for the moment they opened their sweet mouths, an explosion took place from below and great was their fall. *Vox audita perit!* They sang their own requiem in one short stanza. As for your correspondent's shrewd "suspicion" that the nightingale does, though "rarely," visit Ireland,—all I can say is,—let us charitably hope so. Such a voice, in such a country, ought to carry all before it. If otherwise, let us drop on it the tear of "pity."—*W. Kidd, July 24, 1851.*

Irish Larks.—If Mr. Kidd will venture himself in Ireland—though "such a land," having dropped all his "tears" (since, thanks to English and Irish management, we do not need to import any), I shall kindly welcome him; and some dewy morning, if in spring, treat him to a concert of Irish larks that shall ravish his very soul with joy!—*J. M'Cormac, M.D., Belfast, Aug. 9, 1851.*

VERDICT—for the DEFENDANT.

THE ELECTRIC FLUID,— Is it Attracted by Color?

THE effects of lightning have seldom or never perhaps been more singularly developed than in the instance of a cow, the property of Mr. Samuel Purser (a tenant of Lord Leigh's) on Frogmore Farm, near Morton-in-Marsh. After a thunderstorm, which occurred in the middle of the day, and lasted about two hours, one of a number of dairy cows, all well in the morning, was observed to be standing in the pasture with her legs straddling apart, indicative of serious indisposition. On being approached and examined, she was found to be stiff and hide-bound, and it was with some difficulty that she was got home and placed in a stall where she was bled and drenched. Her color was *red* and *white*. In a few hours, all the red hair in every part of her skin, came off, leaving the white hair whole and fast; the animal continuing very ill. Those parts of the *skin* which had borne red hair, became raised at the edges, and eventually withered and scaled off. Every atom of red hair, and also of *hide* underneath it, came off, leaving exposed the raw flesh underneath. After a time, and dressing the raw parts with "goose-greese," a cicatrised skin grew over the parts, and the cow eventually recovered its health; but no hair came again, nor was the new skin like hide. In some parts of the animal, the red hair extended to the size of a pocket handkerchief, and in others ran to the width of a finger only. All those parts of the cow covered with white hair remained uninjured, either in the hair or hide. It is remarkable that there was no appearance of the hair having been *singed*, even on those parts which were destroyed. The cow's milk being dried up, she was fatted and slaughtered by Butcher Ellis of Morton-in-Marsh.

The evidence in support of the conclusion that electric fluid was the immediate cause of this extraordinary ailment in the beast, extends no further than probability. The owner of the cow, his immediate neighbor, Mr. Richard Rimell, and the adjoining farmers (all tenants of Lord Leigh, on his Loughborough estate), had no second opinion, but that the cow had been struck by lightning. It is to be regretted however, that so interesting a case should not have been made public at the time, so as to have drawn the attention of scientific people to the phenomena.—R. D.

THE ADVANTAGE OF LIVING does not consist in the length of days, but in the right improvement of them. As many days as we pass without doing some good, are so many days entirely lost.

PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS.

The Hungarian Musical Company

Gave the last of their series of Six Concerts on the 23rd ult. The selection of instrumental music provided was very choice, and brought all their powerful talent into full play. Never was there a richer musical treat submitted to the public. The unity of action, fine ear, and intensity of feeling prevailing among each one of the band, rendered their joint performance unexceptionably beautiful. We would gladly mention the *name* of the "Director" of the Company, but our pen refuses to write it; our brain is unequal to spell it; and we feel quite sure our readers would never be able to pronounce it if written. We therefore let "expressive silence muse its praise." Suffice it to say, there was music in every vein of his face;—in every gesture stood confest

"A melody of soul."

In this feeling all his company largely shared; and their triumph was complete. We shall look with intense anxiety for another series of these *unique* Concerts,—the melodies of which are with us, waking and sleeping.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

WHAT juggling, what self-denial, what perplexity is involved in the phrase! I never hear of a household with *small means* (and to no others does it apply) who are famous for 'keeping up appearances,' but all the crooked, over-strained, hard-working machinery of the interior presents itself to my imagination; the parsimonious economy in daily use amongst its members, that others may enjoy the fruits of their frugality, and laugh at them by the light of their own 'bougies;' the sitting at home in sack-cloth (comparatively speaking), to shine in purple and fine linen elsewhere; the double duty, low wages, and indifferent comforts of the domestics, in order to compete with the establishments of richer neighbors, and pay for supernumerary assistance on the occasion of a fine dinner to thankless acquaintances, after some months' endurance of short-commons on the part of the public-spirited family themselves; the homely, tarnished, scarcely respectable aspect of the apartments set aside for home service; the imitative tawdriness and ostentation of those devoted to the reception of company. Alas! how little worth such domestic sacrifices is the paltry motive that occasions them! About a week since, on returning to my lodgings from an exhibition, I found on my

table an envelope, with a milk-white cachet and silver border, looking very pretty and bride-like, and upon opening it, a pair of cards, connected by a cord of similar texture, fastened emblematically, in a true lover's knot; also, a little friendly note, sighing of some delicate perfume, and informing me that my young new-married friends were 'at home.' In a few days therefore, I felt it my devoir to call on them, and the servant, who probably took me for some country gentlewoman, having law business with her master (who happens to be of that profession), ushered me into a small back parlour, while she took my card up stairs. I am rather fond of paying bridal visits, when a sufficient time has elapsed to insure your doing so without finding yourself in the way, or being subjected to a surfeit from the insipid sweetnesss of recent conjugalism. There is generally such an air of neatness in the new homestead, freshly painted and pointed for the occasion—such newness in the furniture—such nicety in the first touches of trial housewifery; and then, the interesting strife between the timidity of the bride and the importance thrust upon her in her new position—so evident in the countenance of the girl transformed into the wife! She has taken a serious part in the rôle of life, and one likes to see how it sits upon her; besides, I always fancy that I can augur from a first visit the promise of the future, or, by the second-sight one gains from experience, discover the rock on which the happiness or prosperity of the young couple is likely to founder. In the present instance, my speculations upon the taste and furnishing talent of my young friend were doomed to a mortifying disappointment, so far as the apartment was concerned into which I had been shown. Yet the appearance of recent breakfast, and some lady's work lying on the hard, uncomfortable sofa, as if hastily thrown aside (probably at the sound of my knock), made me fancy it the usual sitting-room of the young couple; and I instinctively ran my eye round the apartment, so peculiarly the *heart* of home comfort. 'Furnished lodgings,' thought I, and then I remembered to have heard that they had taken the house. Well, then, my friend must have received part of her fortune in chattel property; for, by no other supposition could I account for the years of housekeeping that had evidently gone over the greater part of the furniture, nor for the heaviness and ill-taste of the rest. The paper was of that quality, specimens of which may be daily seen ticketed at three half-pence per yard, the pattern tasteless (how could it be otherwise?), the color, varied shades of that appropriately denominated drab; the table, instead of being of that compact shape and

nice size, across which two dining *vis-à-vis* can assist each other, gracefully and comfortably, without feeling the want of a servant an inconvenience, or being unfeeling enough to require the attendance of the fatigued, half-dissolved being, who, having served up dinner, is expected to bring in clean hands and apron, and wait at table afterwards, by way of 'keeping up appearances,'—was a wide, gaunt, sable-colored slab of mahogany, that looked likely to have served in some manorial hall as a trestle for the dead; such a cold, anti-festive look was in the black antiquity of its shining surface and its shrunken legs, the number of which seemed intended to make up for their apparent weakness. The very magnitude of table-cloth between them, must have made the *tête-à-tête* dinners of the tyro-connu-bials look cold and formal. Then the carpet was an auction-bargain Brussels, with the pile worn off; and the hearth-rug a bright-patterned new one. The chairs looked as if they had been picked up at odd places, and badly matched, and over the mantelpiece was a chimney glass, the central compartment of which had the effect of making the 'human face divine' take the broad rotundity of a Cheshire cheese; while one of the side divisions elongated it in a style of similar exaggeration; and it was only by practice, or accident, that you found out the portion that reflected you 'a natural.' There was no snug easy-chair—no softly-cushioned couch (that on which I sat was as repellent as some unimaginable stuffing could make it)—no pleasant instrument—no shelf full of favorite books—a make-shift air of disregard pervaded the apartment, from which I felt glad to escape, and found myself some twenty minutes after my arrival on my way to the drawing-room, at the door of which my fair friend met me. Here my eyes were perfectly dazzled by the contrast of the apartment with the dingy, ill-furnished, and worse lit one I had left; and it was some moments before I quite discerned the style of things around me—suffice it to say, that the roses, convolvuluses, and white lilies on these walls, made them as bright and showy as the others were plain and dull; while mock rosewood chairs and couches, veneered cheffonières and tables, damask moreen curtains, and a fine-patterned low-priced carpet, made me feel at once that these embryo heads of a family had enlisted themselves amongst the keepers up of appearances. Alas! I thought, how much more comfort, completeness, and respectability might have been purchased for the cost of these valueless fripperies! How much better to have furnished one room plainly and well, to have enjoyed its comforts in private, to have shared them in the

reception of their friends. But, though these articles may probably outlast the period the Tobins may think it worth while to keep up appearances, more solid and less pretending furniture would give infinitely more satisfaction to themselves, and (if they will continue to sacrifice worth to the mere vanity of seeming fine) more value by and by to their creditors.

Human Life.

The life of man is like unto a dream—
Now bright, now full of clouds. It doth appear
Sometimes a glorious thing, exempt from care
And every ill, and doth all goodly seem,
And Heaven's great blessing. But as the stream
Of time rolls on, its glories melt in air,
And leave us mortals drinking of despair—
A bitter cup. Within our hearts we deem
Earth one vast wilderness, where nought doth
grow
Save rankling thorns, and things which cannot
give
Aught to the mind, to make us wish to live
When once we find our peace is lost below.
But God soon will in mercy end our woe,
And our freed souls the body's death survive.

THOMPSON'S NATURAL HISTORY OF IRELAND.—We are glad to hear that Mr. Thompson, whose death we recorded in No. 12, had made a provision for the completion of his great work, "The Natural History of Ireland." The duty of superintending it, devolves upon two of his most intimate personal friends in Belfast. If this work be well arranged, and carried out in the true spirit of its author, its appearance will be hailed with delight by all lovers of Natural History. We hope "the knife" will be used sparingly, for all the author wrote was to the point.

"ALLEGED" DISCOVERY OF A TREE FROG IN SCOTLAND.—A species of *batrachian*, new to this country, was discovered a *short time ago* in the woods of the Duke of Sutherland, in the north of Scotland. The specimen, which came into the possession of two ladies, was obtained from the interior of a fir tree, and from its character appears to approach to the genus *Padochius*; and the species being new, it is proposed, in honor of one of the ladies to whom we are indebted for its preservation, to term this species the *P. Brounii*. The specimen, when discovered, was in a state of hybernation, and still continues so. It is probable, however, that when it revives from this state, it will develop its beauties, and that something more may be learned concerning its food and natural history.—*North British Mail*. [It is to be regretted, that when these matters are recorded, nothing definite is given. "A short time ago" is fearfully vague; indeed it makes the tale worse than doubtful.]

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"THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS," &c.

"THE OBJECT OF OUR WORK IS TO MAKE MEN WISER, WITHOUT OBLIGING THEM TO TURN OVER FOLIOS AND QUARTOS.—TO FURNISH MATTER FOR THINKING AS WELL AS READING."—EVELYN.

No. 15.—1852.

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PROGRESS OF THE SEASONS.

APRIL.

Now laughing SPRING comes on; and birds in pairs
Chirp in the lively woods; while balmy airs,
And warming beams, no more with frosts at strife,
Wake from its trance the genial tide of life,
Which, as it flows through Nature's swelling veins,
Frees every pulse from Winter's icy chains;
Then tints her mantling cheek with rosy hue,
And calls her vernal beauties all to view.

How gladly do we turn our backs upon the bygone month of March! There are few of us grateful enough to remember it with any good will; for it found us weak from the ravages of winter, and it has left us still weaker. We must now recruit our strength as best we may. We speak of the earlier part of the month of March. There was a decided change for the better on the 20th, and from that day forward "Hope" (though repeatedly damped by "Fear" and cold winds) has been in the ascendant.

The 20th day of March was the signal for the animal and vegetable kingdoms to awaken from torpor. The Sabbath morn dawned beautifully fine. The keen, biting blasts, which had so long withered man and beast were lulled to rest. The skies were serene, the sun rose majestic in his grandeur, and all around were but too happy to participate in Nature's rejoicing.

We hardly need say how joyous we felt to note this change; how cheerfully we bounded from our couch to greet the morning sun; nor with what delight we wandered abroad to share in the enjoyments so largely felt by everything that had life. Every hedge, every tree, every flower,—aye, and every insect felt the genial influence of the sun's power. Few persons can credit the effects produced on all these, even in the course of three or four short hours.

Nor were the bees behindhand in "improving these shining hours." We found them, far and near, imbedded in the petals of the peach and other "opening flowers;"

and we watched them wending their way from field to field, from garden to garden, with all the joyous vigor of a renewed life. To a reflective, happy mind, what can exceed the delight induced by these early, quiet rambles of Spring? We can imagine no one thing of greater interest. But we must now glance at what lies before us,—gratefully remembering the pleasure afforded us whilst lingering on the threshold of Spring. We have thought much about WORDSWORTH'S beautiful lines on the "First mild Day in March" (quoted in an earlier Number). We have enjoyed the Poet's feelings more than once or twice during the past month.

APRIL is too well known to be the handmaid of Spring, for us to do more than notice it *en passant*. It is a month big with promise of all that is delightful. First we have clouds, and then sunshine; tears and smiles alternating in the most pleasing variety. The refreshing showers that fall from Heaven, look like golden drops melting in the sun. The effect is as if Spring were scattering millions of yellow flowers upon the earth; and the sun seems intent upon showering down from his own golden gardens seeds for the coming summer.

We need hardly entreat such of our readers as are lovers of Nature to rise early. They cannot indeed be lovers of Nature if they do not. After the tedious months of Winter, and the tardy approach to Spring, what can be compared to a peep at "Morning,"—as she again

Breaks through the gates of Heaven,
Shaking her jewell'd garments on the sky,
Heavy with rosy gold? Aside are driven
The vassal clouds, which bow as she draws
nigh,

To catch her scatter'd gems of orient dye,
The pearly ruby which her pathway strews—
Argent and amber, now thrown useless by.
The uncolor'd clouds wear what she doth
refuse—

For only once doth Morn her sun-dyed garments use.

Having witnessed this glorious sight, the ear must next be charmed; and a nice walk before breakfast will bring you better acquainted with the sun's companion. See where he rises—his wings covered with pearls of dew!

Whither away, companion of the sun!
So high this lovely morning? Are these clouds
Of floating silver, which appear to shun
Day's golden eye, thy home? or why 'mid
shrouds
Of loosen'd light dost thou pour forth thy song?
Descend, sun-loving bird! nor try thy strength
thus long.

Ethereal songster, soaring merrily!
Thy wings keep time to thy rich music's
flow,
Which rolls along the sky celestially;
And echoes o'er the hill's wood-waving brow
Along the flood that back reflects the sky,
And thee, thou warbling speck, deep mir-
ror'd from on high.

In this our opening Gossip on the Months, we have merely peeped at the coming prospects of the season. Every day will now usher in some pleasing novelty, and introduce us to some old friend returned from abroad to spend his summer amongst us. These arrivals our good friends should by all means anticipate. There will be the swallow, the nightingale, the black-cap, the wry-neck, the cuckoo, and a host of others. Of these, it will be our pleasant duty to speak from week to week.

As for the flower gardens,—how many pages of our JOURNAL could we not fill with even "thoughts" upon their beauties! How much enjoyment do they lose who live in cities at this season! Confined in an unwholesome, badly-ventilated apartment, they slumber till a late hour; and rise with a feverish tongue to breakfast: whilst we, some hours a-head, have enjoyed a sight worth a kingdom, and purchased health for a song. Oh, ladies fair!—

Did you but know, when bath'd in dew,
How sweet the little VIOLET grew
Amidst the thorny brake,—
How fragrant blew the ambient air,
O'er beds of primroses so fair,—
Your pillow you'd forsake.

Would we could tempt you to make but one single trial of our remedy against fashionable ailments! The honor of your company would be an ample recompense for the cure we should effect; and we would cast such a spell around you, that you should never again speak lightly of the pleasures of A Country Life.

The orchards have yet to put on their glorious attire. What a sight awaits you here! Even now the blackthorn is putting forth its flowers; next we shall have the ash, the

ground ivy, the box-tree, the pear tree, the apricot, the nectarine, the plum, the hawthorn, the apple tree, and the sycamore. What a world of beautiful blossoms have yet to appear! The peach trees are now in all their beauty; the almond trees too, are bashfully blushing. Nor must we fail to notice the wild cherry, and the garden cherry, the loveliness of whose blossoms cannot be depicted in words. Yes, lovely creatures,—

Ye may simper, blush, and smile,
And perfume the air awhile;
But ere long ye must be gone;
Fruit, ye know, is coming on.
Then, ah then! where is your grace,
When the CHERRIES take your place?

Let us hope that our fugitive thoughts to-day, may win some at least of our fair friends (whom we cannot help associating with our love of flowers—*both* being so amiable), to come and share with us in the joys of A COUNTRY LIFE!

ANIMALS AND THEIR YOUNG.

[Concluded from page 182.]

The maternal feelings both of the lioness and tigress are very strong, and while attending on their cubs they will brave every danger, and seem scarcely susceptible of fear, either in their defence or in hunting for their prey. Captain Williamson relates, that when he was in an Indian district, two tiger cubs were given to him, which had been brought from a considerable distance by some natives who obtained possession of them during the absence of the tigress. The Captain secured them in a stable, where they made a considerable noise, notwithstanding their being supplied with abundance of food. After having been thus secured for several days, the bereaved tigress arrived during the night, attracted apparently by their cries, to which she replied with the most fearful howlings; and such was the violence of her fury, that the cubs had at length to be let loose, under the apprehension that the tigress would break in and glut her wrath on the robbers of her young. In the morning, it was found that she had carried both the cubs back into the jungle. The parental instincts are peculiarly conspicuous in the largest carnivorous quadrupeds. Among birds in general, the male performs a part in the rearing of the young not greatly inferior to that of the female. He largely aids in building the nest, frequently shares the duties of the hen-bird during incubation, and performs his part in feeding and defending the young, with a zeal little inferior to that of the mother.

Among quadrupeds in general, no such paternal care is needed. The milk of the mother supplies all that is needful for the sustenance of the young, and accordingly, in the great majority of cases, and especially among gregarious animals, all parental affection is confined to the female, the males being apparently totally unconscious of any

feeling of interest in the welfare of their offspring.

It is otherwise, however, with beasts of prey, and for obvious reasons. With herbivorous animals, the food of the mother, and of the young animal, so soon as it is able to graze, is at hand; and no exertions of the male could contribute any additional facilities to its rearing. The habits also of gregarious animals sufficiently provide for the safety of the herd without the special attention of the males to any particular female. But beasts of prey almost invariably live in solitude, their food has to be sought uncertainly and at a distance. Frequently it requires long watching to secure their prey, and when discovered, it is not obtained without both danger and toil. The male, accordingly, among carnivorous animals, is generally found constant to one female, and continues with her until their offspring are reared.

Even in captivity, the lioness becomes very fierce and savage, so soon as she has cubs; and in a state of nature, both parents guard their young with the greatest jealousy. In ordinary cases, unless when pressed by hunger, the lion does not readily attack man, when unassailed by him; but when watching their young, all such fear ceases, and the suddenness of their attack is terrible. Mr. Bennet relates that in the commencement of the year 1823, General Watson, while on service in Bengal, was out one morning on horseback, armed with a double-barrelled rifle, in search of sport. While riding along, he was suddenly surprised by a large lion, which bounded out upon him from the thick jungle, at the distance of a few yards. Fortunately, he retained his presence of mind, and firing with a steady aim, the shot took complete effect, and the monster fell dead at his feet. But no sooner had the lion fallen, than the lioness sprang out from the same jungle, and bounded towards the assailants. A second shot from the General's well-directed rifle, wounded her severely, and she retreated into the thicket. It was concluded from the appearance of both together, that the den could not be far distant, and the party accordingly followed on the track of the lioness, and traced her to her retreat, where she was speedily despatched. Here they found two beautiful little cubs, a male and a female, apparently only a few days old, which they brought away with them. They were suckled by a goat, and afterwards sent by the General to England, as a present to George IV., by whose command they were lodged in the Tower.

When the young begin to share in the spoils of the chase, the lioness becomes devoid of all fear: she attacks indiscriminately whoever comes within her reach, and fights with peculiar fury in their defence. Many stories have been told about the generosity and fidelity of the lion; but though he appears to exhibit the parental instincts with considerable force, the nobility of disposition otherwise ascribed to him, has no just foundation, and the tiger only surpasses him in fierceness from superior courage, and also frequently from greater strength. The strength however of the lion, is not greatly inferior to that even of the great Bengal tiger, and but for the immense advantage which the rifle supplies,

it would scarcely be possible to venture on a direct attack. To carry off a man, is a feat which he accomplishes apparently with the utmost ease; and a Cape lion has been known to seize a heifer in his mouth, and though the legs dragged on the ground, it seemed to carry off its prey with as much ease as a cat does a rat, leaping over a broad dyke with it, without the least difficulty. In one case, where a lion was pursued when thus loaded with a heifer, the mounted hunters continued the chase for five hours, and during the whole period the carcass appeared only twice to have been laid down.

The great fecundity of the rabbit, the sow, and other animals, which form the prey of the carnivora, and the immense herds of the buffalo, wild horse, antelope, and other herbivorous animals which furnish the like supplies to the largest of the savage tribe above described, show how strikingly the defencelessness of their nature is compensated for by other means, and thus what may be termed the balance of creation, is uniformly preserved. The peccaries, for example, which abound in the extensive forests of South America, and subsist on roots and other vegetable food, which they obtain by burrowing in the ground, congregate in numerous bands. The white-tipped peccaries, especially, are said to roam about in herds exceeding a thousand in number; and should an unfortunate huntsman venture to attack them when thus congregated, he is sure to be surrounded by the whole herd, and torn to pieces with their tusks, unless he succeeds in getting up a tree out of their reach. Hunters have sometimes been kept prisoners for many hours, surrounded in this manner by the infuriated herd, the members of which seem to require courage from their numbers, as small bands of peccaries exhibit no such daring or pertinacity, but are readily put to flight by very slight resistance.

The American bison, in like manner, occupies the vast uninhabited parts of North America; extending from Hudson's Bay to Louisiana and the frontiers of Mexico, and forms an abundant source of supply both to the wild hunter and to the beasts of prey. Modern travellers concur in bearing testimony to the almost incredible numbers of the herds of the bison which assemble on the banks of the Missouri. Captain Lewis remarks: "Such was the multitude of these animals, that although the river, including an island over which they passed, was a mile in length, the herd stretched, as thick as they could swim, completely from one side to the other;" and he estimates the moving multitude on another occasion, at not less than twenty thousand. Dr. James, another intelligent observer, tells us that "in the middle of the day, countless thousands of them were seen coming in from every quarter to the stagnant pools." The spring-bok, the nyloghau, the Indian antelope, and numerous other herbivorous animals, including the elephants of the Asiatic and African continents, are found always in numerous herds, and roam in social freedom over the vast unoccupied regions of the old world.

Such is the remarkable contrast everywhere seen between the most powerful carnivorous and herbivorous animals. In the present economy of

nature, these carnivorous animals seem as indispensable to restrain within the needful limits the vegetable feeding herds, as are the various destroyers of the superabundant insect caterpillars and grubs, which would otherwise desolate the vegetable kingdom as with a noxious blight.

In all these matters, Nature is "consistent;" and we cannot think of them without feelings of admiration.

BIRDS OF SONG.

Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart,
Something to LOVE, to rest upon,—to clasp
AFFECTION'S tendrils round.—MRS. HEMANS.

No. V.—CAGE BIRDS.—THE CANARY.

THE average duration of a canary's life, in the hands of a kind master, is from sixteen to twenty years. With us, the "oldest inhabitant" lived fifteen and a half years. Not long since, there was one to be seen, at the house of William Spooner, Esq.,* Woodlane, Shepherd's Bush, strong and vigorous in his eighteenth year. He was even then rich in song; but about the middle of that year, his legs were getting gouty, and his sight was beginning to fail. He died before he had attained the age of twenty. We never remember to have seen a finer bird, in every respect. His affection towards his master and mistress was, as is usual with these birds, firm to the last. They sorely mourned his loss.

In order to secure longevity for your birds, be careful in the selection of your cages. Herein lies the grand secret. The cages generally in use, are altogether ill-adapted to comfort; being open to the air at every point, and admitting a succession of draughts from morning till night. Hence the cause of so much sickness and of so many deaths. Birds so attended to, speedily become asthmatic, and seldom live more than three or four years, as daily experience shows.†

* This gentleman is now the right worthy publisher of KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

† A "Naturalist" asks us, why we consider the canary, when first brought over to this country, was "tender and difficult to rear?" In addition to its being recorded as an "historical fact," we imagine that though these birds love hot climates, the cause might proceed, in no small degree, from the ignorance and want of skill exhibited in his care and culture. It is of late years more particularly, that he has been fully studied, and that his inherent excellencies have been duly appreciated. Now, in fact, he may be said to be acclimated. He is indeed one of the hardest of our song birds, and will live in a state of perfect liberty in an open garden, all through a severe winter. We have proofs of this in our possession.

Above all things, religiously avoid the circular, open-barred brass cages, with sliding doors, now so much in vogue. We mean those resembling a parrot's cage, on a reduced scale. They are frightful instruments of destruction; bringing full many an innocent songster prematurely to his place of final rest. The brass, we need hardly observe, when water lodges on it, presents gangrene; and this when tasted, produces sometimes a lingering, sometimes sudden death. All manner of "cheap" cages too, must be discarded as inadmissible. They are made of dry deal, and invariably harbor vermin. Of these latter, we shall ere long have to tell a pretty tale. As a rule, buy no cages whatever excepting those made of mahogany.

The proper description of tenement for a canary is a mahogany cage, 13 inches long, 11 inches high, and 8 inches deep. The top, back, and one of the sides, should be of wood; the other side should be of tinned wire-work (also the front), so as to admit the air, and at the same time exclude a thorough draught. Just above this wire-work should be a wooden slide, running in a groove. It might then be used, or not, as occasion might require. The cage inside should be painted white. This, if your bird were of a fine bright yellow color, would show him off to advantage.

A long, square, but narrow perch, should run from end to end, about the centre of the cage; and a second of a similar kind, directly behind the two tin pans inserted at the front of the cage (one on either side) to hold the seed. In the middle of the wirework, at the front, let there be a hole sufficiently large to admit the bird's head while drinking. Never use glasses or fountains for holding water; but receptacles of tin, suspended by bent wires. Glasses and glass fountains are apt to get displaced; and many a prisoner dies for want of water thus unthinkingly removed beyond his reach. By having these two perches only, the bird's feet will be kept clean, and he will have plenty of room for exercise, without injuring his plumage.

A bird thus lodged, may be placed anywhere, or hung out of any window. He will never know what fear is, and he will be steady to his song. It is quite a mistake (irrespective of its being cruel) to place *any* bird in an open cage, if you wish him to sing well. By allowing him to gaze about, his attention becomes distraught, and his thoughts are divided. So well do the Germans know this, that they frequently pass a piece of *red hot metal* before the eyes of their choicest birds, with a view to keep them "intent upon their song alone." The intensity of the pain inflicted by the heated metal causes the tears of the poor victims to flow

out. They close their eyelids; and when the heat has done its duty, their eyes have become closed *for ever!* These foreign fiends, habited in the garb of humanity, rarely have the temerity to send any of their birds, so mutilated, over here. All honor be to our nation for "setting their faces" resolutely against any such frightful atrocities.

When hanging your birds out in the garden, or at an open window, avoid as much as possible exposing them to the intense heat of a scorching sun. Although protected from its baneful influence by the covered roof of their cages, to a certain extent, they yet run a considerable risk of being killed by a *coup de soleil*—the fate of many a noble songster. The bough of a tree, well covered with foliage, is what they delight in. This should be allowed to depend from the top of their cages. So protected, they will not be annoyed either at the sight of a cat or dog, or any other noxious animal—indeed they will be strangers to fear of any kind.

The proper food for this tribe is Canary, Flax, and a small quantity of Rape seed. All these should be new and of the very best quality. It is miserable economy to purchase "cheap" seed. It will assuredly injure, if it does not kill your birds. Every morning the seed should be carefully examined, the husk removed, and the tins replenished.

The bottoms of your cages should be well cleansed, thrice weekly; and be kept well covered with red gravelly sand. It is also desirable to have a small quantity of old mortar well bruised mixed with it. In addition to the water supplied in the tin, it is always expedient to have a square earthenware bath, fitted in a mahogany frame, ready for daily use. These are so made as to be easily suspended on the doors of the cages, when the latter are opened. They are overarched with wire, to prevent the birds escaping; and are obtainable of almost any dealer. Never let a day pass in the summer season without administering the bath. It is a grand secret of health, and assists wonderfully in keeping your birds in fine feather. In the winter and early spring, forbid its use altogether.

To make your pets familiar, give them every now and then a small quantity of yolk of egg, boiled hard; and a small quantity of "Clifford's German Paste," mixed with a stale sponge cake. Put this, lovingly, into a little "exclusive" tin pan, fitted in a sly corner of the cage, and the treat will have a double charm. These innocent little creatures love to flirt with any nice pickings, thus mysteriously conveyed to them; and they will keep on chattering to you in a language of their own, for many minutes, while viewing the operations in which you are actively engaged for their particular benefit.

THE BRITISH WARBLERS.

BY THE LATE R. SWEET, F.L.S.—NO. I.

THE great success attending Mr. Sweet in his experiments with our British Warblers, causes his authority to be considered 'great' on such matters. At the request therefore of many of our subscribers, we propose to transcribe from his little volume (now out of print), the principal part of his observations referring to the elegant little songsters about to visit our land. The task of selection has been kindly undertaken by "E. C.," one of our staunch supporters at Liverpool, who will forward us, weekly, what he considers to be worthy of our readers' best attention. We must however reserve to ourselves the right of stating, as usual, that which our own more recent experience has proved to be an "improvement" upon Mr. Sweet's general plan; also of showing wherein we think he is in error. We shall, of course, hold ourselves responsible for this.

THE BRITISH WARBLERS.

The British species belonging to this interesting genus (*Sylvia*), are chiefly birds of passage, visiting this country in Spring, and leaving it again in Autumn. Several of these are deservedly esteemed as the finest songsters of all the feathered race. The nightingale, in particular, has the sweetest and most pleasing note of any bird at present known. It has been generally supposed that they are very difficult to preserve in confinement; but I have succeeded well in keeping several of the most interesting species through several winters, in perfect health, and many of them are in full song all the winter. I have not the least doubt, that all the species might be kept without difficulty in the way I have practised. They will succeed very well in a warm room in winter, or, if convenient, any part of a hot-house will suit them admirably; but they require a little fresh air, when the weather is mild. They might be preserved in cages, either separately or several together; or in a small aviary, where all the species might be intermixed. In the latter manner, mine are kept at present. The temperature of the room where they are, ought never to be much below temperate, though some of the kinds do not mind a slight frost. The species that I have found suffer most from cold are *S. rubetra* (whinchat), *S. phoenicurus* (redstart), and *S. hortensis* (garden warbler). The nightingale is not near so tender as these. *S. cinerea* (whitethroat), *S. sylvia* (lesser whitethroat), and *S. atricapilla* (blackcap), scarcely seem to mind the cold at all.

In a wild state, the species of this genus

feed almost entirely on insects and fruit; but in confinement, they may be taught to feed on several other things, but the more insects they have given them the better. I believe it is impossible to keep them in perfect health without a frequent supply. The food that I find agree with them best, for a constancy, is an equal proportion of bruised hempseed and bread, mixed up in the following manner:—I first put some hempseed in a little pan, and pour some boiling water on it; then, with a stick flattened at the end, I bruise it as fine as possible, and add the same quantity of soft bread, which must also be bruised up with it, so that the oily milk from the seeds may be mixed with the bread till it is of the consistence of a moist paste. Of this mixture they are all very fond; but it should be mixed up fresh every day, particularly in summer, or the stale food may injure their health and make them dislike it altogether. I also give them a little boiled milk and bread for a change, and some fresh raw meat, cut in small pieces. Some of the species like the fat best, but the greater part prefer the lean.

(To be Continued.)

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

"He who opposes his own judgment against the consent of the times, ought to be backed with UNANSWERABLE TRUTHS; and he who has TRUTH on his side is a fool, as well as a Coward, if he is afraid to own it because of the currency or multitude of OTHER MEN'S OPINIONS."—DEFOE.

No. VII.—THE LIFE OF DR. GALL.

In 1809, Gall and Spurzheim commenced publishing their magnificent work, entitled "*The Anatomy and Physiology of the Nervous System in general, and of the Brain in particular; with Observations upon the possibility of ascertaining several intellectual and moral Dispositions of Man and Animals, by the Configuration of their Heads. 4 volumes, folio, with an Atlas of 100 plates.*" [Price £40.]

This great work was continued by the joint exertions of Gall and Spurzheim, to the completion of two and a-half volumes, and was ultimately finished by Gall in 1819. They continued their researches in common till 1813, when Spurzheim left Paris to visit Vienna and Great Britain. During Dr. Spurzheim's absence, Dr. Gall discontinued his lectures. After his return (1817), he delivered one Private Course in his own house, and two Public Courses *gratis*, one "*à l'Ecole de Medecine*," and the other in a hall "*de L'institution pour les Aveugles.*"

In 1819, Dr Gall, at the request of the Minister of the Interior, commenced lecturing for the benefit of the medical students in Paris. The lectures were, like others, delivered *gratis*; but he was provided with the use of the operation and lecture room in the *Hospice de Perfectionnement*, for his First Course, and afterwards, on account of that being too small, with the large

examination room of the *Institution des Jeunes Aveugles*, which is well fitted for the purpose. His audience amounted to betwixt 200 and 300; and so eagerly was he attended, that many more tickets were applied for at each Course than could be given, and the apartment was regularly crowded half an hour before the lecture began. The physiognomical expression of some of the English students, who were present at Blainville's Lectures, and who probably knew nothing of Phrenology but through the English Reviews, was truly ludicrous. They appeared to relax their features for a laugh when the name of Dr. Gall first escaped the lips of the Professor; but when they heard him spoken of with respect, and his doctrines declared to be true, the expression changed *into wonder in some*, and in others to *absolute contempt*.

The French savans listened to him with the same interest as those of Germany had done, and the celebrated Corvisart was, among others, one of his most enthusiastic admirers. But, alas! an absolute ruler governed France at that epoch, and *he held philosophy in horror*. Nothing more was required to induce the courtiers, and some literary men, to declare themselves the enemies of the doctrines broached by the German doctor. Hence the ridicule and the ignoble pleasantry which degraded the *Journal de l'Empire*, and most of the secondary journals of Paris—most unworthy means, certainly, of discussing a science so important as that which treats of the powers of the mind and functions of the brain,—means which never reached the elevated mind of the philosopher against whom they were employed, but which contributed greatly to prevent the study and propagation of the truths which Gall had announced. At last however, his Works appeared, and several of his eminent contemporaries hastened to do him justice, and still follow the line of investigation so successfully marked out by him.

From 1822 to 1826, Dr. Gall published an edition of his work, "*Sur les Fonctions du Cerveau*," &c. in six volumes, 8vo.

In March, 1828, at the conclusion of one of his lectures, Dr. Gall was seized with a paralytic attack, from which he never perfectly recovered, and which ultimately carried him off the 22nd August, 1828, in the seventy-second year of his age. His remains were followed to the grave by an immense concourse of friends and admirers, five of whom pronounced discourses over his grave, as is the custom in France on such occasions. His death gave rise to a succession of eulogiums and attacks in the French newspapers that had scarcely ever been paralleled, and public sentiment was warmly and loudly expressed in his favor. In proof of this, I may be allowed to quote a few lines of a letter lately received from a French friend, with whom I was intimate in Paris, but *who is no phrenologist*, and whose testimony is therefore impartial. After speaking of the political relations of France, he adds, "You will, I am sure, be more affected by the death of Dr. Gall, than by any political events. In truth, it is an immense loss to science. Whatever opinion we may form of the system of that illustrious man, it must be acknowledged that he has made an immense stride in the sciences of

Medicine and of Man. You must have been satisfied with the homage paid to his memory by the side of his grave, by all the distinguished men whom Paris possesses. Nothing was wanting to his glory; not even the abuse and calumnies of our *devots de gazette*."

The person of Dr. Gall was well developed; he was five feet two inches in height, with a large chest and strong muscles; his step was firm, and his look vivid and penetrating. His features, though not handsome, possessed a mild and pleasing expression. Every part of his head was strikingly developed, measuring, above the eyebrows and at the top of the ears, twenty-two inches, and two lines in circumference, and fourteen inches and nine lines from the root of the nose to the occiput.

Dr. Gall acquired an honorable reputation as a Physician, Writer, and Philosopher; and, independent of the respect shown him by all parties, he realised the additional reward of a handsome fortune. His skill as a physician may be inferred from the fact, that, in 1820, a medal was presented to him, executed by M. Barré, an eminent artist in Paris, by order of Count Potosky, a rich Polish nobleman, who took this method of expressing his deep gratitude to Dr. Gall, who had cured him of an old and dangerous malady for which he had in vain consulted the best medical men in Paris. On one side of the medal is the head of Dr. Gall, an admirable likeness; and on the other is Esculapius standing at the bed-side of the patient, chasing away with one hand the birds of darkness, and crushing a frog, the symbol of ignorance, under his right foot. Behind Esculapius is an altar, with a skull placed upon it to denote the particular kind of study to which Dr. Gall was addicted. Near the couch are the arms of the Count himself.

Taking Gall as a model of a Phrenological Portrait, it is proper that we should speak of all the cerebral organs belonging to our nature.

The organs of Amativeness, Philo-progenitiveness, Adhesiveness, Combativeness, and Destructiveness, were all very well developed in Gall. His Secretiveness was also rather large, but he never made a bad use of it. He was too conscious of his intellectual powers to obtain his ends by cunning or fraud. He was frank and honest, but acute and penetrating.

The Marquis de Moscati gives the following account of an attempt to deceive Gall, with regard to himself, and of some interesting trials of his skill as a phrenologist.

"Dr. Gottfried of Heidelberg, with whom I was acquainted, informed me that Dr. Gall wished to have an interview with me, in order to demonstrate to me on the skulls *the truth* of what he advanced, and I disbelieved; but I declined, and did everything in my power to ridicule his system in society, with all my military friends, and through the German, French, and Italian periodicals. But when I saw that, notwithstanding my repeated diatribes, and the opposition of the medical faculty, Dr. Gall went on in making converts to his doctrine, I determined to see him, and endeavored to deceive him by presenting myself under the dress of a servant. Colonel Bucher, of the fifth Dragoons,

took me with him to the house of Dr. Gall who was in Paris, and told him that he wished to know his opinion about my head; that I was an Italian, had lived with him as a servant for seven years, and during that interval had been much attached and very faithful to him; that it was for those good qualities that he had endeavored to have me instructed, but that although he had given me several masters, *for nearly three years*, I had scarcely learned to read and write *Italian*, but had not yet acquired the French language.

"I remember as it were now, Dr. Gall opened his large eyes, fixed them on my countenance with a look of surprise and doubt, and then began to feel my head. While he was making his observations, he now and then murmured, *"Ce n'est pas vrai! Ce n'est pas possible!"* Shortly after, having examined my cranium, he said to Bucher, that an individual with a head so well formed could not be *of the character* he had just mentioned; that on the contrary, unless I was blind and deaf, with the conformation of my cranium, he thought I was able to acquire *general knowledge, particularly the languages*, and geographical and astronomical sciences. Moreover, that if I had applied according to the development of my organs, I must be a distinguished person and a *mad poet*. When I heard this last remark, I told Bucher, *Ce n'est pas bien! tu as trahi mon secret*. (This is too bad! you have betrayed my secret!) I do not wonder at the Doctor's accuracy. Bucher swore that he had not betrayed me. Gall remonstrated against my suspicion, and assured me of his being totally unacquainted with my trick; but I remained doubtful about the sincerity of both of them, and continued to be an adversary to Gall and his system.

"However, from that day I began to study craniology, and made use of the skulls of the killed in battle; but I studied as one of those who *oculos habent, et non vident; aures habent, et non audiunt* (have eyes, but see not; ears, and hear not); and my obstinacy rendered me inaccessible to persuasion. Often when I knew well the character of some of my soldiers who died, I sent the skulls to Dr. Gall, and requested his opinion; and I must say that *more than once* his remarks were truly astonishing; but I persisted in my incredulity. In 1801, one of my lieutenants was killed at the battle of Lintz; he was a Pole of a very violent temper, a sanguinary duellist, and much addicted to sensuality. I forwarded his skull to Dr. Gall, and in answer to my question, he replied that it belonged to an individual *very violent, ferocious, and a sensualist*. This time, I was the only depository of my secret."

We come now to another quality, on which we should like to dwell, were we not obliged to confine ourselves within prescribed limits—we mean the sentiment of property.

Many people in Paris have reproached Gall with being selfish. It cannot be denied that he was amply paid for his Public Lectures; that he was unfortunate in soliciting the sale of his Work; and that he prosecuted some of his patients who refused to pay their bills. But we should know his own remarks on this point. "Do you see, my friend, how these wealthy

people treat us and other physicians? They spend a hundred times more for their pleasures than the health we give them, and expend enormous sums on balls and dinners, *while they leave their physicians unpaid*. Indeed, while they largely remunerate the lawyer who gains their cause, they give nothing to the physician who saves their lives." Gall was not generous, in the common understanding of the term; but it must be considered that in his domestic economy he failed in method, and consequently was always pressed by unforeseen and urgent wants. If he was selfish, let me ask what kind of selfishness it was? He educated and supported his nephews, and young people of talents, and his table was free to everybody. It is true, he was not generous to all who surrounded him; but he was so towards his domestics, and people of low condition, whose services he had received. We may say he had a love of property, but that his intellectual powers placed him above its control.

(To be Continued.)

ROSA MAY.

THE birds their love notes warble
Among the blossom'd trees;
The flowers are sighing forth their sweets
To wooing honey bees;—
The glad brook o'er a pebbly floor
Goes dancing on its way,—
But not a thing is so like Spring
As happy Rosa May.

An only child was Rosa,
And, like the blest above,
The gentle maid had ever breathed
An atmosphere of love.
Her father's smile like sunshine came,
Like dew her mother's kiss,
Their love and goodness made her home,
Like heaven, the place of bliss.

Beneath such tender training,
The joyous child had sprung
Like one bright flower, in wild wood bower,
And gladness round her flung;
And all who met her blessed her,
And turn'd again to pray,
That grief and care might ever spare
The happy Rosa May!

The gift that made her charming
Was not from Venus caught;
Nor was it, Pallas-like, derived
From majesty of thought;
Her healthful cheek was tinged with brown,
Her hair without a curl,
But then her eyes were love-lit stars,
Her teeth as pure as pearl.

And when in merry laughter
Her sweet, clear voice was heard,
It well'd from out her happy heart
Like carol of a bird;
And all who heard were mov'd to smiles,
As at some mirthful lay,
And, to the stranger's look, replied—
"Tis that dear ROSA MAY!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. Y. Z.—You are a phrenological "wag." We see through you, *without* feeling your head. We can "read" some people by their caligraphy!

J. A. B.—You quite mistook our meaning. We did not want what you have sent us,—but as you withhold your address we cannot explain further.

A. L.—Our space is so circumscribed, that "Fugitive Poetry" can only be admissible under very peculiar circumstances. We are already overwhelmed with similar "kind offerings." This "reply" will suffice for *all* the writers. Their favors have *merit*, and would be readily available in a Monthly Magazine.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS, and CASUAL READERS, are referred to the LEADING ARTICLE in our FIRST NUMBER for the DETAILED OBJECTS of this JOURNAL. to these we shall rigidly adhere.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them. Our time is more profitably occupied. All vacancies, as they are called, are filled up. Let this general answer suffice.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any "facts" connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS.—It having been deemed expedient, to meet the views of *the Trade*, that this Journal should always be published by *anticipation*, CONTRIBUTORS AND OTHERS will be so kind as to bear in mind that they must give us an *extra* "week's grace," and *wait patiently* till their favors appear.

All persons who may send in MSS., but which may not be "accepted," are requested to *preserve copies of them*, as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for their return.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, April 10, 1852.

WHAT A MONTH have we now entered on! What pictures of loveliness meet us at every turn! Like the Phoenix, we bid adieu to the trammels of age, and step forth with all the renewed energies and elasticity of youth.

Emerging from the gloom of winter, and beginning as it were a new life, we now see all things in a cheerful light. Let happiness be our aim, and happiness will assuredly be ours.

Happiness, be it known, is within the reach of everybody. It is not, as has been fabled, one large and beautiful precious stone—a single gem, so rare that all search after it is vain and hopeless. Assuredly not. It is a Mosaic, composed of many smaller stones. We never feel "happy" unless all around us are also happy; and our constant aim is to make them so. Our success in this has hitherto been such, that it indeed appears impossible for us to be unhappy. May this impossibility ever continue; and may our occupation ever remain unchanged!

To every one has nature given a distinguishing bias, so that each one can follow his own favorite pursuit. Some are attuned to the soft vibrations of music, others melt before a painting or a statue. To some she gives the powers of oratory, to others the inspirations of poetry; some, with a bolder impulse, touch as it were the stars with their fingers; while others, at a more humble distance, investigate the instinct of a worm, or calculate the course of an emmet. All these pursuits are noble, and all of them give pleasure to their followers.

At this particular season of the year, how lovely is the sight of the early opening flowers! and how delightful is it to deck our apartments with them as they successively appear! "Set flowers on your breakfast-table," says Leigh Hunt, "a whole nosegay if you can get it, or but two or three; or a single flower,—a rose, a pink,—nay, a daisy." So say WE. Bring a few daisies and buttercups from your last field walk, and keep them alive in a little water. Preserve but a bunch of clover, or a handful of flowering grass, one of the most elegant, as well as the cheapest of nature's productions, and you have something on your table that reminds you of the beauties of God's creation, and links you with the poets and sages that have done it most honor.

The privilege of having flowers on the table, is by no means confined to the wealthy. Wild flowers—and oh! how beautiful are they in their wildness! abound everywhere:

Garden flowers are reared by few,
And to that few belong alone;
But flowers that spring by vale or stream,
Each one may claim them for his own.

We are always pleased when we see windows decked with some of these ornaments from Nature's garden. They are evidences of a correct taste, and of a kindly feeling in the inmate of the dwelling.

The birds are now beginning to charm our ear with the melody of their voices; the flowers, too, are beginning to attract our eye by the variety of their colors. But nature affords not satisfaction to the ear and the eye only; she administers also a sensible delight by the perfumes which she scatters in every direction. By and by, we shall have the fragrant odors of the hay-field, the wild thyme of the heath, the roses in our gardens, and the roses and woodbines that decorate our hedgerows. We can, even now, scent the modest violet that shrinks from our sight, and inhale the perfume of the sweet briar. But our pen must halt here, or we shall be again called to order by the printer, who has frequently told us that our JOURNAL ought to be of thrice its present dimensions to accommodate itself to our lucubrations.

He is assuredly right in his remarks; but we shall as assuredly return to our subject at an early day. "Our appetite grows by what it feeds on;" and, as our diet is wholesome, we wish to share it with our friends. None but the voice of a PRINTER could stop us. If the prospect before us will not make us sing, or try to sing, where else shall we look for a singing-master?

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Domestic Frogs.—Encouraged by a JOURNAL like yours to come forward and state what my experience has taught me in the field of nature, I send you some interesting particulars of the frog—a harmless animal, that vulgar prejudice has doomed to destruction whenever he is met with. I trust we shall succeed between us, in putting an end to such cruelties, worthy only of the darker ages. In July, 1849, I captured a fine male frog, of a dark olive color on a green ground. He was also beautifully striped with broad bands of black. I intended to have him stuffed in the first instance, but I afterwards changed my mind. Being very wild, I placed him for security in a glass fish-globe. This I half filled with water; and with a view to make Monsieur mount for air when so disposed, I suspended, a short distance below the mouth of the globe, a platform made of card-board. This I covered with moss. He soon used this as his table, and regarded it with delight. It was quite amusing to watch his struggles to escape when first put into his transparent prison. For five whole days he remained at the bottom, sulkily. Four others, since captured, have done the very same thing. At the end of ten days, finding "discretion to be the better part of valor," he capitulated; and as he found me anxious to form his acquaintance, he gradually grew friendly, and came as regularly to the platform for his worm or fly as a horse would to his manger for corn. The second I caught in September, 1850; this is of quite a different color—dark orange, spotted with black. When magnified, by looking at them through the water, their appearance is really beautiful. The others being younger than the two already spoken of (which are full grown), are gradually attaining their natural beauties. [The length of our correspondent's letter, though the particulars he furnishes are singularly-interesting and attractive, compels us to contract the further details.] As for the tameness of these creatures, and their great affection, they are beyond description. I would undertake to carry one, or all of them, from one end of London to the other, either by day or by night, and they should never quit my person. At home, all my family fondle them as they would a kitten. The animals know not what fear means; but they love to play and frolic with anybody. Their dexterity in catching flies is marvellous to witness. They never miss their aim. I hardly need tell you I give them their liberty daily. While going through their exercises, it is highly diverting to watch their long awkward legs stretched out, as they elevate themselves against a door or the wall. Their attachment to

their glass globe is great; and when their gambols are over, they gladly return to their place of abode. * * * I have given you but a faint outline of the attractive qualities inherent in the frog; but I trust, after what I have said, no more wanton cruelty will be shown in the destruction of so innocent, so harmless a creature. Providence loves all her children, and endows them with many good qualities which it behoves us to endeavor to find out.—J. L.

[We have ourselves seen the playful animals alluded to by our correspondent; and we admire the amiable spirit he shows in thus befriending his *protégés*. He does not at all overcolor his description; and we can well imagine how pleased he must be with his patient investigations and results. We hope to be the means of eliciting many more equally curious facts.]

Silkworms and their Food.—No doubt many of your readers keep silkworms, and may be puzzled to know how to feed them just now. As the eggs are hatched at the commencement of April, mulberry leaves (their proper food) cannot be procured. Under such circumstances, the common Dandelion (*Taraxacum*) is a good substitute.—E. A. C., Windsor.

The Dormouse.—Last season I had a dormouse given me by a gentleman in Devonshire. It was of a reddish color above, and white below, and had a bushy tail two inches and a half long. It ate only during the night. I gave it nuts, cherries, damsons, and all fruit that was in season; also bread and milk. It was very hearty until October, when it slept for two or three days together. It settled down for its winter sleep in November. For three months its little bed of wool was undisturbed. In February it began to revive, but would still sleep for a week or so. It then resumed its activity. Soon afterwards it died; but from what cause I could not ascertain.—W. P.

[Perhaps its death resulted from cold, or a want of proper food.]

Birds in a second Moul.—What is the cause of birds moulting at this season? [It arises from the temperature of the apartment being kept at too great a heat.] Also, please tell me how I can clean my canaries. I have just purchased some which have a very dirty plumage. [Let them all fly in a room, and give them a shallow pan filled with cold water. They will soon make themselves look spruce.] I cannot bear to keep any birds whose colors are so dingy as those I am speaking of.—W. S.

Supposed Cause of the Luminous Appearance observable in Dead Wood.—The curious phenomenon of phosphorescent decaying wood, which, according to Dr. Hooker, is of a common occurrence in the damp, humid woods of Sikkim Himalaya, is also observable occasionally in Ireland. I have seen it several times, and have been led by analogy of reasoning to attribute the cause to the mycelia of fungi, which I never could detect after patient investigation. During November, 1850, one of my old pupils wrote from Carrick-on-Shannon, and informed me that

whilst thinning timber which grew on a boggy situation, where it was much decayed, he had occasion to pass the place along with some of his workmen after dark, when they observed several luminous spots which they were unable to account for. Marks were placed, which he examined next day, and found in each case pieces of decaying timber lying on the surface of the ground where the marks were set. Those he carried to his residence, and had them put in a damp place, when the luminosity was as intense as when the timber was lying on the bog. At my request, he forwarded a piece of the wood to Glasnevin, the phosphorescent properties of which were not impaired from transmission, though shut up two days in a dry box. The phenomenon was very brilliant on the first two evenings after the piece of wood arrived, but the luminosity became gradually weaker, and was not observable after the fourth day. No mycelia could be found developed with a good microscope of high power.—D. MOORE.

Mesmerising a Robin.—A short time since, I caught a robin in a room, by shutting down the window. Taking him in my hand, I placed him on his back; and waving a feather before his eyes, he laid perfectly motionless. Continuing the operation, first one eye closed and then the other. When he partially awoke from his trance, I placed a pen-holder between his claws. This he held most firmly in his grasp. I then took him up, and placed him just where I pleased. Like an automaton, he seemed unable to help himself, and to have no will of his own. After restoring him to the normal state, I gave him his liberty, and he flew away. Can you account for this curious effect produced by a feather?—C. A. B., Northleach.

[There are so many "curious" things now-a-days, that we can "account" for nothing of this kind. It is quite clear that our Correspondent is a Philosopher. We wonder what this mesmerist Robin thinks of the "passes" made before his organs of vision. His clairvoyance will most assuredly hasten his departure from Northleach.]

A Predatory Gull.—Are you aware that a Gull, supposed to be a native of Norway, haunts the marshes on the Kentish side of the river Thames, at the east end of the "Lower Hope Point," and abreast of the Blythe Sand? This fellow has the upper part of his head black, also the same part of his wings black. He is as wild, and as difficult to get a shot at, as a wood-pigeon at noon day; but the rascal, so soon as the wild ducks lay their eggs, becomes so tame that you can get very near to him. If this freebooter be closely watched, you will see him enter a nest the very moment the duck quits it; and abducting an egg, he will trot off with it into the long grass and devour it at his leisure; first, however, returning for the rest of the eggs! Directly the "hatching" becomes general, his natural wildness returns.—ÆOLUS.

How to Count the Rate at which Insects move.—The buzzing and humming noises produced by winged insects are not, as might be supposed, vocal sounds. They result from sonorous undu-

lations imparted to the air by the flapping of their wings. This may be rendered evident by observing, that the noise always ceases when the insect alights on any object. The sirene has been ingeniously applied for the purpose of ascertaining the rate at which the wings of such creatures flap. The instrument being brought into unison with the sound produced by the insect, indicates, as in the case of any other musical sound, the rate of vibration. In this way it has been ascertained that the wings of a gnat flap at the rate of 15,000 times per second. The pitch of the note produced by this insect in the act of flying is, therefore, more than two octaves above the highest note of a seven-octave piano-forte.—L.

How can I cure a Canary with Bad Habits?—

Dear Mr. Editor—As you have come amongst us with so much consideration and kindness, we feel indeed bound to let your Paper grace our tables wherever and whenever we can introduce it. Your regard for our sex, so freely and affectionately expressed, has won us over, once and for ever. You are a welcome guest, believe me, at all times, and in all families. [We hope we shall not grow vain!] But to the point. I have a very favorite Canary (four years old), who has a bad habit, so bad that I almost despair of curing it. He picks out his small feathers and eats them! He is nearly bare. Can you, and if so, will you—I know you will—kindly help me out of this dilemma? I love my pet so dearly, that I would make almost any sacrifice to save him. Yours,—LOUISA W.

[If we say we are 'delighted' to be able to help you, Miss *Louisa*, in the hour of difficulty, the expression is not too forcible. Your letter entitles you to our Advice and Visits *gratis*. You have *carte blanche* for both. We are unwilling to claim the merit of the advice we are now about to give you. It is justly due to a fair correspondent, EMMA by name, residing at Reading. To divert your bird's attention from his unnatural food, suspend a piece of pack thread, saturated with sugar and water, from the top of his cage, allowing it to depend nearly as low as the upper perch. This thread he will peck at; and finding its flavor palatable, he will transfer his affections to it, and almost immediately forsake his former evil propensity. In a week's time, give your pet his liberty in a room for a few hours, where the sun finds entrance through the window. This will accomplish all you desire. Write again by all means, and command our best attention at every season of the year.]

Folly of putting Canaries up for Breeding too early in the Season.—You advocate birds being put up for breeding in April; you are right, as I have found to my cost. Acting on my own opinion, I paired my canaries the beginning of March. The hen made her nest, and on the fourth night afterwards she slept in it. I looked next day for an egg. There was none; the same result on the next and following days. Thinking she was egg-bound, I gave her boiled bread and milk, groats, flax, and rape seeds; also some water-cress. These did her good; and I also applied oil to the vent. Next day, her first egg

was passed; but she has laid none since. Is she fit to breed from this season,—or shall I get another? She is an excellent mother to her young.—JACOBUS JOSEPHUS.

[Get another hen by all means, for your present requirements, and cosset the old bird till she is quite restored. Provide her a new husband at an early day, and keep them in a room apart from the other birds.]

*Will a Goldfinch breed with a Bullfinch?—*I saw a prettily-marked bird the other day, which I was told had been bred from a cock goldfinch and a hen bullfinch. The owner said it was one of a brood of three, all of which had been reared up. The song commenced with the note of the bullfinch and ended with the song of the goldfinch. Is this a common way of crossing birds; and do you advise me to try it?—J. F., *Glasgow*.

[You have been hoaxed. Nature permits nothing of the sort you have hinted at; and if you try the experiment, you will realise the truth of what we say. If you purchase the prodigy, he will have been "sold," and you will have been "done."]

On Pairing Canaries.—I have put up a pair of canaries for breeding. The hen is so pugnacious, that she will not let her spouse have a moment's peace. She thumps him about from morning till night. What shall I do?—J. F.

[Effect a divorce immediately. Your birds are unequally yoked. Their minds and sentiments do not assimilate. The lady requires a husband that can rule his own household. Her early assumption of the reins of power show what she is. Try again.]

Avidavats Breeding in Aviaries.—My avidavats have built their nests, and laid their eggs, but the shells are soft, and break as soon as laid. How shall I remedy this? [Strew the floor of your aviary with powdered chalk, and well-bruised old mortar. They will eat this, and all will be right.] I have now eighty birds in my aviary, and it is really delightful, as well as wonderful, to observe their sagacity, and to note their kindly feelings one towards the other.—H. B., *Rugby*.

[We envy you your aviary,—we do indeed. We once had an aviary, its value unappreciable; for it contained rarities collected with inconceivable trouble, during a period of fifteen years. You are too well aware how the inmates were sacrificed, for us to attempt to repeat it. You have an inexhaustible fund of amusement and instruction in your aviary. May you long live to enjoy so delightful a study!]

Affection in a Greenfinch.—A fortnight ago, a friend of mine who had winged a greenfinch, brought him to me as a present, knowing I had an aviary. At first I refused the bird, there being already one of the same kind in the aviary; but I was afterwards prevailed upon to change my mind, and turned him in with the rest. A few hours subsequently, I was not a little delighted to observe the wounded bird carefully tended by the other greenfinch, who, coming to

me for some hempseed, first prepared it by crushing it, and then fed the invalid with it, most affectionately. It has continued the same kind offices ever since.—H. B.

Husky Sky-lark.—I have a very fine lark, in his fifth year. His notes this spring have become thick and husky. How can I cure him?—J. S., *Cowes, I. W.*

[Give him boiled milk for three days (fresh every morning), instead of water, and keep him from all draughts. Do not attempt to hang him up, out of doors, till the weather is settled. Wait a little for the receipt to make German paste. It is under consideration. If you want a practical work on "British Song Birds," take this JOURNAL by all means. In one single twelvemonth, it will be a complete *Encyclopædia*.]

FLOWERS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

THERE are at the very least, two advantages in a taste for flowers. The first is produced by the culture of them, which, since it excludes all wilfulness, haste, and impatience, quiets the mind, cheers it by ever-cherished hope, and, since this seldom deceives, gladdens it with quiet joy. But the second and chief advantage consists in this—that every flower is in miniature the image of entire nature, and contains all its security, order, peace, and beauty. The flower unfolds itself silently according to necessary laws, and under necessary conditions; and, if those fail, it cannot flourish. Like a child upon the mother's bosom, so it hangs upon and sucks the sun and air, the earth and water; it is but a part of the great whole of nature, from which it cannot live separated. It is fairest in blossom, but in every stage of development it has peculiar charms.

How fair the tender plant which creeps forth to the light! how lovely the juicy green! how mysterious and full of intimations the swelling bud! Some flowers are fairer than others, and none without some property. And how manifold their beauty! Thereby they are the truest image of nature, which spreads itself before our view in infinite variety, and thus unveils the unfathomable riches of the Creator. Partial florists may prefer the fragrant hyacinth, or the showy auricula, or the rich carnation, or any others; but who can say which is fairer than the other? and what feeling friend of nature will not love even the less fair? All are the lovely children of nature; and, as a mother fondly presses all her offspring to her heart, because she discovers in all the beloved features of the father—so the true lover of nature fondly embraces all she brings forth, because her life is exhibited in all, however diverse.

Who can say what color of the rainbow is the fairest, since all are born from the same ray of light? As nature is without evil, so are flowers the image of innocence and harmlessness, and the sight of them soothes and calms, like the countenance of a conscientious man who is without reserve and guile. The abode of the first man, in his innocence, was a garden; in a garden, among the lovely children of spring, we again find paradise; here we dream of the bliss of innocence, here soothe the tumultuous desires, and a gentle longing fills the heart. The lake-rose swims and bathes in the moist element, which, fertilising, pervades the earth, and lifts up its crown to the sun, like a clear, calm eye. Who thus can swim in the fullness of universal life, washed pure from all selfishness, and thus look up, unshrinking, with pure eye?

Lovely, bright, radiant flowers! are ye not like stars, which the Creator has scattered to illumine and adorn the dark earth? Are ye not as heavenly messengers, who have come down upon the sunbeams, to bring us tidings of a world in which all blooms in beauty, rapture, peace? Therefore is it that the children, who too have come from heaven, and still retain their innocence, play with you so like sisters; therefore is it that Woman loves you, who bears in her feeling heart intimations of heaven; therefore we deck with you the graves of the beloved, because you point upward when they have gone to rest.—P. B. S.

THE GARDEN,—GREENHOUSE.

Succulent Plants.—No. III.

If two plants only are placed in a window, they ought to be a "pair;" that is, of the same size and general outline. If three plants, the tallest should be placed in the centre, and the other two (which ought to form a "pair" by themselves) one on each side. If five plants, the tallest in the centre; two of uniform size next; and the smallest size outside, and so on. If you have them two or three deep, the tallest plants should be at the back, arranged as above; the smaller in front, so placed that the pots in one row should alternate with those in the next. By this arrangement, more light is secured, which is very important. The group should resemble in outline the quarter of a sphere; the circular part being in the front, facing the glass. This being a matter of taste only, some may think otherwise; but however arranged they may be, let them have as much light as possible.

Epiphyllum Ackermanii Minor is an in-

ferior variety to others of this class. The leaves are thinner and less succulent (the height of the plant averages about 12 inches); the flowers which are also smaller, are flimsy and ragged, and the petals are of one hue, scarlet. It has this redeeming quality, however—it is a “free bloomer;” it is also very pretty, although not equal to some others. These plants are very commonly seen in baskets and hampers, in spring and summer, and may be had for about 1s. or 1s. 6d. each.

Epiphyllum Jenkensonii is a very good variety. The habit of the plant is showy; stems thick and angular, and the height of the plant from 18 inches to upwards of two feet. The color of the leaves a fine green. The flowers, which are of a fine scarlet, do not expand so much as the other *Epiphyllums* which I have noticed. The shape of the flower may be compared to a coffee-cup. The stamens in the interior are white, which, in contrast with the light scarlet color of the petals, gives a very delicate appearance to it. This is also a free bloomer.

Epiphyllum Speciosum is a variety of which I am somewhat doubtful as to the name, but I shall describe the *plant*, so that there may be no mistake about it. Those which I have purchased for this plant, have pink flowers—some describe the flowers as *red*; it is this which makes me not quite certain whether I am right as to the name. The one I speak of has pink blossoms. The habit of the plant is very straggling; the leaves being round and about the thickness of a goose quill. Some of these grow flat at the top, which gives them a very untidy appearance. In some, the leaves are all flat; in others, all round; they bloom freely, and, mixed with others, look pretty. The flowers are small, but running, and care in tying up the plant, will do much to overcome its unsightly appearance.

Epiphyllum Truncatum. This plant I have not had much experience with; yet I consider it ought to be classed among the others, from its beautiful appearance and distinct character. The leaves are pendulous, and in small joints, growing one out of the other in a very pretty manner. From these joints, the flowers are developed in large numbers; they are of a very beautiful rosy pink color. The time of its flowering is about Christmas, and therefore it requires different treatment to the others of this section. The foregoing plants will answer the purpose I have in view; but there are many others (which are being added to, every year) that are not generally very dissimilar from these.

As the weather becomes warmer, the plants will be showing signs of new life. If they have been kept dry during the winter

(which they ought to have been), they should now be re-potted; if they show signs of there being the least stagnation of water at the roots. If, on the contrary, they appear well drained, and there is no appearance of the earth having at any time become “soddened” (which soon shows by the earth looking green at the top), they may be grown still in the same earth, with the following treatment:—As soon as they begin to show signs of growth (which may be known by the leaves assuming a pinkish color at the tips, and small white, or pink swellings at the edges of the leaves), then the pot may be placed in a vessel of water (of the same temperature as the room they have been kept in) until it is evident that the whole ball of earth is thoroughly saturated with water. Then take it out, and let all the superfluous moisture drain from it. Should the leaves be dirty, they should be cleaned in the following manner. While in the vessel of water, let them be watered with a fine-rosed waterpot all over; then take a clean painter’s brush,* and while the leaves are wet, brush it all over very gently so as not to injure the buds. This loosens the dirt; and another shower overhead, from the waterpot, will make all quite clean; cleanliness is very important to the health of the plants, besides adding greatly to the beauty of their appearance. The plants must now have light and warmth, and they will soon make rapid growth. They may be watered whenever the pots appear to be getting dry.* Buds will soon form; these may be known from wood growth, by a vein-like swelling in the leaf of the plant, up to the bud itself, of a red tinge. After they have done flowering, they may be kept dry for a week or two, then re-pot them in the following manner. Invert the pot, allowing the ball of earth to rest on your hand by placing your finger on each side; then gently strike the pot on the rim, and it will very easily come off (the soil at this time ought to be dry). Then carefully shake the earth from the roots, taking care not to break or injure them. Have ready a clean pot (if new, it ought to be placed for a few minutes in water, and left to get dry again); at the bottom of this place a piece of broken pottery, so as to admit of the water running out easily at the hole in the bottom. Round this, place carefully some other pieces, so that drainage is secured. Then put more of

* Great care must herein be observed, as it is not at all uncommon for the water to run down between the pot and the earth. In this case, the plant derives no benefit. To prevent this, place the pot in water, in the first instance, and continue it there. The better way, perhaps, of obviating the difficulty, would be to press the earth round the rim of the pot, up to the edge, leaving the top of the earth like a basin. The water must then pass through the ball of earth.

a small size in the interstices; the whole of which should not be less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height. On this place a little of the coarser soil, and then more of the soil over it, with which it will have to be filled up. It should be made as follows:—One-half of light garden mould, as free from dung (however decomposed) as possible; the poorer the better. With this, thoroughly incorporate one quarter part of soft porous brick, broken up into the size of small peas, and one quarter part of very old lime rubbish, which has been exposed to the atmosphere for years. Let this be all well mixed together; then with one hand hold the plant upright, placing the roots in the pot in the best manner possible, so as to prevent them becoming entangled. With the other hand gently sprinkle the soil in among the roots, holding the plant up, and shaking the pot and plant so that the soil may fill up all the crevices among the roots. Now press the soil down firm, and place the pots out in the open air, so that they may have the full benefit of the sun. Rain must be kept off (this will be in the months of June and July); and in about ten days water them, not sooner; for if any of the roots have been injured, water will do them harm at that time. When they have grown as much as you wish—which should be determined by September at latest—withhold water, and let them be fully exposed to the sun to ripen their growth. As soon as the temperature begins to grow cool, take them into their winter quarters, and give them no water at all, till about the following March. Treated in this way, they will live during the winter, if they have light (and which is very important, several degrees of frost); this, however, of course should never be the case where it can be avoided, as it does no good, and may do harm. If, on the contrary, they are kept in a room where there is always a fire burning, with a temperature of 55 or 60 deg. by day, and say 40 deg. by night, they should have a little water about once a month during their season of rest.—This treatment is entirely intended for plants located in dwelling-houses. I have grown and flowered them as well in this way, as many gardeners with well-fitted-up green-houses and regular attendance.

N. B.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

Concluded from page 224.

After the usual congratulations, &c., had been given and received, and other subjects arising out of them discussed, Mrs. George Tobin inquired what I thought of her arrangements, or rather how I liked her drawing-room? The tone in which she asked

was so modest, so far from self-satisfied, that it would have been a thousand pities to have put her out of conceit with an article in it, (and the arrangement of them was faultless). I answered, with the only complaisant reply truth left me, that it was very gay and pretty. And this it certainly was; for the bright-patterned paper—the amber-colored curtains, chair-covers, &c.,—the polished surface of the centre table, strewn with annuals and other ephemera of the book tribe, in their vary coloured silk bindings—an ottoman or two, covered in needle-work and really beautiful specimens of my friend's imitative art and industry—with divers glittering ornaments, and a perfect chimney glass, gave a very pleasing *tout ensemble* to the room. It was only as you perceived the worthless quality of its fineness, that you became discontented with its pretensions. 'Our sitting-room, as you have seen,' said my friend, 'is very poorly furnished, but everything must have a beginning.' I could not help thinking how much better it would have been to have begun on the foundation floor, and Mrs. Tobin went on—'And George says, it does not signify so much for ourselves, but that it is absolutely necessary to 'keep up appearances,' and have one smart room for visitors.' How many fall into my friend Mrs. George Tobin's error, and prefer keeping up exterior appearances to concentrating home-comforts, and making their common hearth the gathering place of all that can add to the charm of a husband's society, and tend to strengthen his affection. I have no great hopes of the future for them, for I find the greater part of my friend's fortune has gone to pay her husband's debts, and with the remainder a showy, second-hand phaeton has been purchased, by way of carrying out his principle and 'keeping up appearances.'

Formerly, when a person in the middle ranks of life began to launch into supernumerary expenses, and affect the airs and elegances of the higher order, men wrote as it was vulgarly but pithily expressed '*Snug*' over his door; and young men, on the look-out for wives, knew exactly where it was safe to commence a suit. Wanting the income tax, one's expenditure was the index of his possessions and the outward and visible sign of a warm homestead and easy circumstances; whereas now, it is more frequently the beacon on a shifting sand or sunken rock, and equally to be avoided; for I have often observed, that in proportion to the want of means, becomes the desire to affect them. This 'keeping up of appearances' is the bane of all friendly feeling and hospitality. The pleasantest of all parties were those impromptu gatherings of the young people of

one family at the house of another (of course, I speak of a middle class of society), when a game at forfeits, a carpet dance, and a light and cheerful supper, without fuss or parade, sent every one home happy, and in good humour with themselves and their acquaintance. Now, the mistress of a family closes her doors upon her neighbours (and her heart at the same time,) except at certain periods of the year, because, forsooth, she 'cannot do as other people do,' the other people in the case applying to a rich old admiral, or Eastern nabob, while the lady, perchance, is the wife of some poor lieutenant, or a government clerk with a limited income. Then the strivings and starvings, till her drawing-room is furnished as fine, if not as richly, as Mrs. Jonquill's; and the staying within doors, till her dress will bear inspection by the side of her rival; for this is the true name, in these days, of those who, from their position, were formerly looked upon as the next best friends to your own family. Alas! hospitality has merged in hollow ostentation; friendship refuses to see her *own set*, except in full dress, and by the blaze of ill-afforded wax-lights—and we have lost, with the solid furniture and oak-wainscoted halls of our fathers, the warm welcome that met you smiling at the threshold, and (passported by friendship) led you with both hands, to the softest seat or coziest fireside corner, the cordiality of your host making you feel as if lapped in eider down, and shod with velvet. Nor is this love of keeping up appearances always confined to the style of one's furniture, entertainments, or dress. I remember hearing of a young lady who, on the occasion of her sister's marriage, talked very largely of her house in the Regent's Park, but as there are always enterprising friends, to find out the truth of good, as well as evil reports, it soon became known that the Park Mansion meant a Cottage at North-bank. 'Have you far to go?' said another friend to a young lady, who was about to walk home with her servant from an evening party. 'Only as far as Cavendish-square,' was the rejoinder. Here the Square stood in the place of an adjacent Street, to which I hear it bears but a very slight analogy. As to male pretenders of this sort, there is no end of them—and I am told it is no unusual thing for many of them to 'keep up appearances' by forming a sub-rosâ acquaintance with tradesmen in a fashionable 'quartier,' to whose houses their letters, &c., are addressed—while they locate themselves up three pair of stairs, in some cheap 'terra incognita.' I was amused the other day, by the pertinent remarks of an octogenarian lady, relative to these finical pretensions of the present day. 'There are no women now-a-days,' she observed, 'they are all ladies; and the men have undergone

a similar refinement. All the pies are *pâtés*, and, if in the early season summer cabbage appears on table, it is helped under the name of *greens*, while with the very bluest of London milk before them, people ask if you take *cream* to your tea.' But one is content to laugh at these nominal affectations of keeping up appearances—it is an imposition in sound only, and cheats no one. Not so that which fetters a man's income, beggars his children, and defrauds his creditors. Why then be shackled by so false a vanity? Independence and self-respect are so much better worth endeavoring after, and so essentially preclude the necessity for 'keeping up appearances,' that the experiment, like other patent nostrums of our day, needs but a trial to insure its success. I find, however, that the mania is so deep rooted and wide spread through the various ramifications of society, that the only way to escape its falsehoods, or the being hoaxed by its pretensions, till all shall be convinced of its folly, is to wear, by way of fetish, the opposite—and let me add, apposite—axiom, 'Appearances often deceive.'—C. W.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

RUSTIC BASKETS FOR FLOWER-BEDS.—Amongst the many modes and appliances called into use for the embellishment and diversification of the flower-garden, perhaps there are none that deserve a greater amount of patronage than the rustic basket. Its construction is simple and cheap, and it furnishes us with the means of bringing into happy combination plants of various habits. Of course the size and shape of the basket, which in different situations may be various, must be kept in view. One I have lately used is of the simplest form, being a mere circle constructed with staves of birch or elm, with the bark on; it stands about 18 inches above, and is sunk as much below the surface of the lawn; its diameter is 10 feet, over which are two arches, formed with six iron rods, crossing at 5 feet above the top of the basket. The centre was planted with *Ageratum odoratum*; then two rows of scarlet geranium; the edge with the old trailing variety of ivy-leaved geranium, and *Tropæolum canariensis* was trained over the handles—altogether it had a pleasing effect. The ivy-leaved geranium harmonises well with the rough bark that forms the sides of the basket, to which it should be fastened with a few shreds, to prevent its being broken by the wind.—P. SCOLDING, in the *Gardeners' Journal*.

HABIT.—We are so wonderfully formed, that while we are creatures vehemently desirous of novelty, we are as strongly attached to habit and custom. But it is the nature of things which hold us by custom, to affect us very little while we are in possession of them, but strongly when they are absent. I remember to have frequented a certain place every day for a long time together; and I may truly say, that so far from finding pleasure in it, I was affected with a sort

of uneasiness and disgust; I came, I went, I returned without pleasure; yet if by any means I passed by the usual time of my going thither, I was remarkably uneasy, and was not quiet till I had got into my old track. They who use snuff, take it almost without being sensible that they take it, and the acute sense of smell is deadened, so as to feel hardly anything from so sharp a stimulus; yet deprive the snuff-taker of his box, and he is the most uneasy mortal in the world.—*Burke.*

AFFECTIONS.—It appears unaccountable that our teachers generally have directed their instructions to *the head*, with very little attention to *the heart*. From Aristotle down to Locke, books without number have been composed for cultivating and improving the understanding; *but few*, in proportion, for cultivating and improving *the affections*.

THE BUSY WORLD.—People who live amid the hurry and the bustle of large cities, are seldom able to study the various shades of human character, like those who, having fewer objects to divert their attention, have also more time to observe. In great cities people come and go. You do not meet the same face perhaps more than once a-year, and then, except that time may have underlined the stronger features, the face is dressed exactly in the same manner. The same smiles, the same expression, whether it be born of pain or pleasure, and, it may be, the same phrase is repeated, either in the way of question or reply; for those greetings are all generally alike. In the busy world your sympathies have no time to take root—the wheel revolves, the kaleidoscope is shaken, you forget and are forgotten; the more wide your field of observation, the less leisure you have for thought; you know of a moral certainty that every creature you meet has a distinct and positive character of his or her own; you know, too, they dwell in your memory only as black, brown, or fair.

COLORS IN LADIES' DRESS.—Incongruity may be frequently observed in the adoption of colors without reference to their accordance with the complexion or stature of the wearer. We continually see a light blue bonnet and flowers surrounding a sallow countenance, or a pink opposed to one of a glowing red; a pale complexion associated with canary or lemon yellow, or one of delicate red and white rendered almost colorless by the vicinity of deep red. Now, if the lady with the sallow complexion had worn a transparent white bonnet, or if the lady with the glowing red complexion had lowered it by means of a bonnet of a deeper red color; if the pale lady had improved the cadaverous hue of her countenance by surrounding it with pale green, which, by contrast, would have suffused it with a delicate pink hue, or had the face

“Whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on,”

been arrayed in a light blue, or light green, or in a transparent white bonnet, with blue or pink flowers on the inside, how different, and how much more agreeable would have been the impression on the spectator! How frequently again do we see the dimensions of a tall and *embonpoint* figure magnified to almost Brobdingnagian proportions by a white dress, or a small woman re-

duced to Lilliputian size by a black dress! Now, as the optical effect of white is to enlarge objects, and that of black to diminish them, if the large woman had been dressed in black, and the small woman in white, the apparent size of each would have approached the ordinary stature, and the former would not have appeared a giantess, or the latter a dwarf.—*Mrs. Merrifield.*

GOOD TEMPER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguish'd birth,
Or thousands gain'd a year.
It lends the day a new delight;
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
And adds new beauty to the night
Than all the stars may yield.

It maketh poverty content;
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift from Heaven sent
Far mortals to increase.
It meets you with a smile at morn;
It lulls you to repose;
A flower for peer and peasant born,
An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away,
To snatch the brow from care;
Turns tears to smiles, makes dulness gay—
Spreads gladness everywhere;
And yet 'tis cheap as summer-dew,
That gems the lily's breast;
A talisman for love, as true
As ever man possess'd.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud
When threat'ning storm begins—
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
That still its sweet way wins—
As springs an arch across the tide,
Where waves conflicting foam,
So comes this seraph to our side,
This angel of our home.

What may this wond'rous spirit be,
With power unheard before—
This charm, this bright divinity?
Good temper—nothing more!
Good temper;—'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings;
It can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

Flowers and the Fair Sex.

FLOWERS are prettily said to be “terrestrial stars, that bring down Heaven to earth and carry up our thoughts from earth to Heaven.”—WOMAN, lovely woman, has been still more prettily defined as “something between a flower and an angel.” Having *both* these “gifts” to gladden us,—what happy, merry fellows we MEN ought to be!

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"THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS," &c.

"THE OBJECT OF OUR WORK IS TO MAKE MEN WISER, WITHOUT OBLIGING THEM TO TURN OVER FOLIOS AND QUARTOS.—TO FURNISH MATTER FOR THINKING AS WELL AS READING."—EVELYN.

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NATURAL HISTORY OF SONG BIRDS.

No II.—NESTLING AND INCUBATION.

(Continued from page 83.)

THE NIDIFICATION of birds has been deservedly the subject of much admiration. Among the different orders there is to be found almost every variety in the situation, structure, and materials of which the nests are composed. Such, however, is the uniformity with which instinct proceeds, that the same species, in all countries, build their nests not only of the same shape, but, as far as possible, with the same materials. In the red-breast, and some other birds, where a small variation in their mode of architecture has been perceived, it has always been found to be the result of necessity. Where oak leaves are found in plenty, the former prefers them; if not, he supplies the want by moss and hair. In general the structure of the nest is adapted to the number of eggs, the temperature of the climate, and the heat of the animal's body which is to occupy it.

When the bird is of small size, and its eggs are numerous, the nest must be proportionably warm, that they may all equally partake of the vivifying heat. Hence the wren, and many of the smaller birds, construct their little edifices with great care, and with very warm materials; whereas the plover and the eagle, whose eggs are so few that the body may easily be applied to them, build with no solicitude; some, in these circumstances, leave them upon the naked rocks. The climate has also its influence on the nestling of birds: many of those water fowl that with us construct their nests in a careless manner, discover greater solicitude in the colder climes of the north, where they strip the down off their breasts, to line their nests, and protect their progeny. The instinct and industry of birds are in nothing more apparent than in the building of their nests. How regular and admirable are these

little edifices, formed of such different materials; collected and arranged with such judgment and labor, and constructed with such elegance and neatness, without any other tools than a beak and two feet! We say with HURDIS,—

It wins our admiration
To view the structure of that little work,
A *bird's nest*. Mark it well within, without,
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join: his little *beak* was all,—
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
COULD MAKE US SUCH ANOTHER? Fondly then
WE boast of excellence, whole noblest skill
Instinctive genius foils.

The situation of the nests of birds seems to depend greatly upon their habits of life, the vicinity of food, and their security from the invasion of their enemies. Some build upon the ground, as the gallinaceous tribes and water-fowl; others build under the ground, as the sand-martin and puffin; which last becomes the tenant of a rabbit's hole. By far the greater number build in bushes, or on rocks; but a few species, like the water-hen, perform incubation on the surface of the water, their nests being attached to a few reeds. The larger rapacious birds, who live in perpetual hostility with all nature around them, repair, at the breeding season, to the inaccessible rocks and precipices, where they have least to fear from man, and those numerous tribes of animals with whom they are constantly at war. In the thick and luxurious woods of the warmer climates, where birds have little to fear but from the serpent or the monkey tribes, some, especially of the gross-beak tribes, build their nests pendulous from the extremity of the branch of a tree. There, where man is seldom their aggressor, they take no pains to conceal them from the eye; their construction is beautiful, and their entrance curiously contrived below, to secure

them against the more dangerous invasion of their enemies. But all those birds who live upon fruits and corn, and are too often unwelcome intruders upon the fruits of human industry, are chiefly solicitous in constructing their nests to conceal them from the eye of mankind. Informed by experience with how much severity he checks their encroachments, they seem, by their extreme precaution, to elude his observation and to regard him as their most formidable enemy.

Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring; the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart, far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long
day,
When by kind duty fixed. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumbered wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserved,
Steal from the barn a straw; till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

The nestling and ovation of the feathered race are no sooner completed, than they enter upon another process still more tedious and painful. Neither the nature nor extent of the instinct of brutes is fully understood; this principle, however, during the *incubation* of birds, seems in some respect to approach, if not to surpass the owners of reason. Nothing can exceed the patience of birds when hatching; during a period which continues from three to eight weeks, neither the approach of danger, nor the calls of hunger, can drive them from the nest. Before incubation is completed, the female, however plump at the beginning, is generally emaciated to a skeleton. Among some tribes, the male and female sit alternately, the more equally to divide the tedious labor; among others, the male provides food for his mate, while hatching, or alleviates her toils by his melody from a neighboring bush; some join together in the arduous operation, and, by increasing the heat, endeavor to accelerate its progress. At times, however, the eggs acquire a heat that seems hurtful to infant life; on these occasions they are left to cool; and the hen,

after a longer or shorter space, according to the weather, again resumes her occupation, with her former perseverance and pleasure.

ADDISON, when speaking of the instinct of birds terms it an immediate direction of Providence; such an operation of the Supreme Being, as that which determines all portions of matter to their proper centre of attraction. It is certain, that they seem almost entirely passive under its influence. In obedience to its calls, they fly from one appetite to another; and whatever ingenuity they may seem to possess while acting under it, *in everything beyond its reach they display the utmost dullness, or the greatest stupidity.* "With how much seeming caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from disturbance! When she has laid her eggs, so that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them regularly, that every part may partake of the vital heat! When she leaves them to provide necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal! When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break the prison! She covers it from the injuries of the weather, provides it with proper nourishment, and teaches it to help itself!" In all these particulars, her instinct guides her with the caution and exactness of human reason in its nicest and most delicate operations. Yet with all these appearances of sagacity the hen, in other respects, discovers no glimmerings of thought, nor any shadow of ingenuity. She will please herself with a stone, or a piece of chalk, instead of an egg, and will incubate it in the same manner. She knows not the number she has laid, and allows them to be increased or diminished at pleasure. She cannot distinguish her own eggs from those of another, and she will rear a brood of ducks as carefully as of chickens. When she beholds this supposititious offspring launch into the pool, she stands at the edge of the water trembling between two contrary impulses of instinct, but obeys the more powerful call of nature, that of self-preservation.

When the young are produced, the next object of parental care is their protection and support; and the spirit and industry they display at this period, demonstrate how amply Nature has qualified them for both. The most timid and inactive become spirited and courageous in defence of their progeny. The rapacious kinds acquire more than usual ferocity. They carry their prey, yet throbbing with life, to the nest, and early accustom their young to habits of cruelty and slaughter. Those of milder natures, equally occupied by the necessary

concern of supporting their families, discontinue their singing at this season; every inferior amusement on the commencement of this great era of their happiness, is laid aside, when, proud of becoming parents, and rearing a progeny of their own, they seem transported with pleasure.

Of those birds that build on the ground, the greater part of the young are able to run as soon as they are excluded from the shell; all that is necessary for them is showing their food, and teaching the manner of collecting it. Those, however, which are hatched upon trees, remain in the nest so long as they continue in an unfledged state. During this period, both parents are commonly employed in providing a regular supply; with which they are all fed in their turns, one after another, that none may take away the nourishment from the rest. It is not till after their plumage is fully grown, and they are capable of avoiding danger by flight, that the young are led from the nest, and taught to provide for themselves.

At first they make only short excursions, while the weather is fine, around the nest, or to those places in its vicinity where food abounds. After they have been for some days taught to discover their food, and carry it away, and have become at length completely qualified to provide for themselves, the old ones lead them no longer back to the nest; but, conducting them to some field, where their food is plentiful, forsake them for the last time; and, their former intimate connection being no longer necessary, is for ever broken off.

What is this Mighty Breath, ye sages say,
That, in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Instructs the fowls of heaven, and thro' their breast

These arts of love diffuses? What but God!
Inspiring God! who, boundless Spirit all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole!

From this date, all these visible objects will be gradually coming under our observation. Let us rejoice, and be happy in the prospect.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

History of British Birds, No. IV.; History of British Butterflies, Part III.; History of the Nests and Eggs of British Birds, Part IV. By the Rev. F. O. MORRIS.

These three serials progress well. There are evidences of extreme care and minute research visible in every page. The illustrations too are equally good. It is pleasing to know that they are so widely circulated. They deserve it.

The Naturalist, No. 14.

The April Number of this delightful Miscellany is, as usual, full of interest. Among others, we would direct attention to a Contribution by Henry D. Graham, Esq., on "The Birds of Iona." The writer being an enthusiast, in the best signification of the word, his narrative is charming.

We find at page 88, some useful and timely hints by a Correspondent, W. B. B., on the best mode of *Killing Insects for the Cabinet*. These we subjoin:—

I am reminded by a notice in "The Naturalist" for January, of some facts I have for some time intended communicating to you, relative to killing insects for specimens. I had previously been in the habit of employing either bruised laurel leaves, or hot water; but on one occasion last summer, when I could not conveniently procure either of these, I thought of employing the vapor of chloroform. I accordingly put about three drops into an eight ounce bottle, in which were three large Lepidoptera, which it killed in about fifteen seconds, or perhaps less. I have since that time, almost constantly used it for insects of all kinds, with perfect success. Its effects are nearly instantaneous, and it does not in the least interfere with their setting up, or their preservation. For the future I never intend going out "insect hunting," without a small quantity, which I may put drop by drop into my store bottle. It is especially useful for Lepidoptera, as it acts upon them so speedily that they are completely prevented from fluttering about, and so injuring their wings; its action on *Hymenoptera* and *Coleoptera* is no less remarkable, and in the case of the latter especially, will completely prevent the more tedious "hot water" process.

BIRDS OF SONG.*

Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart,
Something to LOVE, to rest upon,—to clasp
AFFECTION'S tendrils round.—MRS. HEMANS.

No. VI.—CAGE BIRDS.—THE CANARY.

WHEN a BIRD is about two years old, he is considered "steady" (if he has been carefully educated), and he may be allowed to hang in the company of any others—however loud they may be. Each successive year tends to his improvement; for, if he be at all given to imitation, he will copy no notes save those which are sweet and essentially musical. No better tutor could be found to instruct young canaries, than a staunch bird in his second or third year. They very quickly forget, in the sweet strains of his melodious voice, the gibberish they have learnt while keeping promiscuous and "loose" company elsewhere. Always let them be

* REPRINTED with many New and Important Additions from the *Gardeners' Chronicle* Newspaper

much together, if you value a fine songster. When you really do become possessed of a rare bird, make much of him; such are not to be met with every day.

We have before given sufficient reasons for not allowing any of your birds to see each other. Only let them *hear* each other, and you will have unceasing music from "morn till noon; from noon till dewy eve." Such is the rivalry among birds that, not unfrequently, the one that is outdone falls lifeless from his perch. His heart has been broken from the magnitude of his efforts to stand his ground! In some cases, if death does not ensue from over-exertion, the bird's *spirit* (courage) will have fled for ever. He may exist for years; but he will never be heard to sing from that day forward. Of this, we have had oft-repeated proofs.

In this variable climate, you must take special care never to leave your birds in a cold room, or in a room without a fire. Keep them at one equable warmth, and they will thrive—neglect them in this matter, and their feathers will become ruffled; their head will find its way behind their wing; and their dissolution will be speedy. In an aviary, this precaution is unnecessary. No birds "winter" better in an aviary than canaries; but this is owing to their never being used to a fire, and also to their being gradually inured to the succession of the seasons.

The habits of the canary are no less remarkable than they are diverting, and his natural disposition is truly amiable. He bears no malice—entertains no resentments that cannot be coaxed away by a single hemp seed. "*Semper idem*" (always alike) is his family motto; and it is well chosen. He is never so happy as when he is in your company, and he will chatter to you by the hour together. It is no punishment for him to be in his cage; though he loves occasionally to hop on the table, and help himself to a morsel of sweet cake. He is of all birds the least shy, and the least suspicious—so thoroughly does he confide in the good faith of his master and mistress. Would that such confidence were never misplaced!

If you feel inclined to humor him in his little visits to you on the table, provide him regularly every morning with a square china bath, half filled with water; first placing it within a deep basin, to prevent damage to your furniture by his splashing. An invite of this nature is irresistible, and he will soon be seen immersed to his very throat. On his return from the bath, his appearance will be found ludicrously comic. His sly look of self-satisfaction, and assumption of importance, whilst nearly drenched, and in a state of utter helplessness withal—are "as good as a play." Touch him—if you dare!

With extended wings, and unrestrained fury, he will resent the indignity by pecking fiercely at you with his open beak, and he will often give you, in addition, striking proofs of his anger. These "airs of state" are very frequently practised. We merely throw out a hint for our readers to improve upon; for you may teach these majestic birds anything.

In our early days, we were never without the company of some half-dozen canaries. They were allowed free liberty during the day, and they would fly after us from room to room all over the house, perching on our head or shoulder with the familiarity of a pet child. Whilst making our toilet—a grand "study" with a gay young man—one or other of these little fellows would sit on our forehead, and seeing himself reflected in the glass, he would incontinently dance a horn-pipe there—his little throat the while distended with song, and his trembling wings describing the arc of a circle.

How often, too, have we taken up a book to read, and found one of our little friends speedily perched on the summit thereof—bidding us defiance to say him "Nay!" All our remonstrances have been silenced by a flood of harmony, and in every instance we have gone to the wall.

Were we to go on thus leisurely particularising the many little tricks we have witnessed, as practised by our winged minstrels, we should exceed the bounds of propriety. One however of our joint performances, we must, through favor, record; enforcing at the same time, the necessity for extreme care on all who may hereafter try the experiment. It is not quite free from danger. Aware of the perfect understanding existing between ourselves and little family, we were in the constant habit of playing them off some "practical joke," rewarding them afterwards with a hemp-seed, by the way of compromise. The sight of a hemp-seed, therefore (of which our mules and canaries were inordinately fond), was a signal for some favor to be granted—some game to come off. Taking up four or five duodecimo volumes of printed books, we opened each in the middle; and placing them in a line on their front edges, in a slanting position, there was formed beneath, an avenue throughout their entire length. It was like a railway tunnel on a small scale. In this opening we placed some half-dozen birds, one by one, gently forcing them in the first instance to travel onwards, *pari passu*, until they emerged from the tunnel. As each successively made his appearance, we presented him lovingly with one of his favorite hemp-seeds, as a "reward of merit." Shall we be credited when we affirm that, before we had thrice repeated this little experiment, our pupils thoroughly com-

prehended the *fun* of the thing? It is indeed strange, but positively true.

Day by day we extended the range of volumes; till by degrees we formed a small circle round the room. Here and there we left small loop-holes, just to give the travelers a "bird's-eye view" of the surrounding neighborhood—occasionally exhibiting the magical hemp-seed; a sight of which quickened their pace amazingly. When their journey was a very long and tedious one, their looks, as they pattered past the loop-holes, were most imploringly expressive. However, an encouraging "*Allons, Messieurs!*" kept them up to their work bravely. Arrived at the terminus, the strut of triumph as each came forward and claimed his reward can only be faintly imagined. We cannot, and will not, attempt to describe it. *How* these pleasing scenes of early life linger in the memory!

(*To be Continued Weekly.*)

THE STARLING.

OF SOME BIRDS it is difficult, from their retired habits, to give any clear and accurate account. Not so of our friend the Starling. When it suits his purpose, he comes fearlessly under our observation, and invites us to learn his history. For many and many a year have we watched him from month to month, with the exception of a certain season, when for reasons best known to himself, he altogether disappears, and leaves us to wonder what is become of him.

Close before the window of our scene of observation, a well-mown, short-grassed lawn is spread before him—it is his dining-room; there in the Spring he is allowed to revel, seldom molested, on the plentiful supply of worms, which he collects pretty much in the same manner as the Thrush. Close at hand, within half a stone's throw, stands an ivy-mantled parish church, with its massy grey tower, from the turreted pinnacle of which rises a tall flag-staff, crowned by its weathercock; under the eaves, and within the hollows and chinks of the masonry of this tower, are his nursery establishments. On the battlements and projecting grotesque tracery of its Gothic ornaments he retires to enjoy himself, looking down on the rural world below; while, at other times, a still more elevated party will crowd together on the letters of the weathercock, or, accustomed to its motion, sociably twitter away their chattering song, as the vane creaks slowly round with every change of wind.

We will give a journal of our Starlings' lives. At the close of January, one or two unconnected birds now and then make their appearance on this weathercock; at first but for a few minutes, as if without an assignable reason they had merely touched upon it as an inviting resting-place, in their unsettled course. In February, if the weather happens to be mild, the number of idlers may possibly now and then increase; but still the visit seems to be but the mere passing call of a few strangers, without a leading object. In

March however, about the first or second week, according to the state of the weather, things begin to assume a more bustling and serious appearance. Hitherto but one or two, or at most three or four may have dropt in, as if to say, Here we are, the Winter is past and gone, a happier season is at hand. But now the flights increase, the three and the four are multiplied to fourteen or sixteen, and the song becomes a little chorus, more loud and more joyous than before; and occasionally, though at first with some circumspection and hesitation, one or two of the boldest will let themselves gently fall from their airy height, and glide down upon the lawn, as if to inquire into the state of their future larder; for they scarcely take time to taste the hidden treasures below the sod, but looking suspiciously about, are on the wing in a moment if an inmate approaches the window, or a door is heard to shut or open.

About the latter end of the second week, affairs begin to be placed upon a more regular footing; the parties on or about the battlements and weathercock, seem as if they had determined upon a permanent establishment. From early dawn till about ten, there they remain carolling away their communications; at that hour, however, off they go, and till four or five o'clock are seen no more throughout the greater part of the day; being absent in the fields, where they may be seen chattering in company with the inhabitants of a neighboring rookery, or a noisy set of Jackdaws, who have, for time out of mind, been the undisputed tenants of a certain portion of an ancient beechwood at no great distance.

About the third week, the plot begins to thicken still more. The field, the lawn, and the weathercock, are no longer the only objects of interest. Detachments may be now seen prowling busily over the roof, cautiously creeping in and out, from under the projecting eaves; and by the end of the month, the regular establishment, amounting to about thirty, has assembled, and the grand work of the year fairly commences. From this time, all is bustle; straws and nest-furniture are seen flying through the air in beaks, contriving, nevertheless, to announce their comings and goings by particular harsh or low muttering cries, according as they think they are watched or not. They are cunning birds, and discover in an instant whether a passer-by has an eye to their movements, and perfectly aware whether he is following his own business or theirs. If he steps onwards, without troubling himself about them, they go in and out with perfect unconcern; but if a glance of curiosity or observation is directed to their motions, they are all upon the alert; the bearer of a tuft to the nest wheels to the right about, and perching on the naked upper twig of a small beech-tree, or the projecting point of a gable-end, sits there, uttering a particular note, which seems to give, as well as words could do, intimation to a mate to be on its guard, as a spy is at hand. If the weather is tolerably favorable, everything goes on smoothly and regularly: but (and we have, in the journal of our Starlings' proceedings, many instances on record) should a severe and sudden change occur, a violent storm of snow, or continuance of chilling winds, all operations are suspended; not

only the eaves and half-built nests, but even the tower itself, battlements, weathercock, and all are deserted, till a return of fine weather, when the Starlings too return and the work again proceeds. At length the nests are built, the eggs laid, and the young ones hatched. Then a new scene of noise, and activity, and bustle commences, increasing of course as the nestlings become older and more voracious. Then it is that the lawn becomes a favorite resort; hitherto a few idlers may have hopped and pecked up a stray worm or two, but now the search is a matter of serious occupation.

Down they come—the sober-colored hen, and the cock with the sun glittering on its spangled feathers, with claws and beaks as busily employed as if their very existence depended upon it. All however in good social harmony, never quarrelling with the shy and less intrusive Thrush or Blackbird; or with the lively Wagtails, contenting themselves with the lighter fare of the myriads of minute flies and beetles hovering over the fresh-mown turf.

The noise and bustle go on incessantly, till the young ones are fledged, when for a day or two they may be seen fluttering about the building, or taking short flights. At length, their strength being matured, old and young collect on the tower, and then wheel away over the neighboring fields, as if practising for future and more important evolutions. But still the evening finds them roosting near the place of their birth. At last, however, a day comes when all is hushed. No hungry guests are feasting on the lawn, no clamorous throats are calling aloud for food, no twitterings are heard from bough or battlement, not even a straggler is to be seen on the pinnacle of the weathercock.

The joyous assembly is broken up. The Starlings are gone,* and till the Autumn, with scarcely an exception, we shall see them no more. Then, about the third week in September, again on their favorite perch—the weathercock, one, or two, or three, may chance to appear towards evening, not with the merry note of Spring, but uttering that monotonous, plaintive, long-drawn, whistling cry, as cheerless as the cheerless season for which they seem to bid us prepare. That these, and the few other stragglers occasionally occupying the same post, are our Spring friends is most probable; for a lame Starling was observed for eight years to return to the same nest, and every observation we have made tends to prove that this is a general instinctive custom of, we believe, every bird whatever.

Having thus given some report of our Starlings for the greater part of the year, we will endeavor to follow the main body for the remaining months, as yet unaccounted for. To do this effectually would be no easy matter, as we believe that they are partially migratory, *i. e.*, quitting one part of the kingdom for another, more fitted for their usual mode of life; nevertheless, enough remain within the sphere of our

observation, and are to be met with in little flocks during the Summer in favorite meadows, where food is plentiful, associating with their old friends the Crows, the Rooks, and Jackdaws.

As winter approaches however, they follow the example of some other birds, such as Larks, Buntings, &c., and congregate in larger quantities. Not far from the church we have mentioned, there is a considerable sheet of water, occupying nearly thirty acres; flanked and feathered on the eastern side by some old beechwood. Its western margin is bounded by an artificial dam, which, as the water is upon a much higher level, commands an extensive view over a flat, rich country, the horizon terminated by the faint outline of the first range of Welsh mountains. This dam, on the finer evenings of November, was once the favorite resort of many persons, who found an additional attraction in watching the gradual assemblage of the Starlings. About an hour before sunset little flocks, by twenties or fifties, kept gradually dropping in, their numbers increasing as daylight waned, till one vast flight was formed, amounting to thousands, and at times we might almost say to millions. Nothing could be more interesting or beautiful than to witness their graceful evolutions.

At first they might be seen advancing high in the air, like a dark cloud, which in an instant, as if by magic, became almost invisible, the whole body by some mysterious watchword or signal changing their course, and presenting their wings to view edgeways, instead of exposing, as before, their full-expanded spread. Again, in another moment, the cloud might be seen descending in a graceful sweep, so as almost to brush the earth as they glanced along. Then once more they were seen spiring in wide circles on high; till at length, with one simultaneous rush, down they glided, with a roaring noise of wing, till the vast mass buried itself unseen, but not unheard, amidst a bed of reeds, projecting from the bank adjacent to the wood. For no sooner were they perched than every throat seemed to open itself, forming one incessant confusion of tongues.

If nothing disturbed them, there they would most likely remain; but if a stone was thrown, a shout raised, or more especially if a gun was fired, up again would rise the mass with one unbroken, rushing sound, as if the whole body were possessed but of one wing to bear them in their upward flight. In the fens of Cambridge-shire and Lincolnshire, where reeds are of considerable value for various purposes, the mischief they occasion is often very considerable, by beating down and breaking them; as many as can find a grasping hold clinging to the same slender stem, which, of course, bends and plunges them in the water, from whence they rise to join some other neighbors, whose reed is still able to bear their weight. This perpetual jostling and breaking down is the probable cause of the incessant clatter, which continues for a considerable time; indeed, till all have procured dry beds, and a firm footing.

It has been remarked (adds Dr. Stanley), that the flights of these birds have of late years much diminished, a fact to which we can speak from our own experience; for the assemblages which

* The abandonment of their breeding-place depends, of course, upon the season. In 1833, the month of May having been remarkably warm, it occurred on the sixth of June; but we have known it to be delayed till the second week in July; the whole of June having been very unseasonable and stormy.

we have just described, as forming so interesting a feature in autumnal evening walks, have long ago ceased; and it is now a rare thing to see a passing flock of even fifty, where, in years gone by, they mustered in myriads.

ON ARTIFICIAL INCUBATION.

BY DR. J. LUTSKY.

ARTIFICIAL Incubation of the eggs of domestic volatiles, although well known to the people of the East, may, by its recent introduction in Europe, finally realise that philanthropic wish of Henry IV. of France, "that every laborer should have a fowl in his pot, at least on Sunday." At any rate the introduction of poultry in the dietary of hospitals, &c. will be matter of great utility. At the present time already, this procedure has been utilised in Vienna, where several tavern-keepers have entered into contracts for the constant supply of poultry obtained by artificial hatching.

This process might however be also made available for the purposes of *science*, of which, more hereafter. The hatching of tropical birds would not only afford to the Public sights novel and interesting, but be made the means of many an observation on the habits (*psychology*) of these animals, the comparative anatomy of their embryo, &c. But the tropics have now been removed to a very short distance from these shores; indeed eggs from Jamaica, Cuba, &c., may arrive here in about three weeks, and even sooner. As the eggs of farm yards preserve their incubability thus long without any especial precaution, those imported from abroad might also retain vitality for a similar space of time. But there exist several modes of preserving eggs fresh during a whole winter—painting them with fat, placing them amongst sawdust, &c., which might be experimented upon for the present emergency.

Little doubt exists in my mind, that the larger eggs of the Anserine, Passerine, and even Psittacine tribes could be hatched in this way. But the finest, because hitherto unseen sight—the *humming birds* would exhibit. Without alluding first to the smaller species, some of whose eggs are not larger than peas, I have seen some in the Brazils, whose body approached the size of a goldfinch, &c. If such be once hatched, the difficulty of feeding them might be overcome by dipping a camel-hair brush into honey, or making, for the more grown up, some artificial corollæ of flowers with a receptacle of honey at the bottom, &c. In fact, some trouble might be cheerfully bestowed on seeing humming birds in the *Regent's Park*, alive.

A variety of reflections attaches itself to the popularisation of artificial incubation, affording occasion for many experiments hitherto neglected. We know that a hen will hatch ducks, which she cannot follow in their favorite element; but will an *Anserine* female ever hatch *Gallinaceous* birds—where she would have to *forsake altogether* her accustomed element? In fine, is the *time of incubation* for a certain species of eggs the same whether they be hatched by a hen of their *own species*, or by one of even another *genus* or *family*, or in the artificial oven? Has it ever been tried to hatch Accipitrinæ or Falcos by Gallinaceous Females? The vital, *generative process* of the incubation of an egg, is one of the most mysterious within the whole range of our observation; because an incubated egg is a thing *unconnected with the (external) world* around it; there is no umbilicus, no placenta, not even a uterus—all which the egg contains within its own compass. It is yet also an unsolved question, whether the interior of the egg communicates (*can communicate*) with the *atmosphere around*, as the internal epidermis of the egg is a substance very densely woven and apparently impermeable to the air. What would be the phenomena, if an egg were placed under the *bell of an air-pump*? Would such egg have lost its incubatory power? I think so—because the pores of the egg shell hint at some hidden cause and process.

But I have been wandering away—led by the idea, that remote antiquity truly symbolised *creation and the universe* under the image of an egg. It exhibits, surely, the only vital *crystallisation* of the kind within the whole range of the globe's nature—far surpassing the coarse and tangible nourishment of the fœtus of the Mammalia. The accurate analysis of eggs in their fresh state—and then during the different *stages of incubation*, would solve many enigmas of organic (vital) chemistry; because it has surely not been explained hitherto, how of such apparently *homogeneous substances* as the yolk and white of the egg, successively bone and cartilages and horny substances and blood *can arise*; implying the successive *apparition* of substances, *e. g.* iron, phosphor, &c., which are hardly to be supposed to have existed in the *primitive egg*. If such *transformation* of chemical principles should take place, as I do not doubt it does—for instance an *apparition of iron*, or even an increase thereof, it would show that, besides the exchanges, solutions, and precipitations of *our chemistry*, the vital process possesses a *generative and creative* power of *changing* one chemical substance into another—not attainable in our crucibles!

However all this may be still incubation

presents the creation of a vital (*vitale*) within the isolating covers of an egg, by the mere agency of *heat*. But then, surely, heat is not that simple *caloric* as hitherto thought; but merely one of the manifestations of the great cosmic agent or solvent =X. Whether an egg electrified, galvanised or magnetised would remain incubable? Whether incubation could not be effected (*momentarily*) by one of these agencies—a powerful electric or galvanic spark? these are wanderings of fancy, still perhaps worthy of being experimented on.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PERSECUTED ANIMALS.—A Second Paper on this interesting subject, by DR. MORRIS, of York, will appear next week.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION will be resumed in our next.

AN IMPERTINENT CORRESPONDENT, as he consistently describes himself (of course anonymous), and who for the second time writes to us from Liverpool, has far too coarse a mind to heed any remark we might make for his moral good. Men of his order can only feed and grow upon the venom of their own black, jealous hearts. No wonder they can find nothing to interest them in a JOURNAL like ours! We should indeed blush to see our Paper in the hands of such folk. Before our Correspondent attempts to quote *Latin*, let him sedulously study an *English* dictionary. He is sadly deficient in the use of his mother tongue. And let him ever bear in mind that Ignorance and Impertinence *always* travel in company. We shall from to day take no notice of any anonymous communications. We have, in our fourteenth Number, given such writers their proper character.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any "facts" connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them; our time being overwhelmingly occupied with PUBLIC duties.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, April 17, 1852.

OUR FOURTH Monthly Address to our distant friends,—for another four weeks have already actually passed! finds us prepared to give a very fair account of ourselves and of our doings—or rather we would say, in all modesty, of the doings of our Friends; for to them and their good offices it is owing that we now hold up our heads manfully.

It will be remembered, that the issue of our JOURNAL in Quarterly Volumes was considered the turning point in our favor; in that form, our friends felt sure it would find its way; and they were right.

Many persons, anxious to serve our interests, have procured our FIRST VOLUME and given it currency far and near. We already benefit greatly from this act of policy. It is also gratifying for us to be enabled to

mention, the fact of the Clergy having stepped forward to befriend us. They have spoken of the JOURNAL in terms that demand our thankful acknowledgment; and we can perceive that their promises were not made without an intention of their being fulfilled. Every successive Post confirms this.

As for patrons among private families and public academies,—these are increasing day by day. It is delightful, after a struggle so hard as ours has been, to see the dawn of better days,—and these we believe are before us. Thus much personal.

We are now advancing into the loveliness of Spring, and we hope to glean in our rambles many things worthy of our readers' attention. These we shall duly record; for it would be affectation were we to doubt of our "Pencilings by the Way" being read with some little interest. We have, in our worthy publisher, as devoted an admirer of Nature and her handiwork as ourselves: and it is a pleasure to us to be *so* associated. A Work like our JOURNAL *ought to be* conducted by kindred spirits; and let us hope that it will now be a more agreeable Miscellany than ever. "Two heads are better than one;" and our head having for many weeks had to devise, and our hands to carry out, the operations of at least *half-a-dozen* individuals—repose has become needful. It will however be of very short duration; for now—

Heralded by sunbeams golden,
Garlanded by green buds fair,
Modest snowdrops, just unfold,
Toying 'mid her streaming hair—
Comes FAIR SPRING, a blushing maiden,
With rich HOPE and BEAUTY laden.

If we keep company with *this* "blushing maiden"—and we most assuredly shall do so daily, our readers well know how long our pen will lie quiet. Such "secrets" as we are about to discover, we confess we cannot "keep." In all *other* matters we may be safely trusted.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The Distemper in Dogs.—In your 13th Number (page 201), you very properly recommend cleanliness and fresh water for keeping dogs in good health. But they are of course always liable to the distemper. My experience, which has been extensive in both the breeding and breaking of pointers and setters, may be of use to others, and as such I send it you. When the distemper first shows itself, let a tablespoonful of good yeast (beer, not potatoe yeast) be given the animal once daily. This will generally *control* the disease; and not only will it prevent death, but also *infirmity of limb*. The nostrils should be frequently sponged with warm water.—R. D.

Curious Breed of Fowls.—Mr. W. Lees, game-keeper to Sir William Gordon, at Earlston House,

is rearing two young fowls of a very curious and novel breed, being a cross between a bantam hen and a common pheasant. The male is nearly a jet black, though the tail is considerably shorter than the parent's. The female is a beautiful bright red, with a black neck. They are about the size of ordinary barn-door fowls, and are so tame that out of doors they will pick crumbs from the hand.—A. W.

Gigantic Eggs.—The committee of management of the *Jardin des Plantes, Paris*, have recently presented to the Hunterian Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons the casts of eggs of the gigantic wingless bird of Madagascar ("*Aepyornis maximus*" of Geoffroy de St. Hilaire). These enormous eggs are equal in size to 12 ostrich, 16 cassowary, 148 domestic hen's, or 50,000 humming bird's eggs.—S. T.

Remarkable Sagacity in a Cat.—Some three years ago, there was at Christy's Glass House, near Westminster Bridge, a cat which deserves to be mentioned in a JOURNAL like your "own." This cat, although continually moving amongst the most fragile articles, seldom broke one. She would walk a considerable distance over wine glasses, which were placed so close together as not to allow of her stepping on the shelf or counter. She would carefully put one foot after the other into the bottoms of the glasses without ever upsetting one in her progress, although many of them might be very narrow at the bottom. If in passing a tall glass article standing on a small base, she happened to move it from its perpendicular, she instantly felt it, and would carefully and slowly draw away from it in such a manner that it should not fall towards her. If wishing to pass between two such articles near to each other, she would carefully gauge the distance between them with her body; and if one moved, she would gently draw back and try another route. She was a fine, beautiful cat, and when standing at the street door was often noticed by the passers-by, many of whom would stop and caress her. This she always permitted, and never failed to acknowledge the compliment with a most severe clatter-clawing! She would approach customers at the counter, looking the beau-ideal of feline meekness and gentleness, and few could resist a desire to pat "such a mild-looking, beautiful cat." All however who touched her got the usual severe scratching; and just at the moment they thought they were forming a most intimate friendship. I hope, Mr. Editor, to have some day an opportunity of referring to this cat as an illustration of certain principles in phrenology which, I think, are at present anything but well understood. I am of opinion that those propensities which are common to man, and the lower animals, may be studied with great advantage. Our knowledge at present is very limited. I hail with peculiar delight the establishment of your "OWN" JOURNAL, as it must become a record of curious facts illustrating the nature, habits, and idiosyncrasies of almost all animals.—J. S. H., Woolwich.

Receipt for Making "German Paste."—As I have been most fortunate with all my wild birds, thrushes, &c., I think I may venture to say my

mode of feeding them is a good one. I therefore accept your challenge, and send you *my* receipt for German paste. Take one pint of pea flour; into this carefully rub the contents of a new-laid egg. Add two ounces of fresh lard, and three ounces of treacle to this, incorporating the whole with the naked hand, so as to prevent there being any large lumps. When reduced to a fine powder, put the whole into a clean earthenware pipkin, and place it over a slow, clear fire until it be thoroughly warmed through. Stir it meanwhile with a spoon, to prevent it from burning. When sufficiently heated, take it off the fire, and pass it through a fine wire sieve to granulate it. There must now be added two ounces of Mawseed, and a quarter of a pound of fine chopped almonds. When this mixture has been well worked together, it is ready for use. It should be kept in a clean tin case.—A. P., Highgate.

[This is an admirable receipt. But we object decidedly to the treacle, if the German Paste be used for larks, &c. Let honey be substituted, and the paste will suit *every* cage bird.]

Glass Cages for Birds.—I have neither an aviary, nor a bird of any kind, and I reside chiefly in London; yet do I delight greatly in reading your weekly observations on these pretty little creatures, and other matters of Natural History. Let me suggest, as all ladies love to see their birds, whether cages might not be made with glass sides? Currents of air would be quite excluded, and every desirable object gained thereby. Glass is now very cheap.—EMILY.

[The idea is a good one. The glass could be cut so as to be moveable, and to run in grooves. It might then be removed for the purpose of being cleaned. Of course the cage would be wired, and the glass used as an external covering.]

What is the best and easiest Mode of Killing Insects that are wanted for the Cabinet?—If you can give me any information on this point, I shall feel obliged. I would not willingly inflict pain or torture on any of these pretty creatures.—A. P.

[We refer you to a review of the "Naturalist," in another part of our JOURNAL. We have there given an Extract that will assist you in your Studies.]

Cats without Tails.—In the parish of Painswick, hamlet of Shepscomb, there was, some time since, and most probably there is now, a singular breed of cats. I had an opportunity of seeing one of them in the house of Mr. Neville, the clergyman. These cats have no tails whatever; being like some shepherds' dogs, guiltless of the shadow of a tail. But what is still more extraordinary, they neither walk nor trot across the room; all their movements are precisely those of the rabbit. Thus, instead of walking, they hop—whether at a slow or a fast pace. With the exception of a deficiency in the caudal appendage, the animal is in all other respects a perfect cat. I could not, although I made diligent inquiry, learn anything satisfactory as to the origin of these animals, which have so much the resemblance of a "cross" between "bunny" and "grimalkin." I may however remark that there was a rabbit warren

in Mr. Fletcher Welch's park, which adjoins the hamlet of Shepscomb.—R. D.

An Intruding Rook Punished.—A week since, I was walking in company with some friends, in a lane adjoining the park of Sir Offley Wake-man, Bart., Perdiswell, Worcester. In this park is a rookery. We were much surprised, whilst passing, to observe about fifty of these rooks in a state of excessive consternation, and all confined to a very small space. Hundreds more were perched on the trees above,—all evidently in dismay about some unusual occurrence. On seeking to investigate the cause, our eyes fell upon a most unhappy-looking object that lay upon the ground. No doubt he had been severely punished, for he was aghast through fear,—rooted, aye riveted to the ground,—nor did he move when our dog went up to him. This intruder was a *grey-headed* rook! How he came there, remains a mystery. I took compassion on him, and carried him home. He seemed sensible of the kindness we showed him; and feeling free from the pursuit of his adversaries, he took courage, shook his wings, and stood erect. He then partook of some refreshment, in the form of raw meat; and after taking a draught of cold water, seemed anxious to depart. Placing him on the lawn, we left him to his meditations. A few moments enabled him to decide what to do; and, “looking a farewell at us,” he rose on the wing and disappeared. I cannot find that any of his tribe have been seen in this neighborhood.—FLORA G., Worcester.

Odd Contrivance of a Canary to get rid of Pain.—The establishment of your delightful JOURNAL will elicit a multitude of curious “facts” connected with Natural History; and the readiness you afford us all, in communicating them to the public, deserves our best thanks. A short time since, a canary suspended on the angle of a window-shutter was dislodged by the opening of the window, which brought the cage and its tenant to the ground. On examining if any evil had resulted from the accident, the bird's leg was found to be broken. The canary being an “immense little favorite,” every effort was made to “set” the limb; and it was placed between splints. Whether or not the operation was unsuccessfully performed, I cannot say; but certain it is, the bird felt considerable pain; and his mind seemed bent upon some decisive measure of expediency. His moral courage was extraordinary; for with his beak he actually severed his leg in two pieces,—disuniting it at the joint immediately above the binding. Yet did he live after this for five whole years, and his song continued as fine as ever it was. I enclose my name and address.—W. S.

[Many animals have remarkable contrivances under similar adverse circumstances. RATS, when caught in a trap, will frequently eat through the limb by which they are caught, leaving it behind. CATS, also, have been known to sever their tails at the root, when similarly “detained.”]

Ingenuity of Rooks.—“A curious circumstance illustrative of the ingenuity of rooks, was witnessed at the South Inch Rookery, Perth, a day

or two since. One of the black fellows was observed hammering with his bill, with great force, at a joint of a twig on a tree, which he had evidently selected for some part of his nest. Finding he could not strike the twig off, he threw himself to its point, and hung awhile; trying no doubt whether his weight would bring it away. This however also failed; and returning to his perch at the joint, with a croak, this brought his mate to his assistance. Both, after some apparent consultation about the matter, threw themselves to the point of the twig. Still it would not do; and they were compelled to return to the perch, from whence one of them flew off and shortly returned with two assistants. A long consultation then took place, and it was amusing to observe the conclusion they had come to, as to their *modus operandi*. Three of the rooks threw themselves upon the point of the twig; while the fourth, with great violence, attacked the joint. Ultimately, the much-coveted twig was severed from the branch, and was carried off to the nest, with a crowing of gratification which nearly drowned the noise of the other denizens of the rookery.”—The foregoing anecdote may interest your readers, it is a wonderful illustration of the instinct with which these birds are provided. I have copied it from the “*Perthshire Courier*.”—J. F.

A Canary silenced by Moulting.—In pity, Mr. Editor, give me the benefit of your kind advice in a matter of importance to me; for I, like yourself, have a tender regard for all the feathered tribe. I am a *femme sole*, in plain English a maid,—young, and not married. My *present* associates are a tame robin and a canary. The former is quite hearty. The latter is ailing. He was formerly a first-rate songster, charming everybody far and near with the clearness of his notes. Since he last moulted however his song has been hushed,—his musical powers extinguished. Yet he looks “well,” and eats heartily. Now do tell me *how* I should act to restore what I have lost; and enable me to join my pet “Euterpe,” in singing “a song of happier days.” Then will your Petitioner ever pray.—MARY L.

[Reckon your prayer heard, and your bird cured, Miss Mary. Give him immediately boiled-milk (fresh) for two days, instead of water. Then provide him with a small portion of raw rump steak, finely scraped (moistened with water) and keep him warm. Let his usual food be canary, flax and rape seeds; and give him some water-cress. Then write and tell us we are a first-rate physician.]

THE BRITISH WARBLERS.

BY THE LATE R. SWEET, F.L.S.—NO. II.

IN WINTER, when insects are scarce, I occasionally treat them to the yolk of an egg boiled hard, and then crumbled small. This partly answers the purpose; but it is a good plan to have a stock of insects in store, to supply them with a few every day, which keeps them in good health, and makes them sing more melodiously. A supply of some

sorts of insects are easily preserved for the winter. The large species of flies may be caught in great abundance in autumn, particularly the *musca tenax*, which, at that season, are very plentiful on the *dahlias*, French and African *marigolds*, and other plants belonging to the *compositæ*; *musca vomitoria* is also plentiful on the *ivy*, when it is in flower. Of these two species, large quantities may be caught, and dried for the winter. They only require to be put loosely in a paper bag, and to be hung up in a dry room, so that they do not get mouldy. When they are given to the birds, a little boiling water must be poured on them, which softens them; and the birds are as fond of them as if they were alive. The common maggots from decayed meat might also be saved for them, in large quantities, by collecting them late in the autumn, and putting them in a large pot or pan in dry mould. By keeping them in a cool, dry place, you may preserve them all the winter, when a few may be given to the birds as often as the stock will allow of it. If kept in too warm a place, they will turn quickly into the pupa state, and the flies will soon come out of them, thus causing the stock soon to diminish; though the birds like them as well or better in the pupa state. Some fine gravel must be also kept continually in their cages, as the birds of this genus eat a great deal of it, and will not continue in good health without a constant supply. They are also very fond of washing often, so that a pan of water, or something large enough for them to get into, should be kept constantly at the bottom of their cage.

Note.—Mr. Sweet mentions in his paper on the nightingale (forthcoming), that the larvæ of the common cockchafer are easily preserved in pots of mould in the above manner. Mealworms (which are found in great abundance wherever old meal is, and which may be obtained in numbers at any bakery or mill, especially when a few boards are taken up, where the flour and dust has lain a long time), may be kept in jars of meal, where, after turning to beetles, they propagate so fast that they literally swarm. Most of this genus are particularly fond of them, and also of ripe elderberries, which are easily dried for winter use. Nightingales are very partial to the mealworms, which are in consequence mostly used by the London bird-catchers for their traps.—E. C.

(To be Continued.)

SALT—THE CURSE OF OLD ENGLAND.

HOWARD v. SALT.

"A second Daniel come to judgment!"—*Shakspeare.*

It is really marvellous to contemplate the number of fools still to be found in this great city, and throughout the country ge-

nerally. Whatever absurdity springs up, whatever new doctrine is disseminated, half the world seems ready,—aye, eager to embrace it! While this is the case,—and it ever will be the case—impostors flourish, and humbugs grow fat.

Our pen has lately waxed valiant in an onslaught upon the Electro-Biological Quacks; and we are told they vow vengeance against us. Let them do what they will with us, so that they do not practise upon us by the "laying on of hands." We are every way their match in a fair stand-up battle; but when they have recourse to the black art, and roar out at their victims with the stentorian voice of Beelzebub, we beg to cry off. "Dr." Darling, as he styles himself, and all the other self-dubbed "Doctors," are bent on a dark mission of evil. We have denounced them and their dark doings from the very first. They shall certainly never get a meal out of *our* royal person. Still, we may pity their poor dupes, on whose vitals they continue to prey and feast. But now for another of our modern "Doctors."

We learn from a small pamphlet, entitled "Salt the Forbidden Fruit," that *Salt* is the "chief cause of the diseases which attack the body and mind of man and animals;" and this assertion has the warrant of the author,—

ROBERT HOWARD, M.D.,

Author of several Works on the
Wisdom of Egypt!!

for its truth and correctness. No doubt our readers will consider we are jesting; but indeed we are not; and if they will only procure the work we are noticing, and read it through—a fearful task we admit—they will marvel as much as we do that the writer is not placed in safe custody until further orders.

We may add to the wonder already excited, by remarking that the author rashly undertakes to "prove" his position by Scripture,—and to what Books does he refer? to the Books of the Apocrypha!! His quotations even from these Books, are ludicrous in the extreme; and the inferences he deduces would throw a Stoic into a guffaw. Hear this renowned DOCTOR speak:—"Abstinence from salt (see p. 16) will enlighten the mind of the people, and change the character of the world. In this way, a superior and a better race of people will arise. This idea is now very widely prevalent; *nothing can possibly prevent this.*"

This is a tolerable dose for a man or woman with a narrow swallow? But let us look further and see what it was that turned our Sister, Lot's Wife, into a Pillar of Salt. The *learned* Doctor tells us, "that a mass of Salt was the result of this woman's death!" and he adds with becoming gravity (we

should like to have given him a sly poke in the ribs while his pen dotted it down), that "assuredly every human being that has ever died, has left salt behind him; and if all the salt were extracted from a body after death, enough would be found to form a pillar of salt of some size and weight!"

We might go on *ad infinitum* to expose this miserable charlatanism, but it would occupy much space to little purpose. We have however a public duty to perform, and we *will* perform it. One great feature in our opening Prospectus was this self-imposed task, and we will not shrink from it. In few words, let us now tell the public the *meaning* of all this. The author has written a number of Books from 2s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. each, and he wants naturally—to *sell them*.

These said books we shall some day have the curiosity to analyse. Being full of Egyptian curiosities, and dealing as they do with the most abstruse, hieroglyphical subjects, we may squeeze many a laugh out of them. "*Ride, si sapiis*," says the proverb. "Laugh, if you be wise." We will; and the public shall laugh too.

In the little work we are now dissecting, all these books are stringently recommended,—in terms indeed which would cause even a stone to shed tears. But why does the profound "Doctor" Howard take to fibbing? There are people to be found addle-pated enough to believe all he says, and buy his nonsense, without this. But we are positively getting weary of our subject; and therefore show the "Doctor's" cloven foot without further ceremony. The following is copied from page 13:—

The number of books, of various doctrines, of late years written on the subject of the right and proper way of healing the sick, and maintaining the health of man, is indeed *wonderful*; this is the most important object of all that belongs to human affairs; we have now arrived at the *wisdom of Egypt*, by which this search is crowned with success, and success beyond the credence of all expectation.

"It is a well-known fact, that there are now many persons who look back to the time when their attention was first directed to *my Book on Salt*, as the happiest, and most fortunate period of their whole lives; they do so, because by its precepts and rules they have obtained a degree of bodily comfort, and a degree of mental consolation and repose, *such as was utterly unknown to them before*, and which they never expected to meet with in this world. Many persons are now abstaining from salt, with the adoption of the rules and measures *laid down in these works*, that is in accordance with the wisdom of Egypt, which is therein explained so that a child may understand it; as the ancient Egyptians taught it to their children. All difficult words are carefully avoided. Doctors, Clergymen, and Lawyers, [Qy.?] have been amongst the first to *perceive the greatness and the truth of these doctrines*, and the extreme importance of abstaining from

salt. They are amongst the first who have taken advantage of it.

We think after this *exposé*, all the "learned Doctors" had better dine together, without salt; and propose a Tour to the Diggings. As for Doctor Howard,—we advise *him* to "buy up and let his beard grow." He has wisdom enough to pass himself off for an Egyptian Mummy, and assurance enough for a Prime Minister.

ELECTRO-BIOLOGY.

To the Editor of "*Kidd's Journal*."

Sir,—In your able Articles on this subject, you do not, if I understand you rightly, deny the *existence of a power* to create certain phenomena in the sleeping subject,—you rather decry the *modus operandi* practised by the abject humbugs who live by professing what is not true. Is it not so? Your remarks on *Dr. Carpenter's Lecture* at the Royal Institution, have been read with great interest; and I hear you everywhere complimented on being so devoted a champion in the cause of Science, properly so called. The metals, which Dr. Darling and the other self-dubbed "Doctors" say *must* be held in the hand to render their victims "sensitive;" are of no moment at all, are they? Mere traps, I imagine, to extract an extra shilling from the victims?

Yours &c.

VIGIL.

[You are quite right in your supposition. That certain effects *can be* produced on certain persons, when in a state of *coma*, or Mesmeric sleep, is quite true. We have a friend who has shown us many truly wonderful and curious experiments of this description; but he accomplishes these results *quietly and gently*, not by distortion of countenance, nor by bawling into the ears of the party operated upon,—simply by a few passes, and an exercise of the Will. Darling, Stone, Fiske, &c., want to *get money*,—hence the extra charge made for metal discs of zinc and copper. These are *perfectly useless* of course; but they enlarge the treasury. Electro-Biology is simply an early stage of Mesmerism; but the title "sounds well," and helps to "gull" the public. One of these practising scoundrels advertises to sell the "SECRET!"—for three guineas!!!]

FLOWERS AND THEIR AMIABILITIES.

CERTAINLY the French exceed us in their devotedness to flowers, and we are often puzzled to think how it is that we have no public flower gardens in the streets of London, resembling those so popular in Paris.

We used to rise, when we were in France, as early as half-past four, and were revelling in all the luxuries of aromatic odors before the clock had struck five. So early do the Parisian damsels bestir themselves in their much-loved occupation!

It is quite true that flowers play an important part in Paris. The Parisian loves flowers. He loves them more than animals. What sweet smiles, what graceful words, can a nosegay not win from lovely lips! For the Parisian lady loves flowers too; but she loves them only when grouped together; for her they grow ready twined in garlands and in posies in the shops of the Boulevards: she loves them only as an ornament, only as the gift that homage offers. Flora is not her goddess—only her handmaid, who decks her head and her bosom. she herself will be the goddess. On entering a ball-room at the end of the season, would one not imagine that Flora, the lovely one, was multiplied a hundred fold? What warmth must they possess! In the hair, in the hand, and on the bosom, all is budding in greatest luxuriance. The parts of the garlands are so wondrously interwoven, that one thinks they must have grown so on the bushes; and again they nestle on the fair temples, as if they would never leave them, and had their places there from all eternity. The colors of the nosegay for the bosom are so tastefully arranged, so melting one into the other, that you fancy the harmonious pencil of Nature herself created this union of tints and produced this posy-flower; for, like a single flower, the whole grows out of an entwined stalk, and nestles and nods with delight. But the nosegay for the hand consists of wreath in wreath: a wreath of mignonette closes round the violets, round these a circle of rosebuds, then come heliotropes, &c. The Parisian *bouquetières* are celebrated throughout the world, and over the whole province their productions are continually being sent.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

The Hungarian Musical Company,—whose performances we cursorily noticed in our 14th Number, have just terminated another series of Three Concerts at the St. James's Theatre; and it has been our good fortune to be present on each occasion. Not only do we feel justified in repeating, or rather in confirming what we have already said of the high character of these Instrumental Concerts, but we feel really unable to give utterance to one half our thoughts whilst dwelling on the merits of the performers, either collectively or individually.

The Hungarian band consists of fifteen

individuals,—all picked men; and never before, surely, were Overtures so effectively performed by thrice the number. This is owing as much to a fine ear and a remarkably correct taste, as it is to the powers of execution. The softest cadence is as beautifully rendered as the most powerful combination of the numerous instruments; and from *piano* to *fortissimo* seems rather a magical movement than one of design.

We mentioned in our former Notice, that we were unable to give the *name* of the Conductor of this "Hungarian Musical Company." We have since, in common justice to the grand Maestro, studied it carefully, and here it is,—Capel Meister Kalozdy. We leave our readers to pronounce it. For ourselves, we shall ever hold this name in the highest reverence, for it is borne by a man who has contributed very considerably to our happiness on many occasions. We have sat for hours, studying the lineaments of his face, and imagining the intensity and application that must have produced such rare excellence. All honor be to Capel Meister Kalozdy, the king of musicians,—and every minor honor be to his splendid band! Their heads are "studied," well worthy of the great Philosopher Dr. GALL. Only look at the head of the Double-Bass!

Such of our readers as are smitten with the beauties of our grand masters, should listen to the overtures to *Der Freischutz*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Robert le Diable*, &c. &c.,—as performed by THIS Company. It is worth a walk of some dozen miles to enjoy such a treat. Nor is Kalozdy's own Polka to be passed over in silence. It is a truly delicious and fanciful composition. No wonder so many *encores* are elicited every night! We only wonder how the performers can perform so many physical feats, whilst replying to the call!

Madame Squallini, Signor Shoutini, Herr Screamerini, and others ("artists" all)—may do very well for the Opera-folk; but give us Kalozdy, and his inimitable Band of Fifteen!

After Easter, we look for many another treat in this direction; and we hope none of our evenings may ever be less profitably employed.

ON THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

NEITHER THE ILLUSTRIOUS preceptor of Alexander, nor the amiable preceptor of the Duke of Burgundy, nor all the professors of the universities of England and France, ever effected so much in the way of education, as that unrecognised president of all universities and public schools—Example! From the hour of their birth, children begin to imitate.

Their first words are mimicries of what they hear pronounced before them: hence the origin of different idioms and enunciations. Montaigne made Latin the mother tongue of his son, by surrounding him with persons who spoke no other language, and even a nurse who spoke Latin. The intellect of children expands long before they have the power of expressing their ideas. Physicians have affirmed that children have been known to die of jealousy, before they were old enough to express their sensations. Excessive notice of another child, or seeming neglect of themselves, has been found to induce a state of languor, and hasten their end. Young children suffer doubly in illness, from the incapability of expressing their pain. Their language being formed upon our own, and their conduct framed upon our own, the duty of placing desirable examples before them is sufficiently evident; yet we frequently punish them for faults of which the first lesson was given by ourselves. In many conditions of life, however, parents are forced to delegate to other hands the care of their progeny. The laboring poor, for instance, cannot constantly watch over them. While the rich wantonly confide their infants to the care of menial hands, the poor trust them to any which God is pleased to send to their aid. It is even more essential to avoid giving bad examples to children than to offer them good. Yet how often are family dissensions and recriminations exposed to their observation! A man and wife living ill together, who so far forget themselves as to quarrel before their children, create a preference and partizanship which must diminish the respect equally due to both parents. In humbler life, abusive language often ends with blows; and what must be the effect of such scenes on the tender mind of infancy? The presence of children on such occasions, when proved before the magistracy, ought to be considered an aggravation of the offence against the law. Fathers and mothers by upbraiding each other in the presence of their children, often beget impressions which all their future representations are unable to eradicate; and of what avail to the comfort of parents the brilliant accomplishments and attractive manners of their children, if a son have been taught to disparage his father, or a daughter to think ill of her mother! Often do children so young as to appear deficient in observation, receive vague but indelible impressions, afterwards recalled by a retrospective view; when the past appears clear and free from the vapors which veiled it from our earlier comprehension. Among the lower orders, if a poor man be laborious, his son is usually the same. But the son of a father who ill-uses the mother, is pretty sure to turn out an idler and a dunce in childhood, and, in riper years, a ruffian.

THE MAN OF ADVENTURES.

I was sitting in the coffee-room of the Swan Inn, at Hastings, enjoying the cool sea-breeze and a pint of Madeira, when the entrance of a stranger dissipated the short reverie into which I had fallen. "Waiter," quoth he, as he walked up the room, "the train starts at nine precisely, and therefore, my fine fellow, you must please to give me notice of the time; for if I should be, by any chance, disappointed—beware, revenge! Better you had never breathed this vital air than answer my fell wrath." The waiter departed with an incredulous smirk, and the stranger, who had uttered the above fearful threat with the cool unconcern of an oracular presence, began to hum an air, and to arrange his neckcloth at the glass; the swell of such air being augmented or diminished exactly in accordance with the folds and windings of the cravat, and terminating in a graceful shake on the completion of that arrangement.

During this short period, however, I had been strictly scrutinising the appearance of this mysterious person. He was a man somewhat below the ordinary size, and apparently between forty and fifty years of age. His face was of a copper complexion, and garnished with a pair of exaggerated whiskers, which, like his redundant head of hair, seemed to have sustained some injury in an escape from recent and devouring flames. There was a singed aridity in both, as of a blighted furze-bush. His eyes had all the restless activity of bullets, and his promontory of a chin was sustained by the neckcloth above-mentioned, which meandered round his neck in an infinite multiplicity of windings, and at length fell down his waistcoat with all the prodigality of a cataract.

While I was thus engaged in examining this strange being, he approached, and offering me his snuff-box with much courteousness, took a seat at the same table.

"Charming view of the sea," said he, "splendid prospect—ocean, ocean,—nothing like ocean; what does the poet say—splendid poet, Byron—what says he of ocean? Let me see, he likens it—to a horse, is it? No—yes—to a horse, certainly; says he, 'I'll lay my hand upon thy mane'—glorious burst that—as though it were the mane of a horse, you perceive—'I'll lay my hand upon thy mane.' Here he attempted to describe the action by clinching one hand upon the table in a convulsive manner, while he snatched an enormous pinch of snuff with the other.

As I was not a little amused by this original, I rather encouraged than repulsed his advances towards conversation—an encouragement not at all necessary; for I found, ere long, that the main difficulty would

be to impede its progress; and my endeavors to stem the current of his discourse, were as vain as those of one who should attempt to turn the course of a cannon ball with a bodkin, or to blow against the falls of Niagara.

"You are drinking Madeira, I perceive," he remarked, "I shall be happy to join you, not that I drink now-a-days, I have abjured it long ago, ever since my last duel. You must have read the account of it in the papers—Trigger and Storks? No! I'll tell you how it occurred. It was after dinner at the mess, one evening; the wine had circulated pretty freely, and there was a great deal of conversation. Lieut. Storks, amongst others, was violent—rampant, as I may say, in his conversation. He was always a fiery little fellow—fine fellow, though—but extremely absurd—ignorant, wofully ignorant. He would have it that Virgil was a Latin poet, and that Galileo was not a Swede; and went so far, upon my attempting to set him right on these points, as to call me a presumptuous and ignorant coxcomb. You inquire, I perceive, what I did upon this provocation? Threw the contents of my wine-glass into his face; that was all—I give you my word.

"The next morning, Major Fireball burst into my room, and shaking me by the shoulder, vociferated—'Trigger, you must fight. Honor calls.' 'Fight, my dear fellow,' said I, starting up in bed, 'fight? fight for what?' 'No apology received—never make apologies in the army—compelled to fight a man who could take off a pin's head at twenty paces.'"

"Well, Sir, you went out of course?"

"Went out, Sir, of course; and winged him, Sir—winged him, by Jupiter!"

"How, Captain; then he fired in the air?"

"Fired in the *hair*, rather, my dear boy, ha! ha! shaved off my left whisker, I assure you. Do you know, there is one thing I never could avoid doing. I did it in this same business with Storks. I have heard some of our old fighting Colonels and Majors laugh at the notion: but I assert, Sir, that no man ever feels a bullet whizzing past him, but he bobs, Sir, he bobs. When I first went into a field of battle, I stuck my head firmly between my shoulders, and said I to myself, hang me if I *do* bob; but I could not help it—no man could help it. You hear a ball coming past you on the left—you bob—thus;—another comes whizzing on the right—you bob—so:—must bob—depend upon it."

I thought this a favorable opportunity of expatiating on the Captain's courage, more especially exemplified, I thought, in the modesty with which he detailed his exploits, and

the frank avowal he had made of his bobbing propensity.

"Courage, my dear fellow, courage," he interposed, "is of two qualities, negative and positive—and of two descriptions, animal and moral. I enjoy both in perfection. Now, I'll tell you a circumstance that does not seem, at first sight, to reflect much credit on my courage—my animal courage; but mark the moral intrepidity—pray discover the noble bravery—a contempt of custom. You must know, Sir, I was at one time paying certain little delicate attentions to a young lady—fine girl—noble creature—with as pretty a four hundred a-year as man could desire to see in a quarterly course of payment. Well, Sir, there was another—a hated rival—countenanced by the mother, a venomous old basilisk, killing to look upon—you know the sort of person I speak of. In the meantime I was creating an interest in the right quarter—mark me—making the post-office echo with my sighs, and casting sheep's eyes out of a calf's head, as the poet says, ha! ha! This of course was gall and worm-wood to my rival, but honey and treacle to me.

(*To be Concluded next Week.*)

ANIMALCULES,—

Their Organization and Functions.

THE globules of blood in animalcules, small as they are, are exceeded in minuteness by innumerable creatures whose existence the microscope has disclosed, and whose entire bodies are inferior in magnitude to the globules of blood.—Microscopic research has disclosed the existence of animals, a million of which do not exceed the bulk of a grain of sand, and yet each of these is composed of members as admirably suited to their mode of life as those of the largest species. Their motions display all the phenomena of vitality, sense, and instinct. In the liquids which they inhabit, they are observed to move with the most surprising speed and agility; nor are their motions and actions blind and fortuitous, but evidently governed by choice and directed to an end. They use food and drink, by which they are nourished, and must therefore be supplied with a digestive apparatus. They exhibit muscular power far exceeding in strength and flexibility, relatively speaking, the larger species. They are susceptible of the same appetites, and obnoxious to the same passions as the superior animals, and though differing in degree, the satisfaction of these desires is attended with the same results as in our own species. Spalanzani observes, that certain animalcules devour others so voraciously that they fatten and become indolent and sluggish by over-feeding. After a meal of this kind, if they be confined in

distilled water so as to be deprived of all food, their condition becomes reduced, they regain their spirits and activity, and once more amuse themselves in pursuit of the more minute animals which are supplied to them. These they swallow without depriving them of life, as by the aid of the microscope, the smaller, thus devoured, has been observed moving within the body of the greater. The microscopic researches of Ehrenberg have disclosed most surprising examples of the minuteness of which organised matter is susceptible. He has shown that many species of infusoria exist which are so small that millions of them collected into one mass would not exceed the bulk of a grain of sand, and a thousand might swim side by side through the eye of a needle. The shells of these creatures are found to exist fossilised in the strata of the earth in quantities so great as almost to exceed the limits of credibility. By microscopic measurement it has been ascertained that in the slate found at Bilin, in Bohemia, which consists almost entirely of these shells, a cubic inch contains forty-one thousand millions; it follows that one hundred and eighty score millions of these shells must go to a grain, each of which would consequently weigh the 187,000,000th part of a grain. All these phenomena lead to the conclusion that these creatures must be supplied with an organization, corresponding in beauty with those of the larger species.

Worms in Flower Pots.

LADIES who cultivate flowers in their parlors will find the following an excellent receipt for destroying a very troublesome reptile:—Worms in pots may be easily destroyed, simply by watering the soil with lime water, which may be made by putting a piece of lime, weighing about two pounds, into a pail of water; when the whole is slacked and well stirred up, it should be allowed to settle. The clear water may then be turned off, and the soil in the pot should be liberally watered with it. The worms will soon leave the premises by crawling upon the surface, when they may be taken off and destroyed. If any remain, another watering may be applied. We have never found any difficulty in destroying them by this method.

The Great Exhibition of 1851.

MOST sincerely do we congratulate the Country on the approaching demolition of this gigantic Fashionable Lounge. Erected for the aggrandisement of the few at the expense of the many, it has succeeded admirably. Thousands of broken hearts, and desolate hearths, can attest this. Let us here write its Epitaph:—

"*De mortuis nil nisi bone 'em!*"

And now, Messrs. Fox and Henderson,—let us advise you to pack up the mortal remains of your spoilt child with all convenient speed. They are becoming a stench in the Public's nostrils.

SPRING.

Lo! where the virgin Spring is seen,
Dancing forth in bright array,
Blithe as an Eastern Bridal Queen
To wed the Lord of Day.
And see! where rising Nature homage yields,
And all her breathing incense pours along
O'er dewy meads, and the wide open fields;
The stream's soft murmur, and the poet's song,
All, all, her smiles attend. Earth, water, sky,
All wake to thee, fair Spring, their sweetest
minstrelsy. GEORGE DYER, B.A.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring;
While, whisp'ring pleasures as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling. GRAY.

Inscription for an Arbour.

Stranger, or friend, whichever name accord
With Tomkins' hearty shake or civil word;
Enter, where interlacing boughs have made
O'er lattice trellis-work a verdant shade.
Here seat thyself on benches greenly damp,
Fraught with lumbago sweet and cooling cramp;
Here rest thy back against this wall of brick,
Perhaps the recent whitewash will *not* stick.
Here view the snail, his lodging on his back,
Mark on the table's length his silvery track;
Here, when your hat and wig are laid aside,
The caterpillar from the leaf shall glide,
And, like a wearied pilgrim, faint and late,
Crawl slowly o'er the desert of your pate.
Here shall the spider weave his web so fine,
And make your ear the period of his line;—
Here, should still noon induce the drowsy gape,
A headlong fly shall down your throat escape;
Or should your languid spirits court repose,
Th' officious bee shall cavil at your nose;
While timid beetles from a chink behind,
In your coat pocket hurried shelter find.
Oh! thou, to whom such summer joys are dear,
And Nature's ways are pleasant,—enter here!

Botanical Explanations.

Botanists have divided all plants into twenty-four classes and 121 orders; and they have discovered 3000 genera, 50,000 species, and varieties of the species without number. With regard to the roots, plants are bulbous, as in onions and tulips; tuberoses, as in turnips or potatoes; and fibrous as in grasses. They are deciduous when their leaves fall in Autumn; and evergreen when they are constantly renewed, as in most resinous trees. They are said to sleep when they change the appearance of the leaves or flowers at night.

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No. 17.—1852.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24:

PRICE 1½d.
Or, in Monthly Parts, Price 7d.

PERSECUTED ANIMALS.

An Apology for Various Supposed Injurious Creatures.—No. II.

BY BEVERLEY R. MORRIS, ESQ., A.B., M.D.

[Continued from page 194.]

THE VERY GENERAL INTEREST which, I understand, has attached to my former observations under this head, induces me readily to resume the subject; nor should I ever be weary of writing on so pleasing a topic, whilst readers can be found willing to listen to my expressed thoughts. It is high time that common prejudices were removed; and how can this be better effected than by quiet reasoning, and patient argument?

The animals to whose comparative harmlessness I have already borne willing testimony, are the Hedgehog, the Mole, and the Badger. I will now add to these; and first of

THE WEASEL (*Mustela*).

This animal would seem, at first sight, to be one of those in whose favor nothing could be said; its carnivorous propensities being such as to render it very destructive to game. As however we are convinced that under, certainly, a forbidding aspect, a considerable amount of good service is also done, more especially to the farmer, we have thought it only right to give him the benefit of any extenuating facts, in the hope of in some degree lessening the *indiscriminating* persecution which everywhere attends him.

No doubt—where game is strictly preserved, musteline animals must be kept in check; but even there they are of some service, in keeping down other animals which are also destructive to the game; at the same time, we are aware that, in such cases, little can be said in his favor. To the farmer however, we believe him to be a useful ally; and if due precautions be used in the care of the poultry, very little injury

need be anticipated in this quarter. Following our usual plan, we quote the observations of another person in support of our views. Mr. W. H. WHITE, writing in *Loudon's Magazine*, says, "My venerable father, who was a considerable farmer in Derbyshire, left the following account of the Weasel among his papers, which was found after his decease. He was a man who encouraged almost all living creatures on his farms. Upon this principle, in his own words, 'As every cause has its effect, so has every evil its corresponding good. The weasel,' he writes, 'has been of great value to me, during the last three years (1802, 1803, and 1804). I was very much troubled about the vermin (mice) in my wheat ricks. I had tried ferrets, but I could not lessen their numbers apparently. As I was one day looking round my rick-yard, I saw, on the roof of a wheat-rick, a *weasel*, seemingly intent upon watching for its prey. He suddenly entered a hole in the thatch, and brought out a mouse (nearly full grown), and was immediately followed by another (weasel) carrying a similar burden. They entered another hole in the rick, and I thought I had finally lost all traces of them: but they soon found their way through the rick, and came out at the bottom, each bearing its burden. They crossed the rick-yard, and entered a hole in a bank, which led under an ash tree. In about five minutes, they returned from their retreat in the bank, without their loads, crossed the yard, and entered the same rick again. One of them then stationed itself by the hole, as before, while the other, as I suppose, ferreted out the mice. On the approach of the latter to the hole, in the hope of making its escape, the weasel again darted into the hole, and very shortly both the weasels returned, each bearing a mouse, as before. These they conveyed to their retreat under the ash tree; and this they repeated four times in about one hour and a half, thus destroying eight mice.

"I suspected that their nest was under the ash tree, and in this I was not deceived; for I soon found that they brought out four young ones, and introduced them into the wheat ricks; and so greatly had they thinned the destructive mice, that, when the ricks were carried to the thrashing floor, scarcely a mouse was to be found. After some months, the young weasels disappeared, and the old pair were left undisputed masters of the domain. This favorite pair continued for three years, each year producing a young brood, which disappeared the following spring. At length, one of my favorite *mousers* was caught in a rat-trap, and the other soon afterwards disappeared." We could not help feeling regret, in common, we are sure, with the benevolent writer, at the tragical end of the useful little Weasel. May we hope, that others may consider we have made good the point with which we commenced these remarks on the weasel; and may they accord this little creature some measure of protection!

Having now noticed the various quadrupeds to which our limits permitted us to allude, we will now proceed to the cases of several birds, and for these, we trust, we shall also secure a favorable verdict from our readers. We have selected a few examples only, but the number might be largely multiplied did we expect any increased good from such a course.

Before taking the birds, *seriatim*, we wish, more particularly as the breeding season is now approaching, to enter our protest against the extremely cruel, and utterly useless wholesale destruction of sea-gulls and other water birds, which annually takes place at most of their breeding stations, by the gunners who resort to them merely for the sake of seeing how many unfortunate victims they can register to their guns in a given time! No good end is answered by thus shooting the birds, no scientific advantage is obtained: but extensive and altogether unnecessary misery is inflicted both on the old maimed birds, and on the young ones that are thus left to perish from hunger in the nests. We cannot conceive a more heartless amusement, and we trust our readers will, one and all, set their faces resolutely against such wanton cruelty in future. These observations will equally apply to the cases of the swallows, who however have an additional claim upon our kindness and forbearance, on the ground that they destroy countless myriads of insects, which would otherwise make our houses and fields uninhabitable by man or beast. We do not wish to dwell on this subject, but we trust our readers will determine, each in his own sphere, to do what he can in the cause of humanity.

Entering on the birds then, the first in order whose cause we are desirous of advocating, as being greatly and unnecessarily persecuted, is—
THE KESTREL, or WINDHOVER (*Falco tinnunculus*).

This very pretty and most useful bird, although very extensively persecuted at all seasons of the year, has nevertheless *some* few friends; and, as we find the amusing and eloquent pen of CHARLES WATERTON has been wielded in its defence, we cannot do better than give the following extract from one of his interesting essays; more especially, as he was we believe one of the first, if not the *very* first, who took up the cause of this and several other unnecessarily persecuted creatures. He has, moreover, always enforced his precept by example. "Did the nurseryman," remarks Mr. WATERTON, "the farmer, and the country gentleman, know the value of the windhover's services, they would vie with each other in offering him a safe retreat. He may be said to live almost entirely on mice; and mice, you know, are not the friends of man; for they bring desolation to the bee-hive, destruction to the pea-bed, and spoliation to the corn-stack. Add to this, they are extremely injurious to the planter of trees. The year 1815 was memorable, in this part of the county of York, for swarms of field-mice, exceeding all belief. Some eight years before this, I had planted two acres of ground with oaks and larches, in alternate rows. Scarcely any of the oaks put forth their buds in the spring of 1816, and on my examining them, in order to learn the *cause* of their failure, I found the bark entirely gnawed away under the grass, quite close to the earth; whilst the grass itself, in all directions, was literally honeycombed with holes, which the mice had made. I prize the services of the windhover hawk, which are manifest by the quantity of mice which they destroy; and I do all in my power to put this pretty bird on a good footing with the gamekeepers and sportsmen of our neighborhood. Were this bird properly protected, it would repay our kindness with interest; and we should then have the windhover by day, and the owl by night, to thin the swarms of mice which overrun the land." C. Waterton, in *Loudon*, vol. ix, p. 461.

(To be Continued.)

NATURALISATION OF FOREIGN BIRDS.

BY HENRY TAYLOR, ESQ.

THE LOVERS OF BIRDS owe you, Mr. Editor, a deep debt of gratitude for the variety of valuable information contained in the pages of your JOURNAL, or scattered

through those of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*. In the latter it was, that attention was drawn by you to the fact that canary birds may be so far naturalised in our gardens and pleasure grounds, as to breed readily there in the warm months.* But are there no other foreigners capable of being introduced among our native songsters, quite hardy enough to stand our climate at *all seasons*?

At present, I will confine myself to one only, which would amply repay any expense or trouble in introducing it to our woods and parks. The bird I am alluding to is the *Loxia cardinalis*, usually termed among amateurs the Virginian Nightingale, or Cardinal Grosbeak. Here we have exactly what we now require to supply a great desideratum, viz.—a scarlet bird, of the size of a blackbird, an excellent songster for eight months in the year, and one capable of standing any degree of cold to which our climate is ever subject. A friend of mine, who long resided in America (chiefly in Virginia), informs me he has often observed these beautiful creatures in the woods, when the thermometer has been below Zero.

WILSON, in his American Ornithology, speaks in rapturous terms of this bird, which he represents as hardy, and as a special favorite of the Americans. It frequents low, bushy woods, and lives exactly as our blackbirds and thrushes do—on seeds, corn, fruit, snails, worms, and insects. One peculiarity of a valuable kind may be remarked, viz.—the hen sings equally well with the male; my own experience would lead me to say, almost better, as the resemblance to the “jug” of our English nightingale is more perfect and sweet. I am inclined to believe that no birds are more readily induced to pair and breed in confinement—by which I mean, a large, open room or conservatory; for a close cage is utterly unsuited to all their habits.

Where abundant liberty is allowed, the habits of attachment of the Virginian nightingale are strong, as my own conservatory can attest, in which a pair of them made three nests last summer, and are at present evidently preparing for nidification. The habits of the Virginian nightingale lead them to build in low, evergreen bushes, as box, myrtle, laurel, &c., which I have placed

for them in large pots or tubs. The favorite materials of the nest I have discovered to be hay, fibres, dead leaves, or bits of paper; the whole bound together by layers of bass matting. The hen lays from two to four whitish eggs, speckled with brown; and sings, or “jugs,” occasionally on the nest, in return to the male.

I may mention that my conservatory is a cold one, no fire having been in it during the last winter; and the birds often sang before daylight in February. The male has been domiciled here for four years; but I was only able to procure a female last spring. I am informed that in one of the unglazed pheasantries of the late Earl of Derby, at Knowsley, several pairs of these birds frequently bred in bushes placed for them. My present more immediate object is to call attention, among the lovers of Nature, to the desirableness of introducing and establishing these very ornamental birds in our pleasure grounds; of course I mean in such localities as are forbidden to those pests of creation, gunners; and where they are not likely to be otherwise molested by trespassers of any kind. Many are the spots in which they would luxuriate; but I may be permitted to give, as one particular instance, that of Windsor Park, where (in the vicinity of Virginia Water) these lovely birds would find a near resemblance to their native scenery in wood and water, in ample security. Would that I had the ear of her Majesty or of her Royal Consort, to plead in behalf of such an interesting importation of foreign singers, in such a favored spot, and at a cost scarcely worth an observation! A few pairs turned loose in the month of May, would soon increase abundantly; particularly if this were repeated for three or four succeeding seasons. For the information of those desirous of obtaining it, I may add that the *Loxia cardinalis* can often be seen in the hands of the dealers in foreign birds; and they may be imported through the agency of Mr. W. J. MARROTT, King William Street, near London Bridge.

I have already observed, that these birds ill brook the confinement of a close cage; and if imported in the autumn, or very early spring, are best kept in a large room till the season is sufficiently advanced to turn them loose with safety. There ought to be a preponderance, as to numbers, in the females, to prevent contests among the males, which would otherwise be fierce in the extreme. H. T.

Canonbury, April 12, 1852.

* This subject will not be lost sight of. Henry WOLLASTON, Esq., of Welling, Kent, has already written to us to come down and see his Canaries building in the open air; and we anticipate a rich treat. Last year, these pretty creatures afforded us infinite delight. We found them sitting, hatching, and nursing in all parts of Mr. W.'s picturesque domain; and their varied colors, as they flew about the park and pleasure grounds, imparted an indescribable charm to the whole scene. —Ed. K. J.

HOPE is itself a species of happiness, and perhaps it is the chief happiness which this world affords. But let it ever be borne in mind, that all hopeful expectations, improperly indulged, must end in disappointment.

BIRDS OF SONG.

Give me but
 Something whereunto I may bind my heart,
 Something to LOVE, to rest upon,—to clasp
 AFFECTION'S tendrils round.—MRS. HEMANS.

No. VII.—CAGE BIRDS.—THE CANARY.

LET US NOW briefly comment on some of the little ailments of our winged friends. 'Prevention being better than cure,' we will hope that by due care we shall seldom have occasion to call in the aid of a doctor—our aversion always, excepting only *in extremis*.

The *diseases* to which a Canary is subject, are but few; and they are, any of them, easily got rid of. The *husk* is a "dry cough," caught from an undue exposure to cold and damp. Sometimes it is brought on by giving your birds hemp-seed; the husk or shell of which adhering to the lining of their throat, causes inflammation. Never therefore give your canaries any hemp-seed, without first bruising it. Half-a-dozen seeds per week, observe, are more than sufficient under any circumstances. To cure the *husk*, feed your birds on yolk of egg, boiled hard, and diluted with a few drops of cold water. Mix with it a small quantity of sponge-cake, rubbed fine. Instead of spring water to drink, give them, for a couple of days, boiled linseed-tea, flavored with liquorice-root; or boiled milk, fresh each morning. By keeping your birds warm, and covering them over to prevent excitement, they will soon rally. The "pip" and other minor maladies to which all birds are occasionally subject, will be treated of in a separate chapter. We need here only speak of "moulting."

When a canary "moults,"—which is generally in July or August, according to the heat of the weather—all you need to do is, to keep him quiet and free from draughts. Being a cheerful, lively bird, there is no need to have him covered up, but do not let him be unduly excited. Give him a very small quantity of raw beef, scraped, and moistened with cold water, once a week; occasionally, a little yolk of hard-boiled egg; and now and then a piece of sponge-cake, and ripe chickweed in full flower. Nature will do the rest; and present your pet with a handsome new coat, that will keep him spruce, and last him a full year. Mind and trim his claws, when they are too long. Use sharp scissors always; a knife, never. In handling him, let him lie passive as possible; so that your hand may not press unduly on any part of his little body. After the first operation, he will understand all about it, and cheerfully submit to be so "trimmed."

We already have taken occasion to speak of the docility of the canary, and have given several interesting anecdotes of his aptness

to fall into his master or mistress's humor. To go further with our illustrations would occupy much room; and at the same time destroy the fond anticipations of pleasure which, no doubt, many of our readers feel at the thought of hereafter experimenting for themselves.

We will now proceed to speak of the various kinds of birds which should be selected for the purposes of breeding; and afterwards pursue the inquiry of rearing, feeding, &c., in all its ramifications; so that he who runs may read, and he who reads may understand.

We have before noticed the GERMAN Canaries, as songsters; and confirmed the fact of there being *some* well-taught musicians amongst them. Beyond this, nothing can be said. They are *not* long-lived! and soon fall victims to the countless changes in this our variable climate. They are tender in constitution, and seldom live more than from two to three years in England. *These* birds therefore will not do for breeding stock. Some English bird-fanciers (amateurs more particularly) have a great fancy for the Belgian canary. These birds are of gaunt proportions, and have a commanding presence. Their length is remarkable, and their spirits are exuberant. Their song too is musical, though not equal to that of many of our native birds. They are bred pure in Belgium, and the race is there kept up *in perpetuo*, to insure a healthy stock. *Suum cuique*: they are good nursing fathers and nursing mothers; and attend well to the wants of their offspring.

A very old friend of ours, some ten years since, associated one of these *Jonque* birds (a male) with one of our Norwich mealy hen canaries. They took kindly to each other, and in a few short weeks became the happy parents of five remarkably healthy children, of an undeniably beautiful plumage. The males turned out first-rate songsters; and being placed from their tender infancy under an eminent tutor,—the full meaning of which expressive word we shall have occasion to explain hereafter—they caused the heart of our good friend to rejoice. He was *then* past "the age of man." Soon afterwards, he died, as he lived, surrounded by his pets. His *requiem* was chanted by nightingales, woodlarks, black-caps, and canaries. Oh, how often have we both been "rapt," while listening to his minstrel choir!

We must not be understood as speaking in praise of the *beauty* of the Belgian canaries. They are not of fair, symmetrical proportions, by any means; but their colossal size, and Herculean constitutions, impart increased vigor to any young birds that may proceed from their family connections.

We have stated the average duration of a

canary's life at from sixteen to twenty years. This has reference *only* to a state of celibacy. Those birds, on whom devolve the cares inseparable from large and rapidly-increasing families, rarely live half that number of years; and it must be borne in mind that the song of a canary, in wedded life, degenerates from the day of his espousals. He never afterwards sings so long together, nor so sweetly. In sober truth, his value as a "songster" is altogether lost. Hence the necessity, or rather the prudence, of selecting a male bird for his fair proportions, color, and health, principally. As for song, never fear his progeny being found deficient in *this* matter. There are infallible methods of making them *all* first-rate, as we shall show.

One very great vulgar error that exists among the million about the rearing of birds, requires removing. We mean their recognition of "February 14" as being the "pairing time" for birds, and the signal for putting them up in cages to breed. In such a climate as England, what is the necessary consequence of such a step? Why this: the hens build their nests, lay their eggs, sit their thirteen days, hatch their young; and when the latter come forth, the chilliness of the weather either kills them at once, or compels them to be reared, like hothouse plants, in the close vicinity of a blazing fire. This fact sufficiently accounts for the puny apologies for birds which we see from time to time in the families where we visit.

The earliest period that common prudence would sanction for birds being put up is—the latter end of April. If perchance the month of May *should* prove fine and warm—we just remember such an occasional treat, why, then, your birds will thrive nobly; and you will not deplore your want of success. Nothing can be more galling to a lover of birds, after all his wariness, watchfulness, and anxiety—than to find his expectations cut off, and the whole process of incubation to have again to be gone through. We want to establish a *rational* mode of proceeding, and we trust our readers will kindly bear with us, while we so earnestly urge its adoption.

(To be Continued.)

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

"He who opposes his own judgment against the consent of the times, ought to be backed with UNANSWERABLE TRUTHS; and he who has TRUTH on his side is a fool, as well as a Coward, if he is afraid to own it because of the currency or multitude of OTHER MEN'S OPINIONS."—
DEFOE.

No. VIII.—THE LIFE OF DR. GALL.

ANOTHER faculty which Gall possessed in a remarkable degree, as his organisation shows, was

that of Elevation, Pride, or a high opinion of one's self. We will here quote a remarkable passage, where, in speaking of that organ, he has delineated himself. "There are certain men," says he, "with minds sufficiently strong, who are so deeply impressed with a sense of their own value, and so independent withal, that they know how to repel every external influence which tends to subject them. As far as practicable, they choose the freest countries to live in, and devote themselves to an employment that renders them independent and exempts them from the caprices and favor of the great. That domination over their inferiors, which becomes slavery under an absolute master, would be insupportable to them. The honors and distinctions that are withheld from merit, while they are lavished on insignificant men, are but humiliations in their eyes. If they prosper, it is only by their own efforts; like the oak, they are sustained by their own strength, and it is to their own resources that they would be indebted for all they possess." He was in fact, proud and independent. He never was anxious for titles, and cheerfully practised the profession of medicine. As a political man, he loved liberty and good laws.

There is another innate sentiment, Vanity, Ambition, Love of Glory, approaching the preceding in its nature, but still quite distinct from it, which was feeble in Gall. We always observed him to be indifferent to the praise and approbation of the multitude, as he was also to their blame and ridicule. He labored for the love of science, and under the conviction that his ideas would triumph in the end. We could recall a thousand anecdotes to prove that his vanity was not very susceptible. How many times have we seen him laugh at the squibs of the little journals, and unaffectedly despise the gross abuse which they heaped upon him. Let us cite one fact which will answer for many others. Gall had lived for some time at Berlin, with the celebrated poet Kotzebue, who profited by the occasion to learn of him the technical terms of his science, and such ideas and principles as he could best turn to ridicule. He composed his play, "Craniomania," which was immediately performed at the theatre in Berlin, and Gall attended the first representation, and laughed as heartily as any of them.

"Caution," by means of which the effects of our actions are referred to the future, which sometimes renders us distrustful of the world and indecisive in forming our resolutions, was very strong in Gall. Observe what a fulness the head presents in its superior posterior lateral region. Gall proceeded with extreme prudence in every step; he was distrustful, and much disposed to give credit to bad insinuations against his friends and acquaintances, and would rather break with any one than live in the disquietude of doubt. He often said, that it is more difficult to sustain a reputation than to create one, and that we must always act as if making the first efforts to render ourselves known.

Let us now pass to the faculties whose organs are situated in the anterior part of the head, beginning with the sense of the memory of things (Individuality). This sense is the source of

educability in man and other animals. Gall possessed it in a moderate degree, but it was not one of his most remarkable faculties.

He easily forgot whatever had no connection with his doctrines, or with any of his predominant faculties.

It was the same with the faculty of local memory (Locality). We will once more leave him to speak for himself. "My taste for natural history," said he, "often led me into the woods, for the purpose of ensnaring birds or taking them in their nests. In the latter object I was very fortunate, because I had often observed, towards which of the cardinal points each species were accustomed to build their nests. I should have succeeded equally well by disposing my nets properly, because I was in the habit of ascertaining the district the bird frequented, by his song, and his movements; but when, after a week or fortnight, I went to find what birds had been taken, or to carry off a nest, it was often impossible for me to find the tree I had marked, or the nets I had placed." He also forgot the residence of his patients whom he had frequently visited in his carriage, and had considerable difficulty in remembering in what storey of the building they lived. He was ignorant of geography, and whenever he looked upon a map he found something new, though he had observed it a thousand times before. So we may be sure, that if he travelled, it was not from taste, but with the sole object of propagating his doctrines.

If it be true, as we believe it is, that there is an organ of "Order," Gall was absolutely destitute of it. The arrangement of his house was a curiosity. He said it was order to him. Let one imagine to himself, huddled together in his bureau-drawers, for instance, old journals, quitances, quack advertisements, letters from distinguished men, pamphlets, nuts, pieces of gold, silver, and copper, and packets of seeds. We have seen him take up a bundle of these papers, and shake out from them the money he happened to need. In this manner he kept his records and his desk.

Weaker still was his *memory of persons*. "This faculty," said he, "is too feeble in me, and the defect of it has, all my life-time, caused me a thousand troubles. When I rise from the table, I cannot distinguish either man or woman who sat by my side during the meal." In *verbal memory*, Gall was also deficient. At school he never could learn his lessons, and when the task was one that exercised the memory, he was always surpassed by his school-fellows, whom he excelled in original composition.

The organ of *the sense of language*, which gives the talent of philology, was a little better developed. He knew, besides his own, the Latin, and French language, which he wrote and spoke with facility, though defective in pronunciation, and had some knowledge of English and Italian. He had a strong dislike, however, for questions about mere words, grammatical discussions, compilations, and works of that kind.

The sense of the relations of Colors, which is one of the fundamental qualities indispensable to the painter, was absolutely wanting in Gall. He was obliged to depend upon the opinions of his friends, whenever he treated of painters or paint-

ing, and by that means was sometimes led to pronounce an erroneous judgment which the critics never failed to remind him of. As for his taste, he was fond of those brilliant porcelain-like pictures of modern times; and when in a gallery, he bestowed his attention on portraits, and especially on those of women when painted in a classical style.

As he was a poor judge of paintings, so was he as poor an amateur in music. He generally got wearied at the Opera or Concert; but a woman's voice in conversation he said, was very agreeable.

He was no more apt in the science of numbers; every kind of numerical calculation fatigued him, and we believe we never saw him go through a process in simple multiplication or division that was at all complicated. He knew nothing of geometry, nor the problems of mathematics. What a contrast to those philosophers who make this same science the basis of all positive knowledge!

In mechanics, architecture, and the arts, he was no happier than in calculation, music, and painting. We will only remark, that the execution of the Plates of his great work, after Spurzheim ceased to overlook them, was detestable, which would not have been the case if Gall had possessed the slightest knowledge of design, or of the arts in general.

Having thus finished our notice of the organs situated in the lower part of the forehead, it remains for us to examine those higher faculties whose organs are placed in the upper part of that region. It is these that gave Gall his eminence over the generality of men.

That *comparative sagacity*, by means of which we promptly discern the relations of agreement and disagreement between the objects of our examination, and are led to search for affinities, comparisons, and similes, was very strong in Gall. Accordingly, you will observe that not only were all his researches but a continual comparison of organisation with faculties, and of the faculties of man with those of other animals, but that he also employed this method in his familiar conversations and public lectures, whenever he was particularly anxious to impress his ideas on the minds of others.

The following interesting account of an interview with Gall was published in the "Birmingham Gazette," and may serve to give the reader some idea of the habits of the philosopher at home.

"Most of us find some satisfaction in tracing on Fancy's tablet the portrait of a person of whom we have heard much, and particularly after we have read many of the works of an author, but with whom we have had no personal acquaintance. It generally happens, however, that our portrait is not correct, when we compare it with the original. Thus it was with myself. I found Dr. Gall (in 1826) to be a man of middle stature, of an outline well proportioned; he was thin and rather pallid, and possessed a capacious head and chest. The peculiar brilliancy of his penetrating eye left an indelible impression. His countenance was remarkable,—his features strongly marked and rather large, yet devoid of coarseness. The general impression

that a first glance was calculated to convey would be, that Dr. Gall was a man of originality and depth of mind, possessing much urbanity, with some self-esteem and inflexibility of design.

"After presenting my letters of introduction to him at seven o'clock, A. M., he showed me into a room, the walls of which were covered with bird-cages, and the floor with dogs, cats, &c. Observing that I was surprised at the number of his companions, he observed, 'All you Englishmen take me for a bird-catcher; I am sure you feel surprised that I am not somewhat differently made to any of you, and that I should employ my time in talking to birds. Birds, Sir, differ in their dispositions like men; and if they were but of more consequence, the peculiarity of their characters would have been as well delineated. Do you think,' said he, turning his eyes to two beautiful dogs at his feet, that were endeavoring to gain his attention, 'Do you think that these little pets possess pride and vanity like man?' 'Yes,' said I, 'I have remarked their vanity frequently.' 'We will call both feelings into action,' said he. He then caressed the whelp, and took it into his arms; 'Mark, his mother's offended pride,' said he, as she was walking quietly across the chamber to her mat: 'do you think she will come if I call her?' 'Oh yes,' I answered. 'No, not at all.' He made the attempt; but she heeded not the hand she had so earnestly endeavored to lick but an instant before. 'She will not speak to me to-day,' said the doctor. He then described to me the peculiarity of many of his birds; and I was astonished to find, that he seemed familiar also with their dispositions (if I may be allowed the word). 'Do you think a man's time would be wasted thus in England? You are a wealthy and a powerful nation, and as long as the equilibrium exists between the two, so shall you remain; but this never has, nor cannot exist beyond a certain period. Such is your industry, stimulated by the love of gain, that your whole life is spun out before you are aware the wheel is turning; and so highly do you value commerce, that it stands in the place of self-knowledge, and an acquaintance with nature and her immense laboratory.'

"I was delighted with this conversation: he seemed to me to take a wider view in the contemplation of man than any other person with whom I had ever conversed. During breakfast, he frequently fed the little suitors, who approached as near as their iron bars would admit. 'You see they all know me,' said he, 'and will feed from my hand, except this blackbird, who must gain his morsel by stealth before he eats it; we will retire an instant, and in our absence he will take the bread.' On our return, we found he had secreted it in a corner of his cage. I mention these, otherwise uninteresting anecdotes, to show how much Dr. Gall had studied the peculiarities of the smaller animals. After our breakfast, he showed me his extensive collection; and thus ended my first visit to the greatest moral philosopher that Europe has produced; to a man, than whom few were ever more ridiculed, and few ever pursued their bent more determinately, despite its effects; to a man, who alone effected

more change in mental philosophy than perhaps any predecessor; to a man, who suffered more persecution, and yet possessed more philanthropy than most philosophers."

(To be Continued.)

SHELL-FISH.

Notes on the Crab.

In the "*Naturalist*" for April, are some curious remarks on the CRAB, of which it appears there yet remains much to be known. We quite agree with Mr. John Dixon, the writer of the article we allude to, in hoping that our friends on the coast will tell us *all* they know of the habits of this singular animal; and it is with this view, we give extensive publicity to Mr. Dixon's Contribution:—

That the Crab does change its shell, admits of little doubt. We have the testimony of many eminent naturalists who have witnessed this singularity, together with the fact that specimens, devoid of shelly covering, have occasionally found their way into the fisherman's creels or pots. They are seldom brought to market in this state, but are cast overboard, being considered watery and insipid. In some parts of America, soft crabs are esteemed a delicacy. If we examine minutely the anatomical structure of this shelly covering, it will convince us that a frequent change is necessary for the full development of the body. This takes place several times in the course of a year, in young specimens, the growth at this period proceeding rapidly. On approaching maturity, it only takes place at long intervals, affording ample time for the full development of any testaceous body which may be attached. Mr. Ferguson's Crab must have been an adult specimen; the spat, or spawn of the oyster would in the course of twelve months become as large as a crown-piece; after which the dimensions increase more slowly, while the shelly matter is increasing in thickness. Mr. Couch, in one of his interesting communications to the "*Magazine of Natural History*," states he has found Oysters on the Crab two inches and a half in diameter. Several fine specimens with this singularity, are deposited in the British Museum. It is said the Crab is much attached to its native haunts. Many have been marked and deposited at considerable distances, and after some time had elapsed, were again captured in their old quarters. They occasionally attain a large size, as we may see from the many examples deposited in local museums. The largest I ever saw is at Walton Hall, the seat of Charles Waterton, Esq., the indefatigable and unrivalled taxidermist; dissected into sixty-six pieces, previous to mounting. Much has been written on the natural history of the Crab, but we are still in the dark on many interesting points. It is to be hoped our friends on the coast will fall into the views of "*The Naturalist*," and communicate such information as may occasionally reward their researches. Natural History appears to have received a new impulse; the numerous ad-

vocates for its further extension are daily on the increase; and we may look for many interesting and important results; rewarding those who are devoting their leisure hours to this delightful study, which cannot fail to exalt our ideas above the ordinary level, and teach us to appreciate more fully the wonderful dispensations of an all-wise Creator.

Nature, a mother, kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALEXIS.—The price of the Volume bound, is 2s. 6d. Free, by post, for 6d. extra.

GOLDINA.—River water is best, and it should be changed daily. You will find an article on the subject of GOLD FISH in this day's JOURNAL.

DELTA.—Thanks. We have delivered the twelve copies of our FIRST VOLUME according to the Addresses sent us. We are fully sensible of this, and several similar kind offices on the part of others, who are anxious to serve our interests.

G. N. W., Dublin. Thanks. You will find what you require at p. 243. Will you send us your address?

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any "facts" connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them; our time being overwhelmingly occupied with PUBLIC duties.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, April 24, 1852.

EVERY DAY now reminds us that our long patience is about to reap its reward. We have perhaps some reason to rejoice, now that the day of trial is over, that we have had keen, biting winds from the north-east, and a succession of changeable weather. We have experienced much suffering; our deliverance will be the more highly prized. It is ever so with the moralist rising from the bed of sickness,—for strong, hearty folk, who never knew what sickness was, never can know the joys of recovery. We have known both; and the feeling lives with us never to be forgotten.

But let us see what now awaits us out of doors; for at this season we have no business in the house. Of *course*, we all rise early, to greet the morning sun; and enjoy a lovely walk before we sit down to the morning meal. Every reader of our JOURNAL either does, or must do this.

The first thing to admire now is, the grass. How green it looks! how refreshing to the eye after so long an absence! And see the buds all swelling, and ready to burst into flower at the sun's bidding. The gorse is in full bloom! Along the hedge-rows, in the woods, and in the dells, the primroses

lie like sunshine, and breathe forth their delicious perfume. Cowslips abound all over the meadows; and daisies with their lovely frills, smile on us with all the modesty of their native purity. Bees are everywhere upon the wing, to gather sweets from the expanding flowers; and their sun-shiny hum gives ample evidence of their renewed happiness. Butterflies too have made their appearance; and several of the "birds of passage" have reached their summer quarters. The "jug" of the "nightingale" greeted our ear some days since. These birds, be it known, hold our grounds as sacred. They build with us, and return regularly to the same quarters, year after year. We must soon attempt to sing their praises at greater length.

The grand charm of this month, both in the open country and in the garden, is beyond all doubt the restoration of that beautiful color, *green*,—which pervades all nature in every direction. On this, we should gaze our fill whilst we may,—for it lasts but a short time. Too soon will it merge into an endless variety of shades and tints that are equivalent to as many different colors. It is this, and the budding forth of every living member of the vegetable world after its long winter death, that constitutes our SPRING, and raises in us emotions known at no other period of the year.

We have remarked, that the general prevalence of refreshing *green* is the principal charm of Spring. It is so doubtless. But there is another charm, hardly less attractive,—and that is, the bright flush of blossoms that prevails over and almost hides everything else in the fruit garden and orchard. What exquisite differences, distinctions, and resemblances there are between all the various blossoms of the fruit trees; and these are observable no less in their general effect than in their separate details. The almond tree, in its blushing attire, looks like a huge rose, magnified by fairy magic to deck the bosom of some fair giantess. The plum, peach, and nectarine too, are equally lovely. The blossoms of the two latter, now fast resolving themselves into fruit, look peculiarly pretty. They have all the appearance of growing out of a hard bare wall,—or from a rough wooden paling.

Let us not take our leave of the blossoms of April, until we have done due honor to the cherry tree. What a sight have we here! What a luxuriance of flower,—what a promise of fruit! Who can regard without feelings of intense admiration this beautiful tree,—clasping its white honors all round the long straight branches from heel to point; and not letting a leaf or bit of stem be seen, except the three or four leaves that

come as a green finish at the extremity of each branch? But we hear the step of the printer's messenger,—our warning to halt.

The other blossoms of the pears, and, loveliest of all lovely trees,—the apples, do not come to perfection until MAY. For these we can well afford to wait, seeing that we have so much to rejoice in meantime.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Noble Character of the Newfoundland Dog.—No Paper could be more suitable than your JOURNAL, for the record of all that is noble in the dog. I therefore feel pleasure in sending you an authenticated anecdote which has come into my possession, and which I should like to see registered in your columns. Although it is not a "novelty," it still possesses the strongest claims to attention. During the American war, when the animosity of our opponents was at its height, Sir Charles Asgill, a British officer, was taken prisoner by the Americans, on suspicion of his being a spy. He was moreover guarded with the utmost vigilance. A Newfoundland dog, the companion of his captivity, slept constantly at the foot of his bed. This had been his practice for some months. One memorable night, on his master retiring to rest, the dog placed himself directly across his body, so that no person could get access to him without his being first apprised of the intrusion. Sir Charles objecting to this mode of arrangement, removed the dog several times; but he as often returned to his former position. At length the thought struck Sir Charles, that the dog might have observed something suspicious in the neighborhood of his prison; and knowing that in his presumed character of a spy he could expect no mercy, he composed himself to rest, under his *fidus Achates*; anticipating his assassination in the night—a by no means uncommon fate for people in his situation. With morning dawn, a deputation arrived bearing his pardon, great interest in high quarters having been used to obtain it. The dog's vigilance had been aroused by the absence of the usual guards, and by certain doors being left open, which, until that evening, had always been bolted, barred, and guarded. The dog was brought to England, and kept by the mother of Sir Charles (Lady Asgill), as a valued member of the family. After living with them many years, he was eventually stolen, to the great grief of his mistress and all the household.—MARY M.

Habits of the Woodlark.—I have two woodlarks—in separate, adjoining rooms. One simply "calls" to the other, and does not yet even "record." The other sings, but not continuously, or even well. My complaint is about his annoying restlessness. Every night at 11—and not till 11—he begins to get "the fidgets." He bolts up and down the cage, pecks at the wires, and knocks himself about, till he makes me nearly as wild as himself, and awfully ill-tempered. The up-shot is, I am driven from the room. My birds are in cages wired both at the back and in front. I want my birds to sing at night, but not to go periodically mad at the approach of midnight.

What shall I do with these birds, so as to get them quiet and in song?—D. O. T., *Dublin*.

[You must have patience with your birds. Woodlarks have queer tempers; and, like a noisy wife, they must be humored, and well-managed. You can't drive them. When the weather gets warm (if it ever means to do so), procure two proper woodlarks' cages, made of mahogany; and let the back be boarded. If the sides too were boarded half way up, it would be all the better; for these birds love and court retirement. The cages should be made on the model of a skylark's cage,—only smaller. When thus lodged, suspend them out of doors in a cheerful situation,—quite out of sight of each other, and almost out of hearing. This will bring them into a state of repose. Cover them up when the candle is introduced; for they hate shadows, and grow very timid after their first sleep. They will then roost quietly, and let you be quiet also. They will break out into song directly the weather gets warm, provided they be male birds, and they will continue singing until July. Give them some root-liquorice in their water, and occasionally a meal worm. After these, if there be any song in them, it will assuredly come out. Give them scraped chalk, and plenty of old, bruised mortar in their sand; and they will soon become saucy. Their song is so delightful, that no trouble can be too great to accelerate its development. A bright, blue, clear sky, has an irresistible charm that calls forth all their eloquence,—but pray guard against draughts.]

Improved Bird Cages.—You have an excellent article in your JOURNAL (p. 74) about some cages, fashioned like those in the Zollverein department of the late Great Exhibition. It is written by a person whose initials are "J. C." Can you tell me where I can procure these cages?—H. R.

[What you refer to is at present merely a suggestion. We marvel much at the want of ingenuity in our fellow countrymen, in the matter of bird cages. Any person of taste and energy, who would set his wits and his hands to work, might realise a very handsome fortune by the manufacture of improved bird cages. Those now in general use are frightfully inelegant, and every way unsuited to the comfort and requirements of the feathered race who are doomed to imprisonment.]

Sagacity in a Terrier.—As the sagacity of dogs is always popularly interesting, the pages of KIDD'S JOURNAL should record a singular trait in the character of a terrier, belonging to Mr. Parker, of the George Inn, in Stroud. Mr. Peter Hawkins some years ago, directed my attention to the dog, which, in appearance, was remarkable only for his ugliness; being in color a dirty yellowish brown, bow-legged, and altogether the shape of the old-fashioned turnspit. A specimen of the *genus* may be seen in the Queen's kennel in Windsor Park, where indeed may be seen a specimen of every kind of dog. Mr. Parker's dog had an inveterate taste for catching rats, and that, in a mode entirely unique and peculiarly his own. The stables of the inn abutting on to the brook, afforded a

daily supply of *game* for the dog to exemplify his tact, which consisted in his attracting or drawing the rats out of their holes in the wall. For that purpose, the dog would go to a rat's hole, and after satisfying himself, by sniffing for some time, that a rat *was* within, he would proceed to compose himself, most deliberately, by lying down and stretching out his limbs sufficiently near to poke his nose, from time to time, into the rat's hole, and to give several sniffs and *whuffs*,—not barks. The result was, that within a space of time, not exceeding two hours, *the rat would lose its patience, to a moral certainty*, rushing out and fighting the dog. In such case, it instantly met its death, of course; and the dog would then carry it to the house in triumph. Did this dog act from instinct or reason? No doubt, the rats acted in accordance with their nature; and, in so doing, they only acted in the way the fox invariably does when a dog bays at him for any length of time. He rushes out, at last, to fight the dog. Masters of fox hounds should therefore take special care not to have terriers "hard mouthed" enough to *lay hold* of a fox, and injure him.—R. D.

The Rock Thrush.—A few days since, I overheard some persons talking about a bird they called a "Rock-thrush," and from what they said, I feel anxious to learn something about it. Can you give me any particulars? I am very fond of the thrush, but never yet met with what I heard described the other day. Is it bred here?—SARAH P.

[One of these birds was purchased last Autumn, by a lady of title, at Lord Derby's sale, Knowsley. The bird was ticketed as "the Rock Thrush from North Africa," and it was stated to be "the only one in Great Britain." Her ladyship at our request, has most kindly given us the subjoined particulars of the bird; for which, Miss Sarah, you, as well as ourselves, no doubt feel grateful. We will answer for *you*, as your handwriting gives evidence of amiability of feeling. "I am inclined to think," writes her ladyship, "that my purchase is the *blue* thrush, as it quite agrees with Bechstein's description of that bird. It is about the size of the common thrush, and of a blueish slate color all over. The feathers on the breast are tipped with white. It has beautifully-bright black eyes, and is the most friendly and sociable creature possible. It always sings when spoken to, and exhibits signs of great disappointment when any person passes without taking notice of it. Its song greatly resembles that of the common thrush (*Turdus musicus*), but it sings morning, noon, and night. Even in the depth of last winter, when the domestics entered the drawing-room with a candle (as early as six, A.M.), he immediately began piping. I may mention, that it has recently (of an afternoon) begun to whistle; not the whistle peculiar to a bird, but the whistle of a human being. So greatly did it resemble the latter, that when first heard, I imagined some person was whistling in the adjoining room. It continues this daily, and appears to be imitating something it has heard, and this induces to the belief that it might be taught to whistle any tune. Its food is bread, chopped egg, a few

currants, and a small quantity of raw beef. A mealworm, if within his view, throws him into an ecstasy of delight." So vivid a description as this, makes one long to be possessed of such a pet. If, Miss Sarah, anything of the kind should come under our "ken," we will duly apprise you of it; but we fear it is too true that he is a *non-pareil*. Let us hope, that both he and his kind mistress may long live to enjoy the pleasure of each other's society!]

Turn out your Toes!—It is a matter, Mr. Editor, worthy of some reflection, that no person can either dance elegantly, or walk gracefully, without doing violence to nature by forcing out the toes! The Asiatics, the Africans, the admirably-moulded inhabitants of the Islands of the Pacific and Southern Oceans, turn their toes in, rather than out; and nature would seem to have intended us to do so. If we contemplate the position of the toes, and consider how essential their power and action are to progression, it will be seen that, when the foot is turned outwards, the large toe only can exert any power in propelling progression; and *that*, be it observed, obliquely; whilst the power of the four other toes on each foot, is nearly, if not completely inert. When a boy I was much addicted to foot racing, always in my stocking feet; *i. e.*, without shoes; and at 13 years of age could run a quarter of a mile in 57 seconds; but I never yet saw a person who *naturally* turned out his toes, that was a superior runner. It is my opinion that the foot should at least be straight, inclining rather inwards than outwards, to afford the toes the full liberty of their best assistance in *progression*.—R. D.

THE BRITISH WARBLERS.

BY THE LATE R. SWEET, F.S.A.—NO. III.

THE "WARBLERS" when in confinement, are very restless at the seasons of their migration from one country to another; at the time that they are leaving this country in Autumn, about twice during the Winter, and again when they are returning in Spring. From their agitations at various times in Winter, it may be concluded that they visit more than one country after their departure from this. It is very curious to see them when in that state; their restlessness seems to come on them all at once, and generally in the evening when they are setting seemingly quite composed. They start up suddenly and flutter their wings, sometimes flying direct to the top of their cage or aviary; at other times running backwards and forwards on their perches, continually flapping their wings and looking upwards all the time; nor will they notice anything that is going forward as long as they continue in that state, which lasts for an hour or two at each time. By their always wishing to fly upwards, it may be supposed that when they first take their flight, they mount

direct upwards to a great height, so that they can direct their course the better by seeing the way clear all round them. Their agitation generally lasts on them about a fortnight, sometimes more and sometimes less. In the Spring it seems the strongest on them; at that season they will sometimes flutter about the whole of the night, and sleep a great part of the day.

The best method of catching the birds of this genus, is with the common nightingale trap, baited with living insects. When they are first caught, they must be fed with insects or fruit according to their species; but they will soon learn to eat the other food, by sticking insects or fruit in it so that they once taste it. If they are put in with tame birds, they will sooner get reconciled to their confinement, or if two or three wild ones are put together, they will do much better than a single one. When first caught, the cage in which they are kept should be darkened, all but a little light for their food, or they will be apt to beat themselves very much, and not be so likely to do well. It is certainly a good plan to keep several together, particularly in Winter; as they will set close together on their perch at night, and by that means keep each other warm. Young birds of any of this genus may be bred up by hand, if the nests are taken as soon as the birds are fledged; they may be fed on the same kind of food recommended for the old ones; feeding them as often as they chirp for food, and giving them as much as they will take readily each time; not forgetting to let a drop or two of clean water fall into their mouths frequently. A neglect in this, I believe to be the only reason that so few people can rear young birds. Those bred in this way are very tame and familiar, but I do not think them so hardy as those that are caught wild.

Note.—Should any of your readers not know what a nightingale trap is,—it is a long narrow board, say $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 24 or 30, on which, near the centre, a hoop of strong wire covered with green thread net, acts on a spring. The net is kept open by means of a string to the centre of it, passing back through a staple at the end of the board, then underneath the spring of the net to a small point of wire in the centre of the net (when down), where it is made to catch, by having a piece of tin with a hole (to fit over the point) attached to it. On the tin, a cork is fixed so that the mealworms, &c., may be pinned on to it, when the bird by trying to get the insect, disengages the tin off the point, and the spring brings the net over it. Many of this tribe merely require the ground to be turned up; and the trap (which should be painted green) set on it. They are soon down to seek food in the fresh earth, see the bait, and easily get caught.—E. C.

(To be Continued.)

GOLD FISH.

WE are always in the right path when cultivating a nearer acquaintance with nature; and whether we find delight in domestic floriculture—in nursing useful vegetables and herbs—in tying up the fragrant honeysuckle, that trails its summer blossoms round our cottage porch—or in carefully tending a glass bowl of gold fish, there is a continual joy for all who cling to the beautiful; and the soul ennobling voice of Nature will ever speak in musical tones to the ear of her patient listener. As an ornament and graceful link of beauty in the adornments of a cottage parlor, a neat globe of gold fish seems to be associated with our pleasant fancies of pleasant things and happy homes. It is now more than a century since Thomas Gray wrote his "Ode on the Death of a favorite Cat, drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes;" but one descriptive verse retains its hold on our memory whenever we see the golden gentles with their transparent fins:—

"Still had she gazed, but, 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream;
Their scaly armor's Tyrian hue,
Through richest purple to the view
Betrayed a golden gleam."

So many are the modes of treating gold fish, that it seems useless for us to set up any rule for feeding and preserving them, more than what discretionary ability and experience may suggest. Great care should be used in taking them out of the bowl, that their fins be not damaged; for by them the fish balances itself in the water, and keeps its back upwards—by the tail it moves forward. The larger silken-threaded fins, if broken, injure the animal for some time, and indeed, too often cause death. These beautifully-coated creatures of the finny tribe, are the *Cyprinus auratus*, of Linnæus, and belong to the *carp* variety. They are not, as some people have asserted, indigenous to this kingdom, but were brought from China and Japan about two hundred years ago. Among the most strange notions of cultivating a knowledge of the habits of the finny foreigners, is to place them in a most unnatural position, with a bird in the hollow centre of the bowl or globe! This may be called a fanciful way, it is certainly anything but natural. Too much care cannot be exercised in changing the water, and this will be all the better without a varied mineral impregnation. A net (and not the naked hand), should be used for this purpose. If the fish have a relish for crumbs of bread, these should be given at regular periods, and the water changed before the bread has been in long enough to sour it, or this may

be fatally poisonous. Opinions vary concerning the aliment of gold fish; however, it is certain that they will consume bread with apparent greediness; and we know instances where they have been fed in large ponds for years, without any (seeming) bad results. Now when confined within the limits of a glass bowl, they should have their water changed as often as possible, and they would be all the better if removed into a larger vessel every night. The whole of the *carp* tribe have a dislike to unpleasant waters; they congregate most in clear runlets that have been long undisturbed, and particularly such as abound with aquatic plants. Indeed, to such as delight in the golden beauties, we would advise a consideration of the peculiar formation of the fish for breathing. An ingenious writer tells us, "that the water sucked in by the mouth, and vented by the gills, contributes a minute portion of air, but enough to keep up the circulation of the blood, and maintain life; if we were to tie up the gills, the fish would be immediately suffocated." Hence, the necessity of never allowing the water to remain until it is muddy. When the fish become black, it is indicative of their spawning-time, and they should be placed in a larger vessel of wood or stone for a time. When this is not done, for want of room the fishes are lost, and are (by many) ignorantly supposed to have been black with disease.—LEODIENSIS.

[It is quite a mistake to let any crumbs of bread be given to gold fish. The animalcules, which abound in the water, if changed daily, are their legitimate and *only* proper food.]

LOVE OF OFFSPRING IN ANIMALS.

It is highly important to observe, that the satisfying of hunger, thirst, and the various operations of nature, must not be confounded with instinct. They are only natural wants, or functional operations, which are not confined to particular times, and which are equally common to man. As well might it be said that, when fatigued, we sit or lie down by instinct, or that we sleep, cough, sneeze, hiccup, or cry when wounded, by instinct. It is from such confused grouping that we have so many misconceptions and false descriptions of it; and our only chance of correctness is, by applying ourselves to discriminative separations. The love of offspring is so scantily disseminated that it seems to be, as a powerful instinct, almost confined to the hatching birds. There it is indeed seen in all its strength. For, besides making the nest, there is the patient sitting, and the vast labor of supplying the young ones with food. Nor does the parent leave them till they are fully able to provide for

themselves; and the male often assists, even to take turn in sitting. It is very different with the beasts, or the class *mammalia*. The female feels her teats oppressed with milk, and finds a relief in having it drawn off; but when that is accomplished, and the young begin to look for other food, she waxes indifferent; and, if they tease her, will, in some instances, even send them away with blows. Thus her affection is originally based on self-ease—it arises from a natural want, and it barely comes, at least in some cases, within the precincts of instinct. Now let us glance at the rest of the brute creation, and see what they are doing in respect to love of offspring. Comparatively very little. The fishes, always remembering to exclude the whale, drop their eggs or seed where convenient, or sometimes by instinct in a particular place, but, after that, they take no further trouble about them. Every one has heard the account of the cod—that a single one has contained three millions of eggs, and that, if they all came to life, the sea would, in a short time, be insufficient to contain them. But by far the greatest part is devoured by other fishes; and what escapes and matures forms just an adequate supply for the ordinary purposes. Let us now turn to the innumerable tribes of insects, and we shall find that love of offspring is, with few exceptions, totally unknown to them. The female is indeed generally guided by instinct, as to where to lay her eggs; but after that, her task is done. There are not many exceptions even among the viviparous insects; for the black beetle has been observed to emit her young when crawling about, and they have immediately run or rather *rolled* away from the light, without her making any attempt to follow them. If we look to the reptiles, we shall find no love of offspring: for the serpents, lizards, crocodiles, simply lay their eggs where the heat will vivify them, and never mind them after; and every one knows that the frog abandons her spawn to chance. Even some birds that do not hatch are as indifferent concerning their eggs, and what can the roguish cuckoo know about love of offspring, when it coolly evades all parental cares, and stealthily uses the nest of some other bird as a kind of foundling hospital? Birds have no instinct to recognise their own eggs; for the common hen will sit the usual time on an oval piece of chalk, as was remarked by Addison about one hundred and forty years ago, in one of his Spectators. Perhaps I ought, in strict justice to the cuckoo, to mention that its defenders allege, that it never lays its eggs in the nest of any bird except such as feeds on what is congenial to the cuckoo. That it is impelled by instinct, we can readily believe.—*Gordonius*.

THE MAN OF ADVENTURES.

(Concluded from page 255.)

Well, Sir, one day I called at the house of my charmer—the mother conveniently missing—the old cat was sitting by the kitchen fire poring, or perhaps purring over a newspaper—I saw her through the area windows—no one above stairs. Strolled into the garden and took a squint at the daisies and dandelions. Came at last to a shrubbery—pretty retired spot—Solitude in the sulks—there she was, not Solitude, but Sally, lying asleep, embedded in flowers, ‘herself the fairest flower, by gloomy Dis.’—Here was an opportunity.

“Cymon and Iphigenia—but I was not the real Simon Pure. Couldn’t resist—knelt down—impressed a kiss upon her coral lips—made the rural glade re-echo again with my extemporaneous tribute. My rival it seems was lying perdue in an adjacent paddock, shot through the inviting foliage of a holly-bush, caught me by the collar—raised it and my other choler at the same time—Miss Sally took to weeping and wailing, and we to gnashing of teeth; and away we all went growling, and swearing and blubbering up the gravel-path. Strange, agreeable trio—three and the deuce—two to one *on the odd trick*, eh? ha! ha! ha! Now, Sir, to the point at once. We came to high words, and what do you think he did?”

“I cannot possibly say.”

“But guess.”

“Cannot conceive.”

“He kicked me, Sir; kicked me out of the house, with anything but a light, although a fantastic toe.”

“Kicked you! my dear Sir, but surely—”

“I bore it,” interrupted the Captain; “I bore it with heroic fortitude,”—rubbing his chin with much complacency.

“But you demanded satisfaction afterwards, no doubt; nothing but blood could expiate.”—

“Pish! My dear Sir, I see you know nothing of the laws of honor. Do you think that I could consent to meet a man who would be guilty of kicking a gentleman down stairs? My dear Sir!—only reflect—don’t you see, it would be impossible to put such a man upon a level? Don’t you see the thing at once?”

While I was thus debating this point within myself—in which, sooth to say, I discovered more discretion and common sense than madness and courage—and was inclined to rank the Captain rather as a philosopher than a hero, he burst out again.

“Talking of kicking reminds me of a strange adventure—ha! ha! I shall never forget it. The landlord of the house where I once lodged—furnished apartments, first floor,

all that sort of thing—was discoursing one night of ghosts, and expressing a superstitious dread of those mushroom species of mockery—which I firmly believe to be the shadows of the dead rambling about to divert *ennui*, seeing that their owners have no longer any occasion for them.—Well, Sir, his wife, a wicked jade, full of spirits, gay as a lark, was pleased to doubt my courage in these matters, whereas, Sir, I despise the thing altogether. I have seen hundreds of them, of all sizes, ever since the wound in my head at Badajos—a large assortment of them, I say, ghosts and ghostlings, sprites and spectres. Two or three nights after this, I was awakened by a slight noise. I listened; all dark, all still; presently the door opens, in steps a terrific figure, head blue as a pill; in short, a stick of locomotive starch. I had my snuff-box in my hand—can’t do without a pinch of snuff in the night, aimed it at his blue pill of a head, knocked out his eye, egad—not particular to a *shade*; sprang out of bed, gave it a kick, over the banisters it went, and was found on the mat at the foot of the stairs in ruins.”

“But, Captain, you alarm me; who was this creature?”

“Oh! my dear Sir, all right. The people of the house picked it up, and it turned out to be the landlord. Three months before they got him into decent repair again. Fatal speculation in unprofitable schemes! The absurd fellow had been instigated by his wife to the experiment, and was nearly sent to the other world for his pains, to set up ghost on his own account—ha! ha! ha!”

“But we military men,” said the Captain, altering his tone to a mournful and deprecating cadence—“we are subject to a great many annoyances and vexations, of which the great mass of society is unconscious; and indeed I believe it to be pretty generally the case with us fellows of frolic and wit, who are formed for the delight of mankind; they won’t let us do as we please by any means, and the consequence is, we please nobody. Now, your poets—” (I shuddered, for I too am of the tuneful throng!) “ill-used creatures, those poets: they usually sing in cages, I fear—those muses, the three times three of poets without wine, are most economical ladies, and give very little away; and the bard who sits down in anticipation of a bay leaf, egad, has much more cause to expect a bailiff. Just so with me. Now, I am cooped up with a most insufficient stipend, a most iniquitous income—what’s to be said? My half-pay does not suffice to pay anything at all; I mean that a man on half-pay should only be expected to pay half; what do you say to that? I’ll tell you, Sir, an expedient of mine—wonderful sagacity—the most perfect presence of mind perhaps ever exhibited.

I had been long obtruded upon by duns; a kind of periodical pestilence with which I am afflicted—until at length, the vehemence of the disorder settled itself down into a confirmed brace of bailiffs, who kept watch opposite my house all day long. What do I do, think you? The street door of my next neighbor is a bright yellow—I steal out in the night and paint it all over a dark green, the color of my own. What is the use of that? you ask; this, Sir, this. The next morning comes the bailiff—I faith, Sir, keeps a sharp eye on my neighbor's door, and actually lays his electric paw upon the owner—a bank-clerk proceeding into the city; and in spite of shrieks and asseverations, bears him away from his domestic circle, of which he was so brilliant a segment; while I march off to my agent, receive my pay, and start into the country without beat of drum."

"Excellent, indeed, Captain, a most excellent device; but tell me—why couldn't you have made your escape during the night, without the necessity of the painting process?"

"Oh! my dear friend, it was not convenient, you know—not convenient. By the bye, I met my friend the bank clerk a short time ago."

"Indeed? what did he say to the trick you had practised upon him?"

"Nothing—nothing in the world; he merely told me never to '*darken his doors*'—again, ha! ha! ha!"

"Your philosophy, I perceive, Sir," said I, "seems to be almost on a par with the fertility of your invention. You are evidently a man of vast mental resources; nothing appears to daunt or to depress you. You have dipped, come now, confess it, you have imbibed golden maxims of prudence and conduct from the ancient philosophers?"

"Hang the ancient philosophers," quoth the Captain, "a fig for the ancient philosophy—everything I do is unpremeditated; everything I do is the result of

'A plain heroic magnitude of mind,'

as the poet says. I don't like those fellows who study philosophy. I remember a friend of mine once invited me to spend a few days with him in the country. Well, Sir, this person was a philosopher, 'a Modern Pythagorean,' he called himself—believed in the transmigration of souls, and all that. It was the shooting season. I walked out one morning with my gun—brought home a pheasant—fine bird as I ever saw in my days. A tremendous uproar took place when I entered the hall with the bird in my fingers. Would you believe it? the fellow insisted upon it that I had brought down his grandmother! pshaw! don't tell me a word about philosophy after that: ha! ha! ha!"

At this moment, to my great relief—for the wine he had drunk was evidently mounting into the Captain's head—the waiter entered, and gave him to understand that the omnibus for the train was at the door.

"Say you so?" shouted the Captain, flinging the remaining wine down his throat, "then I'll go and besiege the roof of it forthwith. Good night, my dear fellow," seizing me by the hand, "come and see me in London; Captain Trigger—one of the best fellows in the world—Cyder Cellars, Covent Garden: a glorious knot of us meet there o'nights—don't forget."

And away went the Captain, leaving me to the vainly-uttered wish, that my pen-and-ink powers of outline were, if only for this one occasion, comparable with the burin of Retsch—so should the reader be presented with a breathing portraiture of one whose full development might task the powers of a Jonson or a Fletcher.—*Brush.*

AN ADDRESS TO NATURE.

BY JOHN FLINT.

Gentle Nature, heavenly fair!
Oh, how sweet thy pleasures are!
In thy presence while I stay,
As a stream TIME glides away.

On thy bosom I could rest,
Like the turtle in her nest;
Tasting that sublime repose,
He who slights thee never knows.

Mother! lovely, meek, and mild,
Soothe the passions of thy child!
Line for line, and part for part,
Print thine image on my heart!

Let me in thy beauties trace
Him who lends thee every grace;
Raise me to His splendid throne,
Thy great Parent—and my own.

When His glories in thee shine,
When thy face is all divine,—
Like a mirror beaming bright,
With a soft, celestial light—

Fount of Light, I look to Thee!
Smile on Nature! smile on me!
Let thy humble suppliant know
PARADISE RECEIVED BELOW!

EXERCISE.—Those who labor for their daily bread are not only the healthiest, but, all things considered, the happiest of mankind. Industry gives them a good appetite, and makes the couch easy to their wearied limbs; while indolence stagnates the current of life, and brings on disease of both mind and body. There is certainly more pleasure in working an hour than in yawning a century.

Strawberries grafted on a Rose.

A SHORT time ago there were exhibited at Paris, in a florist's shop on the Boulevard des Italiens, several rose-trees upon which were grafted a few strawberry-plants. This curiosity attracted much attention by the passers-by. The process by which it was effected was as follows:—In Autumn a few dog-roses, or good sorts on their own roots, are selected and planted in pots; at the same time a well rooted strawberry is placed with each rose, planted just beneath the stem of the rose. In Spring, when the runners push out, two or three of them are tied up to the stem of the rose. It is well known that the runners of the strawberries soon make their own roots, and in due time these roots are cut away, making the cuts as for a scion, and then they are grafted on the rose-stem, "without cutting or rearing the runners from the parent plant in the ground." They should be preserved very carefully, to lead the sap upwards to the scions; and treated in this way the strawberries will vegetate upon the rose tree for some time.—*Revue Horticole*.

Rapidity of Thought in Dreaming.

A VERY remarkable circumstance, and an important point of analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the material changes on which the ideas depend are excited in the hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind in one instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind! for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space as well as of time are also annihilated; so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this on record. A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After all the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in an adjoining room had, at the same moment, produced the dream and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie's dreamed that he crossed the Atlantic and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking on his return, he fell into the sea, and awakening in the fright, found that he had not been asleep ten minutes.—*Dr. Winslow*.

Insanity.

CASES of insanity from over-exertion of the faculties of the intellect, occasionally present themselves. They are produced by exertion too long continued, even in powerful minds; but by new and anxious studies in minds of less power, for which such studies are too much. The fear always is, that a kind of paralysis of the mental faculties is established, and that the mind may never re-

cover. Very strong brains do recover, however, if warning is taken in time, and rest submitted to; but if the warning is neglected, the strongest will fail. In many of such cases, moral commotions have been a part of the cause, but mere intellectual labor will alone produce the malady, and the prognosis in such cases is not favorable. The history of some of the most distinguished English writers of our time, illustrates this subject strongly and painfully. In some, the mind has been destroyed piecemeal, by paralysis; and in others, it has sunk at once into oppression and stupor, never to be removed.

THE MINIATURE.

A "DOUBTFUL" LIKENESS.

WILLIAM was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife:
Fresh, as if touch'd by fairy wand,
With beauty, grace, and life,
He thought it almost spoke;
He gaz'd upon his treasure still;
Absorbed, delighted and amaz'd,
He view'd the artist's skill.

"This picture is yourself, dear JANE!
'Tis drawn by nature true;
I've kiss'd it o'er and o'er again,—
It is so much like you!"
"And did it kiss you back my dear?"
"Why no, my love," said he;
"Then, WILLIAM, it is very clear
'Tis not at all like ME!"

"No Place like Home."

WE do love our home, and we do love a good English song; we also love to cluster round the instrument with an unaffected girl before us, who will play an accompaniment without "fuss," and will lead in a merry glee. This we call social, enjoyable, friendly music. And then, when our day's toil is over, we love to lounge in our easy chair, while one, whom we need not name, gently plays in the darkling light some dreamy, floating air. Then she dashes into a gayer strain; now her soft voice breathes out a simple song, music and words alike full of poetry; and we are drawn from our shell, close, closer to her side; and our arms fall from the back of the chair to her "clip-some waist," and the music is *all our own*. Yes—this we love; there is no showing off, no affectation—there is home and happiness alone.

Progress of Knowledge.

THERE are two things at which the philosophers of some future age will stand equally astonished; one, that a man should ever have been called upon to believe any mystery, philosophical or religious, without a preponderance of evidence of a nature which he can grasp, or on the mere *ipse dixit* of a fallible creature like himself; the other, that when there is such evidence, man should reject the mystery, merely because it is one. And the latter will be regarded, perhaps the more astonishing of the two.—*Edinburgh Review*.

SPRING IS COMING.

Spring is coming—Spring is coming!
 With her sunshine and her shower;
 Heaven is ringing with the singing
 Of the birds in brake and bower;
 Buds are filling, leaves are swelling,
 Flowers on field, and bloom on tree;
 O'er the earth, and air, and ocean,
 Nature holds her jubilee.
 Soft then stealing, comes a feeling
 O'er my bosom tenderly;
 Sweet I ponder, as I wander,
 For my musings are of thee.

Spring is coming—Spring is coming!
 With her mornings fresh and light;
 With her noon of chequered glory,
 Sky of blue and clouds of white.
 Calm, grey nightfalls, when the light falls,
 From the star-bespangled sky,
 While the splendor, pale and tender,
 Of the young moon gleams on high—
 Still at morn, at noon, and even,
 Spring is full of joy for me,
 For I ponder, as I wander,
 And my musings are of thee.

Still on thee my thoughts are dwelling,
 Whatsoe'er thy name may be;
 Beautiful, beyond words telling,
 Is thy presence unto me.
 Morning's breaking finds thee waking,
 Wandering in the breeze's flight;
 Noontide's glory mantles o'er thee
 In a shower of sunny light:
 Daylight dying, leaves thee lying
 In the silvery twilight ray;
 Stars look brightly on thee nightly
 Till the coming of the day.

Everywhere and every minute
 Feel I near thee, lovely one!
 In the lark and in the linnet
 I can hear thy joyous tone.
 Bud and blooming mark the coming
 Of thy feet o'er vale and hill;
 And thy presence, with life's essence
 Makes the forest's heart to fill.
 Low before thee, I adore thee,
 LOVE CREATIVE, thee I sing;
 Now I meet thee,—and I greet thee
 By the holy name of SPRING!

[From the *Dublin University Magazine*.]

THE VEGETARIANS.—Mrs. Swisshelm concludes an article in her *Pittsburgh Advertiser*, directed against the vegetarians, with the following poser:—"As for not 'making walking sepulchres of themselves,'—this not one of them can avoid. Every one of them has swallowed a hecatomb of living creatures, and the difference between them and beefeaters is, that they prefer to gulp their prey alive whole, while the others have theirs killed and dressed. Fruit, vegetables, and water, teem with animal life; and the more of these one eats and drinks, the more happy families he consigns to a living tomb. Thus he swallows whole nations, without deriving the benefit he might from eating a thousandth part of a single animal of another class."

Letters.

STRANGE and mysterious mixture of old rags and size, what a world of emotions have you conveyed about this earth! Not the most terrible stage that has ever represented to the eyes of admiring thousands the works of the poet, or displayed the skill of the actor, has produced such deep tragedy as you. How often has the sight of the thin folded sheet, with its strange, crooked hieroglyphics, overwhelmed the lightest and the gayest heart with heaviness and mourning! how often changed the smile into the tear! how often swept away the gay pageants of imagination, and memory, and hope, and left the past all darkness, and the future all despair! But on the contrary, how often have ye been the unexpected messengers of happiness and joy! how often have ye brought sunshine and light into a benighted breast! how often have ye dispelled in a moment the dark thunder-clouds of the world's blackest storms,—ay, and sometimes, too, have closed as with a lightning-flash, the black tempestuous day of a long sorrowful life, with a gleam of ecstasy, too intense and potent to survive!

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No. 18.—1852.

SATURDAY, MAY 1:

PRICE 1½d.
Or, in Monthly Parts, Price 7d.

COUNTRY RAMBLES.*

No. I.—HANGER HILL, TWYFORD ABBEY,
WILLESDEN, &c.

How sweet it is to rise before the sun;
Then make a breakfast of the morning dew,
Serv'd up by Nature on some grassy hill!
Is it not NECTAR?

SUCH WERE OUR SLEEPING,—such were our waking thoughts on Saturday, the 10th ultimo. We breathed them, confidentially, in our Publisher's ear, which caused him to start from his seat.

"Are you in earnest?" said he; "and do I rightly understand the look of your speaking eye? Are you going for a country ramble soon; and am I to accompany you? Then will *my* pleasing dream, too, come true!"

Here was "sympathetic affection" for a ramble!

We have before remarked, that we and our Publisher are kindred, genial spirits; it will be readily surmised therefore, that we were not long in fixing a day for our ramble—that day was Tuesday, April 13. We shall long remember it; and we wish the Public to remember it too, and to ramble where WE rambled. May they be as happy as we were!

Having no great liking for the haunts frequented by Easter holiday folk, we shaped our course where we were well assured we should be unmolested; and at an early hour we found ourselves *en route*, and wending our way across Turnham Green Common.

The sun rose kindly on us; and though certain mists obscured the horizon, yet we

felt sure that we should be blessed with a fine day. Our faith was honored in its fullest extent, and our glorious companion, the Sun, kept us company from "morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve."

We may just mention, that the good lady of his house had very kindly provided our companion, for our joint benefit, with some most savory and admirably-concocted *pâtés*; leaving nothing for us to do in this way, save to eat and to praise. In this matter we came no way behind; for when we are abroad, we are very children, both in appetite and in feeling.

The first thing that greeted us on our progress, was a family of goslings, newly entered into life. These were followed by another! and another!! What a sweetly pretty sight it was, to observe how, at *this* tender age, some of them would lie stretched out at full length, basking in the sun's rays—enjoying nature quite as much as ourselves! Their parents, too! how fondly they eyed their infant progeny, and stood by to shelter them from the attack of a passing dog, or other enemy! Whilst "chewing the cud" of these pleasing thoughts, and commenting thereon, we found ourselves passing the rural cottage of the late Sir John Sebright, on Acton Green Common. We could not help observing the present miserable aspect of this place, by comparison with what it was when Sir John lived! His beautiful pigeons and fancy fowls, his elegant bantams, and choice farm stock, had altogether vanished. Cleanliness and comfort had given way to filthiness and misery. We thought of the kind welcome and hospitality which we had in times gone by experienced here, and passed on.

Proceeding up the lane, and a very few doors further than the spot we have just been speaking of (on the right), we stopped to admire a very prettily-arranged garden. Neatness was marked upon the garden and its owner. The latter modestly peeped out; and hearing us speak in praise of a most beautiful wall-flower in full blossom, with the

* There are many of our readers who reside in very picturesque localities, and who must, during the coming seasons of spring, summer, and autumn, have many pleasing rambles. Let us invoke from them a short contribution now and then, with a description of the flowers and birds peculiar to their respective localities, and which they may have observed during their walks. We to-day set the example.—ED. K. J.

utmost good nature presented us with some of its finest flowers. She also kindly insisted on our seeing a pretty little puppy recently born, which, with its anxious and half-suspicious mamma, were handed over the rustic fence for us to cosset. The appeal was irresistible. We *both* did the amiable, hugged the dogs, and made the good dame "happy." Here let us record an act of *unkindness* that we were about to do. Our hand instinctively found its way into the pocket of our "continuations," and grasped a sixpence. This small coin we intended to place in the hand of the gudewife who had presented us with the flowers! Some demon suggested the idea; but our good angel prevailed. The coin dropped from our hand. We smiled as we said adieu! and we looked—aye, both of us, delighted that our conscience was as clear as our entertainer's sincerity was genuine. Bless that said old dame!

We now quickly found ourselves trudging through fields of young, growing corn, richly green, and delicious to the eye; and with lofty trees before us, sheltering a whole choir of the feathered tribe. Arrived here, we halted to listen to the music. No pen—not ours at least—can describe the united harmony of thrush, blackbird, titlark, woodlark, and blackcap, and many others that poured from within these trees! We half envied Captain Heald the possession of his dwelling, so consecrated by the feathered muses. Never, we will avow, did his Lola Montes sing so sweet! for *here* "innocence" reigned supreme.

It were impossible for us to attempt to dwell on the voices of the birds, separately, now. Many opportunities will offer for this. But we must speak of *one* skylark in particular, who, as he rose high on the wing, distilled on us such a succession of sweet sounds that they live with us yet. He claimed the skies as his own; and surely—

The broad unbounded sky *is* all his own;
The silver sheeted heaven *is* his domain!
No land-mark there; no hand to bring him down.
Glad monarch of the blue and starry plain!
To thee is airy space, far-stretching, given,
The vast unmeasured floor of angel-trodden
heaven!

A rustic, or rather we imagine, a gardener, who passed us while we were thus "rapt," exclaimed,—"*Aye, masters, that is a bird!* We know him; he *goes up* every morning at three o'clock!" Then, when he had proceeded some considerable distance, he turned round and shouted out—"A'IN'T it a shame to clap such birds in cages?" We groaned inwardly, remembering certain offences of ours this way in early days; but we contrived to ejaculate "*It is,*" and in a firm manly voice.

We must now leave very much to our

readers' imagination; for when treating on Country Rambles, our pen gets sadly discursive, loving to minimise and particularise every little pleasing incident.

Crossing through Acton, and entering the Ealing road, we found ourselves in the lane immediately contiguous to the twin-ponds. We gained this by taking the first turning on the right, in the main road. This lane, from its extreme loveliness and perfect rurality, is called the "Lovers' Lane." And in sooth, if ever two individuals *should be* "troubled in their minds" (and some of us no doubt have been ere now, and may be again!) and find themselves walking *here*—the trouble cannot be of any long duration. It must find immediate vent. Both we and our companion could come to no other conclusion. It is a fairy garden, peopled with flowers, birds, trees, shrubs, and all that Nature calls beautiful. How pleased shall we be to hear that we have been instrumental in giving ease to only *one* breaking—perhaps broken—heart! We repeat, therefore, for the benefit of all "persons about to marry"—enter here. Vows made in *such* a spot, never could be broken.

At the extreme end of this lane—sacred to Cupid—turn to the left, and you will be *vis à vis* to Hanger Hill, one of the loveliest spots in her Majesty's dominions. On the broad walk, of which we are speaking, over-arched as it is with lofty trees, and walled with graceful shrubberies, you may stay some hours, if time permits; particularly if anything remains unsaid in the lane (last mentioned), that ought to have been said. We rested here some considerable time; for the nightingales and blackcaps, which had only recently arrived, and which were lavish of their songs, held us spell-bound. Here again our pen must be stopped, or our offence of enlarging on what we saw, felt, and heard, would be great indeed!

We may, however, direct attention to Hanger Vale Villa, the seat of — Nicholls, Esq., at the remote end of the broad walk we have been speaking of, and forming an angle at Hanger Hill. The ornamental water on the lawn, the neat disposition of the trees, shrubs, and evergreens, and the repose visible in the whole arrangement of the grounds, deserve especial notice. The laurustinus was most tastefully interwoven with its blushing and more pretending brethren; and the harmony of the whole was to the eye most pleasing. The daffodils looked gay and cheerful, while the primroses more modestly asserted their claims to attention.

We must now conduct our readers in imagination along this beautiful Hill, until they find us halting at a small hostelry, of

some note in its way, called the *Fox and Goose*. Here, we had fondly anticipated "good accommodation for man" if not "for beast." Report had signalised the fact of there being a snug little room up stairs, with a "sweet look-out;" and report had also spoken highly of a tankard of good ale,—a rural luxury of which we are extravagantly fond. On coming to an anchor here, with very dusty boots, and a very dry throat, we found in the window an *affiche*, signifying in plain English, that the "House was done up," and an auction about to be held to "sell off" the said little room with a sweet look-out, and the remnants (if any!) of the ale! This was a sad look-out for us; but we persevered under difficulties, and went on.

Upon the hill we turn'd,
To take a last fond look—
Of the *Fox*, and *Goose*, and "little room,"
In this sequester'd nook;

and then, guided like a camel, by a peculiar instinct, we smelt ale in the near distance. We descended, and found it at Apperton, a village (with one house in it) hard by.

Here we were instantly "at home;" and seated on a bench under the clear blue sky, we enjoyed a meal of rare excellence. We were much amused, whilst making inquiry of our fair hostess (a plumper!) which was the best liquor she had,—beer or ale? All we could get from her was,—"Which you please." "But which do *you* like best?" asked we, in our blandest and most insinuating tone (the country air renders such an experiment naturally easy!) A shake of the head was our only response. "Do *you* never take any, then?" remarked we, significantly. Here, we triumphed. "N—o, I do—a—n—t!" smirked the old lady; adding emphatically—"Thank God!" This was a poser; nevertheless, the ale and beer (barring the fact of the latter being only "just in," and muddy) were passable.

We will now record something that shall immortalise this little road-side inn; for the landlord is of high lineal descent. Perching himself upon a bench facing us, Boniface, a blue-stockinged veteran, who we should (ignorantly) have guessed to have been one of the "ornaments" in Noah's Ark, opened a running fire on us in the way of conversation,—his highlows beating time to his words.

We first questioned him as to the cause of the *Fox and the Goose* being "done up;" telling him that that circumstance alone caused us to have the pleasure of *his* company. We gathered *one-half* the "particulars" from the extraordinary movement of his head, eyes, knees, and hands, which appeared to be in search of the "perpetual motion;" and we felt much mist dispelled

from our minds, when we saw him place the fore finger of his right hand longitudinally across his nose, while the residue of his digits (thumb included) quickly vibrated, as if struck with "the dance of St. Vitus." The agitation over; he summed up, by saying, that "when the wife was drunk, the husband was sober, and *wicey wharsey*; in addition to which, all the members of both families were quartered on the house, *which couldn't stand it no longer*; for they eat and drunk up all that was in the place; so that *travellers couldn't get nawthin'!*"

We now questioned him as to himself, and more particularly as to his name,—Hercules Allen. We told him, he once had a name-sake great among the Clubs, a man of illustrious descent; and that for labor, none could compare with him, nor could they for renown. "Aye, aye, Sir," said he, "but I come of a higher family than that. One of my ancestors succeeded Herod, and I can prove it from the Bible. I am proud of my origin." "Indeed!" quoth we; and is *your name* mentioned in the Bible?" "Aye, that it is," responded Boniface, "and I will lay you a pint of beer that I can show it you." "Done!" said we; and away went Sir John Barleycorn for the book, whilst we emptied our glasses.

The book was produced, and the second chapter of St. Matthew, and the 22nd verse was triumphantly pointed out for us to read. We read aloud as follows:—

"But when he heard that *Archelaus* did reign in Judæa, in the room of his father Herod, &c." "I told you so," chuckled the old man (he could not of course read); "my name-sake, HERCULES, *did* succeed Herod, for the Bible says so, and I have won the wager." "Gently," said we, "the words are spelt differently, quite differently." "That may be," said the old man; "but *mine* is spelt *right*, and the other *sounds very like it*; so it's all the same thing,—at all events, *very near it*."

This "floored" us; and we left the old man rejoicing in the pride of ancestry. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'twere *folly* to be wise!" But we must bring our rambles to a close; first noticing that the river *Brent* flows past Apperton, and that many young anglers stop here in the season to catch tittlebats, in which feats, according to the Apperton records, "they sometimes succeed, but oftener *not*."

Retracing our steps, and again passing the inhospitable *Fox and Goose* (who had drunk themselves out, and eaten themselves up), we soon found ourselves passing through the lodge into the picturesque avenue leading to Twyford Abbey. Our companion, we could see, had, with the greatest good taste, oftentimes made this place and its vicinity his favorite walk—sly fellow!—for he pointed

out to us beauties innumerable, that would, without his aid, have been passed by unseen. What a noble, stately, and delightful avenue this is! and into what beautiful adjacent scenery does it not lead us!—wood and dell, hill and valley, alternating far and wide in the distance, and affording the eye the most delicious prospect. Had the horizon been more distinctly clear than it was (there was a partial blight), the charm would have been even heightened; but as it was, our enjoyment was perfect.

Continuing our walk across wooded parks, through verdant fields, and along a pretty road thickly skirted by fast-growing fir trees, we at last found ourselves in the picturesque little churchyard of Willesden. Here there is a rookery; and here we found the commonwealth all busily occupied in feeding their young, and teaching them how to fly. A pretty sight is a rookery; and although we cannot in the abstract say that the voices of rooks are harmonious, yet, in connection with the situation they occupy, we might readily learn to think them so. Before we left the churchyard, a little miss, in a dirty pinafore, wanted to escort us to the grave of Jack Sheppard's mother! We wonder if she took either of us for *Blueskin*, or recognised in us any resemblance to Paul Bedford! At all events, we declined the honor of an introduction to "Jack Sheppard's mother."

On quitting the churchyard, there stood immediately before us the village "cage;" in which, we opine, many an insubordinate has done penance. It is round, and built *à la turreted*. We did not go in! Something more inviting was in view,—we mean that very pretty and picturesque place of entertainment, the *White Hart*. Here we were indeed "at home." We had a flower garden, a fruit garden,* a bowling green, a lawn, a pond well stocked with gold and silver fish, and a multitude of *je ne sçai quois*, which

* As you enter this garden, there is painted on a board opposite the gate (on the obverse side of which board is a hive of bees), some poetry. WHO the Poet Laureate to the garden may be, we know not,—perhaps Baron Nathan?

You are welcome to view
The beauties of this place;
Raised by the gardener
On Nature's face.

Here feast your eyes, for it's
With pleasure full;
But let no rude hand
The fruit or flowers pull.

For pulling the fruit,
Without the Gardener's leave,
Mankind was ruined
By OUR MOTHER EVE.

were quite delightful. Seated in the open air,—

The sky our canopy,
And the grass our pillow,—

we discharged the last outstanding obligation due to the fair and liberal provider of our savory feast. The *pâtés* here met their final fate. And let us add, as faithful historians of undoubted facts, that the malt liquor, drawn on two several occasions by the fair hand of a black-eyed Syren in "the little parlor," (a nice, trim, genteel little craft—the landlord's daughter, we guess), imparted an additional zest to the meal,—a zest, the remembrance of which liketh us so well, that we shall write against it,—"To be repeated occasionally." During our repast, several carriages (one with a postilion) drove round the grounds. Our occupation—for we were very busy, caused many a pleasing smile from the fair "insides;" which smiles we of course, being so "happy," returned with becoming eloquence,—"*con espressione*" is, we believe, the proper term.

The shades of evening found us prepared to go *en avance*; and as the lark carolled his vesper hymn above us, we wended our way across Old Oak Common, and through East Acton, to our happy homes.

We must add, as a note, that we found vegetation very backward, and many of the wild flowers behind time in making their *début*. The want of rain was everywhere observable, and the effects of the late cold easterly winds met us at every turn. Still, Nature was cheerful and active, and only waiting the bidding of the Higher Powers to gird herself with her great strength. We found lambkins in abundance frisking in the paddocks; and everything that had breath (man alone excepted!) praising its Maker. Some dear little children too we saw in our rambles, rejoicing in health and innocence; and many an impression did we innocently take from each of their coral lips. What with birds, flowers, lambs, children, black-eyed Syrens, and *pâtés*,—long shall we remember the 13th day of April, 1852.

PERSECUTED ANIMALS.

An Apology for Various Supposed Injurious Creatures.—No. III.

BY BEVERLEY R. MORRIS, ESQ., A.B., M.D.

[Continued from page 258.]

I NOW RETURN to our interesting subject of Inquiry, and next in order, among the persecuted race of birds, I would particularise,—

THE TAWNEY OWL (*Strix stridula*).

This bird, in common with all its con-

genera, is in bad repute with gamekeepers and pigeon fanciers, who never lose an opportunity of destroying it; and in so doing, we firmly believe they destroy their best friend. If they would only take the trouble to examine the contents of the stomach,—or what would be still better, the masses of indigestible matter ejected from the stomach, and which will be found in the neighborhood of the nest, they will see that its food consists of small birds, rats, mice, a large number of beetles and other insects, and occasionally of fish. So far from its injuring the game, it destroys innumerable undoubted enemies of such creatures. Rats and mice, in large numbers, are its food. Mr. BLYTH says of the barn owl, "It would be common enough (at Tooting, Surrey), if war were not so generally waged against it in this neighborhood. A more harmless, nay, a more useful creature scarcely exists."

Owls have been for many years protected by Mr. CHARLES WATERTON, of Walton Hall; and he has, on several occasions, eloquently handled his pen on their behalf, by recording the good services done by these interesting birds. Let us hope that other country gentlemen may follow his example, and put a *veto* on the destruction of the various species of owls by their gamekeepers. We may then expect to see these useful birds in increasing numbers about us.

There are several other birds to which the following remarks will apply quite as strongly as to the one we have selected as the organ of the rest; in fact, all the birds which, during the fruit season, enter our gardens to receive their share of the ripening fruits. We will take

THE BLACKBIRD (*Turdus merula*), and we will suppose him to be on his trial for his life, and to be pleading his own cause. We may imagine him to say as follows:—"My Lord Gardener, and Gentlemen of the Jury,—Whilst entering the plea of 'not guilty,' I do not mean to deny that the fruit, mentioned in the indictment, was taken by me; but there are certain circumstances, which, when they come to be fairly stated, will I think induce you to acknowledge that I could not, with truth, have pleaded 'guilty.' It is well known to you, that I was born in this parish, and that the place of my birth was determined by Him who ordered us to increase and multiply on the earth, and from whom both the prosecutor and myself equally derive our right to support, and which support, the 'common law' of the land has decreed 'that he should receive from this same parish, our joint birth-place'—not perhaps by the 'common law,' but by a Higher law than that, and to which it ought to succumb. I conceive, therefore, that I am also legally entitled to a living in the

said parish. But independently of my right to support derived from this source, I assert that, had it not been for my exertions during the autumn, winter, and spring, instead of the luxuriant and abundant harvest which even now rewards the prosecutor's toil, he would have had but a scanty and blighted crop. My occupation during the time I have above named, was the destruction of many thousand slugs and snails, together with an enormous number of grubs and insects of all kinds. Had I not consumed these, the whole parish would have been inundated with them, and the crops would have been destroyed or seriously damaged. Now however, thanks to my unwearied industry, there is an abundant crop of sound and healthy fruit. Let any one, with ordinary notions of justice, say that I am not fairly *entitled* to the trifling reward which I have received. If I and my family be condemned, and systematically executed, *that* will happen to this parish, which has happened elsewhere, by the destruction of some of my distant relations,—I mean, the crops will be systematically blighted and deficient, and the avarice and injustice which wished to secure the whole for itself, will reap the due reward of such conduct, and be deprived of what it actually had. Having laid these facts before you, my Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury, I rely confidently on a favorable verdict."

THE ROOK (*Corvus frugilegus*).

How any person of ordinary capacity for observation, can destroy the rook, as being injurious to the farmer, I have always been puzzled to imagine. Possibly its name, *frugilegus*, or fruit stealer, may with persons of a certain amount of education have assisted in keeping up the hue and cry. The food of the rook, when it can obtain them, is insects of all kinds, more particularly grubs, *i. e.*, the larvæ of different insects. Mr. JESSE, in his "Gleanings in Natural History," and in *Loudon's Magazine*, vol. 8, p. 113, has ably proved the utility of the rook:—"In order to be convinced that these birds are beneficial to the farmer, let us observe the same field in which his ploughman and his sower are at work. He will see the former followed by a train of rooks, while the sower will be unattended, and his grain remain untouched." Speaking of Greenwich Park, where there are no rooks, he says:—"Sixty grubs of the gnat (*Tipula oleracea*) have been found there, under a square foot of turf, and about thirty acres have been much damaged. This probably would *not* have happened, if rooks had had free access to the park." Rooks will, however, when hard pressed (usually in severe frosts), make up with grain and other vegetable substances; but the injury done in

this way is too trifling to be put against their "good services" in other ways, which should entitle them to the "pension" of life and protection. Some twenty years ago, while on a visit in the neighborhood of Blandford, and while laboring under the usual prejudices against the rooks, one unfortunate rook fell to our gun, while bearing food to its young. We do not wish to forget our deep regret when, as the poor bird fell heavily to the ground and lay gasping out its dying breath, we saw crawling from its mouth a large mass of worms and grubs, which it had collected in a ploughed field hard by. His death-warrant was signed under the impression that it was corn he had been gathering from the recently sown field. Never have we, from that day, shot an adult rook; and every new fact that we have since then obtained towards its history, has confirmed us in our resolution. The following extract, from the *Gardeners' Magazine*, vol. 9, p. 718, is much to our purpose:—"Hunger may compel the rook to feed on grain, but it is too well known for me to say anything about it, that its favorite food is *insects, in the larva state*. I have repeatedly examined the crops of rooks. In six young ones that had been shot, the crops were nearly filled with wire-worms; in the crops of others, I have found the larvæ of the cockchafer, and other grubs that I am not entomologist enough to know the names of. In one or two instances, in frosty weather, I have examined the crops of one or more rooks that have been shot; they contained dung, earth, and a small portion of grain. I will just notice, that the land adjoining Mr. Wile's rookery is yearly sown with grain or pulse, and in no instance that I have known or heard of, has the crop failed in consequence of its nearness to the rookery; while T. D——n, in his allotment at Midload, in which he shoots every rook he can meet with, has his crops annually ravaged by wire-worms and ground grubs to a vexatious extent."—J. D., sen., *Wisbeach*, Oct. 17, 1833.

T. D——n was, we think, rightly served; "Live and let live" was a motto that he evidently did not practise, and Providence justly ordered that his cruelty and selfishness should meet with their due reward.

Sixty grubs, that had been recently taken, were found within a rook that was killed in a field close to Foster's Booth, Hampshire, belonging to the Rev. W. Clarke, a short time since.—*Dorset Chronicle*, May 30, 1831.

Rooks too are a cheerful accompaniment to the landscape and mansion; and their lively habits in early spring, when building their hanging cots, would be badly replaced by the quiet desolation which would be caused by their destruction. We trust farmers are be-

coming more alive to their real interests, and that the rook will be cherished as a valuable assistant to the diligent agriculturist.

THE MAGPIE (*Pica candata*.)

No one can deny that this pretty and amusing bird is, in the breeding season of birds, a most determined and cunning thief; and that he will take whenever he can the eggs of other birds, and consider them dainty morsels for his breakfast, dinner, or supper. Yet, notwithstanding these admitted depredations, which however we think might be greatly lessened by proper attention, we love to see the magpie, and could spare his life, not only for his rich and magnificent coloring, which we think add much to the beauty of an English landscape, but we protect him especially for the benefit he confers upon us as a destroyer of countless insects. "After the season of incubation is over, the magpie becomes a harmless bird (unless the pilfering of a little unprotected fruit be considered a crime), and spends the remainder of the year in works of great utility to man, by destroying millions of insects, and by preventing the air from being infected with the noxious effluvia arising from the scourgings of slaughter-houses. The cattle too are in some degree benefited by the prying researches of this sprightly bird. At a certain time of the year, it is often seen on the backs of sheep and oxen, freeing them from vermin, which must be exceedingly troublesome to them."—C. WATERTON, *Loudon*, vol. 9, p. 226.

(To be Continued.)

HUMANITY TO ANIMALS.

To the Editor,—Sir, the *tone* of your JOURNAL will obtain it a ready entrance amongst all who love Nature and her works. The paper on "Persecuted Animals," by Dr. BEVERLEY R. MORRIS, which appeared in your Thirteenth Number, is one that deserves special notice, and I feel bound, as one of the public, to thank the writer, through you, for his advocacy of that very useful animal the MOLE. I was not before aware, that "moles never remain in land that is not infested by grubs." I had thought their chief prey was worms.

I have known more than one farmer, however, who would much sooner lose one of his hares than one of his moles. A farmer once informed me, that his land had been entirely free from giving foot-rot to his sheep before the moles had been destroyed, but that afterwards, he was never free from that visitation. He would, therefore, willingly import moles on his land if he could get them.

Again, the workings of the mole have a most beneficial effect on the land as regards its healthiness, by letting the air into the

soil. Late experiments have clearly shown, that draining a *dry piece of ground* improved its fertility to a degree equal, if not superior, to draining a *wet soil*. This is most clearly shown in arable land. The mole's labors are generally confined to *dry soils*.—R. D., *Hampstead, April 16*.

[Our correspondent will be pleased to recognise a Third Paper on the same subject, in this day's JOURNAL. The inquiry has attracted very great attention.]

FAITH AND HOPE.

BY ANNE E——.

A Swallow in the Spring
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make her nest, and there did bring
Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toil'd
With patient art; but, ere her work was crown'd,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoil'd,
And dash'd it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought:
Yet not cast down, forth from her place she flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses
brought,
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hands, or chance, again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

*But still her heart she kept,
And toil'd again; and, last night hearing calls,
I looked, and lo! three little Swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.*

What trust is here, O Man!
Hath HOPE been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust or plan?
HAVE FAITH, AND STRUGGLE ON!

[We can well imagine the *motive* that caused our fair correspondent to send us these lines, and we appreciate the delicacy of its expression. We catch the idea, and hold on our way with more energy of purpose than ever. We are fast triumphing over the unfair difficulties cast in our way, and are gaining an accession of friends daily.]

The Physiology of Drowning.

IF a small animal be immersed in water in a transparent glass vessel, the phenomena of drowning are readily observable. There is first a deep expiration by which bubbles of air are expelled from the lungs. There is then an effort to inspire; but the effort is ineffectual, there being no air which can be received into the lungs; and a spasm of the muscles seems to prevent the admission of water in any considerable quantity into the trachea. The attempts to breathe are repeated

several times, and, after each attempt, a small quantity of air is expelled from the mouth and nostrils, until the air-cells of the lungs are completely emptied. Then the animal becomes insensible, and convulsive action of the muscle marks the instant when the brain begins to suffer from the influx of the dark-colored blood. After these convulsions, the animal is motionless, and gives no signs of life; but if the hand be applied to the thorax, the pulsation of the heart, gradually becoming fainter and fainter, indicates that some remains of vitality still linger in the system. Before the circulation ceases altogether, the muscles of respiration resume their action, and some ineffectual efforts are again made to breathe. It is a remarkable circumstance, that the diaphragm continues to exert itself nearly as long as the heart itself; so that the interval between the cessation of the attempts to breathe and the cessation of the motion of the heart, short as it is in animals that die of strangulation, is shorter still in those that perish from drowning. These phenomena follow each other in rapid succession, and the whole scene is closed, and the living animal is converted into a lifeless corpse, in the brief space of a few minutes. I have never opened the thorax of an animal in which the heart was found acting in such a manner as to maintain the circulation of the blood so long as five minutes after complete submersion; and from the information which I have received from some of the medical attendants at the receiving-houses of the Royal Humane Society, I am led to believe, that the period is very rarely, if ever, longer than this in the human subject.—
SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE.

Pressure of the Sea.

IF a piece of wood, which floats on the water, be forced down to a great depth into the sea, the pressure of the surrounding liquid will be so severe, that a quantity of water will be forced down into the pores of the wood, and so increase its weight that it will no longer be capable of floating or rising on the surface. Hence the timbers of ships, which are foundered in a deep part of the ocean, never rise again to the surface like those which are sunk near the shore. A diver may, with impunity, plunge to a certain depth in the sea, but there is a limit beyond which he could not live under the pressure to which he is subject. For the same reason, it is probable there is a depth below which fishes cannot live. They have, according to Joselin, been caught at a depth at which they must have attained a pressure of eighty tons to each square foot of the surface of their body.

Importation of Eggs.

It appears from the annual returns relating to trade and navigation, that in the year ending the 5th January last, the number of eggs imported was 115,526,236, being an increase on the preceding year, when the number was 105,689,060. In the year ending the 5th January, 1851, the duty was £38,577, and in the year ending the 5th January last, £42,149.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A. B.—Thanks. It shall appear in our next. PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION will be continued next week.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any "facts" connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them; our time being overwhelmingly occupied with PUBLIC duties.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, May 1, 1852.

MAY, sweet goddess MAY—all hail! How long have we waited for thee; and how have we groaned through the dreary, cold months of March and April, whilst praying for thy coming; and thou *art* come at last!

Once again, with a frank and hearty welcome, has Nature opened her house to all her guests. She has hung forth her richest draperies. She has re-painted, re-gilded; she has drawn aside the veil from before her most magnificent pictures. Behold! All earth is her garden, a garden in which the trees are white with blossom, and the ground is carpeted with myriads of flowers. To animate the scene, the cuckoo has arrived; the nightingale, the blackcap, the swallow, and many more of the "sweet singers" who pay us their annual visits, and enliven us with their melodious songs, both by day and by night.

At such a time, when all nature is rejoicing, and everything that has life is using it to the best advantage, let us not be behind-hand in joining the merry throng. We allude not to the so-called merry Mummers, and people who make holiday in the streets and suburbs of London at this season; nor to those merry people who crowd our steam-boats and railroads,

"On desperate pleasure bent."

For the majority of these, gluttony and drunkenness alone have charms—eating and drinking, and smoking filthy tobacco, being with them "the grand end of life." Yet cannot we behold even these without feelings of pity, when we see them give unrestrained license to their animal passions. Even a beast knows when it has had enough, and it leaves off with an appetite; nor can you tempt it to eat or drink more than Nature requires. No drunkenness have we here; but all is

amiability and gentleness. Not so with us; for at this season in particular, we have drunken men and drunken women in abundance—the latter an odious sight. Let the "pleasure vans" from Hampton Court, &c., &c., attest the truth of what we say. As very many of these pass our door on their homeward journey, we cannot help *hearing* as well as seeing. The hymns and psalms borne upon the breeze at starting, are invariably succeeded, we remark, ere night-fall, by the coarsest of songs and the filthiest of ribald jests—uttered, be it known, for the most part, by "temperance" men and "temperance" women! Gin, brandy, and rum, prove most fearful odds against "the pledge" of temperance and virtue. Alas for poor human nature! It is well for these folk, and for all like them, that WE are not in power. If we were, our very first act would be the TOTAL ANNIHILATION of ardent spirits, and we would make it DEATH by the law for any one who attempted to re-introduce them. (Yet are we *not* teetotallers—God forbid!) Then would England stand some chance of being a "happy land." She is *not* so now, though excess has greatly abated of late years. Let us hope for still further improvement. But we have digressed.

All the guests of Nature are now assembled, and in holiday trim. Both birds and beasts are revelling in this glorious season of flowers, greenness, and freshness. Nor is Man excluded: at the head of all, he revels with the rest.

Who shall describe all the flowers that are now visible in the garden and the field; all the birds, and all the happy insects that are now flitting and fluttering amongst them? It is now that the great stag-beetle comes forth, and soars booming through the air. The cockchafer too, is humming about every fresh-leaved sycamore; and dragon-flies of all sizes and hues are skimming and darting along the margin of rivers. Every insect creature seems full of happiness; many of them walking on the waters, with their long, skate-like motions; or whirling in giddy, rapid dance over our very heads!

These, and many other similar delights, await our observation daily; and as this is MAY DAY, we will finish our invitation to enter Nature's garden by quoting the beautiful lines of HERRICK, introductory to his poem of "CORINNA'S *Going a-Maying*." All who would enjoy the country, should make these lines their text-book:—

"Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn;
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colors through the air!
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.

Each flow'r has wept, and bowed towards the East,

Above an hour since, yet *you* not drest!

Nay, not so much as out of bed;

When ALL the birds have matins said,

And sung their thankful hymn! it is a sin,

Nay, profanation, to keep in;

When full a thousand virgins on this day

Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May!"

Hearken, sweet ladies; hearken! and let our voice, mingled with that of this amiable poet, win you from your pillow.

Now, lovely creatures, now,—

While the time serves, and we are but decaying,
Spring from your beds, and LET US ALL GO
MAYING!

The Spring, it is true, is a backward one; yet is her lap full of expected blessings; and when they *do* come, what a perfect Heaven of delights will be ours!

The Goddess FLORA woos us forth; and where SHE leads, of course we shall all follow.

As the COMPLAINTS we receive from all parts of the country about the non-receipt of our JOURNAL in proper time are becoming distressingly frequent, we here repeat that it is published, *with undeviating regularity*,

Every Wednesday Morning.

We also take this opportunity to inform our distant friends, that the MONTHLY PARTS are issued at least

One Week previous to Magazine Day.

After this notification, it will not be difficult for the public to determine WHO are the parties in fault.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Grey-headed Rook.—Will your fair Correspondent, FLORA G., kindly describe as nearly as she can, the sort of Rook she speaks of as "an intruder," at page 250 of your JOURNAL? I have read her pretty little anecdote with much pleasure, and am glad—truly glad—to see you so strongly supported by such amiable Correspondents. You are a man to be envied.—CHARLES W., Bath.

[We have despatched a missive to Miss Flora G.; and we will gladly undertake on her behalf that the required information shall be forthcoming in our next. We are "a man to be envied." We feel our position in society to be daily becoming more and more important; and our "Letter-Box" is seldom opened without our fondest anticipations of delight being fully realised. This it is,—not to abuse confidence. Certain things have already been entrusted to us, the knowledge of which will die with us.]

Quick Method of killing Insects for the Cabinet.—Cause a tin box to be made, say sufficiently large to hold a pint, and let it have a perforated partition fixed in the middle; line the

upper apartment with a piece of silk, or something soft, to prevent the tip of the wings from being injured in case of the insects fluttering. Enclose your destined victim in its silken chamber, and introduce some pounded or bruised laurel leaves into the lower apartment, close the box at both ends, and the prussic acid from the laurel will effectually do its work in a few minutes. Even the *cossus ligniperda*, or goat moth, an insect so remarkably tenacious of life that the severest pressure will not quiet it, is, I believe, by this means killed in eight or ten minutes. Should this, or some equally efficient plan, be generally resorted to, this most interesting branch of natural history might be pursued with pleasure even by the most humane.—ALFRED C.

[See also another excellent plan for Killing Insects, at page 243.]

A Gigantic "Spider's Web."—I have just read in Lieut. Smyth's *Journey in South America*, of a gigantic spider's web. Lieut. Smyth says, it was suspended on some trees at about 25 feet from the ground; and it extended nearly 50 feet in length! The threads were remarkably strong, and they contained the sloughs of thousands of insects that had been devoured by the architects,—for it appeared to be the joint habitation of a great number of spiders far larger than were ever met with in England.—F. M.

Early Appearance of the Swallow, Nightingale, &c.—Dear Sir, I do not know the reason, but I can never procure your very interesting JOURNAL when due. I take the Monthly Part; but it does not arrive with the other magazines. My bookseller here, orders his books through Simpkin and Marshall, London. [This, dear Sir, is only *one* complaint out of some hundreds. We have repeatedly remonstrated, till we are weary, with the offenders; and even encroached upon our readers' space, whilst detailing, week by week, the strenuous efforts made to annihilate this JOURNAL by the country trade. All we can do is—to repeat here distinctly, that our WEEKLY NUMBERS, dated Saturday in advance, are published EVERY TUESDAY EVENING; and our MONTHLY PARTS ONE FULL WEEK PREVIOUS TO "Magazine Day." In Dublin, the booksellers report weekly, that "KIDD'S JOURNAL is DEAD!" The same "brotherly act of kindness" is done us in other towns, cities, and villages.] I have noticed the swallow this year, one week earlier than usual. [This is remarkable indeed; as the weather has been so cold. We may observe, however, that the blackcap, nightingale, and other birds of passage, had arrived on the 10th ult.; and this is hardly less strange, as the easterly winds were then blowing strong.] I have a robin and a wren now building in my garden. The nightingale has not been heard here for many years. I should like much to have one; and would gladly give in exchange for one, a first-rate musical thrush. Perhaps some of your readers may be agreeable to this proposal?—CYMRO, Wrexham.

[As you see how unfairly our JOURNAL is kept down, let us beg you to form one of the body-

guard which is daily joining our standard. You will find yourself among some of the choicest spirits of the age. If you *insist* upon your bookseller obtaining our Paper, he *must* get it.]

On the Igneous Origin of Primitive Rocks, &c.—The appearance of Geological and the like matter in your JOURNAL, is to be hailed with satisfaction; because, as there does not exist in the whole range of present Literature any "*Popular Journal of Natural History*," the broader the basis, the surer the success. Your Correspondent, "A Geologist," *Glasgow*, writes as follows (see page 218). "Will you, Sir, inform me through your pages, of any book or books in which I can find 'Evidences of the igneous origin of plutonic rocks, granite, &c.,—together with the analogies between the lavas of the present day, and the Obsidian &c., of times past?' Perhaps some of your readers can supply the information. I shall feel obliged."—I would answer this inquiry *ex abrupto*, thus:—The doctrine of Lavas, and similar formations, has been first broached by Faujas St. Fond, whose works on the extinct Volcanoes of the Auvergne, &c., are very valuable. About the same time, the hitherto prevailing *aqueous* theory of the formation of Crystalline Rocks, was severely shaken by the finding of lava seams in granite. It seemed really too much of the good to ascribe a *water*-origin to rocks of such great hardness, &c. It was Leopold Buch who, conjointly with the Volcanic system of Geology, first established the *up-heaving* theory (Erhebung's Theory) of mountains and whole tracts of land. This idea completely overturned the hitherto prevailing *Hebraic* notions on Geology; and the works of German Geologists (Leonhard, Noggerath, &c.), are written in accordance with this new theory. It is in the Essays of these men also that some particulars about Obsidian, &c., can be obtained. They are scattered over a great many periodical works, and hardly to be found in a single Treatise.—Dr. J. LOTSKY, *London*.

How can I distinguish the Sex of a Woodlark?—I have had two given me, but I am doubtful whether one of them is a male or not. Please enlighten me.—SOPHIA F.

[The hen woodlark is of a more beautiful shape than the male. Her breast, which is of a paler ground, is more spotted, and with darker ornaments. The crest on her head is more prominent, and the line round the cheeks more defined. As a rule, all our indigenous birds having the most spots on a light ground, and of a clearer white, are hens.]

Woodlarks with Bad Feet.—My Woodlarks are all troubled with bad feet. I am told they are gouty. What is this? and how shall I cure them? They make a sad noise when trotting about.—AMELIA H.

[Miss Minnie! Miss Minnie! you have been neglectful of your little pets. Their feet are bad from dirt, and the noise proceeds from their patens. However, there is one portion of your note to us (which we have not printed), that proves you to be of an "affectionate" disposi-

tion, therefore we will aid you. Your birds must be taken out separately, one at a time, and you must soak their feet for a quarter of an hour in a tea-cup full of warm water. This will loosen the scales, and cause them, after a second operation, to peel off. Your delicate hand will manage this nicely. Press as lightly as possible on the patient's body while in your hand, and be sure to give him a kiss now and then. He will, when so treated, assuredly submit with a better grace, and not be timid for the future. At the end of the time mentioned, carefully dry his feet with a soft piece of linen, and be very careful, when replacing him in his cage, to put him down gently. The legs of a woodlark are as brittle as glass, and when frightened they frequently jump up and break their limbs. Repeat the use of the bath twice weekly, then will the bird's legs and feet be healthy and supple. Give them a good-sized cage, and let the bottom be thickly covered with dry, red sand, mixed with a quantity of scraped chalk, and well-bruised old mortar. When next you address us, we have the vanity to think we shall be in your "very best books;" for we are quite sure you love your birds, and that their little troubles arise simply from your not knowing how to alleviate them. Write again, and report progress.]

How can I bring up Young Canaries by Hand?—I have a nest of young birds, recently hatched, which the unnatural parents neglect to feed. What shall I do to rear them? and what is the best food? Do, Mr. Editor, take pity upon one of your great admirers.—JULIA.

[Miss Julia, had you carefully read our remarks, *passim*, about breeding canaries, you would not now have been in trouble. You have begun your operations too early in the season, and are suffering from disobedience. However, we will pull you through your difficulty. Procure some of the finest wheaten bread (stale); grate it, and mix it with some scalded rapeseed, bruised; add also some yolk of egg, boiled hard, to it. Remove the nestlings into a warm corner, and cover their cage up, so as to exclude draughts. Then, with the end of a finely-pointed stick, administer a small quantity, every quarter of an hour, of the above food. Their mouths will readily open, and you must be as ready to fill them when opened; and occasionally let a little water dribble from the end of your tiniest finger into the mouth of each. This will assist in the digestion of their food. We print this *pro bono*, for you are not the only offender in this matter. We have written you fully by post (you are a good young lady for admitting us so readily to your confidence), and you will now thoroughly understand how to repair your error. Let us add, we are always "yours to command."]

Fairy Rings.—Can any of your correspondents obligingly furnish me with particulars of this? The "Fairy Ring," as it is called, is never observable on our lawn, in the same particular spot, for two consecutive years.—F. G.

[We shall esteem it a favor if any of our readers, conversant with the habits of this 'wayward child of nature,' the *Fairy Ring*, will tell us what they know about it.]

Two Perfect Chickens from One Egg.—I really think the following ought to be recorded in your JOURNAL, and as such, I send it you. It is copied from the *Aberdeen Journal*. "A lady, residing at Woodside, near Aberdeen (we have her name), has had a hen sitting on common hen's eggs, and out of one of them have issued two chickens, completely formed in every part. They did not live, which, under the circumstances, may be considered unfortunate." Do you, Mr. Editor, regard this as a remarkable occurrence?—D. W., *Aberdeen*.

[We do regard this as a "remarkable occurrence." We have heard such things spoken of, but never witnessed them. There must have been two yolks, both with an embryo. This turns our philosophy upside-down. As these productions never live after their birth, there exists a mystery which is incomprehensible.]

The Chimney-Swallow a Cage Bird.—I have now a common chimney swallow, which I have succeeded in keeping through the winter. Is this not an extraordinary circumstance?—H. H.

[It is indeed a most remarkable instance of perseverance crowned by success. As the principles of our JOURNAL are truly liberal, may we ask you to detail, at your leisure, what peculiar mode of treatment you adopted with the swallow, to keep him in good health? It will interest many hundreds of persons to peruse an extract from your note-book.]

Distemper in Dogs.—In your most interesting and useful JOURNAL, I find mention made of the "distemper" in dogs. Could you give me some information as to the proper mode of treating them after this most distressing disease?—whether they ought to have plenty of medicine, or otherwise, and of what kind? I have a very valuable sporting spaniel, eleven months old, who, not being attended to in time, owing to my ignorance of the symptoms, has, though in other respects cured, a most unpleasant and constant starting of the limbs. This seems to proceed from a throbbing in the loins, as if the seat of the affliction was in the intestines. It is called in France the "tic," and is of the same nature, I am told, as the "St. Vitus's Dance." I sincerely hope you will have it in your power to give me some advice, through the medium of the contributors to your JOURNAL; as, otherwise, it will not be possible to keep him as a "pet" (though they are equally good for sporting). As, however, I much wish to keep him, any information on the subject will be most welcome.—E. C. B., *Rouen, 5th April, 1852.*

Proper Green Food adapted for various Song-birds, etc.—As a lover of birds, I would offer some hints to your readers on the weeds best suited to their tastes—agreeing with you that there is a great pleasure in bringing home something from our walks which may cheer and please our little prisoners. My birds being accustomed to it, always receive a portion of green food daily—Summer and Winter. Those which have not been so liberally treated may not bear it. All changes of diet must be gradual. At the head of the list of weeds, I should place

knot-grass (*Polygonum aviculare*.) Its name indicates that it is "bird-seed;" though the English name is deceptive. It is not a grass, but a low, leafy, knotted, branched herb, bearing pinkish-white flowers at each joint, followed by triangular black seeds. It ripens in autumn, is found by waysides, near gateways, among rubbish, and it abounds in stubble fields: where flocks of birds, whose bills are too weak to crack large grain, are often accused of plundering the corn-field, they are actually *weeding*. The linnet almost lives on this plant. Canaries, bullfinches, greenfinches, red-poles, aberdevines, etc., etc., rejoice in it. Shepherd's-purse, (*Thlaspi Bursa Pastoris*) well known; grass seeds (especially *Poa annua* for canaries) for all birds; dandelion seeds and leaves; thistle; dock (bullfinches); plantain; chickweed; groundsel. Of these, the bullfinch prefers shepherd's-purse, knot-grass, dandelion, plantain, chickweed, groundsel, and dock, and will be most thankful for a *sprig of buds* from hawthorn, or almost any tree or shrub. The black-thorn now presents flower-buds, but the leaf-buds will be eaten with pleasure and advantage. The greenfinch also delights in buds. Probably some of the ailing bullfinches for whom you are consulted, might be benefited by a sprig or two. Squirrels, by the way, have the same taste. Thistle seeds should be collected for goldfinches. Most gardens have lettuces enough, "running away," to stock a parish; and if a few plants are allowed to ripen seed, it will be found very valuable to the aviary. Water-cress, too, is good. I can always find a leaf of dandelion, or a head of grass-seed, in winter, which keeps my birds in health. Of course, all greens should be gathered *dry*, and given *fresh*. All cages should have one part covered for shade as well as for screen from draughts. Birds seek the covert of trees during the heat of the day; though they sun themselves for a time. It is cruel to hang their cage in the full glare of light and sunshine without giving the poor captive the power of escape to a shady corner; and almost equally cruel to put him within sight of abundant green food, yet neglect to gather a leaf to gratify the longing thus excited.—A LOVER OF ALL CREATION.

[You are rather too indiscriminate in recommending the wholesale and general use of "buds from any tree." Let us qualify this, by advising the use of those seeds of plants *only* which you have more minutely particularised. As you have not sent us your name and address, we might, should any "death" ensue from following these instructions, be brought in *particeps criminis* at all events, and punished accordingly.]

Will Nightingales breed in Confinement?—As the nightingale has just paid us another of his annual visits, the following experiment which I made on the possibility of their being induced to breed in cages, may be interesting to the admirers of that first of song-birds. During the winter of 1844, I made preparation, by having a cage constructed, four feet long by three high. To each end of this I attached a common canary breeding-cage; leaving a small aperture for communication. In the centre cage, I placed a small Scotch fir-tree, growing in a flower-pot; and covered the

front of each small cage with green glazed calico; partly filling them with fragments of a birch-broom, to imitate as nearly as possible the bottom of a rough hedge. They were then placed high against a wall, opposite a staircase window. The latter end of the following April, I requested Mr. Blake, bird-dealer, John Street, Tottenham Court Road, to catch for me a male and female nightingale, which had paired in a wild state. He procured me a very fine pair, which fortunately mated off without losing much flesh. In about a week after placing them in the cages described, I was much pleased to observe the hen bird—having previously marked her by taking about half an inch off her tail—carrying about withered oak leaves, with which I had supplied them. She ultimately made her nest in one of the small cages, and brought up three young birds. During the time she was sitting, the male bird sang as stout as if in a state of liberty. When the young were hatched, he appeared to devote himself entirely to the task of assisting to bring them up. I afterwards found an addled egg in the nest, which was made in a corner at the bottom of the cage.—H. H.

[This comes to us so well authenticated, that we readily give it publicity. We confess it to be the only instance within our own knowledge, of nightingales having bred in confinement.]

* * * Certain of our readers are in the habit of writing us long cases for consideration, and request immediate answers by post. We observe that in almost every case, NO POSTAGE STAMP IS ENCLOSED for the payment of our letter in reply. This is ungenerous; and indeed compels us to discontinue the practice of PRIVATE correspondence from to day. On the other hand, we have a number of kind letters; enclosing in some instances no fewer than *six* stamps—the writers apologising for their intrusion on our time. The five *extra* stamps we of course return. We merely mention this, to show the difference between meanness and generosity. Such readers as these are at all times welcome to our best offices of kindness and attention.

BIRDS OF SONG.

Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart,
Something to LOVE, to rest upon,—to clasp
AFFECTION'S tendrils round.—MRS. HEMANS.

No. VIII.—CAGE BIRDS.—THE CANARY.

AS MANY INEXPERIENCED persons meet with repeated vexations, either in losing their young birds when hatched, or in having the eggs forsaken by the parent birds during the process of incubation, we will very plainly show the reason, and provide the remedy.

Any person who will take the trouble of thinking and reasoning on the subject, must be struck with the folly generally exhibited in putting up birds to breed from, themselves only a year old! That the hens do lay, and that their eggs are sometimes fruitful, we grant; but the giddiness of the parents, their inattention to their young, and want of experience generally—are constant causes of their first and second broods dying in their infancy.

No birds should be paired until they are

at least two years old. From that period they may be said to be in full vigor, and instinctively qualified for the perpetuation of their race. You will find the hens at this age less fickle in their attachments, and more devotedly affectionate to the husband of their choice. There will be but one common feeling between them; they will share jointly the solicitude attendant on the hatching and rearing of a family, and the male will be constant in feeding his partner as she sits on the nest. All these points are essentially to be regarded.

The next consideration will be, how to breed your birds perfectly pure. Having once procured a good "stock," your anxiety for the future will be removed. If you wish to have birds of a brilliant or "gay" plumage, let both parents be of a clear and uniform yellow, free from all foul feathers. If any of the latter be visible, the breed will be *im-pure*. If you select a Belgian canary, let it be a *Jonque male* bird only, and associate with him a Norwich or Yorkshire hen. The Belgian hens, although good mothers, are yet of so large and so long a body that they sit awkwardly upon the nest, and find great difficulty in hatching their eggs. This remark applies, however, more particularly to a breeding-cage. If the birds are in a room, and build in a tree, the objection we make will be over-ruled.

Such persons as are not particular with regard to color, will find the grey canaries breed as well, or perhaps better than most others. They are assuredly the best nurses. But whatever color you may choose, take special care to select birds of the largest and longest feathers you can get, and let them be in robust health. A sickly parent, father or mother, will produce a puny, degenerate offspring. In selecting a pair of English canaries, let the hen be the larger of the two, so that her eggs may be the better covered. The heat imparted from the body of the mother is twice as great as that from the father.

When a pair of canaries have the misfortune to "addle" their first nest of eggs, which notwithstanding the attention on their part will sometimes be the case, you will find that it will teach them a practical lesson. They will speedily go to nest a second time, and most probably, on this occasion, hatch every egg, and rear every one of their offspring. *Some* males are steady and good to breed from, when a year old; but the hens should *never* be put up until in their second or third year.

The late Sir John Sebright, in a pamphlet on the "Instinct of Animals," maintains that "acquired habits in animals become hereditary." We incline strongly to the same opinion. Long experience goes far to con-

firm its truth. If this be the case—and why not?—when you observe any bird of a particularly quiet and amiable disposition, set him aside; and provide him a mate in whom are observable equally good qualities. We can call to mind several instances in which we have witnessed good results from this course of action. We cannot go so far as to say, that we think a bird's *vocal* powers are hereditary. That is purely apocryphal. In all other points the doctrine holds good. It is a great object gained to have lively, healthy, good-tempered, well-formed, and handsomely-feathered birds; and we advise that under no circumstances should canaries be put up for breeding that are melancholy, heavy, or mopish. Sprightliness, vivacity, and joyous energy, should be the prevailing characteristics in every *good* bird.

Fancy birds, so called, are attended with much trouble in rearing, and also much disappointment. We will briefly indicate the intrinsic merits of a prize-bird, many of which are exhibited at private "clubs" in London and the provinces, once or more yearly. I would observe, that the *plumage* of these birds is the grand desideratum, their song being a minor consideration.

A good fancy-bird must have a clean cap; that is, the crown of his head, defined by a horizontal line at the level of his eyes and beak, must be of a clean yellow or white,—in no respect broken or spotted with foul feathers. One single foul feather renders him imperfect; though it is right to acknowledge, that such extreme purity is rarely met with. His back, wings, and tail must also be equally free from yellow or white feathers. To make his beauty remarkable, he should be finely mottled on the back, and of a fine clear yellow all below the breast.

These requirements are as essential in a hen as in the male bird. There are two names given to distinguish the color by. The one are called "mealy," and the others Jonque birds. The former have their crowns and all below their breasts of a clean white or *pale* yellow. No good breeder ever pairs two mealy and two Jonque birds together. A skilful eye would immediately detect any offspring resulting from such a union.

Male birds, finely spangled, as those we allude to, should be paired with a "mealy" hen,—for this reason: the young of all birds mostly take after the father in their feathers. Many of our readers will smile, when we tell them that it is a practice to have a pattern bird, drawn on card-board and highly colored, which is regarded as a specimen to breed by. Any failure in coming up to the "standard" causes a breeder infinite chagrin!

Before quitting this subject, we would re-

mark that however first-rate a fancy-bird may be, no entire dependence can be placed on their offspring being equally perfect. Blemishes of some kind frequently appear. On the other hand, two birds of little comparative value often produce a very fine breed. It is amusing to watch the proprietors of these prize birds, after the public annual exhibition of them is over. Every bird has his cage enclosed in an air-tight bag, and is carried away with as much mystery as was formerly attached to the Delphic Oracle. Their mistresses appear to have more to do with them even than their masters; and convey them away with most solemn pomp of circumstance.

We have already remarked, that these forced birds are valuable for their "beauty" only. They are the sport of every breath of air; and, like hothouse plants, must be vigilantly tended, or they die. Nature shakes her head at such doings, and approveth them not. So do we, being an humble follower in her ladyship's train. In the matter of a cage bird,—give us *Vox—si præterea nihil!*

(To be continued.)

THE BRITISH WARBLERS.

BY THE LATE R. SWEET, ESQ., F.L.S.—NO. IV.

WE come now to notice the whinchat (*Sylvia rubetra*). This bird, when wild, generally frequents commons, and places where furze bushes grow, being very fond of perching on them. Its head is flat, and the light stroke over the eyes gives it a slight resemblance to a frog, from which the specific name is derived. Its song is not one of the best; still, among other birds, it makes a pleasing variety. It is very easily taken in a trap baited with some living insect, and it soon gets familiar in a cage, where it will readily take to feed on the bruised hempseed and bread, if a few insects are stuck in it at first. It is also very fond of raw, lean meat, cut in small pieces, or the yolk of a hard-boiled egg. It will feed on almost every kind of insect, and is particularly fond of small beetles, earwigs, and butterflies. The bird I at present possess, was caught in July, 1821 (Mr. Sweet's book was written in 1823). It began singing about the middle of September, and continued all through the winter, singing the greater part of the day. In spring it sang very loud, beginning in the morning before daylight. I find it one of the tenderest species that I have yet kept; and I have no doubt, that the least frost getting at it would cause its death; as in cold weather it appears very melancholy, especially of a morning before a fire is made in the room. As soon however as the room begins to get warm, it enlivens, particularly if

a few insects be given it; and, I believe, it would subsist but a short time, if some were not given it frequently. Last summer, I procured a nest of young redstarts, which were placed in the aviary with the other birds. As soon as they chirped for food, the whinchat began to be agitated, and examined them minutely; after a time, it took to feeding them, and continued to do so till they were grown up.

In an appendix to the last number of Mr. Sweet's work, a few additional remarks, concerning the species he has treated of, will be found under the head "Whinchat:" he says,—"This species, and the redstart, I find to be the most tender of any of the sorts that I have kept through the winter; but they may be managed very well by keeping them in a warm room, in cold, frosty weather. One that I possess at present, is the most interesting bird I have. It was taken from the nest last summer, on Wandsworth Common, and bred up by hand. By this means it became very tame and bold. When young, it was seized with the cramp, which I thought might be occasioned by the want of sand or gravel: as I suspect, what they eat of that turns to lime, and forms and hardens their bones. I accordingly mixed up small stones, about the size of small shots, in its food, after it had not been able to stand for three or four days. The first day I gave it him, he became much stronger, and could stand a little before night; the next day it was quite well, and could jump up and down the perches as if nothing had ever ailed it. It has continued in good health ever since, and is now as handsome a bird as need be. It has been in full song ever since last October, singing nearly the whole day through, and very often at night. Its song is now very loud and very variable, as it has learnt the songs of most of the other birds. In my account of the stone chat, I mentioned this bird (whinchat), as having learnt the song of the larger whitethroat, redstart, and female willow wren; since then, it has learnt the song of the missel-thrush, which it hears in the garden hard by; it also learnt the nightingale's "jug, jug, jug," and repeated it in five minutes after hearing the nightingale sing. It now sings it so frequently, that it is impossible to know which of the two are singing without seeing them. The same treatment is required for breeding these birds from the nest as I have already mentioned; and afterwards, to keep them in good health, give them as many insects as possible, such as the common maggots, small beetles, cockroaches, crickets, grasshoppers, &c., &c.

NOTE.—The generic name now given to the whinchat by naturalists, is *saxicola*.—E. C.

(To be Continued.)

"NO!"

How many thousands are there, whose ruin may be dated from the simple fact of their being unable to say that little word "No!" Born good-natured, some men are willing to grant any and every thing that it is in their power to grant—simply for the asking. Hence are they fair game for the spoilers.

In early days, OUR ignorance, or deficiency in education on this point, was as great as anybody's. Our punishment has been perhaps, on occasions, greater than the "offence" warranted; yet has it been followed by a salutary effect.

Still this innate propensity haunts its victims; and every now and then, in spite of resolution, brings them into trouble. Let us cite a recent case of our own folly as a prelude to something to follow—for "hereby hangs a tale."

It is no secret we believe, that our disposition is kindly. Presuming on this, some little time since, a medical man, living in Clyde Street, Edinburgh, and "ranking" as a gentleman, entreated us to procure for him a splendid German canary, and give it a first-rate education. We did so, believing (as usual!) he *was* a "gentleman."*

This belief indeed, all his letters to us, which were most artfully put together, seemed to confirm. After we had kept the bird some months, my gentleman requested us to *purchase him*, in addition, a strong cage with lock and key; and into this strong cage to put the other, containing the bird. We were then to forward the key to him by post (which we did do), and despatch the bird by steamer. This, be it known, was done to prevent the steward changing the bird on the voyage.

To serve "the gentleman" to the fullest extent in our power, we ourselves (only a few weeks since) went down to the wharf, and saw Mr. Dicky carefully suspended in the cabin of the steamer—"The Clarence," bidding him adieu (for ever!) as the vessel cleared out.

Now for the climax. We had to write *thrice* (paying each time a trifle for our letter), to know if our dear little pet had arrived safe? and at last, from policy perhaps, a faint reply of "Yes" reached us. We have since applied to Mr. John T. for the

* Mr. John T.—I, the "gentleman" in question, addressed us on the subject, in consequence of his having seen our articles on "British Birds," which were publishing weekly in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*. He imagined us no doubt to be "soft," and therefore tried it on. He has succeeded in getting a bird, worth at least £3 3s.—for NOTHING! We have *also* been "done" out of two cages, a lock, and a key!—ED. K. J.

value of the bird—its *actual cost to us*—but he will deign us no answer; in simple language, we have been “done,”—foully done! Never again will we do a similar act of kindness for anybody. The “milk of human kindness” that ran in our veins, is at last dried up for ever.—But now for our illustrative Tale, which we will call

THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

My name is Gibbs,—old Gibbs of Norwich. My good-nature has been my ruin. I never could refuse doing a service in my life; whatever I might lose out of my pockets, I never could find it in my heart. My mouth had an invincible repugnance to purse itself up into the circular form necessary to the communication of the monosyllable “No.” Whenever I took it in my head to shake it at a request, it was no great shakes; and my friends always found it difficult to construe anything I might decline. I am the man, as Pope says, to “explain the asking eye;” and from long experience, I can ascertain, at a glance, whether my friend wishes to possess himself of my watch, or my waistcoat—my purse or my pantaloons—my money or my life. What is the consequence? From a comparative state of splendor, as the newspapers call it, I am reduced to a positive state of starvation; and am, indeed, very much in the situation of the enthusiastic entomologist, who had been hunting butterflies so long, and to so little purpose, that he found himself at last without any *grub*.

My grandmother used to tell me that I would give away my head, or any of my more immediate personal property, if I were asked for it; and, upon my word, I believe I should do so. It was strange, at one time, to remark the manner in which I surrendered my goods to my acquaintance. My coat was torn from my shoulders—my cravat untwisted from my neck,—my shirt pulled from my back,—my stockings unrolled from my legs,—and my shoes snatched from my feet, in succession. It would make a man's hair stand on end, to observe an unprincipled father coolly divest me of my wig, while his unruly and impracticable brats were swinging to and fro for their diversion, suspended from my pig-tail! Nor was this all. My house, my furniture, my garden, my stables, and my pigsty, were put into requisition. Some kind ladies of my acquaintance were pleased to admire the elegance of my furniture: at a general meeting, one inveterate old cat took the chair, another sidled away with my sideboard, a third turned the tables, not upon me, but to her own use, while a fourth pounced upon my carpet and fire-irons. Did a friend wish a

prolonged equestrian excursion, he ransacked my stables without ceremony. Was his wife squeamish, my cabbages were decapitated, and they sequestered my sucking-pigs: my cows were drawn dry by other people's milk-maids, and the fruit of my orchard supplied bowel complaints for the whole parish.

My benevolent and amiable appearance has, I feel, been the chief cause of my deprivations. I look as though I could not say “Bo,” or rather “No,” to a goose, or any other species of wild-fowl; I am fair game for the base and unprincipled, and there is no help in me. I detected a little boy, the other day, with his hands in my coat-pocket. He was, it appears, by his own *ex parte* statement, merely warming his fingers. I gently rebuked the child for his imprudence, and dismissed him with a paternal pat on the head. The boy, it seems, was so affected by my kindness, that he made use of my pocket-handkerchief—to wipe his eyes with, no doubt—and forgot to return it to me.

But all is now at an end. I have no longer anything whereof I may be deprived: I am even out of bread, although it is made so cheap by machinery. I gaze before me and I see nothing; I look behind, nothing is there.

“Nought is everything, and everything is nought.”

My friends have deserted me, now that I have no more dinners to give, like swallows, when the summer is no more; and, thank God! they have taken their *swallows* with them.

Grieve must paint the scenery of my future prospects. I have no coat to my back, and that's the naked truth. I have not a chair to sit upon; what if I had? but no matter! Alas! I have given away *too much*! I have wasted everything!

I have at last, however, learned, “not well, but too wisely,” to take care of myself. They told me that I must know and obey the laws; and I have taught myself, after much difficulty, the first law of nature. I am now a man of uncertain property. My small remaining furniture may well be called “moveables.” I am never behind with them; though rent accrue, they are always in the *van*. Last night I flitted—I “revisited the glimpses of the moon”—and am now a *leftenant without pay*.

Experience the Test of Truth.

HUMAN EXPERIENCE, which is constantly contradicting theory, is the great test of truth. A system, built upon the discoveries of a great many minds, is always of more strength than what is produced by the mere workings of any one mind, which of itself can do little. One day's real experience is worth all the unconfirmed theories ever propounded.

A DAY OF SPRING.

WILD flowers! sweet friends of our youth
and age,
We come to your haunts again,
Eager as birds that have burst the cage,
Or steeds that have snapped their rein.
Fill your bright cups in the balmy air;
We have thirsted long for the draught they
bear.

We have languished all for the sunny day
That should call us back to the green-wood's
shade,
Our *dreams* have been of the songster's glade,
And starry showers of the fragrant May.
The fairy moth, and the dark wild bee,
Mingle together the gleaming wing;
And the squirrel skips from tree to tree;
And sunbeams dance in the pebbly spring.

Sweet are thy waters, O rippling pool!
There do the first green cresses grow,
And the Meadow-queen on thy margin cool
Sheddeth perfume from her tuft of snow:
And there, on the sedgy bank beneath,
Love's tender flower, with sorrowing eye,
Is telling still of her true knight's death,
Or looking above on her own blue sky.

Again in the mossy wood and glen
We track our steps by the feathery fern,
Startling awhile from her happy nest
The thrush or the gentle wren.
A graceful lesson of life we learn;
Happy and free our footsteps roam,
Seeking and finding the violet's home:
But like the loved of our early day,
Fairest and first, they have passed away.

Cuckoo—hark! 'tis the joyous sound!
Bird of promise, we hear thee nigh,
In the wood's green depths profound:
Oh, welcome, child of a sunny sky!
How could we trust capricious Spring,
Though her bright garlands floated free,
The flowering thorn, the balmy morn,
Or e'en the dusky swallow's wing?—
Loved stranger, no—we looked for THEE.

Welcome, with all things sweet and fair,
May's bright crown for beauty's brow,
Hope and health in the fresh pure air,
Blossom fruits for the orchard bough:
Say, have ye brought from the happy land
One charmed gift for a heart of care?
I know ye have; for, as flowers distilled,
My spirit with essence sweet is filled;
I look around, and I gaze on high;
My thoughts with a thrilling power expand—
I *feel* there is beauty and harmony.

Earnest, and faithful, and pardoning wrong,
Surely the heart, as an opening rose,
Touched by the season of bloom and song,
Sheddeth perfume as her leaves uncloze.
Loved ones of earth—may ye soar and bring
SUCH GIFTS TO HEAVEN IN YOUR DAYS OF
SPRING!

OUR NOTE BOOK.

PROTECTION TO NIGHTINGALES.—A curious order of the police exists at Berlin. With a view to prevent the diminution of nightingales in their natural state of liberty, it is decreed that every person in Prussia who keeps a nightingale in a cage, shall pay an annual tax of ten thalers (forty francs), and that any person putting a nightingale into a cage, without giving information to the police, shall be fined ninety thalers.

[We wish our English police were armed with similar power, and that the "fine" were fifty shillings for the first, and one hundred for each subsequent offence.]

THE WORLD BEYOND THE EYE.—Nature has made nothing in vain. Wherever she has prepared a habitation, she peoples it. She is never straitened for want of room. She has placed animals, furnished with fins, in a single drop of water, and in such multitudes, that Löwenhoek, the natural philosopher, reckoned up two thousand of them. Many others after him, and among the rest Robert Hook, have seen in one drop of water, as small as a grain of millet, some ten, others eighty, and some as far as forty-five thousand. Those who know not how far the patience and sagacity of an observer can go, might perhaps call in question the accuracy of these observations, if Lyonnet, who relates them in "Lesser's Theology of Insects," book ii., chap. 3, had not demonstrated the possibility of it, by a piece of mechanism abundantly simple. We are certain, at least, of the existence of those beings whose different figures have actually been drawn. Others are found, whose feet are armed with claws, on the body of the fly, and even on that of the flea. It is credible, then, from analogy, that there are animals feeding on the leaves of plants, like our cattle on our meadows, and on our mountains; which repose under the shade of a down imperceptible to the naked eye, and which from goblets formed like so many suns, quaff nectar, of the color of gold and silver. Each part of the flower must present to them a spectacle of which we can form no idea. The yellow *antheræ* of flowers, suspended by fillets of white, exhibit to their eyes double rafters of gold in equilibrio, on pillars fairer than ivory; the *corolla*, an arch of unbounded magnitude, embellished with the ruby and the topaz; rivers of nectar and honey; the other parts of the floweret, cups, urns, pavilions, domes, which the human architect and goldsmith have not yet learned to imitate.

DISTINCTIONS.—All our distinctions are accidental. Beauty and deformity, though personal qualities, deserve neither praise nor censure. Yet do they color our opinion of those qualities to which mankind have attached responsibility.

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AUTHOR OF THE FAMILIAR AND POPULAR ESSAYS ON "NATURAL HISTORY;" "BRITISH SONG BIRDS;" "BIRDS OF PASSAGE;" "INSTINCT AND REASON;"
"THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS," &c.

"THE OBJECT OF OUR WORK IS TO MAKE MEN WISER, WITHOUT OBLIGING THEM TO TURN OVER FOLIOS AND QUARTOS.—TO FURNISH MATTER FOR THINKING AS WELL AS READING."—EVELYN.

No. 19.—1852.

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CANARIES BREEDING IN THE OPEN AIR.

A REMINISCENCE OF WELLING, KENT.

Such were the days—the season was the same,
When first arose this world's all beauteous frame;
The sky was cloudless, balmy was the air,
And SPRING's mild influence made ALL NATURE fair.

MANY OF OUR READERS who have heard of, but who have not seen our First Article on this interesting subject (published in 1851, but now quite out of print), have earnestly requested us to let it appear in our JOURNAL, *before* we again visit WELLING for the purpose of reporting on what is going forward at the present season. There can be no possible objection to this,—indeed the suggestion is a good one, for our *second* visit is already over-due. The substance of the article referred to (we have slightly abridged it), is as follows:—

It appears that our Familiar and Popular Treatises on Song Birds generally, and the Canary-finch in particular, have excited no little attention, both far and near,—causing those who have never yet kept these birds to commence doing so; and those who have already kept them, to increase their stock, and study still further the peculiarities of the race. This is well; it is indeed a result which we have labored kindly to see effected.

Among other places where our fame has extended, is that sweet, lovely, picturesque spot—Welling, in Kent, situate some dozen miles from our Modern Babylon. Here lives, in delightful seclusion, Henry Wollaston, Esq., a most remarkable gentleman amateur in the matter of canaries, rearing them in a manner which, when explained, will be indeed thought worthy to be called "remarkable."

A friend of Mr. Wollaston, residing also in the village of Welling, and a subscriber to the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, recently asked the last-named gentleman if he ever perused that Paper? and at the same time, being answered in the negative, directed his attention to the papers contained therein, from our pen, on the "Canary." These, it seems, so played

upon the fancy of Mr. Wollaston, that a most kind and special "invite" to our Royal person was the immediate consequence. The delicacy of the invitation was worthy of the giver of it; for the "pleasure" asked of a visit from us ought to have been rendered *vice versâ*. Indeed, we left Welling surprised, amazed, and exceedingly delighted.

It would occupy too much space were we to detail our journey; and say how, on one truly lovely morning we went down to Abbey Wood,—the rail conveying us swiftly and pleasingly away from the murky, filthy city of London, and depositing us safely at our first place of destination. Nor need we do more than glance at the happy repose and universal rejoicing of all nature, as the omnibus, which met the train, travelled leisurely onwards towards Welling, through the prettiest of pretty scenery—wood, landscape, and dell—a succession of interesting objects meeting the eye at every turn. These "summer feelings, we all know, are indescribable: they rejoice the heart; they refresh the spirit.

After travelling some two miles, we descended near the turnpike-gate,—the side road from which to the left leads to Bexley and Footscray. We then took the main road to the right, and found ourselves speedily at the entrance of the village of Welling. Our escort all the way thither was by nightingales, blackcaps, robins, skylarks, whitethroats, and pettychaps. Here we were met, *vis-à-vis*, by the founder of the feast*—the owner of the mansion—who, asking our name, or indeed pronouncing it for us (for our face "looked" it), at once conducted us with the blindest of smiles and unmistakeable cordiality, to his fairy seat.

We have been thus minute in our description, for two reasons. One is, that the imagi-

* A "feast" indeed it might be called! "A feast of reason and a flow of soul;" for there were, in addition to the very kind host and hostess, two fair visitors present at the festive board, from whose agreeable society (never since forgotten) we were *indeed* loth to tear ourselves when the hour for separation had arrived.

nation of our readers may be directed to the BEAUTY of the spot where Canaries breed *in the open air, and in a state of perfect freedom*; the other is, with a view to indicate the precise *locus-in-quo* of Mr. Wollaston's picturesque abode, should any visitor, curious as ourselves, ask permission of that gentleman to take a peep at his little world of living wonders.

On entering Mr. Wollaston's mansion, we were struck by the extensive and charming view from the window. Seated, or rather embosomed in its own grounds, from the windows downwards there is a verdant lawn, extending, by a gradual slope, as far as to the very margin of a large open park—there being no single interruption to an almost unbounded prospect. Immediately contiguous to the dwelling-house is an ample shrubbery, beautifully laid out on every side, and comprising dwarf and tall trees of all kinds. To the left, immediately beyond the flower-garden, and in a shady corner, is a sheet of water; the trees overhanging which, cause the whole to have a very picturesque effect. Let us add, briefly, that this romantic spot is "peopled" by Canaries of all hues, flying about in the full enjoyment of uncontrolled liberty; building their nests in every imaginable enticing spot, and feeding their young ones immediately under your eye—using indeed all the familiarity of welcome guests, which they really are. To give any adequate idea of the effect produced by this pretty, this unusual sight, were impossible. The forms of the birds, their square and forked tails, peculiarity of flight, and other hitherto unrecognised habits, were alike striking; indeed the scene altogether is far beyond the power of our pen to describe. Nor are the garden, park, and shrubberies tenanted by Canaries only. There are, in addition, the usual number of nightingales, blackbirds, thrushes, robins, and other tribes—all domesticated here. Such a union of happy voices was scarcely ever before listened to.

The musical powers of the Canary, heard in an open field, park, wood, or garden, are as novel as they are beautiful. When thus free, this bird is heard to perfection; for he, like every other bird in confinement, feels under some degree of restraint, and, when in a cage, sings as much from habit as from any other motive. Not so when at liberty.

During our stay, we examined everything. We pryed into all the nests, and counted the eggs. We also took a peep at the young callow nestlings in the trees: some of them only recently clad with the shell of the egg. Then we whistled to the sitting mothers and industrious papas—the latter busily engaged in search of food for their offspring. This, and all other convenient luxuries, are placed in a large cage at the lower end of the lawn, with a private door of entrance and exit,

made so as to open or close at a minute's notice. This is an admirable contrivance.

In the greenhouse (on one side of the dwelling-house) a large, deep, and comparatively-narrow cage, fitted up with perches, &c., is erected close to the side window. At the top, outside, is a small opening, like the entrance to a bee-hive, but of course larger. Immediately opposite, and parallel with this, the branch or stem of a tree has been trained from the wall. This acts as a perch. The roaming birds, when they wish to enter, alight here, and go in and out *ad libitum*. It was built for their use in case of any sudden inclement weather coming on; and is now and then used by the birds as a temporary resort under such circumstances. Young and tender nestlings or invalids, too, find this a convenient domicile; their parents coming in to and tending them with all the affection so peculiarly their own.

Let us here remark, that Mr. Wollaston is a man of method withal. His birds respectively represent the alphabet. Thus we have Mr. and Mrs. A., Mr. and Mrs. B., &c. &c. We also find a note in the "Book of Family Annals," signifying that Mr. A. was bred in a Magnolia; Mrs. B. in a Larch; Miss D. in a Wistaria; and Master F. in the lofty Plum-tree, &c. We observed, too, entered carefully in the same note-book, ages, birthdays, and a host of other memorable days in the calendar.

Then we have stratagems and plans innumerable for the capture of any bird at will. He enters. His departure is prevented by an invisible string, closing his place of entrance! A long wand, mysteriously and suddenly introduced, causes him to escape from the top of the large cage into a narrow store-cage, annexed; beyond which, is yet *another* store-cage—all communicating. The doors are then magically closed. Unseen pulleys let the cages descend; and thus, what would occupy a novice a whole week, is here prettily accomplished in two short minutes.

This, and very much more; which space forbids us to enter upon. The object of this Article is to show, that as Mr. Wollaston has for three whole years kept Canaries constantly in his garden and shrubberies, there can be no practical difficulty in our doing the same thing. These birds are now quite "hardy," and might easily be trained to live anywhere. As to their beauty, when trotting along upon the grass, or flitting across the lawn, or mounting upwards to a tree,—the sight is charming beyond all conception.

The above refers to the season of 1851. Subsequently to our visit, as reported above, the birds continued to breed freely; and when we again saw the shrubberies (about the close of autumn) we found at least a dozen nests remaining in the trees.

BIRDS OF SONG.

Give me but
 Something whereunto I may bind my heart,
 Something to LOVE, to rest upon,—to clasp
 AFFECTION'S tendrils round.—MRS. HEMANS.

No. IX.—CAGE BIRDS.—THE CANARY.

NEVER PUT UP A PAIR of turned-crown, or tufted birds, to breed from. The offspring of such a pair would most probably be born bald; or, at all events, partially so; besides being in other respects deformed.

Also, be careful *never* to buy your birds of men and boys in the streets. We will tell you why. These individuals—a large number—are *one and all* in the pay of the London bird-dealers, who sell them, for a *bagatelle*, their refuse stock. *They never, by any chance*, are possessed of a bird of the slightest value; the whole lot consisting of old hens, and other unsaleable fry. A song bird they know nothing about; they never, in the whole course of their lives, had in their possession such a rarity. If our readers be wise, they will treasure up this knowledge. We vouch for the truth of our remark.

Another caution we must here put forth. The London bird-dealers are aware that the public have a morbid fancy for what are called "German canaries." These latter, be it known, are imported in very small wicker cribs, allowing the birds scarce space sufficient to turn round. They are then permitted to see each other in every direction. The excitement produced thereby, naturally makes them, *for a season*, stout in song. The German canaries—the *real* ones—being expensive, loads of these "German" wicker cribs, like loads of our "fine crusted Old Port," are "manufactured" here—in London! Norwich and Yorkshire canaries are then put into them; and when labelled "German canaries in full song, just imported," John Bull, 'hearing them sing,' swallows the bait, buys them, and *innocently believes them*—GERMAN! There are, be it observed, *very few* London dealers in first-rate German canaries; and to deal with *these*, you had indeed need to "rise early!" 'Cavendo tutus' must be your watchword, the moment you enter *their* doors!

All birds of a uniform color, when paired together, produce their exact counterpart. In order however to secure an infinite variety of colors, to which, in the canary, there can be no objection—if a male grey be united to a mealy hen, or *vice versâ*, the issue will be more handsomely marked than their parents. By carrying out this principle, which we cordially recommend to all who can give their time to it, results may be produced of a truly interesting character. Birds of every shade, and every tint, may be

reared; in fact, such combinations are inexhaustible.

The *lizard* canary is a beautifully-marked bird, and forms a striking variety amongst others. It resembles the fancy birds, inasmuch as it has a clean yellow cap, with the back and breast richly spangled with black and green. It is called "lizard," from its closely resembling the color, and having the marks of that reptile. They may be reared from a pair of very strong fancy birds, put up in a breeding cage.

We will now proceed to the subject of "breeding" canaries; and speak first of those bred in a *Room*; the treatment of these and those bred in a *Cage* will be found somewhat different.

As it would hardly be worth while to rear canaries a pair or two at a time, it will be desirable to select a good-sized room, as nearly square as possible. In fitting it up, many hints may be taken from our earlier directions for the arrangement of an aviary.*

It is indispensable that the aspect be suitable, and that the morning sun be freely admitted through the windows. This is a comfort which canaries, in particular, highly prize. It keeps them lively, cheerful, and in good health. The windows should be made to open, so as to admit the air, and keep the apartment sweet. To prevent the birds escaping, galvanised wire-work, closely meshed, should be fastened over each window. Let the floor be kept thoroughly clean, and nicely gravelled. This is at all times desirable; but in a breeding room it is more particularly so—for many obvious reasons.

In arranging your nest-boxes, which should be of mahogany, place them—some moderately low, and others in a more elevated position. Many birds are shy and cautious when building, and like to be free from observation. Those which are more familiar prefer making their nest nearer the centre of the wall.

The materials for building, or "nest-bags," are sold by the dealers; but they are not fit for use until they have been thoroughly scalded in clean, boiling water. Previously to their being submitted to this operation, they should be well shaken, to rid them of dry dust and dirt. The main object of the boiling water is, to destroy the hosts of vermin which inhabit these nest-bags, as if by a prescriptive right. No other process will annihilate them. As birds, like the human race, are subject to occasional vagaries, whims, and fancies, let the number of your nest-boxes be just double the number of your birds; and place them in all corners of the room, so

* These articles on the "Aviary," &c., will be re-printed in due course.—ED. K. J.

as to afford a "choice." Some like a dark situation; others, one opposite to the light.

Instead of giving your birds "hoppers," or seed-boxes, on the wall, use those which in form resemble an inverted Lucca-oil bottle. The mouth is turned downwards, the shoulder resting on a green earthenware cylindrical stand, about 4 inches deep, with holes in the sides to admit the birds' heads. This arrangement confines the seed in a small compass; and as it is consumed, more descends to supply its place. Birds, when breeding, are dainty, and are apt to waste a great deal of their food. This is a kind of check upon such wanton extravagance.

The apartment should contain at least two windows, so as to admit plenty of light and air—those essentials to health. A tree, also, or even two trees, one at either end of the room, would be most acceptable. When the birds build in the trees, however, you must see that the nests are firmly and securely constructed, or the young will be liable to fall out. 'Tis a pretty sight to see eight or ten pairs of gay-colored birds busily occupied in rearing their tender offspring! Their anxiety, affection, forbearance, and patience, teach us, moreover, a great moral lesson, well worth the learning.

(To be Continued.)

POPULAR DISCUSSIONS.*

No. I.—THE SALMON.

To the Editor,—Sir, not long since, I directed public attention through the columns of the Newspapers, to the existing laws regarding Salmon.

I have been disappointed that no one has responded to these remarks, particularly those on the desirableness of *some changes in the laws* respecting them. I had hoped that the subject was of such importance and of so much interest, that some abler pen than my own would have been enlisted in the cause—if my opinions were mistaken ones, that they would have been confuted—if correct, that an obscure individual would have been assisted in his attempt to call the attention of the public to the defects and anomalies of the law on the subject. Is the matter deserving no attention from the gentlemen of this country? are they so apathetic that

they will stand calmly by until this monarch of the stream has become extinct; until Irish salmon—like Irish elks—are no more seen in the flesh, and only serve to furnish discussion for antiquarian instead of civic meetings?

Since my former letter, I have seen an article on the salmon and sea fisheries of Ireland, in the "Dublin University Magazine," the writer of which proposes various remedies for what he admits to be an alarming evil—one which he thinks threatens the total destruction of the breed of salmon; but his remedies, in my opinion, do not go to the root of the matter. I will touch on them as I go on, and give reasons why I think they would prove insufficient; in the hope that some one whose name and influence will insure him a favorable hearing, may be induced to take up the matter.

The writer in the "Dublin University Magazine" seems to think, that one great cause why the salmon are growing so scarce is the legalising of stake-nets. He admits that the fish which are caught in these nets are in the highest condition, but he thinks that too large a proportion of the whole breed is caught in this way. Perhaps there may be some truth in this, if he means to say that the stake-nets get more than their share; but it seems a pity that, if the fish are to be caught, they should not be taken in the best condition. I have never seen a stake-net, but I do not understand that by them the fish are prevented from ascending the rivers, if they wish to do so; and a great many of those so caught might never be caught at all, except by grampuses and seals; besides, if the spawning fish were efficiently protected, there would be plenty of salmon for everybody.

Some years ago, I had a large female salmon brought to me full of roe, and I had the curiosity to ascertain how many ova there were in the ovaria: I therefore carefully freed them from the membranes in which they were wrapped up, and then weighed them; they weighed 5lb. I found that 50 of these ova weighed 70 grains; consequently, 5000 weighed 7000 grains = 1lb. avoirdupois, and 5lb. avoirdupois = 25,000 ova. Now, if we allow that trouts and bullheads, loaches and aquatic insects and larvæ, as well as other enemies of which we know nothing, destroy on the average 99 in every 100, we should still have 250 salmon produced from one fish, and if 100 salmon spawned in a river, this would give a progeny of 25,000 salmon—an ample stock for a middle-sized stream. It is true, the fish I have been speaking of was a large one; but we can afford to reduce them by one-half, and still have something to look at.

* Under this head, we INVITE Contributions similar to the present. The advent of our JOURNAL is, we know, hailed with delight by many who take an intense interest in matters of the kind; and it finds its way into so very many channels at home and abroad, that the Discussions likely to take place give promise of much profitable as well as instructive entertainment. Our columns are open to debate; but conciseness is recommended on all occasions.—ED. K. J.

It may be said that estimates like the above are too loose to be of any value, and of course I can say nothing of the destruction of salmon in the sea; but, judging from what I can learn of the number of salmon spawning in the upper streams of the Ribble, and of the quantity of smelts, &c., which make their appearance in the pools of the river in drougthy May, I think that a considerably larger proportion than one in 100 goes down to the sea as salmon fry.

I have spoken above of the abundance of salmon, provided the fish could be efficiently protected whilst spawning; but this is more easily said than done. In a paragraph I saw a few days ago, copied from the *Scotsman*, it was stated that the destruction of salmon in the Tweed, in the neighborhood of Peebles, was going on to an extent that threatened to annihilate the breed; that large bands of men were out every night, in defiance of watchers and water-bailiffs, and that the threats and intimidation resorted to by these black fishers (poachers) had produced such an effect that the gentlemen in the neighborhood refused to give the bailiffs any assistance, and that a nobleman had even warned them off his land. This bodes no good to the breed of salmon, but I will repeat a question which I have asked before—How can the proprietors of the fisheries expect that the heritors and tenants in the upper waters of the Tweed, and its tributaries, will lend any cordial assistance in protecting the spawning fish, when they are seldom allowed* to see them when in season? Are they to furnish gamekeepers and helpers, at great expense and personal risk, for the sake of improving the revenues of the owners of the fisheries at the mouth of the river, or their tacksmen? These latter may expect that this will be done: but, in my opinion, it is absurd to think so. What is the inducement? Certainly not the profit, for they are expected (at least in this neighborhood), to take all the trouble and be at all the expense of protection, and receive no return for it! It is not the pleasure, for they are annoyed by threats and injuries to deter them from interfering with the poachers; it may be the honor! the honor which Mr. A. B., at Peebles, or Mr. C. D., at Whitewell, or Mr. E. F., in the Welsh mountains, or Mr. T. G., at Clitheroe, will derive from protecting the salmon whilst spawning in the Tweed, the Hodder, the Severn, or the Ribble, that the owners of the fisheries at the mouths of these rivers

* The law at present, according to an apt quotation I have just met with on the subject makes the upper heritors a sort of clucking hens, to hatch the fish that the people below them are to catch and eat.

(except the Hodder), may let them at an increased rent. I repeat, as earnestly as I know how, that until the upper proprietors have an interest in the preservation of the fish, it will be unreasonable to expect that they should take great pains to preserve them.

Now the only way to give them an interest in the preservation of the fish, is to allow them to have some when they are worth catching; and this can only be accomplished by a change of the law. It is not probable that the owners of fisheries will voluntarily abandon their rights of fishing night and day for the sake of the future improvement of the fishery. The right to fish through the night, ought to be abolished; and the fish ought to have a free run from six o'clock at night to six o'clock in the morning. The fisheries at the mouths of rivers would derive more benefit from this than any other parties; for if the quantity of salmon increased, they would have the first chance of catching them; and that this increase would take place is probable, because it would then be *the interest* of all the upper proprietors to protect them. All this I have said before, but I think the matter is sufficiently important to deserve a repetition; certain I am, that a continuance of the present apathy on the subject, will insure the destruction of the fish at least in this neighborhood.—T. G., *Clitheroe*, April 26.

(To be Continued.)

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

"He who opposes his own judgment against the consent of the times, ought to be backed with UNANSWERABLE TRUTHS; and he who has TRUTH on his side is a fool, as well as a Coward, if he is afraid to own it because of the currency or multitude of OTHER MEN'S OPINIONS."—
DEFOE.

No. IX.—THE LIFE OF DR. GALL.

TO THAT other form of human intelligence, viz. the *metaphysical*, Gall was strongly opposed, when it soars into the spiritual world, and pushes its inquiries into general principles and general truths, slighting, however, the material world and the relations of cause and effect. This way of thinking, and directing one's efforts in the search after truth, was none of his; he was for the positive, not the abstract.

Another remarkable manifestation of mind, *Wit*, which gives a kind of relief to its possessor, Gall was endowed with in no small degree. Although he never engaged in the polemics of the Journals, yet in his works he replied to his opponents with a keenness of satire truly astonishing. To be convinced of this, one has only to read the sixth volume of his work. Observe his piquant observations on the Editors of the *Dictionary of Medical Sciences*, in answer to the wish expressed by them, that somebody would, at last, devote himself to the physiology of the brain. He exclaims,—“Behold, an instance of lethargy, in MM. Fournier and Begin, which

has lasted from the time of my arrival in Paris, 1807, to the year 1819!"

While pointing out the piracies many *savans* had made upon his works, he reasons with them in the following style: "When nations are at war, pillage becomes a right. Now, *savans* who are engaged in making discoveries, are constantly at war with one another; therefore they are allowed to pillage; therefore the little malice of M. Boisseau is eminently rational."

The result of another manifestation of the intellect, is the *poetical* talent. This is not enough to make one a poet (in the ordinary acceptation of the word); for versification depends upon another faculty. Gall could never make verses. He even detested poetry, because he had no ear for harmony; but he possessed, in a high degree, the poetical power of invention.

A fundamental quality inherent in our nature, and which constitutes the strongest bond of our species, is the sentiment of *Benevolence, Compassion, Moral Sense*. Gall was exceedingly benevolent; he succored the unfortunate, and procured them the assistance of his rich patients; he encouraged talents, and rendered them all the aid in his power. If a kind of abruptness, or, more properly speaking, nonchalance, was sometimes observed in his manners, all thought of it was effaced by his benevolence. In his conversation, he was not too careful to observe those conventional forms and verbal disguises, which civilisation has introduced to cover, as with a fine mantle, the bad dispositions of the soul; but the more intimately he was known, the more he was loved.

The faculty of *Imitation*, that which makes the actor and mimic, and is also of great use to the orator, inasmuch as it excites him to express by external signs what is passing within, existed in a very high degree in Gall. We had but imperfect means of judging of him as an orator in his public lectures, where, however, notwithstanding the disadvantage of speaking in a foreign tongue, he left a deep impression on the minds of his hearers.

Let us now see what were Gall's opinions respecting God and religion. "Everywhere," he says, "and in all times, man, pressed by the feeling of dependence, by which he is completely surrounded, is forced to recognise at every instant, the limits of his power, and avow to himself that his fate is in the hands of a superior power. Hence, the unanimous consent of all people to adore a Supreme Being; hence, the ever-felt necessity of recurring to him, of honoring him, and rendering homage to his superiority." Thus Gall recognised God as a philosopher should do. He was indignant only against the abuses that men practised upon the credulity of the people; against those who make of religion a refinement of power, of ignorance, of slavery and corruption. He was indignant against the persecutions which sectarians, of different faiths, carry on against their fellow-men in the name of God and religion. He was indignant against all these abuses, because he loved the human race and desired its happiness.

It was to his *firmness* that Gall owes the success of his researches. Without this constancy, or rather obstinacy with which he pursued

the same ideas, the same observations, and the same researches, it would have been impossible for him to carry his new science to the point where he left it.

In 1831, a Phrenological Society was formed in Paris. "Actuated by the wish," as stated in its Constitution, "to perform worthily the task bequeathed by Gall to his adopted country, the Phrenological Society calls upon all the friends of science and humanity to communicate the results of their observations, and lend their aid by all the means in their power." It is only astonishing that France so long delayed to profit by the labors of Gall, and to advance the impulse which he first communicated, while already, and for a long time past, in England, in Scotland, in Ireland, in the United States, in India, and even in Italy,—that land of despotism, religious and political, Phrenology has been cultivated with the greatest ardor and the most encouraging success.

The object of this society, as stated in its own prospectus, is to propagate and improve the doctrines of Phrenology. The society publishes a journal, "offers prizes, and bestows medals of encouragement."

"The society has a council of management, composed as follows: a cabinet council; a committee for editing the journal; a committee of funds."

"The cabinet council consists of a president, two vice-presidents, a general secretary, two secretaries for the minutes (*procès verbaux*), a treasurer, and a keeper of the museum (*materiel*) of the society."

"On the 22nd of August, every year, the anniversary of the death of Gall, the society holds a general public meeting, in which the general secretary gives an account of the labors of the society, reads notices of the members it has lost, and proclaims the names of those whom it has honored, announcing the prizes which it proposes to bestow."

"The society has tickets of presence, bearing the portrait of Gall; and on the reverse, the title and year of the foundation of the society, with this motto—*Aux Progrès des Lumières*."

"The journal is published monthly. Its contents are to be, 1. An analysis of the proceedings of the meetings; 2. Memoirs and other papers which the society shall resolve to publish; 3. Articles sent for the journal; 4. A bibliographical bulletin. *M. Dannecy* was elected president, and *Casimir Broussais*, general secretary."

The Paris society, within the first year of its existence, consisted of one hundred and ten members, sixty of whom were physicians. Its members are of the highest respectability in Medicine, Philosophy, and Law, with some of both Chambers of the Legislature. We make reference to this society, because its members have particularly honored Gall in their constitution and proceedings.

It would be interesting to notice in this place the various societies and the progress of Phrenology, throughout the civilised world; but we should exceed our present limits and design. That Phrenological Societies exist in most of the civilised nations, and are actively engaged in promoting the science originated by Gall, is an

interesting fact—and it should lead those who speak lightly of Phrenology, to reconsider their assertions; and to adopt a course of conduct more in accordance with modesty and justice.

The history of science, like the political history of nations, exhibits to us, at longer or shorter intervals of time, men of a superior order, who conceive a great idea, develop it largely, apply it boldly, and who leave behind them an indelible impression.

Such a man was Gall. That great discoverer is no more; but his genius survives in the science which he has created. We owe it to him, that henceforward we shall study the intellect and passions of man, the intelligence and instincts of animals, not entrained in our views by blind superstitions, and metaphysical subtleties and prepossessions, but guided by the light of reason, and bound by no rule but the induction of pure philosophy. In the system of Dr. Gall, we find organic and physiological facts, which, for the first time, enable the naturalist to draw the line of distinction between man and the lower animals, and by which man is demonstrated to be immeasurably the superior of the whole animated creation. Let us for a moment look back on the previous state of our knowledge of human nature.

The abstract study of man, as pursued by the ancients, has been the source of the most inexplicable contradictions, and pernicious consequences to the human race. That abstract philosophy, which, originating in the East, obtained so great a reputation in Greece, and was supported by so much zeal in the new capital of Egypt, abounded with lofty conceptions, and with the sublime creations of a poetical fancy. But to what did it lead? The unhappy fruits of its popularity were the most intolerant dogmatism and desolating scepticism; while the system was rendered imposing, only by a cloak of mysterious importance thrown over it by the mad enthusiasm of its professors.

It is difficult now to conceive, how, during the lapse of so many ages, so many attempts should have been made to arrive at a correct theory of the human mind, without the idea having ever occurred to any one of the celebrated philosophers of past times, to take the *brain* as the groundwork of their labors; that organ whose functions they were engaged in studying, but whose connection with those functions they never recognised. It is indeed true, that some of them took notice of the wonderful structure of the cerebral mass, and even undertook the dissection of the brain, to which they professed to attach a high degree of importance; but their labors were nearly fruitless, for to them the brain appeared but a single homogeneous mass, undivided into separate organs. "What is the use of observation," said Bichat, "if we know not the seat of the disease?" What in the same way could be the value of observations made by men, who not only were ignorant of the seat of the different faculties, but to whom the idea had not even occurred as possible, that each of those faculties might depend for its manifestation on a particular portion of the cerebral substance? Thus did these great anatomists make no real progress in the study of the human intellect and passions.

Succeeding ages were not more successful in founding a system which should substitute close observation of facts for mere arbitrary hypothesis.

[The intense interest excited in the Public mind by the introduction of these articles, is very pleasing to us; inasmuch as it proves that there is a great thirst after a knowledge of Truth. A few evenings since, at a *Soirée* given by John AMOR, Esq., of New Bond Street, which was numerously attended, there were many new converts made to the science of Phrenology. A lady present, Mrs. Gerald MASSEY, who had never before seen us, described with the nicest discrimination, on passing her hands over our head, every leading feature in our character,—individualising many of our "little amiable weaknesses" with the most wickedly-provoking accuracy. This lady (her age not exceeding twenty years!) possessed also the gift of "thought reading;" and she revealed to us with great courtesy some of the most marvellous phenomena connected with the human brain (her own in particular) that were perhaps ever witnessed. The residence of Mrs. MASSEY, should any of our readers be desirous of testing her singular "gift," is 75, Great Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. It is of course needful that the card of any intending visitor should be forwarded previous to an interview being granted.—ED. K. J.]

Waste of Life.

THERE is the very best ground for believing that the lives annually sacrificed by a neglect of sanatory measures do not fall short of the appalling number of 35,000 in England and Wales, and 60,000 in the United Kingdom. But such a waste of life pre-supposes a proportionate waste of health—a proportionate amount of unnecessary sickness. It is not easy to ascertain the exact relation which the one bears to the other; but if we take the estimate of Dr. Lyon Playfair, that for every unnecessary death there are twenty-eight cases of unnecessary sickness, there will be every year in England and Wales one million of cases, and in the United Kingdom one and three-quarter million of cases of unnecessary sickness. If you find it difficult to realise so enormous a waste of health and life, you have only to imagine a town of 35,000 or 60,000 inhabitants swept away every year from the face of the earth, over and above those who would die in the course of nature, if sanatory measures were in universal operation. To form a vivid idea of the amount of unnecessary sickness in the United Kingdom, you must imagine that in a city the size of this metropolis, every man, woman, and child which it contains, is the subject of one attack of sickness every year over and above the sickness which would occur in the course of nature under a wise system of preventive measures.

SCANDAL.—Of *all* our aversions, SCANDAL is the chief. So will it ever be of all those who patronise "KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL:—"

Believe not each aspersing word,
As most weak persons do;
But still believe that story false
Which *ought not* to be true.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. S.—You can obtain the rabbits you speak of, at Leadenhall Market.

A PHRENOLOGICAL READER.—We esteem your kind favor, and quite agree with you in your remarks on the "noble science." You offer to substantiate "the fact" of the bullfinch and canary having young, and rearing them. If you *can* do so, send authenticated particulars, and we will publish them. We are still very sceptical on the matter.

Jane W.—Thanks.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any "facts" connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them; our time being overwhelmingly occupied with PUBLIC duties.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, May 8, 1852.

LATE THOUGH THE SPRING be, yet are we well rewarded for our patience in waiting for it. Every successive day adds to our wonder, our admiration, and our enjoyment. No plea have we now for being found within doors!

Our occupation henceforward will be to watch the hand of Nature in her various operations. The business of creation is resumed. The vital spark is rekindled in dormant existences. All things give evidence that they "live, move, and have their being" from the benignant hand of an all-wise God. What a theme to descant upon! What a delight to witness!

The earth has now put on her Spring livery, and awaits the bidding of her Lord. The air breathes gently on our cheek, and conducts to our ear the warblings of the birds; also to our senses the odors of newborn herbs and flowers. The great eye of the world "sees and shines" with bright and gladdening glances. The waters teem with life; and Man himself feels the re-vivifying and all-pervading influence.

How have we prayed for refreshing showers, to assist in the development of all our heart holds dear!—for we must ever confess that the alternating varieties of gentle rain and exhilarating sunshine greatly enhance the beauties of May. They tend to perfect the budding leaves, tender grass, and elegant blossoms; and thus complete the landscape of Nature.

The very *thought* of a Spring shower induces to a poetical feeling:—

Away to that snug nook; for the thick shower
Rushes on stridingly. Ay,—*now* it comes!
Glancing about the leaves with its first dips,
Like snatches of faint music. Joyous thrush!
It mingles with thy song, and beats soft time
To thy bubbling shrillness. Now it louder falls,
Pattering, like the far voice of leaping rills;
And now it breaks upon the shrinking clumps
With a crash of many sounds—the thrush is
still.

There are sweet scents about us: the violet
rises

On that green bank; the primrose sparkles
there;

The Earth is grateful to the teeming clouds,
And yields a sudden freshness to their kisses.
But now the shower slopes to the warm west,
Leaving a dewy track; and see! the big drops,
Like falling pearls, glisten in the sunny mist.
The air is clear again, and the far woods
Shine out in their early green. Let's onward
then,

For the first blossoms peep about our path;
The lambs are nibbling the short dripping
grass,

And the birds are on the bushes.

The very thought of birds,—listening as we do now, daily, to the voices of nightingales, blackcaps, and our summer warblers,—would lead us on beyond all due bounds in our remarks. We therefore prudently leave our readers to enjoy the reality of what we could, after all, but faintly depict on Paper. We will however bring under their notice, whilst rambling through the fields and listening to the feathered choir, the sweet verses of James Montgomery. All who *have* feeling, must appreciate their beauty:—

"Who could hear such concert, and not join
in chorus?

Not I,—sometimes entranced I seemed to float
Upon a buoyant sea of sounds: again,
With curious ear, I tried to disentangle
The maze of voices; and with eye as nice,
To single out each minstrel, and pursue
His little song through all its labyrinth,
Till my soul entered into him, and felt
Every vibration of his thrilling throat,
Pulse of his heart, and flutter of his pinions."

All who can enjoy Nature after this fashion, will find in us a kindred spirit. We never wander abroad without cultivating such feelings to their fullest extent. We are indeed one of "the *field-naturalists*," against whom the *Literary Gazette* people and the *Book Naturalists* wage such an eternal war.—An honorable distinction for us, say we.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Hints to young Beginners on Rearing Young Birds.—Mr. Editor, As I have not the least doubt that the perusal of your excellent JOURNAL will excite in many the desire to rear canaries for themselves, I should like to give beginners the benefit of my experience in that line; for although far from being extensive, it may yet

prove useful. Last season was my first attempt to rear canaries, and having determined to try it on a somewhat extensive scale, I procured some half dozen hens from bird-dealers here, all of which, with one exception, were birds of a year old only. About this time last year, they were "put up;" three with canaries, one with a linnet, one with a goldfinch, and the last with a siskin. The siskin was two years old. In due course they made their nests, laid their eggs, and sat most faithfully; but when the young appeared, it never seemed to strike the mothers that food was necessary to the welfare of their offspring, as they never (with the exception of the two-year old hen) gave them a morsel of food from the time of their birth! The consequence was, that in twenty-four hours the young had, for the greater part, departed this life. As for the cock birds, *they* took no notice whatever of the young. The deaths during the season amounted to at least twenty-four. The two-year old hen mated with the siskin, had imperfect eggs at her first sitting. At her second sitting she brought out four young; two of which died after coming to maturity. I then took out the siskin, and put in a canary. The latter again sat, and brought out three young; only one of which arrived at maturity. I may here say, that I was not successful in getting young from the linnet or goldfinch. Their wives were, however, in the course of the season, mated with canaries, and brought out young,—but only to die as above stated. The purpose of this communication is, to uphold your advice not to attempt breeding *with young birds*, the result being so very uncertain and unsatisfactory.—J. C., *Glasgow*.

Gratitude and Confidence in a Skylark, rescued from a Hawk.—One of my little boys whilst taking a walk on the sea-shore, observed a lark closely pursued by a hawk. From a feeling of compassion, the boy threw his cap at the hawk, and strove hard, by shouting, to rescue his poor prisoner. He was successful; for the hawk dropping his prey, rose on the wing, and reluctantly disappeared. The lark instinctively recognised his little protector; and as it lay on the ground at his feet, permitted itself to be taken up. It was then carried home; and in a few minutes it commenced eating heartily. Moreover, it took to a cage as naturally as if it had been used to it all its life. This very bird is now one of my best songsters.—F.

[This pleasing little anecdote has been kindly furnished to us by Lady F., who so graphically described the peculiarities of the Rock-Thrush, at page 266 of our JOURNAL.]

How to attract Moths and Butterflies.—Some time since, a Correspondent, C. M., inquired of you,—how he could readily attract Moths and Butterflies? I send you, for his information, a recipe much used in the Northern parts of England, and also in Scotland. To one gill of hard ale, add a quarter of a pound of coarse sugar and a teaspoonful of strong rum. Let these simmer together, and the "charm" is complete. This preparation should be rubbed on trees skirting the outside of a wood, and if possible near a meadow. The wind blowing from the

wood, would then convey the smell to the moths, in the meadow or grass field. Many dozens may be thus collected on a summer's evening. They become intoxicated, and can be removed from the tree when in this state with the greatest ease.—W. H. F.

[This also comes to us through the same kind channel as the preceding,—Sir William Henry F. having obligingly noted down for us the results of his own personal observation.]

Nightingales in Moscow.—I have just seen a paragraph in the newspapers, in which it is stated that in Moscow the nightingales sing in every respect as beautifully in cages as in their native woods. In the bird shops, it is said, they are heard warbling with all the fulness and variety of tone which characterise the nightingale in its natural state. By rattling beads upon their tables of tangible arithmetic, the Russians, it is added, can make these birds sing at pleasure during the day; but in the night they make the streets of the city resound with the melodies of the forest. Do you believe this to be true? If so, Moscow, at the nightingale season, must be a delightful place indeed!—L. B. M., *St. Leonard's*.

[Whether the above be true or not, we cannot say as regards Moscow—it is quite true as regards Paris. A year or two since we revelled in such delights, although cholera was mowing down at the very same time thousands of Frenchmen per day. Nightingales were seen suspended in cages all over the city; and were singing as well and as sweetly by day as by night. The greater the noise in the streets, the louder and more tenderly-expressive was Philomel. The climate is the cause of this, most undoubtedly. As for the nightingales in the Tuileries Gardens; outside the city; and at Versailles,—we never heard such harmony before. It was, in French phraseology, *ravissant*. We must not however complain; for at this very time of writing, our own garden rejoices in these visitors, who sing to us morning, noon, and night. Some people say—CHARLES WATERTON denies it, and we quite agree with him—that sleeping with your window open at this season gives you cold. If it does do so, then will our cold be worthy of the name of one—for we must hear Philomel in the silent hours of the night, let the consequence or penalty be what it may. *Such* music destroys all desire for sleep.]

The Gout in Woodlarks.—In addition to what you have already prescribed, let me recommend the application of a warm fomentation, with a decoction of soap-wort.—E. K.

The Intruding Rook.—I have much pleasure in supplying the particulars asked for by your Correspondent at p. 281. The bird was much smaller than the common rook, Its feet were quite black; and so was the body, excepting the head, which was shaded from the back to the lower end of the neck with a lovely grey color. There was also a distinctly *white* ring round the eye, very different from anything of the kind I have ever before seen. It is probable, that the extreme fright to which the poor bird had been subjected

might have in some degree impaired his beauty, and lessened the dignity of his mien,—yet was he a most beautiful object to behold. I will venture to assert he will never again dare to repeat his visits *here*. His punishment appeared to have been heavy.—FLORA G., Worcester.

First-rate Food for Nightingales in Confinement.—I have great pleasure in forwarding you an excellent receipt for food peculiar to nightingales. They will thrive on it, and it will preserve them in excellent health. The component parts are as follows. Two pounds of rolled beef; one pound of grey peas; one pound of sweet almonds (blanched in hot water and pounded fine); twelve fresh eggs; and one and a-half ounce of saffron (in powder). Let the peas be pounded and carefully sifted, and the beef carefully scraped and cleansed from fat, skin, and fibre. Infuse the saffron in a quarter of a pint of boiling water. All this being done, let the twelve eggs be broken into a basin, and all the above ingredients carefully worked in, finishing with the saffron. Make the whole up into round cakes about the thickness of your finger, and dry them in an oven, after the bread is withdrawn; or in a large baking pan rubbed with fresh butter, and placed before a gentle fire. These cakes are sufficiently dressed when they have acquired the consistence of newly-made biscuits. When required for use, they should be broken, and crumbled in the hand. A receipt like the above is invaluable to nightingale fanciers and it is worthy a place in the Public's "OWN JOURNAL."—E. K.

[We tender you our grateful acknowledgments for this, on behalf of our readers generally.]

Soft Eggs, or Eggs without Shells.—I see several of your Correspondents are troubled in this matter, as I have often been myself. I will tell you how to obviate the annoyance. When the hen canary, or other cage bird, is about breeding, mix some yolk of egg boiled hard, with some stale bun; and add a little finely-sifted old mortar. This will in no way affect the male bird, and it will infallibly prevent the laying of soft eggs. You may act the same with domestic fowls, adding barley meal, scalded with pot-liquor.—J. A. B.

Canary with a Bald Head, &c.—My dear Mr. Editor, I am in sad trouble; and that, I know, makes you my friend at once. I have a pet canary,—such a darling! I would not part with it for a world,—if offered me. Do cure it for me,—will you? You shall claim your own reward; for I know your skill, and feel "happy" in your hands. My bird's head is bald, and part of the neck is naked. He is quite an object. And he mopes so! In spite of his love for me he now looks at me, as I pass, quite languidly. Heigho! what shall I do?—MARY E. B. *Belgravia*.

[Spoken like a fairy Queen! Look up, fair goddess; we pledge our regard for you, invoked by yourself, that we will work a perfect cure for your pet. He has what is called the *surfeit*. He has been fed on bad seed, or unripe green food (perhaps both), which has caused a humor, of an acrid nature, to exude from his skin. This

has eaten away the feathers. Wash his head well in common salt and water, drying it with a piece of soft linen. Then apply a little fresh butter, or hogs' lard, on the nude parts, rubbing it carefully in. Repeat both the washing and the rubbing daily, for a week. This will kill the disorder; and it being now Spring, the chances are that the feathers will almost immediately be replaced. If not, the bird will be well and "jolly" if you feed him properly. Provide the very best canary, rape, and flax seeds, and mix some old well-bruised mortar with his sand. Also give him occasionally a little water-cress, and sometimes share your egg with him. A little (fresh) boiled milk now and then, is an agreeable change; and these birds love chickweed. This done, be sure and report progress, that we may claim our reward.]

A Toad in a Hole.—We have often heard this expression made use of, but perhaps few of us know its origin. Let me tell you a curious circumstance that I have been an eye-witness to. Some time since—it is quite fresh in my memory, my sister and myself were in the habit of passing, daily, a block of red sand stone, the top of which was quite smooth. One very hot day we were surprised to observe on it, as we thought, a palpable spot of rain. It excited our surprise at the time; and we were still more surprised when, a day or two subsequently, we observed the very same apparent "spot of rain" unabsorbed by the heat! About this time, some heavy rains fell; and on our looking again for the spot, there it was, but considerably darker, and more moist than any other part of the stone. We then covered it over with a board, which remained (off and on) for several months; and once during that time we passed a heated iron over the top. Still, no visible alteration. After this, the spot increased to the size of a crown piece; and one day happening to let a stone fall just upon the damp place (as we called it), behold the surface, which was very thin, chipped off, and on investigation we found imbedded, in a place just big enough to hold him—a toad. When he first felt the air, this tenant of the tomb gently raised himself, looked about him, blew himself up (or out) to an immense extent, and then shuffled off to a small pond, the existence of which seemed to have been known to him ere he was buried! Here he was seen for a few days only, enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*. He then finally disappeared. What a tale he had to unfold to the inhabitants of that pond!—HESTER E.

A Cure for Cage-birds that are Egg-bound.—As soon as the hen commences the building of her nest, mix some yolk of egg boiled hard, with some stale, sweet bun; and add some finely powdered loaf sugar. Continue this till she has laid two or three eggs. The object of the above compound is to assist in lubricating the vent, thereby enabling the eggs to pass freely.—J. A. B.

[As very many really valuable birds lose their lives from neglect in this matter, we trust our readers will peruse the above carefully.]

THE DELIGHTS OF FRESH AIR.

Let your air be clear and pure,
And free of odors from the sewer.

THIS super-excellent advice is almost lost on the present generation of this country, for our congregated numbers, and the arrangement of our houses, seem to be diametrically opposed to it. Man acts strangely. Although a current of fresh air is the very life of his lungs, he seems indefatigable in the exercise of his inventive powers to deprive them of this heavenly blessing. Thus, he carefully closes every cranny of his bed chamber against its entrance, and he prefers that his lungs should receive the mixed effluvium from his cellar and larder, and from a patent little modern Aquarius, in lieu of it.

Why should man be so terrified at the admission of night air into any of his apartments? It is Nature's ever-flowing current, and never carries the destroying angel with it.

See how soundly the delicate little wren and tender robin sleep under its full and immediate influence; and how fresh and vigorous and joyous they rise amid the surrounding dew-drops of the morning! Although exposed all night long to the air of Heaven, their lungs are never out of order, and this we know by the daily repetition of their song.

Look at the newly-born hare, without any nest to go to. It lives and thrives, and becomes strong and playful, under the unmitigated inclemency of the falling dews of night. I have here a fine male turkey, full eight years old, and he has not passed a single night in shelter. He roosts in a cherry-tree, and always is in prime health the year throughout. Three dunghill fowls, preferring this cherry-tree to the warm perches in the hen-house, took up their airy quarters with him early in October, and have never gone to any other roosting place. The cow and the horse sleep safely on the cold damp ground, and the roebuck lies down to rest in the heather on the dewy mountain's top. I myself can sleep all night long, bareheaded, under the full moon's watery beams, without any fear of danger, and pass the day in wet shoes without catching cold.

Coughs and colds are generally caught in the transition from an over-heated room to a cold apartment; but there would be no danger in this movement if ventilation were properly attended to,—a precaution little thought of now-a-days. We are subject to contract rheumatism by lying in damp places, and more especially on damp beds. Still many wild animals, whose flesh and blood are of the same nature as our own, are much more abroad during the falling dews

of night than under the warm sun of day,—the fox, the badger, and polecat, to wit; but we never find these animals out of sorts with aches or with pains.

He who takes a pleasure in ruminating on the varied habits of animated nature will soon learn the cause why man can bear so little, and the brute so much, whilst under exposure to the open air. Custom is allowed to be second nature. To custom, then, we apply for information on the present subject.

The ass goes without clothes, whilst man has a garment over him; but were man deprived of this, he would tremble in the breeze which does not in the least affect his humble beast of burden! The custom, then, of wearing clothes has placed man in this inferiority; for those parts of his body free from covering, feel as little inconvenience in a storm as the ass itself. Thus the hands of the ploughman, by perpetual exposure to the weather, become as hardy as the hide of the horse, which goes on before him; and the face of our old stage-coachmen (alas! that this fine breed should be extinct!) would bear the pelting of the north-east blast as well as the stoutest bullock on Scotland's highest moors.

But although civilisation has put it out of the power of man in general to bear the inclemency of the weather with full impunity, it ought not to follow on that account that he should render himself still more unfit, by so pertinaciously excluding the fresh air from his apartments. It is a pity that we cannot manage matters in such a manner as to enjoy ourselves within doors, and at the same time run no risk of catching cold when exposed to the vicissitudes of the weather without. This might easily be effected by a well-regulated ventilation.

Here let me remark, that he who first proposed the late health-destroying window tax, ought to have been sent to the pillory once a month during the remainder of his life: and that those who gave it their sanction ought to have been condemned to work in the capacity of night-soilers for fourteen years at least.

Ventilation, however, would not always suit the nature of some of our factories; and where this is the case, the operatives must submit to disease in its foulest shape without repining, as modern commerce is allowed to take precedence of health. *Quærenda pecunia primum est.* Money,—money,—money, is the first grand requisite! God help the poor soul whom abject poverty forces into those colossal repositories of pestilential vapors where the direful effect of confinement puts one so much in mind of Sterne's "Captive;" "He saw him pale and feverish. For thirty years the western blast not once had fanned his blood!"

Why should the farmer's boy be so rosy, blithe, and joyous the live-long day, whilst the poor fellow in the factory appears so broken-up and jaded? They are both the sons of toil and labor, but the work of the first is in reality more fatiguing. The cause is obvious. A tainted atmosphere scathes all the vigor of the one, whilst the fresh air of Heaven upholds the other in all the full luxuriance of health.

If we turn to a sick room, we are apt to surmise that the doctor in attendance never once takes the state of the lungs under his serious consideration, except in cases of apparent consumption. Although he has learned from anatomy that pure air is most essential to them, still he allows his patient to be in a tomb as it were, walled round with dense curtains, where the wholesome breeze can gain no admittance; and where the foul vapors issue from the feverish mouth, and return to it, and from thence to the lungs, which are barely able to perform their duty. The windows are constantly shut, and the door most carefully closed; by which mischievous custom the lungs have no chance of receiving a fresh supply of air from without, and at last the patient sinks in death for want of it. If those in typhus fever were conveyed to an open shed, screened on one side against the blowing wind, with a sufficiency of clothes upon them, very little physic would be required, for the fresh air would soon subdue the virulence of the disease in nine cases out of ten.—CHARLES WATERTON.

OLD PERIODICALS.

READER, if ever you stop at a country inn, at some out-of-the-way town or village, and, while your repast (the invariable beef-steak, or mutton chop) is in preparation, ask the waiter "if he can accommodate you with a book to pass away the time till dinner;" he will present you with an old volume of the "Town and Country Magazine," or some ancient periodical of the kind, which has long ago descended to the family vault of all the Capulets. These venerable specimens of a literature remarkable for its quaintness and pseudo-morality, are most probably embellished with portraits of celebrated beauties—the hair all drawn off the forehead, and rising into an immense tower, and the drapery most indecently disposed about the bosom. To these "exquisite steel engravings" are annexed letter-press descriptions or biographies; and in these all the names of heroes and heroines, lovers and ladies, marquises and baronets, are most scrupulously disguised by means of an initial letter and a dash. It is, however, probable, that the true nomenclature was well under-

stood in the days when these sketches of "celebrated beauties" and "royal lovers" were so much in vogue, although the interest thereunto attached has long been extinguished. Then the tales in those old magazines are all of one kind. Classical names are for the most part used; the men are Palemons, Damons, and Eustatiuses, and the ladies Amandas, Sempronias, Paulinas, and Lisauras. The words "gentleman" and "lady" are commonly applied to even wild natives of Old Peru or Chili; and habits and customs are most liberally transferred at will from one country to another. Seriously speaking, literature and public taste must both have been at a marvellously low ebb in those times, and morality but little better; for many of those periodicals, which were incontestibly read by the highest and most respectable classes, male and female, contain tales and anecdotes which, for licentiousness and indelicacy, shame Fielding and Smollet, and put Paul de Kock to the blush.

It not unfrequently happens that, in turning over an old "Town and Country Magazine," you will frequently encounter an article headed, for instance, in some such style as the following:—"SEMPRONIUS AND PLACIDA; or, the Terrible Effects of Pride," followed by the words, "a Moral Tale;" and before you have read a column, you find yourself involved in a tissue of disgusting obscenities, all intended, however, to work out some delightful moral, which is duly printed in italics at the end. We may also here observe, that old periodicals are particularly rife in country barbers' shops; and that a few of them may now and then be seen in the penny shaving-emporiums in the secluded alleys of London.

Reader, you have doubtless opined, ere this, that we have lately stumbled over one or two odd volumes of the nature we are describing—hence this dissertation upon the whole literary tribe. This is true; we have even at this present moment, a "Town and Country Magazine," for 1797, lying before us, and a volume of the "Sherborne Mercury; or, Weekly Magazine," for 1772. In this latter periodical we find several prescriptions and recipes of a most extraordinary nature; and, taking it for granted that the public feels as interested in such curiosities as ourselves, we shall transcribe one or two as samples. Our first shall be "Mr. Hanton's Plan to make Salt Water Sweet." The text says—"Mr. Hanton hath now declared his secret of making salt water sweet. It consists first in precipitation made with the oil of tartar, which he knows how to draw with small charges. Next, he distills the sea water, in which the furnace taketh up but little room, and so made that

with a very little wood or coal, he can distil twenty-four French pots of water in a day; for the cooking of which he hath this new invention, that, instead of making the worm pass through a vessel full of water (as is the ordinary practice), he maketh it pass through one hole, made on purpose out of the ship, and to enter in again through another, so that the water of the sea performeth the cooling part; by which means he saveth the room which the common *refrigerium* would take up, as also the labor of changing the water when the worm hath heated it. But then, thirdly, he joineth to the two precedent operations filtration, thereby perfectly to correct the malignity of the water; which said filtration is made by means of a peculiar earth, which he mixeth and stirreth with the distilled water, and at length suffereth to settle at the bottom. He maintaineth that his distilled sea-water is altogether salubrious; he proveth it first from experience, it having been given to men and beasts without any ill effects at all upon them. Secondly, from reasons grounded on this, that that peculiar earth being mixed with the distilled water, blunts the points of the volatile spirits of the salt, and serveth them for sheaths, if I may so speak, taking away their force and malignant sharpness."

Such is Mr. Hanton's plan of sweetening sea-water—the *secret* which he at length condescended to reveal; and when he had revealed it, we will wager heavily that his *secret* was still safe, and as much a secret as ever; for if any one can turn the above recipe to any advantage, or even set about the experiment from the information therein afforded, then we will admit him to be a very clever fellow, and Mr. Hanton not quite such a goose as we are at present inclined to imagine him. But the same periodical, and in the same column, gives us another prescription for purifying sea-water, as invented, or discovered, by another sage—one Dr. Martin Lister. And this is it:—"It seems probable to me that the sea-water was the only element created at the beginning, before any animal or vegetable was created, or the sun itself. But upon the creation of these, the fresh water had its rise accidentally, because it owes its being in a great measure to the vapors of plants, and the breath of animals, and the exhalations raised by the sun. Now that the sea-water is made fresh by the breath of plants growing in it, I thus demonstrated: I took a long glass body, and having filled it pretty full with sea-water taken up at Scarborough, I put therein common sea-weed (*alga marina*) fresh and newly gathered, some with the roots naked, and some growing on, and adhering to stones. The glass body being full, I put thereon a head, with a beak, and adapted a receiver thereto, all without any lute or closing of the

joints; from these plants I did distil daily (though in a small quantity,) a fresh, very sweet, and potable water, which hath no *empyreuma*, or unpleasant taste, as all those distilled by fire necessarily have. This I take to be the most natural, the most easy, and most safe way of having sweet water from the sea, and which may be of great use even to supply the necessity of navigators; and I do not doubt but there may be found other plants growing in or near the sea, which would yield fresh water in much greater quantities."

These learned Thebans propounded their discoveries in 1772, and in 1852 we do not appear to be in any way the better for them. But our antique periodical will furnish us another recipe or two, wherewith we can make ourselves merry. Let us see what is the remedy offered for chilblains:—"1. Apply salt and onions pounded together. 2. Or a *poultis* of roasted onions hot. Keep it on three or four days, if not cured sooner. 3. Or hot turnip parings roasted, changing them twice or thrice a day. 4. Wash them, if broke, with tincture of myrrh in a little water. To prevent chilblains:—1. Wear flannel-socks. 2. Or wash the hands with flour of mustard." Another column of the same periodical tells us, that "a cancer of twelve years' standing was cured by frequently applying red poppy water, plantain, and rose-water, *mixt* with honey of roses. Cold-water baths cured Mrs. Bates, of Leicestershire, of a cancer in her breast, a consumption, a sciatica, and rheumatism, which she had had for twenty years." And we are then told that this complication of long protracted maladies, was cured by one month's bathing, and drinking only cold water. Only conceive a cancer, a consumption, a sciatica, and a rheumatism, of twenty years' duration, cured in one month. Morison's pills and Holloway's ointment are nothing to the cold water, which did such wonders for Mrs. Bates of Leicestershire; but as Leicestershire is somewhat a large county, and Bates rather a common name, it would probably have been more satisfactory had the narrator of this miracle condescended to tell his contemporaries in what town and street the aforesaid Mrs. Bates resided. Other methods of curing cancer mentioned in this periodical, are thus detailed:—"Take a mellow apple, cut off the top, take out the core, fill the hole with hog's grease, then cover it with the top, and roast the apple thoroughly; take off the paring, beat the pap well, spread it thick on linen, and lay it warm on the sore, putting a bladder over it; change this every twelve or twenty-four hours. Or take horse-spurs, and dry them by the fire, until they will beat to powder. Sift and infuse two drams in two quarts of ale; drink half a pint every six hours with

new warm milk; it has cured many—tried. Or live three months on apples and apple-water. Or take half a dram of Venice soap twice a day. Or take brimstone and aqua sulphurata. Or take a total diet of asses' milk, about two quarts a day, without any other food or drink. Three inveterate cancers which adhered to the bones, were totally cured at Paris, by anointing the ulcers with infusion of leaves of plumbago in olive-oil, three times a day." It is really a pity that the recipes found in this most erudite volume are not collected in a little manual or class-book for medical students: *horse-spurs* will form a pleasing addition to the *materia medica*.

The poetry in some of these old periodicals is particularly attractive. Grammar by no means appears to be a necessary element; and there is altogether an ease and off-handness about the metres and rhymes, which convince us how nobly the great versifiers of those times spurned all the shackles which such obscure votaries of the Muses, as Scott, Byron, Moore, and Campbell, have thought it not unbecoming to wear. Casually turning the leaves of the "Town and Country Magazine," for 1801, we find this sublime stanza—the first of a poem addressed by *Clio* to the ladies of Cornwall:—

"Cornubia's fair *lasses*,
In beauty *surpasses*
Most others, as men do agree;
For shape and for air,
Very few can compare,
And they're lovely as women can be."

The poet's eye was doubtless rolling in such "a fine frenzy," that it could not see that the plural substantive *lasses* is made to govern a singular verb, *surpasses*.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

(From our own Reporter.)

PREVIOUS to the final removal of the CRYSTAL PALACE from Hyde Park, and ere its existence becomes a matter of history only,—we think it right to give the public the benefit of the "latest particulars" (though a "heavy" subject) connected with its fading glories. If so many thousands of people have grieved because of it, let them at all events not hesitate to enjoy *one* broad laugh at its expense, before it vanishes from their sight for ever. It costs nothing!

It is not perhaps universally known, that a "Committee of Inquiry" has been long sitting (with closed doors) endeavoring to discover the *object* of the multitudinous "catalogues," issued during the season of the "Great Exhibition," 1851.

Some of the Committee are of opinion, that the original "intention" was to *assist* the public in finding the various objects of which they were in search. But this suggestion has been overruled, by its being distinctly proved that the public were so

thoroughly mystified, even up to the close of the "Exhibition," that they never could find any one particular object by the aid of the whole range of "Catalogues"—numbering nearly one hundred!

One of the Committee, a gentleman of great intelligence, and evidently well versed in the "whole question" (which appeared to have had his unbounded attention), facetiously remarked the other day, that he thought Mr. D'Israeli ought to have been on the Committee,—no person now living being more intimately acquainted than himself with the 'Curiosities of Literature.' "When I say curiosities," added the bright-eyed speaker, "I only echo the voice of the British nation—indeed the voices of *all* nations; for is it *not* a 'curious' idea, to issue nearly one hundred catalogues—each successive Catalogue being published for the direct purpose of *trying* to 'explain' its precursor! Yet such is the fact,—the undisputed fact; for neither WE, nor the public, nor the printers, can throw the least light upon the utility of *any one* of the Catalogues that have been hitherto published."

This speech, which we have considerably abridged (preserving only the spirit of it), was listened to with breathless silence. So convincing however was it, that not a reply could be urged in the way of objection by any of the Committee.

A stranger however, who had crept into the room unobserved, commenced making an oration, to the effect that "the thing spoke for itself; for the Catalogues were already being extensively used for the purpose of enveloping butter and cheese: also for the lining of trunks and portmanteaus; in addition to which [here he was commanded to "sit down," but he nevertheless kept on vociferating], they were sold at waste paper price at all the bookstalls, and"—(here he was hurried out of the room, and turned into the street.)

Our reporter who gleaned these particulars, tells us further, that he saw a printed Circular (purporting to be issued by Messrs. Clowes and Spicer) lying on the table. In this it was stated, that *another* catalogue, called "a Supplemental Catalogue," is about to appear! It is intended to "*illustrate*" all the other Catalogues, we are told; so that some light may probably be thrown even yet upon what has hitherto been so very dark as to puzzle the understanding of "*all* nations."

We wait patiently for this; and shall have real pleasure in assisting to clear up one of the greatest mysteries of the present century. The Editor of the forthcoming "Supplement," *if* he succeeds in what he has undertaken to do, will not only immortalise himself, but he will have delivered his country from the ridicule of "All nations." May his health be preserved for the public good!

SNAKES IN AUSTRALIA.

I HAVE met with several, and witnessed many wonderful and narrow escapes (says Mr. Hodgson, the traveller.) A friend, who had been out shooting for some hours, coming home tired, without thought or reflection was on the point of throwing himself on a stretcher to rest, when he was suddenly pulled back by a bystander, who had observed a tremendous brown snake coiled up on the opossum cloak. He was horrified, but providentially saved. The snake, of course, was soon despatched. Another friend on a cruise, put his saddle down for a pillow at night as usual, and on lifting up the saddle-flaps the next morning, he observed a beastly deaf adder lying flat down. He soon dropped the saddle, and killed the snake. While giving our horses water one day, my cousin saw a black snake, half in and half out of the water; he shot it and put it on an ant hill to watch the ants at work. While so engaged, its mate came at us, passing over my instep, in a state of great excitement; it was also shot. On going over the Main Range, a deaf adder was observed creeping on a poor quail which crouched on the ground, fascinated; we allowed the poor bird to fall a victim; and then struck at the adder. The blow did not take effect,—and the reptile sprang three feet at my friend, who escaped unhurt; the adder was subsequently killed. Again, being one day encamped on the Main Range, for the purpose of cutting bark with my brother and a friend, I had to go down to a little water-hole to fill the quart pots for tea; while stooping down to my task, an enormous black snake slid down the bank, quacking and hissing; before I could recover from my fright, he had passed over my arm, and up the opposite bank. I was too much terrified to shoot at him, though I had my gun at my side. Two more instances will suffice—a little child, the daughter of a friend of mine, playing on the verandah, was on the point of picking up what she thought a varnished piece of wood—so flat and straight was it extended—when her father called her back. The snake (for such the piece of wood turned out to be) basking in the sun, proved to be a large diamond snake about nine feet long. Again, I was sitting with my sister, after the children were put to bed, and having heard that a snake had been seen in the house during the day, we were frightened. While engaged in conversation we heard noises of “Cah, cah, cah,” issuing from the rafters and shingles; and to our horror beheld a nasty yellow snake hanging down over our heads, as if about to spring upon us: up we started, a gun was soon brought to bear upon him, and he fell down; I found two mice inside him—for which, no doubt, he had visited us.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

JOYOUS CHILDHOOD.—There is a time between childhood and manhood, when the character may be said to go through a process resembling fermentation; and the effect of spoiling, and of simple erroneous treatment of various kinds, are in a great measure thrown off. But take away from a child all the joyousness proper to his young years, and let him only know his parents, or others that have been around him, as tyrants, and the evil is irreparable. His life has wanted an element. He has not known that morning sunshine of the breast which is the brightest of all moral sunshine. Treated himself without gentleness, affection, and mercy, he is rather disposed to revenge his own sufferings upon other people, as the genie confined in the barrel and thrown into the sea vowed to destroy whoever let him out. Thus sourness goes down like an estate with a family, and the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generation.

HUSBANDS, in general, mistake the nature of the dominion granted them over their wives, and absurdly fancy they thence have a right to be tyrants; but the proper dominion of a man over his wife is not to make her a slave. The use of this dominion is, to preserve order and peace in the family; for which end the husband's will is to be obeyed, when it happens, *conscientiously*, to differ from the wife's. But though, for the sake of peace, the man's will is to be the rule, the wife is his natural adviser and counsellor, whose opinion he should always listen to, and follow—if he find it more just and reasonable than his own. It is contrary to the laws of God and nature, for a husband to require *blind obedience* from his wife. But many men foolishly imagine this dominion gives them such a superiority over women, as renders the whole sex despicable, in comparison with themselves. Such ignorant men will not suffer their wives to reason with them, because they are women; and crown their despotic triumphs by asking, “How should a *woman* know anything?” This procedure is so absurd, so ridiculous, that where it is to be found, the husband may properly be said to want common sense. Some stupid and tyrannical husbands pretend to a miserable kind of low wit; and, for want of invention, can never bring forth a jest but at the expense of their wives. All the stale invectives against the sex are trumped up by these heroes to abuse their wives with. And as such doughty champions, without antagonists, must always appear victorious, women are thus abused to their faces; while, for very sensible and decent reasons, they either dread, or refuse, to defend themselves; which so plumes these triumphant gentlemen, that at length they turn their stupid jest into earnest, and thence really acquire a shameful and unnatural contempt of women. We would, however, remind them, in the words of Bishop Horne, that “*men themselves, who have all the authority in public, cannot yet by their deliberations establish any effectual good, without the concurring assistance of women to carry them into execution.*”

Crystallisation.

MANUFACTURERS on a large scale find that light assists greatly in the formation of crystals; and one may observe in druggists' windows, that bottles of camphor which are exposed there, are generally covered with crystals on that side which is turned towards the light. To show that the atmosphere, possibly from its mere mechanical pressure, has some connection with crystallisation, boil two ounces of water upon as much sulphate of soda as it will dissolve, which will be about three ounces. When the water is saturated, pour it, still hot, into a phial previously warmed, to prevent its cracking, and cork it tight. The phial should be nearly full. The liquid, as it cools, will not crystallise; but if the cork be opened, it will immediately solidify, and the phial become warm. Sometimes, upon withdrawing the cork, no change takes place until a crystal of the sulphate or some other angular substance is dropped into the solution. The manner in which this acts in disturbing the equilibrium of the fluid, and causing the formation of crystals, is obscure. After the conclusion of the experiment, you may either repeat it with the same liquid, or boil up the salt again with a little more water, and pour it into a saucer. When cold, throw away the supernatant liquor, and observe the difference of shape between the crystals of sulphate of soda and those of alum. The cause of the phial becoming warm when the salt crystallises, is so curious and of such general application, as to demand a few words. It appears, from experiment, that all bodies, whether solid, liquid, or gaseous, contain in their very substance a quantity of heat which is termed latent, because, under ordinary circumstances, it is not perceptible. That iron contains it, is evident from its becoming hot when struck by another piece as cold as itself. It further appears that gaseous bodies, or vapors, contain more latent heat than liquids, and liquids than solids. Thus, in the preceding experiment, the liquid solution, on becoming solid, parted with that portion of its latent heat, which in the latter form it was unable to retain.

Contention.

We hope none of our readers are fond of Contention. It is a two-edged weapon, wounding when used all who handle it. Hear what the good Bishop HALL says about it, and let us all follow his instructions. His life was a pattern of excellence. "I cannot, nor would I, love those salamanders that are never well but when they are in the fire of contention. I will rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one—I will suffer a hundred than return one—I will suffer many ere I will complain of one, and endeavor to right it by contending. I have ever found that to strive with my superior is furious—with my equal, doubtful—with my inferior, sordid and base—with any, full of unquietness." Have we not all, more or less, experienced the same results? And can any one of us bring to our recollection a single instance of any substantial triumph? Well and wisely has it been said—"Leave off Contention, ere it be meddled with."

POVERTY.

WHERE are now the friends who came
Round my board with eager eye?—
Fortune shines no more the same,
Care is standing grimly by!
And I gaze on vacant places,
Where there should be smiling faces:—
Surely Friendship cannot be
Scared at sight of Poverty!

Where is now the dame I knew—
Eyes of Heaven, skin of snow?
Love can never be untrue,
E'en if Friendship serve me so!
No!—she'll come that I may borrow
From her lips a balm for sorrow:
Friends may falter, Love will be
Alike in wealth or Poverty!

Friends and sweetheart, quickly come,
Cheer me in the hour of ill!—
Creeping things that deck my home
Twine around the ruin still.
Alas! Despair the story telleth,—
"Constancy but seldom dwelleth
With such friends as clung to thee
Ere thou knewest Poverty!"

Lone and stricken here I stand,
Desolation 'neath my roof:
They who owe a helping hand
Calmly, coldly stand aloof.
Like the timid field-bird fleeing
When a tattered garment seeing,
Craven-hearted friends will be
At the sight of Poverty!

Friendship! thou art like that flower
Sweet and fair to gaze upon,
Opening at bright morning's hour—
Closing with the setting sun;
And thy heart (as I have felt it)
Ice, that needs a sun to melt it.
Fair—but false—thou wert to me
Ere I tasted Poverty!

Love! thou'rt like the hothouse plant
That in warmth can live alone;
From the hearth that knoweth scant
Love alas! hath quickly flown.
Let it feel but wintry weather,
Soon is rent its faithless tether:—
Ah, fond heart! I deemed for thee
Love a gem in Poverty!

False friend! thou hast fickle proved,—
Still I mourn thee as a brother;
Mistress! whom I fondly loved,—
Like a lone distracted mother
O'er her lifeless baby groaning,
Thy dead love I'm weekly moaning.
God!—that I should live to see
SUCH A CURSE IN POVERTY!

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NATURAL HISTORY OF SONG BIRDS.

No. III.—THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That, even to birds, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Thomson.

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note. Pope.

WHEN we observe birds in their wild and free state, we perceive that the *voice* is not only modified by their affections, but that it is renewed, strengthened, changed, or extinguished, according to these, and the temperature of the season. As the voice, of all their faculties, is most easy, and least troublesome in its exercise, they ply it with a frequency that seems to border on excess; nor is it the females, as we might believe, that are most remarkable for the abuse of this organ, since among birds they are more grave and silent than the males. Like the cattle, they utter cries of fear or of sorrow; they express solicitude and concern for their young; but to the far greater number, nature seems to have denied the gift of song. The singing of the feathered race seems to be the expression of their happiness, and of their soft and agreeable emotions; by these circumstances it is produced; with these it varies; and when they cease, it is extinguished. The nightingale, on his first arrival in Spring, begins to sing: but his song at first is short, hesitating, and infrequent: he ventures not a full, loud, and well supported note, till he sees his female charged with the fruits of his love. During the whole period of nestling, laying, and incubation, he grows more and more assiduous in his caresses, and endeavors to relieve her cares by every charm of song. The female has no sooner begun to hatch, which is towards the end of June, than the male becomes silent.

A contemporary writer, comparing the songs of nature with those of the opera, beautifully observes:—"The opera-singer

sings to please the audience, not herself, and does not always like to be encored in it; but the *thrush*, that awakes at daybreak with its song, does not sing because it is paid to sing or to please others, or to be admired or criticised. It sings because it is happy: it pours the thrilling sounds from its throat, to relieve the overflowings of its own heart: the liquid notes come from and go to the heart, dropping balm into it, as the gushing spring revives the traveller's parched and fainting lips. That stream of joy comes pure and fresh to the longing sense, free from art and affectation; the same that rises over vernal groves, mingled with the breath of morning, and the perfumes of the wild hyacinth, that waits for no audience, that wants no rehearsing, that exhausts its raptures, and still

Hymns its good God, and carols sweet of love.

What lover of nature's music, but is charmed with the various notes and modulations of our English singing birds? The mellowness of the thrush;—the cheerfulness of the skylark;—the imitative talent of the bullfinch;—the varied and familiar language of the red-breast, endeared to us, from our youth, by so many agreeable associations; the vivacity of the wren, forming her nest with dry leaves and moss, among hedges and shrubs encircled with ivy;—the solemn cry of the owl;—and the soft note of the linnet;—not one of these birds but is listened to with pleasure—

Oh, happy commoners!

That haunt in woods, in meads, in flowery gardens,

Rifle the sweets and taste the choicest fruits,
Yet scorn to ask the lordly owners' leave!

In general, it may be remarked that every species of birds has peculiar modulations of voice expressive of love, of pain, of anxiety, of anger, of complacency, and of good or bad fortune: these expressions, however, seem to be confined and intelligible to the

individuals only of the same species. But there are certain sounds, particularly those of danger and of terror, which are perfectly understood, not only by the same species, but even by different genera and orders of birds. When the fox wishes to surprise birds in the neighborhood of hedges, brush-wood, or trees, he lies down on his belly, and extends his hind-legs as if he were dead. In this situation, however, he is perfectly vigilant, and cunningly observes the motions of the birds along the hedges and trees. If any of them happen to spy him, they immediately send forth soft, mournful, but shrill cries, to alarm their neighbors, and to advertise them of the enemy's approach. Blackbirds and jays have been frequently observed to follow the fox, flying from tree to tree, and often repeating the same cries of alarm and of danger. These cries, by whatever birds they are uttered, are understood by every species within reach of hearing, who instantly use all their arts of defence against the common enemy. Birds are well acquainted with their natural enemies, and this knowledge seems to be purely instinctive, and not derived from experience or observation. When they observe the pine-weasel, though for the first time, they utter the same mournful cry to announce his approach as when they see a fox. It is likewise worthy of remark, that birds utter this peculiar cry upon the appearance of all carnivorous animals, as the wolf, the fox, the pine-weasel, the cat, &c.; but never against the stag, the roe, the hare, nor even man, who, of all animals, is the greatest destroyer of the inferior tribes.

The language of most birds is a musical language, and reducible by a pitch-pipe to a musical key. All species are not equally eloquent. The language of some species is copious and fluent, but that of others is confined to a few important sounds, which are necessary to express barely their feelings and their wants. But no bird, like the finny tribes, is perfectly mute. The language of birds, Mr. White of Selbourne remarks, is very ancient, and like other ancient languages, very elliptical. They say little, but much is meant and understood. Owls have a very expressive language. They hoot in a fine vocal sound, which has a considerable resemblance to the human voice. This note seems to express complacency, and sometimes rivalry among the males. They likewise use a quick call, and a horrible scream; and they snore and hiss when they mean to threaten and intimidate. The notes of the eagle-kind are shrill and piercing, and, in the season of love, very much diversified. Ravens, besides their loud croaks, sometimes exert a deep and solemn note, which makes the woods resound. The

amorous sound of a crow is strange, and even somewhat ridiculous. In the breeding season, rooks make clumsy attempts towards singing. The parrot-kind possess a great range of modulation in their voice, as appears by the facility with which they learn to pronounce words and even short sentences. The coo of the pigeon is amorous and mournful. When the male makes love, or is jealous of rivals, he erects his body, raises the feathers of his neck and head, and employs many strutting and lively gesticulations. To these movements he adds a guttural but not unpleasant kind of speech. When jealous of a rival, he utters the same notes, but gives them a more sharp, and even a menacing tone. The woodpecker, when pleased, sets up a loud and hearty species of laugh. The goat-sucker, or fern-owl, from the dusk till day-break, serenades his mate with sounds similar to the whirling of a spinning-wheel. Most of the small birds, or *passeres*, express their complacency by sweet modulations, and a variety of melodious sounds. The swallow, by a shrill alarm, arouses the attention of his species, and tells them that the hawk approaches. Gregarious and aquatic birds, especially those of the nocturnal kind, who shift their abodes in the dark, are extremely noisy and loquacious; as cranes, wild geese, wild ducks, &c. Their perpetual clamor prevents them from dispersing and losing their companions.

We shall now make a few observations on domestic fowls, whose language is best known, and, of course, best understood. The voice of the peacock, like those of many birds of the finest plumage, is harsh and grating. The braying of asses, or the yelling of cats, are not more disagreeable. The voice of the goose clanks and sounds somewhat like a trumpet; but the gander, especially when he apprehends danger to the young brood, joined to his threatening aspect, and the movements of his neck, hisses in a manner so formidable as deters the too near approach of children and of small dogs. In the duck-kind, the voices of the female and male are remarkably different. The quack of the female is loud and sonorous; but the voice of the drake is harsh, inward, and feeble. The cock turkey, sometimes, when proud, blows up his wattles, erects his feathers, makes a humming noise by vibrating his wings, and utters a gobbling kind of sound, which, though we cannot describe, is perfectly understood by his own species. When attacked by a boy, or any other adversary, he assumes a pert and petulant tone; and such is the obstinate courage he displays, that he will rather die than give up the contest. A hen turkey, when she leads forth her young brood, watches them with the utmost anxiety. If a

hawk, or any bird of prey, appear, though very high in the air, the careful and affectionate mother announces the enemy with a low inward kind of moan. If he makes a nearer approach, her voice becomes earnest and alarming, and her outcries are redoubled both in loudness and frequency. The effects of this interesting eloquence upon the young are astonishing. They understand the intimidating language of the mother, though they know not the immediate cause of the danger; but, by the intuitive knowledge of the meaning of what she says to them, they instantly employ every artifice to conceal and protect themselves from the impending danger. To accomplish this purpose, they run under hedges, brush-wood, and even the leaves of cabbages and of such other plants as happen to be near them.

None of our domestic birds seem to possess such a variety of expression and so copious a language as common poultry. A chicken of four or five days old, when held up to a window frequented by flies, immediately seizes its prey, and utters little twitterings of complacency; but, if a bee or a wasp be presented to it, its notes instantly become harsh, and expressive of disapprobation, and of a sense of danger. When a hen is about to lay an egg, she intimates her feelings by a joyous and soft note; but she has no sooner disburthened herself, than she rushes forth with a clamorous kind of joy, which the cock and the rest of the hens immediately adopt. This tumultuous noise is not confined to the family, but is transmitted from yard to yard, and spreads to every homestead within hearing, till at last the whole village is in an uproar. When a hen has hatched a brood, a new and interesting scene is exhibited. Her relation as a mother requires a new species of language. She then runs clucking and screaming about, and seems to be agitated with the greatest anxiety. When men or dogs suddenly approach her feeble brood, her courage and maternal care are astonishing. With loud cries, and rapid motions, she assails the enemy; neither a man, nor a lion, in these circumstances, is sufficient to repress the courage of the unarmed bird. A hen, when attending her young, has been seen boldly to attack, intimidate, and beat off a mastiff. The vocabulary of the cock is likewise pretty extensive, and his generosity is remarkable: when he discovers a quantity of food, instead of devouring it himself, he instantly calls to the hens to partake of the repast; and, if he discerns a bird of prey, or any other alarming danger, with a warning voice he desires his family to be on their guard against the common enemy. The cock has also at command his love speeches, and his terms of defiance. But his most peculiar sound is his

crowing, by which, in all ages, he has distinguished himself as the countryman's clock, as the watchman who proclaims the divisions of the night.*

There is one instance, indeed, in which birds discover an astonishing docility, and seem to surpass that degree of intelligence which nature has allotted to their order; and that is, their faculty of imitating and repeating sounds. Though we suspend our belief of the great musical talents which some are said to have acquired by education, we find many well attested instances of a delicate ear in some birds no way remarkable for vocal execution. Madame Piozzi relates of a tame pigeon, that it answered by gesticulation to every note of the harpsichord. As often as she began to play, it hurried to the concert with marks of rapturous delight. A false note produced in the animal evident tokens of displeasure; if frequently repeated, it lost all temper, and tore her hands. In some birds the ear is sufficiently delicate and precise to enable them to catch and retain a continued series of sounds, and even of words: hence proceed their musical powers; hence, too, their faculty of speaking. Of the parrot we have heard narrated many wonderful exertions of eloquence, which rather tend to evince the surprise of mankind at the docility of an animal so insipid, than to prove any real attainment. He receives words, without at all understanding them; his voice, by its flexibility, enables him to repeat them, but he gives them back just as he received them; he articulates, but does not speak: for with him articulation *does not proceed from thought*, the principle of speech; it is merely an imitation, which represents nothing of what passes within the animal, nor expresses any one of his affections

BIRDS OF SONG.

Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart,
Something to LOVE, to rest upon,—to clasp
AFFECTION'S tendrils round.—MRS. HEMANS.

No. X.—CAGE BIRDS.—THE CANARY.

IF YOU PLACE a WATER-FOUNTAIN in the breeding-room, it should be of zinc, and made precisely similar to, though of a less size than the one described under our observation on an aviary. As however it is objectionable for birds, when sitting, to wash themselves all over, it will be needful to have a circular cover of open wire-work, fitted on the top of the fountain. The holes must be sufficiently large to admit free entrance for

* Smellie's Philosophy of Natural History, vol ii, p. 426.

the birds' heads. Let the water be always fresh and clean; and the fountain also.

We have remarked on a former occasion, that good song birds lose much of their song, when put up for breeding purposes in a cage. This remark may be somewhat qualified, when the sexes are associated in a *room*. By having more freedom allowed them, and by being kept in one constant round of cheerful excitement, while looking out of their windows, &c., they sometimes continue to sing throughout the season.

Some people turn a number of canaries indiscriminately into a room, and leave them to pair as they will. This is kind—very. But it is not wise. By properly pairing them, or at least *some* of them, in small, separate cages; and when paired allowing them to come together,—each swain then vows eternal fidelity, and is “true,” with some few exceptions, to his lawful spouse. Thus alone can the peculiarity of feather and *caste* be properly preserved. Some few pairs of “odd fellows” may perhaps be allowed to intermarry. It will certainly give every possible variety of color and plumage to your stock; and is so far admissible.*

At no time should greater care be taken, than in the breeding season, to give your birds good and proper food. Let the canary-seed be large and glossy, and the rape seed large and new. The same remark applies to the Flax. These three seeds well mixed together (the two last in smaller proportions), are the proper food for a canary. Bruised Hemp-seed, in very small quantities, may be occasionally given. As birds, whilst performing the duties of incubation, are very frequently subject to constipation, boiled milk, with crumb of bread soaked in it, should be placed in the room at least twice a week. It will do all the birds good. A saucer is the best vehicle for its introduction.

If ever you perceive any of the male canaries to be of a depraved disposition (as they too often are), abusing and persecuting their “better halves;” and showing other anti-conjugal tendencies—mark such transgressors. The cares and anxieties attendant upon the hatching and rearing of a family, are alone

sufficiently heavy, without the hen being in addition subjected to cruel treatment. Check therefore all these innate bad propensities the moment you perceive them; and get rid of the offender summarily. Other suitors will take his place; and her ladyship will feel herself lawfully divorced, “under the circumstances.”

When the nests are made, the hens will speedily commence laying. Do not, as many silly simpletons do, trouble yourselves about looking at the eggs, or about removing them—substituting ivory “imitation eggs,” until the whole batch of eggs shall have been laid. Nature *abhors* any interference of this kind. It is desirable that the eggs should *not* be hatched all at once. The mother can feed her progeny all the better for their appearing one by one. Besides, more warmth is thereby generated for the next forthcoming stranger. Believe us, all officious solicitude about assisting Nature at such seasons, either with birds or with ourselves, is morbid affectation. Nature wants no such aid. Leave the birds to manage their own affairs, and let common-sense preside in the sick chamber; then all will be well. Birds hate to be subject to prying curiosity when breeding; so do *all* animals. Some, when thus impertinently watched—the cat, the rabbit, and others—make a point, very frequently, of devouring their offspring the instant they come into the world! This fact speaks with a loud voice.

A canary lays, on the average, from two to five eggs; occasionally as many as seven. The time of sitting is thirteen days. The duties are shared, during this period, by both parents; but, near the time for hatching, the female seldom quits the nest. The male, if a kind, affectionate husband, is most assiduous in feeding his “ladye love,” as she sits on the nest; and excepting for water, she seldom quits her post for an instant. If, in her momentary absence, the expectant papa *should* occupy her place, he will most assuredly “nap” it. On her return he will, by an action of ejectment, have the shortest possible notice to quit; and woe be to him if he resists! *Madame* will enforce her demands by pecks and blows. Her commands are—“Stand not on the order of thy going—but GO!”

If you carefully noted the time when your birds began to sit, you may very nearly anticipate the due time of hatching. On the thirteenth day, the inmate of the first-laid egg will make its appearance. If after three days *any* of the eggs remain in *statu quo*, you had better remove them with a warm hand, and place them gently on some water in a basin. By their irregular movement, or otherwise, you may pronounce their contents. If alive, they will give evidence of

* We are constantly being asked, by private correspondents, *where* they can obtain cages for canaries, goldfinches, linnets, larks, and nightingales, *made according to our own model*, and fitted up with suitable baths, &c. We are now prepared to refer all such parties to Mr. CLIFFORD, 24, Great St. Andrew Street, Holborn, who has offered to undertake the speedy execution of any orders entrusted to him, either for cages or for birds. He is one of the very few who deal honestly in the matter of a good “song bird,” and may be safely confided in. We have had dealings with him for many years.

it; if there be no embryo, the egg will be fresh as when first laid. In the former case, carefully replace the eggs in the nest; in the latter, destroy them at once.

(To be Continued.)

POPULAR DISCUSSIONS.*

No. II.—THE SALMON.

(Continued from page 293.)

ANOTHER recommendation of the writer in the magazine—is, that close time should commence in August; instead of this, I would recommend that it should begin when it now does (15th September), and be extended to the middle of April, for the following reasons. There are many good fish running in the first and second weeks of September, if the water is in favorable condition; and why should not they be caught? At all events, angling ought to be tolerated for a time after netting is prohibited. On the other hand, the proportion of kelts (spawned fish), and fish yet unspawned, is even in March very much greater than the clean fish. In the evidence given before the House of Commons in 1825, it was stated by one of the fishermen from the Tweed (I quote from memory, and may therefore quote incorrectly), that for one good fish caught up to the middle of March, ten were caught as kelts or unspawned fish; and in the Ribble, where there used to be some salmon, I have seen a shoal of 20 kipper (kelt) fish in the middle of April. I have even seen some as late as May. It may be said that this is of no consequence, as the fishermen cannot legally take these unclean fish; but does any fisherman allow one to escape? Few fish are allowed to spawn here, and few of those that do spawn ever get back to the sea. If they were systematically allowed to do so, they would in another year furnish a supply of the largest and best fish; and therefore my opinion is, that close time ought to be extended to the middle of April, by which time the kelts would mostly have returned to the sea. There is one anomaly in the natural history of the salmon, which I have never seen explained. The best fish are said to be found in some rivers from October to January—The Severn, the Ness, and the Lee, are said to produce their best fish when

in the generality of rivers they are uneatable; and a friend of mine, who was in London not many weeks ago, told me that he saw there as fine fish from the Severn as ever he saw in his life. The evidence of the fishermen from these rivers is too decisive to doubt, that many good fish are taken in those rivers at a time when none are seen in other rivers. But those fishermen did not tell us (for I don't remember that they were asked the question) that in catching these good fish, they destroyed ten unclean fish for one good one. It is exceedingly probable that such fish are caught; because first, it is very unlikely that fish in one river spawn at a different period to others; that they don't do so in the Severn is, I think, proved by the fact, that the kelts are found at the same season as in other rivers, and the smelts (salmon fry) also migrate in May as they do elsewhere. This being so, how is it that clean fish are found there when they are not met with elsewhere? what is there in the water of this river which induces these clean fish to run, at a time when they don't do so in other rivers? This I can't explain; it may be that these rivers flow over strata which are not so liable to foul the water—in short, I don't know anything of the reason, but it may be said, how does it happen that there are clean fish at all in this season? I reply, because I don't think the salmon spawns annually; in April, when the kelts go down, there is not, so far as I have observed, a trace of spawn to be found in them, and yet the clean fish which run in January and February have the ovaria perfectly developed, and the roe at that time almost as large as mustard seed; and yet there is no reason to think that these fish, supposing them to stop in the river the whole time, would spawn before the September or October following.

When I lived on the banks of the Wharfe, the fishermen used to catch trout all through the winter, with night-lines and worms, in the highest condition—the roe distinctly visible, but very minute. A first-rate angler used to remark to me, that the dishes of trout he caught in January were in better condition than those he caught in April, which he accounted for in this way: he said only the clean fish were rising in January, whereas the spawned fish had begun to feed freely in April; and there was a larger portion of these kelt fish among those caught at that time. If salmon spawn biennially and not annually, we can understand why there are clean fish whilst so large a proportion are foul; but we do not yet know why clean fish enter the rivers at all. I am aware that it is said that this is for the purpose of cleaning themselves of the sea-lice that infest them in salt water; but that this is a mere conjecture

* Under this head, we INVITE Contributions similar to the present. The advent of our JOURNAL is, we know, hailed with delight by many who take an intense interest in matters of the kind; and it finds its way into so very many channels at home and abroad, that the Discussions likely to take place give promise of much profitable as well as instructive entertainment. Our columns are open to debate; but conciseness is recommended on all occasions.—ED. K. J.

is, I think, proved by the fact, that they do not attempt to go down into the sea again when they are rid of these pests. A day or two in fresh water frees them from the lice; and yet fish that can come up in May, and which, if unmolested, would not spawn before October, never (so far as I have observed or can learn) show the slightest inclination to return to salt water before spawning; what then is the cause of their ascending the river? Not to find food; for a salmon in fresh water is rarely found with food in it—not merely to free themselves from vermin, for one would suppose that when this was accomplished they would return again to the sea. Is it that they may serve as food for man, who, unless impelled by this instinct, would never see them in an eatable condition?

It may be said, that the roe would not probably be matured unless the fish remained some time in fresh water previous to spawning: but neither can this be true, for in October and November fish are frequently caught on the spawning beds, newly run, as is evident from the brightness of their scales; for fish that have been a few days in the river, particularly in the autumn, change color very rapidly, the males becoming red, the females (black) dark-colored.

Clitheroe, May 3.

T. G.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

"He who opposes his own judgment against the consent of the times, ought to be backed with UNANSWERABLE TRUTHS; and he who has TRUTH on his side is a fool as well as a Coward, if he is afraid to own it because of the currency or multitude of OTHER MEN'S OPINIONS."—DEFOE.

No. X.—THE LIFE OF DR. GALL.

Down to the days of Gall, the inquirer into the nature of the human mind began his investigations by a forced abstraction of his own faculties from the whole external world, and then turning his intellectual powers inwards upon his own mind;—in profound reflection, and in the total inaction of by far the larger portion of his faculties, he fixed in his memory a picture of what he fancied to be the various phenomena of cerebral activity. It was, with a crowd of ideas acquired in this manner, added to his previously received prejudices, that each philosopher, taking himself and his own individual constitution as the standard, formed his theory of the human understanding. Other philosophers again, holding different views, sought for the origin of the human faculties in the impressions made on the senses, and these brought out ideas more distinct and positive; but, instead of regarding external sensations as merely necessary excitements to action of the internal organs of the different faculties, they considered the latter to result from the sensations themselves, and the brain was as yet vaguely believed to be, as a whole, the general seat of intelligence. As for physiologists, they were content to ascribe, in a general way, the

origin of the passions to the influence of temperament, or to various viscera or organs of the body.

On the appearance of Gall, the science of mind assumed an entirely new aspect. Instead of studying the character and intellect of man in general, through the medium of himself, he began a series of observations upon individual men, and the lower animals. Instead of inventing an arbitrary system of faculties, Gall noted the relation between each organ, and the manifestations which he observed in the different individuals whom he examined; he distinguished between the general attributes of all or a variety of the faculties, and particular faculties themselves. Instead of inquiring whether an individual was well endowed with memory, imagination, judgment, or attention (which are attributes common to a variety of intellectual powers), he observed his capacity for any, and what employment of those faculties; whether he most easily remembered places, or words, or persons, and so on. In a word, instead of an abstract and *à priori*, Gall introduced an experimental or *à posteriori* method of philosophising.

He studied what are called morals in the same way that we study physics; and he gave to the physiological science of mind that happy direction, to which the other natural sciences owe those splendid results which so honorably distinguish the latter part of the last century, and, still more, the beginning of the present. The course which he has pointed out, is that which must be followed by all future philosophers, or they will infallibly continue to wander blindfold amidst error and absurdity.

But the system of Dr. Gall cannot be properly understood until the inquirer shall know how to apply it with certainty. To attain this knowledge, a long and enlightened experience is absolutely necessary, and the results thence obtained are truly astonishing. Suppose that we wished to judge of the capacity of any individual, the general development of his head must first be considered, next the proportion which the anterior bears to the posterior regions, then the prominent parts in each region must be ascertained, and if a sufficient degree of experience has been acquired, the limits of the different organs should be specified. Thus, if it be known beforehand what allowance should be made for the influence of the viscera, the faculties and dispositions of the individual may be accurately determined. Such is the process that must be gone through before arriving at any thing positive, and Gall will be found to be a sure guide throughout. By this means, it will be understood why one individual is distinguished for his success in poetry, music, mathematics, logic, eloquence, or metaphysics; why another is impelled by the noblest of human passions, that of desiring to sacrifice even his life for the sake of doing good; why another is insensible to the existence of danger; why this man sacrifices every thing to the desire of being thought eminent in some accomplishment, which, in reality, he does not possess, while that man would give up all besides to gratify his thirst of rule; and, finally, why some individuals can never attain to excellence, notwithstanding the

greatest efforts, but remain for ever condemned to a humiliating mediocrity. But this is not all. When we are thoroughly convinced that those differences of disposition are the results of organisation, we will congratulate the man whom nature has constituted favorably in that respect; and we will, on the other hand, regard with compassion him who has been less felicitously endowed. The same considerations will strengthen our feelings of indulgence towards the failings of our fellow-creatures, at the same time that they will show the importance of an enlightened education, which shall aim at counterbalancing the depraved dispositions of a child, by exercising those organs and faculties which may tend to destroy their effects, and which may even frequently turn them to the advantage of the individual who would otherwise have been their victim.

Such is the importance of Phrenology; but, at the same time, can it be said that the man whose genius has given it birth has succeeded in bringing it to perfection? Little attention, indeed, would, in these days, be paid to the man who should pretend to prescribe limits to any one of the sciences. No! Phrenology, like all the branches of medicine, is still imperfect; but, like them, it lays claim to stand on certain positive *data*, on fixed principles, and fundamental doctrines, which cannot be called in question, as being the results of testimony a thousand times repeated, of the whole united senses, elucidated by the simplest reasoning, and proved by the severest induction. So fully is this admitted to be the case, that now a-days the study of Phrenology is no longer considered to belong exclusively to the physician, but begins to be looked upon as *common to all the world*.

Artists were perhaps the first to perceive the importance of our science; for it is a striking fact, that in the models of antiquity the forms of the head are very often found in the most exact relation to the faculties of the gods and men whom the chisel of the artist has handed down in sculpture to posterity. What sculptor will not comprehend, that by means of Phrenology, he may be able at a single glance to obtain a key to individual character? and that, in creating an ideal subject, he must be guided by the same principles? Will it ever occur to him to give to the figure of a Hercules the forehead of an Apollo? or would he place the head of a demon of cruelty on a statue intended to represent a character of pure benevolence? Were an artist to commit such an error, he would be considered a man of superficial mind; and though, as a mere workman, he might be more or less rewarded for his skill, he would be treated as one who had not an idea of the true nature of his art, and of accomplishing it. The same remarks are equally applicable to the kindred art of painting. The painter cannot too strenuously pursue the study of Phrenology; for he has only an even surface on which to delineate his objects, and he may fail in giving them the necessary expression, by neglecting those traits, which, however slight, are characteristic and necessary to bring out the distinguishing peculiarities of his subject. Moreover, Phrenology recognises a uniform relation, an intimate connection between the habitual attitude of individuals and their predominant

dispositions; and the painter who knows how to appreciate this influence of the cerebral organisation upon the movements of the body, will be distinguished for the naturalness of the deportment and action of all his personages; while he who is a stranger to Phrenology runs a continual risk of falling into the grossest inconsistencies. What would be thought of a medallion, in which the predominating organs of its subject were not more strikingly developed than the rest? In this way, to all those arts which profess to present the exact image of man to the eyes of his survivors, Phrenology is most useful, and will in future be considered indispensable.

(To be Continued.)

THE TWO UNKNOWN SHIPS.

Slowly drifting down from the frozen seas of the North, to lose themselves in the waters towards the Equator, annually come vast herds of icy rocks; crags that would be immortal in their native deserts, where land and water forget their separate nature in the common rigor of the iron frost; but, wandering down to more living waters, those rock pinnacles melt and die. Among the herd last year was a field or floe of ice; and on that floe were two ships, idle and deserted, performing a strange helpless voyage. One smaller vessel going to Quebec, sails near them, and they pass on their way, not unseen, as well they might have done; but they were neglected. Many in the Quebec-bound vessel wished to explore those deserted wandering homes, but the master was sick and listless and would not be disturbed. Were they Franklin's ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*? the question occurred to one person on board, but it was unsolved; and now a year after the event, Admiralty and public are engaged seeking evidence!

At first the story was point-blank disbelieved; then it was credited as a tale of a delusive apparition, a mirage; then it was thought possible that ships there might have been, but not Franklin's—only wrecked whalers. Now, however, the details of a minute examination strengthen the probability that the ships *were* Franklin's. No one can know; no one can as yet deny it. It is mournful to reflect, that if they were the historic ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, the last known of them should be that passing sight on their voyage of mystery.

How much one would give to *know* all that might have been learned, positively or even negatively, from those ships! There were men on board the brig who felt the impulse, although they did not know that a reward had been offered for the discovery. The mate, with laudable curiosity, wished "to rummage the cabins." Had he done so we should have known what the vessels were. But he did not obtain permission from the sick and listless master. Perhaps, if the reward had been known, the listlessness of disease might have been roused to animation at the report of two ships so strangely stranded. But the golden incentive was wanting, and the ships were abandoned to drift down to the sunny seas where the floating ice-dock would melt, and its burden be yielded to the waters for the quiet consummation of fate.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—J. U. B., Dublin. We are again thwarted! You say you enclose your name and address. We cannot find it. However, we thank you for your kind letter.—C. M. Thanks; but we have no available room.—G. T. Try the same bird again. One season makes a great difference.—G. H. You will see you are *not* forgotten.—E. M. J., Guernsey. Next week.—W. Hunt. Thanks.—J. A. B. Next week.—Ella. Next week.—C. O. H. Thanks. Next week.—T. B. Ryder. At an early day.—A Well Wisher. In our next.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any "facts" connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them; our time being overwhelmingly occupied with PUBLIC duties.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, May 15, 1852.

WITH THE COMPLETION OF OUR FIFTH PART, and the issuing of our 20TH NUMBER, it will be expected that we shall, as usual, say a few words by way of a "Monthly Address" to those who live remote from our great city.

Many private inquiries have been instituted, as to our past, present, and future movements; and much kind anxiety prevails to know if we prosper and if we are likely to "go on?" Of the first, all has been said that needs be said; and we have pointed out our oppressors. The third very much hinges on the second; and the second is in the hands of our friends—the Public.

That a periodical like our JOURNAL, addressing itself as it does, more or less, to nearly every respectable family of intelligence in the kingdom, *ought* to flourish, appears undeniable; that it does not do so to the extent we desire (we would, for the present, be content with "costs out of pocket") is, alas, too true! Discussing the why and the wherefore a few days since, with an intelligent citizen of the world, his reply was—"If you really wish to make your JOURNAL sell, and to get it patronised by the country booksellers (who ridicule natural history, and all such matters), it is imperative that you embrace police reports, murders, the wildest of tales and romances, in their fullest details, and all the horrible events of the week. These, too, ought to be illustrated with woodcuts and fac-similes of the assassinated victims. Your success would *then* be immediate and complete."

That this is a true picture of society at

large, we are constrained, from observation, to admit; and our friend's remark was perfectly just. We evidently do write for the choice few—not for the many. Our offence, it seems, lies in our loving the fair side of nature, and trying to make others love it too! That we have succeeded in this even to the extent we have, appears little short of a miracle. What is proved hereby? We shudder to draw the correct but obvious inference!

It was hinted when we first started, that true lovers of nature were a small body of individuals; and unable to support a work like ours; possessed of the kindest hearts indeed, themselves, but unable to make others participate in their feelings. We have found it so; though we confess to have been more liberal in our notions then, than we are now. How true it is that "early education makes or mars us!" At all events, let the issue of our little venture be what it may—and we are ardent as ever—it will always give us the most lively pleasure to have secured by it the countenance and friendship of some of the best of men; and to know that our sentiments and feelings are responded to by very many of the most estimable families in the kingdom. Our defeat will not be an inglorious one, under *any* circumstances.

We remarked, some time since, that if every one of our present subscribers were kind enough to procure us only two others, our requirements would be satisfied. Many have exceeded this; others, more lukewarm, have used no exertions. Thus the matter rests. Though not a *richer*, we are certainly a "wiser" man than we were!

For ourselves, the work of our hands is before the public. A short time now will decide how long we are to keep each other's company. If they rejoice as we do in the beauties of the coming seasons, and love to see recorded the various operations of Nature, they will stand by us. We have fulfilled all our promises so far, and are prepared to exceed them if we receive encouragement; but we cannot, and will not swerve from the professed principles of our JOURNAL, by pandering to the depraved feelings and appetites of "the multitude."

IT IS WORTHY of record in a Periodical like ours, which will be referred to hereafter, that the *first* genial rains of Spring did not visit us this year until the evening of Wednesday, April 21! Such a lengthened season of drought as preceded these rains, at this particular season of the year, lives not in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant."

We hardly need mention, with what glee we paid an *early* visit to the gardens and

shrubberies on the following morning. We were indeed "up" with the lark.

What a spell had been cast upon every living, every drooping,—aye, and every dying plant, in a single night! What an aroma of sweet odors floated upon the moist air! And how fondly did we gaze upon the magical effects which we saw produced, almost momentarily, by gently-distilling showers, as each modest up-turned head received the grateful, long-expected supply of renewed life from the skies!

Then—what a change from the (apparently-everlasting) keen, biting, killing blasts of the north-east, to the warm, genial, refreshing breezes from the south-west! And how eloquent the song of the nightingales, blackcaps, robins, and others of the feathered tribe, by comparison with their past efforts to be joyous! All Nature indeed, participated in the timely relief. Let us henceforward make up for what has been lacking in our enjoyments abroad, by rising at peep of day. The delay we have suffered will only serve as a stimulus to our future energies and elasticity.

No more rheumatic pains; no more sciatica; no more attacks from bronchitis; indeed no bodily ailments whatever, must now be even hinted at. The "cause" is removed: it rests with ourselves to perfect a "cure." To all who would be well and happy, we repeat our universal remedy,—Give your lungs free play in the sweet, open air; discard the town, and fly bodily to the country. Oh,—

It is delightful, 'midst the early dew
To be a wanderer! When the morning hours
Bear on their wings the perfume of all flowers;
When from the green earth to the heavens blue
Ascends the song of birds.

And no less pleasant is it in our daily stroll, to watch the progress of each passing day in new-created loveliness; rejoicing, on our return at eve, to hear—

The bills
Of the glad thrush and blackbird, far and free,
Shout forth the day's decline from tree to tree.

May is just the very month for a pleasant, meditative walk; and no doubt many of our readers understand what we mean by that expression. We love to wander to some lonely spot, where undisturbed we can enjoy—

A deep repose, a silent harmony
Of nature and of man—Where circling woods
Shut out all human eyes; and the gay orchard
Spreads its sweet world of blossoms, all unseen,
Save by the smiling sky.

How often have WE enjoyed such a treat as this! And how often have we thought,—

This is the spot to live and die in!

The summer will not have passed ere this same thought will have *oft* recurred,—but the harsh voice of the printer commands us here to HALT.

We must not however part company, before promising our readers another interesting Paper in our next, about

CANARIES BREEDING IN THE OPEN AIR.

We are about to pay our SECOND promised visit to Henry Wollaston, Esq., Welling, Kent, where we well know a grand treat awaits us.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Nests of the Wild Duck.—I have just seen the nest of a wild duck built in a pollard willow, about eight feet above the water, on the bank of the river Wiley. The nest contained ten eggs. I am told these birds also build in Grovely Wood, *which is more than half a mile distant from the river.* Is this not a curious fact?—W. T. B., *Fisherton Delamere, Wilts.*

Avadevats and Blackcaps.—Some weeks since, you spoke of some avadevats building in an aviary at Rugby. Will your Correspondent kindly tell me, through your columns, what is the material they use for their nest, and also what is the proper food for the young, when hatched? Will you tell me too, please, when the blackcaps go to nest? [They are beginning to build their nests now; and if we ever have any warm weather—then we may speedily look for young birds of *all* kinds.] Of course you will soon be writing about the blackcap.—M. R., *Watford.*

German Paste.—I send you a receipt for German paste, which I think a very good one. [Singular enough, this receipt is worded so nearly like the one we have already given (see p. 249), that we have no hesitation in saying the former and this are identical—both parties having gained their information from one and the same source. The only difference is, that in our former receipt, we recommended blanched and bruised almonds as a novelty, *in addition.* Our Correspondent thus finishes his receipt, which, being an *extra* element in the mixture, we here subjoin.] If hempseed be thought essential, let it be the *small* Russia hempseed. Give this *whole*, not bruised. The birds will then escape those nasty, troublesome complaints, such as "the husk," &c., which invariably arise from eating the hull of bruised hempseed; and which utterly destroy the voices of many fine songsters.—W. C., *Chatham.*

[Our Correspondent's remarks about the hempseed, are deserving of marked attention. As he says, many fine birds are ruined by having *bruised* hempseed mixed with their food. We have before said, those who do not make their own paste, should use none but "CLIFFORD'S," 24, Great St. Andrew St., Holborn. Then will their birds be always stout, hearty, and in full song.]

How can I catch a Nightingale?—As I live in the country, and have no chance of being able to buy a nightingale, can you tell me how to catch one? I wish to know immediately.—G. J.

[We dare say you do! But you err greatly in asking such a question of us—such determined enemies to the bird-catchers! We write for the benefit of the poor innocents who have fallen victims to the machinations of these hardened ruffians,—creatures in human form, who sleep all night under a hedge with a view to pounce upon their unsuspecting entertainers the moment the sound of their mellifluous voices falls upon the ear at early dawn. “Hanging” were *far* too humane a death for these iron-hearted outcasts, whose artfully-spread snares too often meet our eye whilst walking on the Sabbath morn to a neighboring church. If you are possessed of a nightingale, and want to know how to feed him, then write to us, and we will tell you. As we have before remarked, our object is to do for birds in confinement what the ever-memorable Mrs. Fry did for the prisoners in Newgate. Save them, she could not; but she could and *did* ameliorate their condition. From your letter, we gather you are yet young. Take a lesson of advice, kindly offered, from one older than yourself.]

Gold Fish; How to tame them, &c.—I have been very much interested in your remarks about Gold Fish, and bear willing testimony to the fact of their being easily tamed and rendered familiar. Also of their powers of recognition, and great affection for those who feed them. It was an observance of these two last peculiarities that induced me to pursue the study of these elegant creatures’ habits. Not that all their race are alike,—for many are timid, and dart wildly away at your approach. The food of which I found my pets most particularly fond was the larvæ of gnats; and when a basin of water containing these delicacies was placed within their view, their delight was unmistakeably apparent. I fed them in this manner generally in an evening, and I always found them anxiously on the look out for me. They were also very fond of small minnows, to which they gave chase directly they were placed in the bowl. Singular to state, they never ate any of these little creatures in the day time; but I invariably found them devoured in the morning. The minnows, I perceived, bravely defended themselves when attacked; but, of course, superior strength eventually triumphed. I was very successful in taming my gold fish. They would come at command in a body to the top of the water, and affectionately rub themselves against an extended finger. One, larger than the rest, often lashed the water with his tail,—such was the exuberance of his delight at my approach. They were all very sensitive to the sound of music,—listening attentively and motionless, whilst it continued, and evidently grieved when it ceased. Their aversion for strangers was great; but they recognised all the members of our family, with whom they were on the best terms. One curious circumstance I must mention; and that is, their marked attachment to one particular minnow, who, although forming one of others doomed for destruction, yet so won upon the inmates of my glass bowl, that they

treated him with unreserved affection,—nor would they ever let him be injured in any way. We knew him readily, by part of his tail having been bruised when he was first taken. I sometimes took the minnow out to see what would be the result; and I invariably found that his absence occasioned uneasiness to his fellows, who were overjoyed at his return. This went on for more than twelve months, when an epidemic carried off in a few short hours all the “happy family.” I quite agree with you, that *bread* should be altogether dispensed with. It is useless as food, and dangerous in its effects on the water.—AGATHA C.

[The same amiability as evinced by these golden fish, we ourselves have discovered as existing with the minnow. The above little episode is a pleasing evidence of how affection begets affection; and how anything, or anybody, may be won over by what we *all* ought to practise—kindness. Ever since our boyhood, we have sailed on one tack in this matter, and always found our way into port without any difficulty. We can therefore give the right hand of friendship to the fair AGATHA, and hope to have many other such amiable correspondents.]

On Cruelty to Animals.—Will you, Mr. Editor, kindly oblige me by inserting the following letter, the particulars in which are all true? [The letter is too long for insertion; but it is an excellent letter, from a good and a kind-hearted lady, evidently,—a lady whose pen, ere now, has contributed towards enriching our pages. The way in which bullocks, calves, sheep, and other animals are treated, whilst passing through our public streets, is indeed horribly brutal. We constantly see bullocks’ tails *twisted* till the joints break; sheep struck with a heavy bludgeon till they are maimed; and calves packed into a space admitting of *nothing but inevitable suffocation*. Our fair correspondent details many of these atrocities in the most graphic manner. We must, in justice to her, append the *finale* to her letter.] Can these animals, pent up as they are (the living among the dead and dying), be fit for human food? Yet is this, and all connected therewith, looked upon daily by the public with stoical indifference! They shut their eyes to what is passing, and turn their heads away, fearing perhaps lest their neighbors should laugh at their weakness! Is it a weakness to be humane? or to feel for a helpless inoffensive animal, subjected to brutal torture? Oh, surely not, surely not, Mr. Editor! “Mercy” is Heaven-born. Help me, do; and let the cry even of a woman be heard in *such* a cause!—JANE W.

[Let us hope, Miss Jane, that your womanly cry will be heard far and near. Would that all hearts were like yours!]

The Black-Cap an Imitator of the Nightingale.—The blackcap is abundant with us; it comes on the 13th of April, and stays and sings all the summer through. Nothing ever delights me more than the song of this bird. He has decidedly more compass and variety than any other English bird, except the nightingale; he begins with a soft, low, melodious whistle, like the voice of the nightingale heard afar off, or

the whistle of a countryman at a distance, softened into melody by the surrounding hills; it comes nearer and nearer, louder and louder, a series of varied, rich, liquid, and sonorous notes, till all at once you are astonished to find the little bird, from whose throat such surpassing melody is poured, is sitting in a bush by your side, or on the branch of a tree close over your head. But notwithstanding all the wildness and variety of the blackcap's song, there is a vast deal of method in it. It is quite worth while to listen attentively to him, and you find that his usual song is very tune-like, and might readily be imitated on the flute or flageolet. Sometimes, after he has gone through his song several times in succession, he will introduce a few notes as from a march, and then, all at once, he will give you a delicious and off-hand imitation of the song-thrush, blackbird, or even nightingale.—G. H., *Godalming*.

Lesson from a Lark.—Let me, Mr. Editor, at a time when Nature has a "speaking voice," call your attention to the remarks of Washington Irving in his conversations with a friend. "Of all birds," said he, "I should like to be a lark. He revels in the brightest time of the day, in the happiest season of the year, among fresh meadows and opening flowers; and when he has sated himself with the sweetness of earth, he wings his flight to heaven, as if he would drink in the melody of the morning stars. Hark to that note! How it comes thrilling down upon the ear! What a stream of music, note falling over note in delicious cadence! Who would trouble his head about operas and concerts, when he could walk in the fields and hear such music for nothing? These are the enjoyments which set riches at scorn, and make even a poor man independent:

'I care not, Fortune, what you do deny'—
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her bright'ning face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living streams at eve'—

"Sir, there are homilies in nature's works worth all the wisdom of the schools, if we could but read them rightly; and one of the pleasantest lessons I ever received in a time of trouble was from hearing the notes of a lark." As you "point a moral" in all that proceeds from your pen, or that finds a place in your JOURNAL, the above I know will suit you exactly.—G. H.

[Many thanks. You are a universal benefactor. We hope others will follow your excellent example. We will let the *echo* be heard all over the world.]

Cats.—You are a friend of cats, an enemy of cats; and always willing to serve the public in telling all you hear of them, and know of them, *pro* and *con*. As Mrs. Malaprop says, you are a perfect Cerberus—"three gentlemen rolled into one!" Well, hear my story, and pass as lenient a sentence as you can on my offending but now repentant cat. Don't tell me to immortalise him by administering to him a dose (by way of sleeping draught) of the *Carbonate of Barytes*. I well know this *would* atone for all his offences;

but hear me further. How can I so sacrifice 'Charlie?'—'Charlie,' who is the very king of cats? His size and proportions equal those of the noble animal 'figured' in the *Illustrated London News* about a year since. As for the mice, they disappear before him "like bricksy-wicksies;" and armies of rats, respectable (?) "fathers of families" (both numerous and voracious) have to bewail the gaps made by this monster in feline form. Annihilate, Mr. Editor, an animal like this! Oh, never! But to his offence. I had a linnet, a joyous bird! He was my friend and consolation. One night I was away from home, my bird was hung from the window lintel by a hook. The person who last retired for the night left, I suppose, the door open; by which means the prowling monster got admission. How he managed to get to the cage, at a height of twelve feet, I cannot tell. Perhaps the curtains aided him. But conjecture is needless; he must have hung to the cage until the ring gave way; and he and his victim were hurled to the ground. How long he tortured the little innocent I cannot say, but he killed it with his claws. He could not get it out. He then proceeded to the housekeeper's room, and by repeated wailing, succeeded in arousing her. She, suspecting something wrong, arose, and the cat, with tail erect, led the way; he entered the parlour; up to the window he went straight, and then gave vent to one of the most frightful yells which ever issued from feline throat. The foul deed was done; but *why* did he want this witness to the murder? Why did he utter this astounding cry? Who can say that cats have not remorse? That they are not visited with the stings of conscience? This then is "the case." You, as judge, shall decide. Put not on, I implore you, the "black cap," but only sentence the prisoner to *banishment for life*.—J. B. M., *Glasgow*.

[As you have so strongly recommended the prisoner to mercy, and deprecate the law of punishment by DEATH, justice will perhaps be vindicated in this case by banishment to CALIFORNIA. If remorse does not reach him *there*, he is a worse cat than even *we* give him credit for! By the way, this will be a solitary instance of—a cat touched by remorse!]

Epiphyllum Jenkinsonii.—You notice this at page 237. Will you please tell me how long it usually is in coming into bloom? I have a remarkably-healthy plant, nearly four years old, which has never shown the least appearance of blossom. Yet have I treated it as directed by your correspondent. Perhaps he will kindly explain?—ANGELINA.

Spring Physic.—As you seem to know everything, Mr. Editor, and are always courteous withal in "dispensing" your advice, and in making your readers as "knowing" as yourself, do tell us what is really a good Spring Physic. This changeable weather is fast carrying some of us to the grave. Those who remain are but "shaky," and need "valuable advice."—W. L., *Brixton*.

[The following prescription will make a man of you, if you are now a boy. *Probatum est*:—

Take of cloves one drachm; of sarsaparilla root sliced and sassafras shavings, each two oz.; boiling water, three pints. Let them simmer several hours, so as to have two pints remaining when strained; add to which, powdered Rochelle salts two oz.; cream of tartar two oz. A wine glassful to be taken in the morning before breakfast, and repeated between meals two or three times a day, according to its action on the system, and continue it for a week or ten days as may be required. This preparation may be made without the cloves, which are added merely for the purpose of preventing the mixture from decomposing in three or four days.]

A Wagtail in a Cage.—Some say the wag-tail will not live happy in a cage, and that it will not sing. To prove the contrary, mine, which is two years old next June, is now coming into song very free. He is also tame and handsome. I shall be proud to show him to any of your readers who are passing 12 John Street, Old Kent Road, near the Bricklayers' Arms.—E. GODFREY.

[Our correspondent's P.S. is so original and "smart," that we really must print it. 'Should any one,' says he, 'call during my absence, if they can 'veat' like the nightingale, Wag will soon answer.']

THE BRITISH WARBLERS.

BY THE LATE R. SWEET, F.S.A.—NO. V.

WE come next, to notice the REDSTART, *Sylvia Phœnicurus*. This is a very elegant and interesting species of the Warblers, and a good songster. Its food is precisely the same as the last species we described. In confinement it will sing by night as well as by day, if a light be kept in the room where it is. It will soon get very tame and familiar, and will be much attached to the person who feeds it. If brought up from the nest it may be taught to sing any tune that is whistled or sung to it. One that I was in possession of some years ago, learnt to sing the Copenhagen waltz, that it had heard frequently sung. It would however sometimes stop in the middle of it and say *chipput*, a name by which it was generally called, and which it would always repeat every time I entered the room where it was, either by night or day. In Winter it would generally begin singing in the evening as soon as the candle was lighted, and would often sing as late as eleven o'clock at night. When it was hung out of the door, in the cage, which it frequently was, the sparrows would often come round it. It seemed particularly fond of them, and it learnt their note, and would chirp and imitate their call so exact, that any person who did not know to the contrary, would have supposed it to be the sparrows chirping. The Redstart, in a wild state, chiefly visits gardens, lanes, and old buildings; and feeds on various

kinds of insects, but seems to prefer the ant and their eggs. In Spring, when it first arrives in this country, it mounts to the top of the loftiest trees, where it will sit and sing for hours, beginning in the morning by day-break. The earliest time of their arrival that I ever noticed was the 25th March. Some years they come over at the beginning of April, and sometimes not till the middle of that month. It seems to be a very peevish and fretful bird, often shaking its tail, and repeating a quick shrill note, as if it was in fear. One that I once reared from the nest, was often allowed to come out of its cage into the room. One day when wanted to be got in, and not being willing to go, it was driven round the room a few times, which vexed it so much that it would take no food afterwards, though restored to its liberty. It remained sulky for three days, and then died. Under the head "Redstart," in his Appendix, Mr. Sweet says:—

I have now a beautiful male bird of this species which I have possessed for six years; it always keeps itself in as good health and in as fine plumage as if flying wild in the open air, continuing in song the greater part of the year. It is certainly the most sensible and cunning species of the tribe, and becomes very much attached to any person who notices it. Mine flew out of its cage about two years since, and got away into the garden, where it continued six or seven hours; it then returned to its cage, although it was a wild bird when first caught. In the year 1825, I saw a female of this species so late as 21st November, in Camera Square, Chelsea. It was flying about as lively as if it had been Midsummer.

Note.—Dr. Latham, in his "Index Ornithologicus," classes a large number of species under the Genus *Sylvia*, which plan Mr. Sweet seems to have followed. These however, are now differently arranged by Naturalists. The Genus *Sylvia* now only includes three varieties—*S. Hippolais*, *S. Sibilatrix*, and *S. Trochilus*. The others are divided into different Genera, as *Philomela* (the Nightingale); *Curruca* (the Whitethroat); *Salicaria* (the Aquatic Warbler); *Saxicola* (the Chat); *Phœnicura* (the Redstart). Latham also includes others, such as the Robin (*Erythaca rubecula*); Common Wren (*Troglodytes Europæus*); Golden Crested Wren (*Regulus Auricapillus*); Hedge Sparrow (*Accentor Modularis*) &c., under this tribe. The Redstart now bears the generic name given by Swainson viz.:—*Phœnicura Rutacilla*.—E. C., *Liverpool*.

THE LAST IMPROVEMENT IN POACHING.—During the latter end of the past partridge season, several shooters succeeded in making partridges lie, by the ingenious plan of flying a kite over the field in which they were ranging, with a stuffed hawk attached to it by a string. The result was that the birds were afraid to rise till the dogs were close upon them.—[*Noble sport!!*]

**MAN AND WOMAN;
A Romance of Real Life.**

"Frailty! thy name is woman."—SHAKESPEARE.

THERE are very few of us who know anything of human nature, that will not enter at once into the spirit of the subjoined most interesting sketch, which we have abridged from one of a series of papers, called the "Fly," in our excellent and useful contemporary, the *Family Herald*. These papers, we have before remarked, emanate from a lady—one every way deserving the title, and one thoroughly versed in the ins and outs of society at large. The parties represented are—a gentleman lover, and his *fiancée*; also some of our domestic gossips. The picture altogether is so good, that it deserves a place in the public's OWN JOURNAL. What a lesson does it not teach us, if we be wise enough to "take!"

There is something about the appearance of a lover going to visit his "heart's idol" that betrays him to an observant eye. His step so elastic, his eyes so bright, his dress so spruce, his "chin new-reaped," his hair so elaborately brushed and perfumed—in everything his feelings and his errand are manifest. I saw such a one mount nimbly to the outside of an omnibus one afternoon, so I resolved immediately to accompany him. The omnibus went out into one of those quiet regions where semi-detached villas try to look countryfied in the midst of their little nebulous gardens, in which the grass bears evidence of having been recently transported from some ill-cultivated field; and a few saplings, like aspiring Cockney boys, who ape the manners of men, do their best to look like trees. The suburb into which we were carried was in a state of greater maturity than this. By constant care the coarse and weedy grass had become respectable garden turf, and the trees were nearly as tall as the houses, affording shady nooks that were really refreshing after the noise and dust of London.

"Is Miss Winton at home?" asked my gentleman, of the smart damsel who answered his summons at the gate of one of the villas.

"No, sir, but I expect her in very soon;" and she opened the gate wide, inviting him to enter.

"I will wait, then," he replied, after a momentary hesitation, as though undecided whether to stay or to go away, and punish her at the expense of both. He was evidently much chagrined, for the brightness had left his face, and his brow was darkened. The girl opened the door of an elegantly-furnished room, and he went moodily in, and threw himself into a chair. "How is Mrs.

Winton?" he asked hastily, as the girl was quitting the room.

"Much the same, sir, thank you. She never leaves her chamber now. Shall I take any message, sir?"

"My kind regards, and I am sorry to hear she is no better," he replied.

The servant withdrew, and he was left to his own thoughts, in the quiet of that almost rural apartment. No sound broke the deep hush of the summer's afternoon, except the slow flapping of the window-blinds as the faint breeze stirred them; and the monotonous hum of a stray bee, that was busy among a vase of fresh flowers. He took up a book, and threw it aside—another, and another—all seemed vapid and dull. Then he walked to one of the windows, and looked out into the small garden at the back of the house. It was well kept, and full of flowers; and by the wall that divided it from the next garden, there was a pleasant seat, shaded from the sun by thick evergreen shrubs. He stepped out of the window, which opened to the ground, and ensconced himself in this comfortable place. He was annoyed and vexed at Miss Winton's absence, but the perfect stillness and the heat of the weather overcame him; he was beginning to yield to a sensation of drowsiness, when a voice on the other side of the leafy screen fell upon his ear. He turned his head, and saw that the speaker was the same girl who had admitted him into the house. He seemed about to move or cough, to warn her of his proximity, but the first words she uttered held him breathless.

"Polly! Polly!" she cried, leaning over the low wall, and calling to some one in the neighboring garden, "he's come! Miss Fanny told me she expected him; and she's gone out on purpose to make believe that she's not too anxious to jump into his mouth the moment he opens it."

"Where's she gone, then?" demanded another voice.

"Only to her cousin's. She can see him pass the window; and then, when she thinks he has waited long enough, she'll come in and tell him she has been out on business for her 'poor mamma,' and was detained by the lawyer."

"What a lark!" said the other gossip. "Lor, how I should like to see him."

"Well, keep on the look-out, and I'll let you know when he's going; or perhaps they'll walk out here in the evening, and then you can have a good look at him."

"It's him that wrote them letters, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's him. She met him at her uncle's, at Maidstone."

"What lots of lovyers she have had! Haven't she?"

"No end on 'em. But she says she has made up her mind to have this one, because he has got so much money; and it's time, too, that she thought of settling, for she's twenty-seven come next month."

"Lor! you don't say so! Why I didn't think she were so much."

"She don't look her age. She tells Mr. Lutworth she's only twenty-three; but if he happened to be looking into the parish register, he'd find out his mistake."

"Did she tell you how old she was?"

"Not she, indeed! But there was some law business about a while since, and they had to get a certificate of her baptism, and so I happened to see it. *She* wouldn't tell me that, bless you. She tells me all about her lovyers fast enough, but she's mighty close about anything concerning herself."

"Is she very much in love with this Mr. Lutworth?"

"She likes him well enough; but it's his money she's a-going to marry."

"Ain't he good-looking, then?"

"Amongst the middlings for beauty; but he seems quite the gentleman, and dresses very well. But she says he ain't the sort of man she could ever love. The one she really loves is that young hossifer that's going to India, only she says he's not rich enough to live in the style she wants."

"Did she ever show you any of *his* letters?"

"Lor, no; but I think I've seen all the rest. Mr. Lutworth's beat them all to nothing for loving words. They *are* real love-letters. He begins some of them, 'My own sweet angel,' and ends, 'your ever-adoring Henry.' And he talks more than he writes, and she can just make him do anything she pleases. When they was at Maidstone, she made him let his hair grow long, and wear moussetachies, and a nimpieral, and turn down his collar. And one day she made him change his dress three times. Oh, she could just turn him round her little finger, bless ye!"

"The love is all on his side, it seems. That's a pity, ain't it? I couldn't help loving a man that loved me so much. It's just like my poor dear Sam, that's been to sea for these two long years."

"Ay, he *do* love her, and no mistake. The day as she was a-coming away from her uncle's, he met her at the station, and when he was a-bidding of her good-bye, he says, 'Fanny,' says he, 'you're going back to London and all its gaieties,' he says, 'and you will see many handsomer and more agreeable men than me,' says he; 'but you may be sure of one thing,' he says, 'you'll never be loved fonder or truer than I love you,' says he. And with that he hands her into the carriage, and just as the train was

a-settin' off he puts a beautiful morocky case into her lap, and he says, says he, 'Wear them for my sake, dearest,' and with that the engine shruck, and off they went—he a-kissin' of his hand to her as long as she was in sight. Well, *when* she looked into the morocky case, which you may be sure she opened the moment he couldn't see her, what should she find but a pair of such loves of bracelets. All beautiful gold, and all set with diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds, till they was one blaze!"

"Lor, I never!" chimed in the wonder-struck auditor.

"No; I'm sure you never did!" replied the other, confidently, and without stopping to inquire what it was that her friend had "never."

"And was they all real?"

"I tell you they was worth fifty guineas!"

"Goodness gracious! Fifty guineas! Only think!"

"They never cost a farthing less, take my word for it; for Miss Winton, she took them to a first-rate jeweller, and he told her they was worth that money."

A deep sigh, which the worthy gossips could not hear, and a shudder which communicated a tremor to the leaf whereon I rested, told me how keenly the unsuspected hearer of the colloquy was affected by this proof of the sordid and mercenary spirit of the unworthy object of his love.

"Well," observed the girl who had answered to the familiar cognomen of Polly, "they *do* say, you know, that you shouldn't look a gift-horse in the mouth, and I must say I think it was a shame to take them bracelets to find out how much they was worth, as if it was the money and not the love as they was to be valled for. Here's this here little ring that my poor Sam gave me before he went away to sea the last time, and that will be two years come Michaelmas, and I promised to wear it in a ribbon round my neck till he came back again. And do you know that John Bolder, as wanted to keep company with me last winter, he persuaded me that it wasn't gold, and tried to get it from me to take it to be tried, but I wouldn't let him; for I knowed poor Sam thought it was real gold when he gave it to me, and I like to think so too. Heavens knows whether it is real gold or not; it isn't for the sake of the vally that I wears it, but for love of him as gived it me; and as I don't want to sell it, it may as well be brass or anything else, mayn't it?"

This poor illiterate girl had evidently more innate delicacy of feeling than the accomplished young lady.

"A pair of bracelets that cost fifty guineas will bear looking at," replied the other.

"Of course they will," said Polly; "but still I can't help thinking if Miss Winton had really loved him, she never could have thought about what they cost—at least she couldn't have took them to a jeweller's to find it out."

"Lor, bless you! she's done the same with all the presents he's made her," said Miss Winton's servant.

"There, she's come home," she continued, as a loud ring interrupted their *tête-à-tête*. Now, do you keep alive, and I'll give you notice when he's going, so that you may get a good look at him."

She ran into the house. Mr. Lutworth walked deliberately across the garden, left his card upon the table as he passed through the drawing-room, and without any unnecessary noise, though with no actual attempt at secrecy, let himself out at the front door and went his way. As he traversed the passage, he heard the voices of Miss Winton and her maid up stairs, where the former was divesting herself of her bonnet and shawl, and arranging her hair, previous to descending to the drawing-room. Love would have thrown the bonnet on a chair, and trusted to its counterpart to forgive the displacement of a ringlet or the falling of a bandeau. Perhaps he felt this, and if he did not, the few words that he must have heard in passing were enough to make him feel it.

"Cross was he?" said Miss Winton's voice, with a laugh. "Well, I hope it will do him good. It's just what I wanted."

When she entered the room where she expected to find him, and not seeing him there, she searched the garden; then returning to the house, found his card—her chagrin was very great. She stormed with passion, and vented her fury chiefly upon the poor servant, as if *she* could have foreseen or prevented Mr. Lutworth's departure. The rage terminated in violent hysterics, which kept the whole house astir for the greater part of the night. The next morning, however, as she hoped that her truant lover would return, she arose as usual, retaining nothing of her illness but an interesting langor; around which, about the time when she expected he would arrive, she arranged the graceful folds of an Indian shawl upon a couch in the drawing-room. The Venetian blinds were let down, that the subdued and greenish light might impart a more delicate pallor to her cheek; and thus, with a vase of flowers on a little table by her side, and a volume of Shakspeare in her hand, she awaited his coming. * * * Hour after hour passed away. She was becoming cross and tired, but the tableau was so very effective that she did not like to spoil it, when at every moment he *might* come. This I heard

from her conversation with the servant, who was kept in pretty constant attendance to enliven the young lady's *ennui*, as she found *Romeo and Juliet* not sufficiently interesting.

A postman's knock, and a letter for Miss Winton, promised a little diversion to the settled monotony of this state of things.

"That's right!" she exclaimed, glancing at the direction; "it's from him!"

* * * * *

We will not encroach further upon what everybody ought to read for themselves. Suffice it to say, the letter *was* from HIM, and that my lady's punishment was a well-merited one.

Again do we say, let us attend to the *early* education of our children. They always practise through life, what we have taught them by our own precepts and example when they were young.

Nice Distinctions and Small Differences.

SOMEBODY,—do not let the Editor of our "OWN JOURNAL" take the responsibility of the calculation on himself (for he has not the organ of "Number" half largely-enough developed for the task)—has commented as follows:—What a noisy creature would a man be were his voice in proportion to his weight, or as loud as that of a locust! A locust can be heard at the distance of 1-16th of a mile. The golden wren is said to weigh but half an ounce, so that a middling-sized man would weigh down not short of 4,000 of them; and it must be strange if a golden wren would not outweigh four of our locusts. Supposing, therefore, that a common man weighs as much as 16,000 of our locusts, and that the note of a locust can be heard 1-16th of a mile, a man of common dimensions, pretty sound in wind and limb, ought to be able to make himself heard at a distance of 1,600 miles; and when he sneezed "his house ought to fall about his ears." Supposing a flea to weigh one grain, which is more than its actual weight, and to jump one and a half yards, a common man of 150 pounds, with jumping powers in proportion, could jump 12,800 miles, or about the distance from New York to Cochin China. Aristophanes represents Socrates and his disciples as deeply engaged in calculations of this kind, around a table on which they are waxing a flea's legs to see what weight it will carry in proportion to its size, but he does not announce the result of their experiments. We are, therefore, happy in being able to supply, in some degree, so serious an omission. Surely the man who "calculated" the above, must be an American! There is so very much of the "go-ahead" about it.

NOVEL IMPORTATION.—Amongst the cargo brought by the Bentinck steamer, which recently arrived in the Southampton Docks, were twenty-four cases, containing 3,000 quails, consigned to London from Alexandria. The value of the birds is about £400.

THE ENDING OF THE LATE DROUGHT.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

OH, the thirsty earth!
 How she waits and wishes
 For the kind refreshing shower,
 Coming down in gushes;
 How she opes her pores,
 How she spreads her bosom,
 Pleading for the withered grass,
 And the sealed-up blossom!

Long the keen east wind
 O'er her daily sweeping,
 Parched her breast and killed
 Flying things and creeping;
 From the arid soil,
 Green shoots peeped and faded;
 And all things around appear'd
 Withered, worn, and jaded.

Now and then a cloud
 In the west appearing,
 Gave a short-liv'd hope
 That the vane was veering;
 But soon back it flew
 To the eastern quarter,
 And the cry became more loud—
 "Water! give us water!"

"Water is our want!
 See, we pine and languish!
 Sky, hast thou no pity
 For our drought and anguish?"

Living myriads thus,
 Thus all vegetation,
 Seemed to raise the voice of prayer,
 And of lamentation.

There was heard a sound,
 Like a far-off answer;
 Every blade a flutterer grew,
 Every leaf a dancer.
 Softer blew the wind
 From the southern regions;
 And o'er all the azure sky
 Spread the cloudy legions.

First it fell like dew,
 Scarcely one perceiv'd it;
 But how joyfully the earth
 On her breast received it!

Flower and grassy blade,
 And all living creatures,
 Hailed the boon as suited best
 With their different natures.

Faster now it came,
 Faster yet,—down-pouring,
 'Mid the grateful trees
 Like a torrent roaring;
 With a sweep and swirl,
 With a gust and eddy;
 Sudden it grew calm again,—
 Falling soft, and steady.

Oh, the gladsome sound
 Sets all nature singing;
 On earth's bosom now,
 Thick the grass is springing;
 Man will now have grain,
 Cattle juicy clover.
 Shout, ye valleys, and ye hills,—
 FOR THE DROUGHT IS OVER!

NATURE AND ART.

FIRST follow NATURE, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard; which is still the same.
 Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright,
 One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,—
 At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
 ART from that fund each just supply provides;
 Works without show, and without pomp presides.
 In some fair body thus th' informing soul
 With spirits feeds, with vigor fills the whole;
 Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains—
 Itself unseen, BUT IN TH' EFFECTS REMAINS.

Use of a Cat's Whiskers.

WE have no doubt that every one has observed a cat's whiskers; but few perhaps dream that they serve any valuable end. The following passage will prove the contrary:—Every one must have observed what are usually called the whiskers of a cat's upper lip. The use of these, in a state of nature, is very important. They are organs of touch. They are attached to a bed of close glands under the skin, and each of these long and stiff hairs is connected with the nerves of the lip. The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding object is thus felt most distinctly by the animal, although the hairs are themselves insensible. They stand out on each side in the lion, as well as in the common cat; so that, from point to point, they are equal to the width of the animal's body. If we imagine, therefore, a lion stealing through a covert of wood, in an imperfect light, we shall at once see the use of these long hairs. They indicate to him, through the nicest feeling, any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of his body; they prevent the rustle of boughs and leaves, which would give a warning to his prey, if he were to attempt to pass through too close a bush; and thus, in conjunction with the soft cushions of his feet, and the fur upon which he treads (the retractile claws never coming in contact with the ground), they enable him to move towards his victim with a stillness greater even than that of the snake, who creeps along the grass, and is not perceived till he is coiled round his prey.

A Perfectly-White Crow.

The "Kelso Mail" says that a white crow was recently shot at Hirsell. There was not a black feather in its whole plumage, it being of a pure and shining white, with a beak of bright yellow.

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No. 21.—1852.

SATURDAY, MAY 22.

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THE EMANCIPATED CANARIES.

MORE REMINISCENCES OF WELLING, KENT.

'Midst living sounds the sunny day hath stirred,
The dove with plaintive sound the woodland fills;
The cuckoo's voice is on the distant hills,—
Telling of days to natural hearts endeared.
Come forth, O sun! come forth! and thought shall bring
Days, with this day to live, from many a spring.

LAST WEEK, we glided gently from our "teens," and felt "important." We were twenty weeks old, and walked upright. To-day, we have attained our majority! We are twenty-one weeks old, and feel blessed with the strength of a giant.

It was no more than natural, that we should wait for the near approach of so grand an event, before we fairly commenced our spring visits; for, to speak truth, our heart has more than once failed us, whilst trying to anticipate the happy thought of a prolonged existence. Let us, however, now hope that our good friends, the public, will henceforth strengthen our hands, and, by their encouragement, infuse new life into our system. We have had a desperate struggle, whilst aspiring to reach the summit of a high mountain; but, with their kind aid, we may yet accomplish the task which we began in hope, and feel reluctant to relinquish in despair. That last word liketh us not, we will therefore at once to the matter before us.

In No. 19 of our JOURNAL, it will be remembered, we recorded our First Visit to Welling, in 1851; commenting upon what we saw there, reporting progress, and asking leave to sit again. The interest which has attached to the subject, even thus early, has granted us the leave we asked: and we shall proceed to speak of our SECOND VISIT TO WELLING.

We made choice of a day last week, most favorable for the object we had in view. We will not say that the easterly winds had entirely departed (is it likely?), but they had considerably abated. The sun shone

out in full splendor, the azure blue of the sky, seen through white towering clouds which curled gracefully above our heads, fell delightfully on the eye; and gentle zephyrs ever and anon refreshed our cheek as they were wafted by. Rain there was none, nor were there any indications of it. Our equipment, therefore, was nearly as light as our heart; and we felt "happy." Alas, that happiness should be the exception, and not the rule of our existence! How is it? But as nobody can tell us, we will not pause for a reply.

Our little company consisted of three,—the late amiable associate of our "Country Ramble" (see No. 18), and the duplicate of our own royal person, in a fairer form. The time of rendezvous was noon,—starting point, the South Eastern Railway,—place of destination, Abbey Wood, thence *viséd* by omnibus to Welling.

"We met,—'twas in a crowd." Busily occupied among the closely-packed multitude of people, "taking tickets," was a man of singular mien and manners, whose restlessness and peculiarity caused us to watch him narrowly. This kept us occupied till the train was ready to start. Let us describe this man, and with a warning voice. He was a tall, gaunt figure, in a coat with long tails, wrapped closely round his person. His bust was attenuated; his eyes concealed by goggles. His *personnel*, lank. In a word, he was no doubt a half-starved emanation from Exeter Hall—a representative of a Tract society. We gathered this from his making irrelevant inquiries of all around him, at the same time depositing in their hand a buff-colored tract. One of these tracts contrived to find its way into our pocket. We took it out and perused the title. It was called the "Last Great Exhibition, or the End of all Things." Thinking it referred to the "monster" handiwork of our modern Frankenstein, in Hyde Park, we began to read. Frightfully shocked were we, to find it one of those

promiscuous and dangerous manuals which bring true religion into such contempt with the multitude. Punning on the Scriptures is a dangerous habit; and the indiscriminate promulgation of such absurdities as these, in millions, cannot be too severely condemned. The man, who no doubt faithfully discharged the duties enjoined on him by his misguided employers, appeared to be, as most of these poor deceived creatures are, touched in his intellects. He came like a shadow: so departed. Shame, say we, be on those who make tools of such men, and of this man in particular. But we are now on the platform.

Before entering the carriage which was to convey us away from this sickening scene, we could not help offering a passing observation (which we record here) on the large trade in books done at railway stations generally, and of which here was a specimen. No wonder certain booksellers should utter a wild outcry at their changed prospects, when these places have been converted into huge emporiums of literature! We blessed our stars that WE were an "exclusive;" and took our seats. And now, gentle reader, behold us *en route*, and for a few short hours turning our backs on this city of din, smoke, noise, and hubbub.

As we have before said, the sun was rejoicing in his strength, diminished in its full force by intermitting clouds, whose friendly shadow secured all due warmth, without an inconvenient heat. The train we travelled by was a "slow coach;" so that we had ample time to enjoy the gently-passing scenery as we journeyed onwards.

The road from London to Abbey Wood is too well known to require any particular comment. Passing through Charlton, on either side of the road we observed orchards, gardens, woods, hill and dale, meadow and valley; and in all were perceivable the *gradual* progress of Spring—gradual indeed! Still there was a vernal freshness, a delicious *green* on every tender herb and spray, that rejoiced and feasted the beholder's eye. Now and then we noticed a babbling stream or rivulet, meandering by; whilst in the distance, an occasional sheet of water assisted in the development of a charming landscape. These impressions unlock the heart, and do the whole system good.

Arrived at Abbey Wood, we found the omnibus awaiting us. Having deposited the "Chief" of our "Household gods" within, we and our associate, being of sterner stuff, took our seats immediately behind the driver, without. The wind, though somewhat cold, was refreshing; the sun shone brightly, and the clouds lay in the most picturesque of all imaginable forms, immediately above us. "Imagination," then, can

easily picture the scene on which we gazed, as we ascended the steep hill before us. Turning our heads round towards the river, the expanse, so far as the eye could reach, was charming indeed; for it embraced as much river as land scenery, all richly varied with Nature's fondest color—green.

Passing the heath, which was luxuriantly clothed in the most beautiful livery of green and gold, we journeyed right pleasantly onwards, until we reached the main London Road. We were agreeably entertained, meanwhile, by the gossip of two pleasant fellow-travellers, who, like ourselves, were fond of the feathered tribe, and understood much of their habits and peculiarities. From one of these, we learned that two or three cuckoos were shot by him at Worthing, just before Christmas last, and that this bird regularly wintered in that neighborhood. A "pill," this, difficult of digestion with our *book-naturalists*, who will believe *nothing* that is not registered in old editions of musty books. One of these cuckoos, being only struck by a single shot, was caged; but it survived only five days. We also gleaned some curious particulars of a black-bird, who had been instructed by his fond mistress to utter several distinct words, *to herself only*. He lived, an idol of hers, for more than twelve years. 'Tis corroborated a similar report that had reached our ears in June last, and proves what is *possible* to be done by unreserved affection.

Nor was the driver deficient in contributing some curious information on ornithological lore. He mentioned the name of a lady, hard by, who had enjoyed the society of a hedge chanter (*Accentor modularis*) for more than twenty years; and he described to us many of this little chorister's endearing ways. Thus may we occasionally glean (even in the absence of *books*!) something that is *not* so despicable as the "closet naturalists" would have us to believe.

We will now conduct our reader, in idea, along the main road (described in detail at page 289), and at once introduce him to the picturesque domain of Henry WOLLASTON, Esq., situate in the delightfully-secluded village of Welling, Kent.

As we have already given a minute description of these grounds and surrounding scenery, so peculiarly adapted, both by nature and by art, for the domestication of Canaries (and, let us add, to be considered hereafter, of birds of *all* kinds)—we will now proceed to notice the object of our visit at this particular season; viz., to report the progress of the birds in nidification, and to note the natural hardness of their constitution. On this latter point, our mind has long since been satisfied; for we have had canaries living in an aviary for years

together, in an open garden, without any fire, or any artificial warmth whatever; this during long and severe winters. We shall often have occasion to advert to this curious fact, and to explain more fully the why and because of our success.

Our kind host and hostess, we need hardly say, were, as usual, rejoiced to see us; and greeted us with a welcome worthy of the olden time. Genuine "old English hospitality" sparkled on the board; and fastidious indeed must he have been who failed to "improve" such an opportunity as this.

That we *did* "improve" it, witness for us what passed on that happy, social day, when we were emphatically called upon to affirm the saying that "*VARIETY is charming!*" It *was* charming, and endless. But to the birds.

The cold blasts of some thirteen successive weeks (continually in operation), have afforded Mr. WOLLASTON the most satisfactory proof of his experiments being undeniably successful. During all that time, exclusive of the past winter, his little family had suffered no diminution in numbers, and very little (if any) detriment in health. We found them flying in all directions—in the shrubberies, in the park, in the orchard, in the fields, and in the paddocks. Perched on the summit of an apple tree in the orchard, sat one prettily-mottled chorister, whose distended throat poured forth gushes of the purest melody. To the strains of a tit-lark, he added the choicest notes of a German canary; and *none* would have imagined him to have been what he *was*.

If we were to attempt to describe at any length the pleasures derivable from a "study" like this, we should exceed our office, and occupy too much of our space; but we feel justified in creating a thirst for an extension of the inquiry into the ready practicability with which such luxuries might be introduced. Of this, very much more at a future time; for the subject grows under our pen, which we are obliged to arrest.

Notwithstanding the intensity of the cold winds, we found, on visiting Mr. WOLLASTON'S grounds, that *all* his canaries had long been busily and profitably employed. There were young ones, already fledged, ranging the grounds. Nests, in abundance, with eggs and young. Some were building, some were engaged in feeding, and *all* in the full enjoyment of perfect happiness. The mode of feeding, catching, &c., all have been most admirably conceived and contrived, as we described in our former article (see page 290.)

The sites selected for their nests, *this* year, evince much precaution on the part of

the parent birds, who, sensible of the cutting winds from the east, have sought out warmer habitations than usual. Thus, we have one in a plumbago, in the greenhouse; one closely embedded in a thick ivy, well sheltered by an impending wall; one in a cypress; one in an arbutus, &c., &c., *all* well protected.

Some, during the temporary lull in the prevailing winds, had pitched their local habitation in a honeysuckle, a magnolia, &c.; but discovering their error, and that they had gone "too close to the wind," they decamped, ere depositing their eggs. The nest in the honeysuckle, we should add, *was blown out subsequently* by the force of the wind,—thus proving, that madame was gifted with some little foresight.

The result of our visit may now be resolved into a nutshell. Considering the season, Mr. WOLLASTON has triumphed gloriously in his experiments, and proved to us what *can* be done. All this, we shall not fail to improve upon.

Of the domestication of canaries at OSBORNE (which we saw noticed in the *Gardeners' Journal*, a few months since), we are not now able to speak; but we feel sure his R. H. Prince ALBERT will enjoy a treat with them this season. Being used to the grounds, they will people them with colors of every hue; and their graceful motions when in flight, will produce an effect not less novel than delightful. Long may our gracious little Queen and her Royal Consort live to participate in such harmless delights!

We may notice, ere quitting this subject, how apparent were the effects of a backward spring! The hedges were "green" indeed, but only partially clad. Of wild flowers, we saw a few modest heads, half shrinking from the gaze of passers-by, and looking as if ashamed or afraid to show themselves. The bashful forget-me-not, the blushing wild-thyme, the violet, and the buttercup, all were discernible—but oh, how they seemed to cringe beneath the rude invading winds of the North-east! Dear, lovely creatures, ejaculated we; slumber but a little longer, and ye shall emerge to a brighter day; and yet live to gladden the hearts both of ourselves and others of your fond admirers.

We noticed on our journey the rapid evolutions of the swallow, in his giddy flight; and we were much charmed by the mellow voices of many a choice blackbird, which at intervals fell harmoniously upon our ear. The robin too was in fine voice, and the chaffinch. Nor was the lark wanting to complete the harmony, for we saw him and heard him, whilst ranging the fields of ether in immeasurable space. Returning homewards, later in the day, his flight was lowered, his voice more softened, his object changed. Sweet fellow!—

I love thee better at *this* hour, when rest
Is shadowing earth, than e'en the nightingale:
The loudness of thy song, that in the morn
Rang over heaven, the day has softened down
To *pensive* music.

Our readers will readily comprehend our meaning, when they look back and call to mind the "impression" made on them by the note of the lark at early morn, and at close of day.

Thus passed as pleasant a holiday as we remember to have recorded in any of our JOURNALS. To prevent any possibility of a misconception, let us here significantly add, that MR. WOLLASTON'S snug retreat is NOT thrown open to the public. His grounds are strictly private, and our privilege of *entrée* was accorded us by the rights of hospitality ONLY. We name this, in order that the privacy of MR. WOLLASTON and his family may not be invaded by undue curiosity.—*Verbum sat*.

POPULAR DISCUSSIONS.*

No. III.—THE SALMON.

(Concluded from page 310.)

THE writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*, to which we have already alluded, has one very good suggestion, namely—that no net shall be allowed that will hold a fish of less than 5lbs. weight; this would supply a large quantity of breeding fish, supposing that these fish could be protected when spawning; but, as I have previously remarked, unless the upper proprietors were allowed a good supply of 10lb. fish the 5-pounders would not have much chance of returning to the sea again.

Another suggestion is to prohibit the killing of salmon fry, even with rod and line; but, setting aside the impossibility of enforcing such a law, I see no more reason for prohibiting the catching of these fish (the most delicate eating of all fish, in my estimation), because they might, if they lived, become salmon, than I do for prohibiting the eating of eggs, because, if they were not eaten, they might be barn-door fowls some day or other.

It is very desirable that the passage of salmon over weirs and waterfalls should be facilitated by every means which does not interfere with what is of still more importance

* Under this head, we INVITE Contributions similar to the present. The advent of our JOURNAL is, we know, hailed with delight by many who take an intense interest in matters of the kind; and it finds its way into so very many channels at home and abroad, that the Discussions likely to take place give promise of much profitable as well as instructive entertainment. Our columns are open to debate; but conciseness is recommended on all occasions.—ED. K. J.

—the efficiency of the water-power for manufactures. On this subject I can speak with great confidence, as I have studied it for many years, and I have no hesitation in saying that there are few weirs which I have seen which could not be altered so as greatly to facilitate the passage of the salmon over them, and that without impairing the efficiency of the water power.

Another practice which ought to be put down with great severity, is that of fishing with salmon roe; it is so destructive a bait for trout, when properly prepared, that it is in great request by all *pot-hunting* fishermen, and sells as high as 5s. per lb. With it a man may clear a pool of every trout it contains. A young friend of mine, who had heard of the excellence of salmon-roë as a bait, worried me when he came to visit me to procure some for him. I got him as much as a wine-glass would hold. On seeing him again sometime after, I asked how the salmon-roë had succeeded? He said, "Do get me some more; with that you gave me I killed eighty trout; each grain of it caught a fish."

The high price at which salmon-roë sells, gives a great stimulus to the poachers; the roë produced by a large salmon being worth three or four times the value of the fish; and scarce as salmon are in this neighborhood, I have just heard of a poacher, who has, or had, a few days ago, nine or ten pounds of this potted roë, of itself sufficient, if duly hatched, to stock the whole river with salmon.

I am very much afraid that there will be nothing effectually done to remedy this state of affairs, because the parties who interest themselves to obtain a change in the law are chiefly the proprietors of the fisheries at the mouths of the rivers, who, like Sancho Panza, when he was ordered to whip himself for penance, laid on very gently. An article in the *Daily News*, of a short time ago, seems to make this sufficiently apparent. I quote the *Daily News* for what follows:—

In 1849, the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Anstey, appointed a Committee to inquire into the state of the inland fisheries of Ireland; the obstructions which hinder the enjoyment of the same, and the best mode of removing these obstructions. The Committee, after a laborious investigation, presented their report to the House; in that report the state of the fisheries is described to be most languishing, and the causes of decline are pointed out; it is shown that the rights of fishing have everywhere been usurped by private and illegal monopoly, and the law has by common consent been suffered to fall into desuetude; that the proprietors of these illegal fisheries have been suffered to employ illegal engines of every kind to insure the largest possible amount of destruction; whilst on the other hand, the poor debarred of their common right, have practised reprisals wherever they dared, poach-

ing in the upper waters and destroying fish in season and out of season, and by every description of device; and in these mal-practices, according to the report, *they are generally abetted* by the magistrates of the upper waters. . . . It only remains to be added, that, with scarcely an exception, none but Irish Members sat upon this Committee.

Thus far all is clear and intelligible enough; Mr. Anstey was requested to prepare a bill; the session came; the bill was laid on the table, read a first time, and printed; but when the day appointed for the second reading came round, the Member for Donegal, Mr. Conolly, supported by a majority of those very Irish Members who had voted for the report, induced the House to reject the bill, as an unconstitutional invasion of public and private rights. . . . Another bill has been prepared, almost word for word like the rejected one, and the Member who has charge of it is Mr. Conolly! Truly, the Irish question is exceedingly hard to be understood.

I imagine this quotation, although much abridged, will be sufficiently long for the patience of your readers; but, long as it is, it is too short to do justice to the ability of the writer, —but it is, I think, enough to show that if the wolves make laws, the sheep will not be very well protected. I trust that if this second bill comes before the House of Commons next session, it will not be left to the guidance and management of Irish Members; but that gentlemen having no sinister views or interests to serve, will be induced to interest themselves in the question, and determine on, and pass a comprehensive and well-digested law, which shall embrace the whole kingdom. I have seen it stated that the Duke of Sutherland had given a jubilee to the salmon in his rivers in Sutherlandshire, for either one or two years; and I have heard within a few days, that there is an extraordinary increase of the salmon, in consequence of this judicious liberality. Can his Grace be induced to give the country the benefit of his experience, by requesting his factors to publish the results of his experiments?

The writer in the *University Magazine* winds up his paper by an account of the herring fishery in Ireland, for which he modestly demands a grant of the public money. As I know nothing about herring fisheries, I will say nothing about them, but merely remark, that it is with the Irish, give, give, give! as if England had so much money that she did not know what to do with it, and Ireland was entirely destitute. If an experimental farm is to be established—a grant; the establishment of manufactures—English capital; the forming of a railway—a loan from Government; and yet if land is to be sold, there is plenty of Irish capital to buy it: and I saw it stated in the papers a short time ago, as the assertion of an Irish official, to (I think)

the Irish Freehold Land Society, that he knew there was as much unemployed Irish capital as would buy up thirteen or fourteen Irish counties. I should be digressing, or I could give you a chapter (and a disastrous one) of the employment of English capital in Ireland; and then they scream out Ireland for the Irish! The little town where I was born, with less than four thousand inhabitants, finds work and shelter for more Irishmen than I believe the whole of Ireland (barring, perhaps, the province of Ulster), does Englishmen. Ireland for the Irish! Shortly it will be, England for the Irish also.

In conclusion, I would urge on all the country gentlemen to consider seriously, whether they will allow the breed of salmon to become extinct; when a judicious and equitable law would give such a chance for the increase and due protection of the fish, and the consequent increase of value in the fisheries.

I may perhaps be allowed to add, that this change of the law would not be of the slightest pecuniary benefit to me; the only advantages which I should derive from it would be, the probability there would be of excellent sport for me as an angler, and the health and enjoyment which would be attained in the pursuit.—T. G., *Clitheroe, May 15.*

ENTOMOLOGY.

A very curious Inquiry.

Mr. Editor, — In common I believe with several other Entomologists, I have for many years had my doubts as to whether *Pieris Chariclea* was a variety of *Pieris Brassicae*, or whether it was a distinct species. The great similarity in the perfect insect, and the non-recording of any distinction in the caterpillars, led to the conclusion that *Pieris Chariclea* was an accidental variety of *Pieris Brassicae*. The difference in size of the two insects, the difference in marking, the difference in time of appearance, and the constancy of these differences, lead to a quite contrary opinion. The only real way at coming to a decision, which admitted of no doubt, was to obtain the caterpillar, and carefully watch its growth and development, comparing it with that of *Pieris Brassicae*. More easily said than done, I grant you; for I have myself searched for many years, and passed as many *Brassicae* through my fingers as would reach almost from my residence to yours. Still I could detect no difference, otherwise than usual. It so happened, that last autumn I tumbled upon what I thought, at first sight, was a little cluster of eggs of *Pieris Brassicae*; but it struck me it was not quite the thing, and taking them home I instituted a comparison. There was a great resemblance. Still, I was not satisfied. In due course, my eggs were hatched, and every one went into a state of chrysalis. The

caterpillars differed widely from *Pieris Brassicae*. The chrysalis also, and the perfect insect. Every one was *chariclea*; and the time of appearance was different. Thus the egg, caterpillar, chrysalis, time of appearance, and perfect insect, being altogether different,—it follows, *ex necessitate*, that the two species must be distinct, and *Pieris Chariclea* is no more a variety of *Pieris Brassicae* than *Pieris Brassicae* is of *Pieris Chariclea*.

I am not going to describe the difference between the two perfect insects. That is already very fairly done by J. O. Westwood, Esq., in his work entitled "British Butterflies," published in 1841, in which he quotes from "Albin." Not possessing, or ever having had the good fortune to meet with Albin's work on Entomology, I can form no opinion as to the accuracy of his coloring of the caterpillar. It is clear, however, that Albin himself was aware of the difference between *Brassicae* and *Chariclea*.

I readily admit that, to an unpractised Entomologist, so great is the general resemblance of the two caterpillars, that they are probably often passed over, or mistaken one for the other. I am almost certain I have on former occasions repeatedly so erred myself; and I dare say others have done the same. Without attempting to occupy too much space, I annex *the precise points in which these two caterpillars differ*; neither more nor less. In all other respects then, please to observe the two caterpillars present the same appearance.

POINTS OF DIFFERENCE.

GROUND COLOR.—This in the caterpillar of the *Brassicae* is pale, greyish sea-green, or pale greyish yellow. In the *Chariclea* it is *invariably* of a pale *greenish yellow*.

ABDOMEN.—This in the *Brassicae* is a dull yellowish green, with a rather darker ventral line. The abdomen of the *Chariclea* is of a dull *lemon* color, with a rather *lighter* ventral line.

HEAD.—The head of the *Brassicae* is of a light blueish grey, or green; finely speckled with black. It has also a small triangular patch of very light flesh color in centre, broadly bordered by black, and a small round spot on either side. In the *Chariclea*, the head is *invariably* of a light blueish *green*, finely speckled with black, and with a small triangular patch of bright yellow, broadly bordered by black.

MANDIBLES.—Those of the *Brassicae* are pale blueish grey, tipped with black. Those of the *Chariclea* are pale blueish *grey*.

THORACIC LEGS.—These in the *Brassicae* are yellowish, faintly spotted with light brown. In the *Chariclea*, they are yellowish; bordered and tipped with *dark brown*.

GROWTH.—The *Brassicae* grow to about two inches long. The *Chariclea* never exceed one inch and a half.

EGGS.—The eggs of the *Brassicae* are generally in clusters of from fifty to sixty, and of a pale lemon color. The eggs of the *Chariclea* are generally in clusters of *twenty to thirty*; of a *deep* lemon color, and altogether smaller than those of *P. Brassicae*.

CHRYSLIS.—The chrysalis of the *Chariclea* is

much smaller than that of *P. Brassicae*, also of a much *paler* green, and not so much spotted.

FOOD.—Similar in both.

EARLIEST TIME OF APPEARANCE.—The *Brassicae* appears about April 24, and is seldom taken sooner. The *Chariclea*, from March 30 to April 24, and is seldom taken *after* that period.

I cannot help thinking that *Pieris Chariclea* is a much less common insect than *Pieris Brassicae*; and I also believe that many Entomologists have placed in their collections an accidental variety of *Pieris Brassicae* for *Chariclea*. I know I have myself done so, formerly. Now, however, I have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing *Pieris Chariclea* to be a perfectly distinct species from *Pieris Brassicae*. I have a firm hope that this will interest some of your readers, and lead them to follow up this and other similar cases, and I shall look for the result of their observations in the Public's "OWN JOURNAL."—**BOMBYX ATLAS.**

[In consideration of the high position occupied by "Bombyx Atlas" amongst Entomologists, we have readily inserted this valuable Communication; but conciseness on all such matters is, for the future, indispensable,—our columns having to do heavy duty for *general* as well as particular readers.—ED. K. J.]

THE BRITISH WARBLERS.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

AT no more fitting season than the present, could we introduce the NIGHTINGALE (*Sylvia lusciniæ*). This is a very interesting species, and deservedly esteemed for its song, which excels that of any other bird from its great variety of notes. It also sings the greater part of the night as well as by day. In its wild state, it frequents woods, copses, and gardens, where it is often heard, but seldom seen. It generally visits us about London, the beginning of April. In Somersetshire, it seldom arrives till the middle or latter end of that month, sometimes not till the beginning of May. Some counties it does not visit at all. Its food consists entirely of insects of various sorts; but it prefers the eggs of ants to any other. It is also very fond of the young larvæ of wasps and hornets: so also I believe are all the species of this genus, but these they can only get when they are procured for them. In confinement they will soon take to feed on the bruised hempseed and bread mixed together, if a few insects be stuck on it. They are also very fond of fresh raw meat, but prefer the lean part. The yolk of an egg boiled hard and cut up in small pieces, may also be given them in winter, for a change, if insects cannot be procured. Also a little boiled milk and bread; but the more insects they have given them, the better will be their health, and the more they will sing. The larvæ of the cockchafer, or maybug, which is sometimes

very plentiful in grass-fields, may be procured in great abundance, and kept in pots of turfy earth through the winter. Give each bird one or two a-day according as the stock holds out. This will keep them in excellent health. Common maggots also, in the larvæ or pupa state, they are very fond of; also spiders, earwigs, crickets, and various other insects. Birds caught early in the spring, if put in an aviary with other tame ones, will sing in a few days. Those caught during the latter part of summer, will begin singing in November, if young ones; but the old ones will seldom begin till February. One that I caught in August began singing in November, and left off again about the middle of December. At the end of the same month, it began again, and sang continually all day long against a whitethroat that strived with all its might to outdo it.

Under the head "Nightingale," Mr. Sweet says, in his Appendix:—"Since I have published my account of this species, I have had a female which built a nest in the cage, in a small work-basket put in on purpose. She laid three eggs, and sat on them till she was almost starved, as the male bird would not feed her. She then threw the eggs out, and broke them. Both the male and female were only one-year old birds; and I have no doubt, they would have bred in confinement, had they been kept together another season. But I parted with the female to a gentleman who particularly wished to have it. I have since had a female several years, but it has never attempted to build; which I believe is owing to its being an old bird when first caught. Some authors give it as their opinion, that the female of this species sings; but I have never heard one make the least attempt, though I have frequently kept them several years."

Note.—The generic and specific name now given to the Nightingale, is *Philomela Luscinia*.—E. C., *Liverpool*.

[At the moment of going to press, we have received a polite note from Mr. H. G. BOHN, telling us that *he* holds the copyright of "Sweet's Warblers," from which, interwoven with notes of our own, we have recently made a few random extracts. We hardly need observe that we were totally ignorant of the existence of any such copyright, and that we should be the last person in the world to invade the property of another. Whilst apologising for our little transgression, and promising to sin no more, let us hope that we have assisted rather than prejudiced the forthcoming new edition of Mr. Sweet's book, which we shall welcome as heartily as anybody.

It is worthy of note, that the individual who has "informed" against us, has ever professed himself to be the warmest "friend" to our JOURNAL! "Save us from *such* friends!"

The Woman's Elevation League.

SUCH is the name given to a New Society of Ladies and Gentlemen, established for the direct purpose of ameliorating the at present degraded portion of industrious and deserving Women; many of whom, by the existing rules of life, are unduly oppressed, and have no means of seeing themselves righted.

The Prospectus issued is a sensible one; and if the objects sought to be gained, be ultimately arrived at, *great* will be the benefits derived by the parties so largely interested in the matter. We heartily wish them abundant success. We subjoin one of the examples given in the Prospectus, of "cause and effect;" and also the proposed remedy:—

"IMMORALITY and CRIME are frequently produced by ignorance and poverty; and these evils exist to a frightful extent, as *consequences of insufficient REMUNERATION FOR FEMALE LABOR* in the few departments to which woman is admitted, and her exclusion from others for which she is qualified, or, *would become so, were opportunities and inducements presented.*

"The League, irrespective of Sex, *demand*s compensation for labor ACCORDING TO THE VALUE GIVEN—education, scope, and remuneration sufficiently ample for rendering each Daughter able to sustain herself—that marriage may result from affection, and be less frequently an arrangement merely for maintenance."

The position in society of Governesses in particular (who are expected to know *everything*, and impart it for *nothing*), calls loudly for alteration. Superior though nine-tenths of them are to the persons who employ them to instruct their children, yet do they live the lives of persecuted slaves; whilst their remuneration (if such it may be called) hardly exceeds, if indeed it equals, the commonest "wages" of a hireling porter. The higher classes may look down with supreme contempt on sterling worth in the middle classes, if they so will; and wealth may aid the "lofty" feeling,—but give us, say we, the *enjoyment* resulting from social converse with the despised but amiable race of GOVERNESSES, and other equally excellent women. They have "that *within* which passeth show;" and our pen shall eternally befriend them.

INFATUATION.—The price to be given for the Crystal Palace by the City speculators is, say the newspapers, £70,000. Since the contract was entered into, the purchasers have, we are told, been tempted by still higher offers than that for their bargain; but have refused; though by the sum proffered them, they would realise a handsome profit. It is intended to re-erect the palace in the neighborhood of London; and sites have been surveyed at Wimbledon, at Battersea, and at Sydenham. None has, however, been decided on. It is agreed on all hands, that a pretty hot-bed of temptation and moral depravity is preparing for the million. However, the more remote the building, the better; say we. Hyde Park, at least, will be safe; and with it, our own neighborhood.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION will be continued next week.

C. H., and others.—A GENERAL INDEX will be prepared at the end of the year.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—J. Newton; thanks; it will be useful.—S. H., Totnes. In our next.—W. B. H. In No. 22. Apply for J. A. B.'s address, at 24, Great St. Andrew Street.—F. P. P. P. The Hedgehog, &c., shall appear soon.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any "facts" connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them; our time being overwhelmingly occupied with PUBLIC duties.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, May 22, 1852.

IN A RECENT NUMBER, we commented upon the universally-pleasant *green* everywhere prevailing throughout Nature; and we urged upon our readers the necessity of enjoying it while it lasted; for alas! too well know we that its duration is but short!

Following our instructions to others, we ourselves, a few evenings since, took a lovely stroll in the "meadows of Chiswick"—those more particularly towards the river, at the rear of the Duke of Devonshire's rural mansion. Oh! how exquisite here was the perfume of flowers; how delightful the music from a thousand happy voices in the trees and hedges; how soft to the feet the nodding plumes of velvet grass; how amiable the bashful buttercups amongst which we wandered. Buttercups! but no—WE will not be selfish; let Eliza Cook sing their praises. Harken, ye lovers of Nature, to the sweet minstrel of the meadows; and away with you, with all fairy lightness, to the scene while it tarries.

Hail, all hail, thou beautiful season of buttercups! thrice beautiful in thy timid gentleness, thy confiding innocence, and thy fulness of rich promise! Welcome, fragrant season of slanting sunbeams, fresh birthtime of yellow flowers! When the dear children go with hearts full of spring-time, and hopes yet in the unfolding bud—searching for the snow-flakes and the spangles, the daisies and the buttercups, which they think Heaven has let fall as manna; then, wearied with prattle, to loiter home, in twos and threes, laden with their flowery spoils, to lie and dream all night of worlds made of flowers, and people with yellow faces and white daisy eyes, and yellow hair, walking upon yellow ground, on which there is not

room to tread without crushing the buttercups.

Welcome, bright birthday of flowers and song! soft season of verdurous freshness, bringing back the growth and glory of the world, and filling manhood's heart with dreams of boyhood, and the fairy pictures of the past!

Welcome, season of buttercups and soft gales that kiss the cheek with coolness! When the honeysuckle peeps in for the first time at the open window; when we venture out once more with heads uncovered, and watch the sparrows as they flutter round the ivy; and forgetting hawks and cats, imagine their life a more joyous one than our own. When the hills come nearer to us with their fresh green flanks, and the wild woods warble with a full heart's song. When the bare branches wake from the night of winter to the morning of spring, to peep at the buttercups and blades of light green grass that cluster round their knees. And then, watching the amber bars of the East, as the old sun climbs the slope of Heaven—so wink and blink in the glare of the sunlight, that tears start from their eyes, and form thousands of yellow drops, which take root on every spray and twig, and form their summer coat of leaves!

Beautiful, fresh season! Sanctified at thy shrine of flowers by all the little birds that woo and wed in the branches, by all the new buds which break into emerald greenness; by all the dreamy bees which sail singing after luscious honey; by all the milch kine that breathe a "smell of dairy," and wallow, knee deep in the new grass; and by every milkmaid whose cheek blushes with the rose of health, whose breath is ever like the meadowy breeze of June, and who makes her hand hard with labor, and her cheek soft with pity!

Welcome, sweet season of buttercups! welcome!

Amen! say we; both on our own account, and on behalf of our readers. Be there not another moment wasted, but let us all—to the fields away!

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

More Cruelty to Animals; Poisoned Wheat for the Destruction of Birds!—Dear Mr. Editor, let me entreat you to publish the pamphlet I herewith send you, on the above subject. [The pamphlet is written by the husband of our fair Correspondent, and is addressed to young people,—calling their attention to the acts of cruelty inflicted upon poor little birds by administering poison to them in the form of food. It does infinite credit to the writer and the sender. It appears, a chemist at Guernsey advertised and sold this poisoned wheat. His shop has since been closed; and he has himself vanished. Cruel

wretch! We cannot print the pamphlet, but we will give an extract, and enforce the reading of it on our young friends in particular. The writer, signing himself "Old Fellow," says—"I have more to tell you. The day after this sad sight, I perceived a common sparrow endeavoring to drink out of a large glass full of water that I keep in my garden for all the feathered tribe. He did not fly away when I approached; *he was very ill*; his beak was open; one eye was closed; he was gasping for breath; *he too had been POISONED*, and is now DEAD. My heart swelled with grief, and tears were not far from my eyes when I looked on this sparrow. I said to myself—'This is not well; the glorious sun is shedding warmth on all around, and calling new life into every tree, green leaves are smiling on every bush, sweet and cheerful songs are trilling from many straining throats, and you, poor bird, are the only sign that all is not joy and happiness; thy dear, much-loved mate will never welcome thee again; thy soft nest will never more be pressed by thee; thy callow young will never more greet with gaping bills the caterpillars that thy once busy wings brought to satisfy their hunger; thy mate will mourn in silence; thy little nestlings will cease their plaintive call and die, because hard-hearted man destroyed their loving father.' Now, dear little people, you must help me to prevent all those persons who have gardens poisoning the dear birds; tell every one that if they put white worsted strings over their seed-beds that our feathered friends will know that they are to keep away; that the seeds are not for them. Tell every one that a clever naturalist has calculated 'that a pair of sparrows when they have young ones, destroy nearly three millions of caterpillars.'"—We have now accomplished what our kind-hearted Correspondent desired, and conclude with her final words:] Let me hope, dear Mr. Editor, that the publication of this will deter others who, from thoughtlessness might adopt such unlawful means for preserving their seeds from what they call "the ravages of the feathered tribe."—E. M. J., *Vauvert, Guernsey*.

[We hardly think it needful to add a postscript of our own to the above. Surely humanity is not deaf to kindly-urged remonstrance!]

"*Mercy*" for the *Brute Creation*; *Anecdote of a Mouse and his Captor*.—Good Mr. Editor, I am truly delighted at the advocacy of the claims of animals in your charming JOURNAL. Go on, and prosper! Let me aid the good cause by sending you an extract from a letter written to a friend by WILSON, the late clever and truly amiable naturalist. "One of my boys," says he, "caught a mouse in school a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prize. I set about drawing it the same evening; and all the while the pantings of its little heart showed it to be in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it, in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl; but happening to spill a few drops of water near where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness, and looked in my face with such an eye of supplicating terror, as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it, and restored it to life and liberty. The agonies of a

prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torture are preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse; and insignificant as the object was, I felt at that moment the sweet sensation which mercy leaves on the mind when she triumphs over cruelty."

Battle of the Bees.—A friend of mine, Mr. Editor, whilst walking yesterday in her shrubbery, paused awhile to listen to the hum of the "humble bees," who were busy in unusually great numbers among the blossoms of a white cherry tree. A short time afterwards, she was greatly surprised to observe a quantity of these bees lying, apparently dead, on the ground. Taking them up to examine them, they were indeed not only dead, but mutilated,—the heads and tails having been removed, and nothing left but the *empty* case. I forward you "a specimen," herewith, and shall feel obliged if you can account to me for this most singular circumstance.—ELLA, *Hull*.

[From a careful examination of the insects you have sent us, we feel quite sure that there must have been a general battle on the spot where your friend first saw the bees. A more determined war of extermination could hardly have been waged. California itself, where every man is at heart a mortal enemy to his neighbor, could hardly furnish proofs of more deadly hatred carried into practical operation.]

How to give the Congé to Black Beetles.—Do, Mr. Editor, tell me, and how many thousand others! in what way I can eradicate black beetles, cockroaches, &c. They lay waste all the lower part of my house, and throw my servants into terrible dismay.—C. O. H.

[Many people say,—use wafers manufactured with red-lead as one of the ingredients. We ourselves put little faith in this; but if you will steep some pieces of rag in spirits of turpentine, and force them into the holes and crevices whence they come out, they will decamp at once, to the tune of *saue qui peut!* Let us however, recommend all due caution to be used in the manipulation of these rags. Being highly inflammable when thus prepared, they must be kept out of the way both of a lighted candle and of fire. If combustion took place, the consequences would be dangerous. With proper care, the remedy can be easily provided. Beetle-traps are of use, *only* when the enemy to be captured are few in number.]

Annuals, or Perennials?—I have a flower garden, and not over much time to attend to it. Which do you recommend as being the least troublesome of flowers,—annuals or perennials?—ANNA MARIA J.

[As you have so little time to spare, Mademoiselle, and no doubt love to see your garden look pretty, you can purchase a few annuals in pots, and cultivate more sedulously *perennials*. Skill goes a great way in the arrangement of a garden, where time is a precious commodity. Try then what you can do with your present available stock, and turn your mind towards the future culture of perennials. They save a good

deal of trouble, because they need not be disturbed more than once in three years. All the lily tribe are beautiful. The lupin, columbine, larkspur, some *cenotheras*, *campanula*, *veronica*, many bulbs—all contribute to make a splendid well-furnished border, without the aid of one annual, and such a border of well-selected varieties of these things would require little trouble, and produce wonderful effect.]

A Cow-house with a Glass Roof.—The introduction of glass for roofing is now coming into general use, and I beg to call your attention to a recent experiment of this nature, which has been tried by T. W. L. Lawford, Esq., F.H.S., of Firdail, near Landilo. The building is 96 feet long by 18 feet wide. Mr. Lawford has found that his cattle grow and improve more in health under a transparent roof than under one of impervious material. And not only is there this advantage, but a cow-house constructed of glass is cheaper than those now in use. Mr. Lawford has flowers, strawberries, grapes, &c., growing under the same roof, which expedient constitutes another advantage, as an amount of heat is secured which is favorable to the cattle, and repels frost. He has been so much pleased with the success of the experiment that he has erected a larger one for the accommodation of two lines of cattle.—T. W.

Transformation of the Locust.—I note, with considerable delight, the weekly progress of your little "Gem," from which I am glad to perceive extracts are made in our first-class periodicals and literary journals. Let me offer *my* mite towards the public instruction, in the form of a seasonable extract from "Meredith's New South Wales." It is as interesting as it is curious, and refers to the transformation of the locust. "In the summer evenings it is common to see upon the trunks of trees, reeds, or any upright object, a heavy-looking, lump-backed, brown beetle, an inch and a half long, with a scaly coat, clawed, lobster-like legs, and a somewhat dirty aspect; which latter is easily accounted for by the little hole visible in the turf at the foot of the tree, whence he has lately crept. I have sometimes carried them home, and watched with great interest the poor locust 'shuffle off his mortal,' or rather earthly 'coil' and emerge into a new world. The first symptom is the opening of a small slit which appears in the back of his coat, between the shoulders, through which, as it slowly gapes wider, a pale silky-looking texture is seen, throbbing and heaving backwards and forwards. Presently a fine square head with two light-red eyes, has disengaged itself, and in process of time (for the transformation goes on almost imperceptibly) this is followed by the liberation of a portly body and a conclusion; after which the brown leggings are pulled off like boots, and a pale, cream-colored, weak, soft creature very tenderly walks away from its former self, which remains standing entire, like the coat of mail of a warrior of old—the shelly plates of the eyes that are gone looking after their lost contents with a sad lack of 'speculation' in them. On the back of the new-born creature lie two small bits of membrane, doubled and crumpled up in a thousand puckers, like a Limerick glove in a walnut-shell; these

now begin to unfold themselves, and gradually spread smoothly out in two large beautiful opal-colored wings, which, by the following morning, have become clearly transparent, while the body has acquired its proper hard consistency and dark color; and when placed on a tree, the happy thing soon begins its whirring, creaking, chirruping song, which continues with little intermission as long as its harmless happy life." I feel quite sure that you and your readers will be alike gratified by this little episode in the "life of a locust," and remain, your firm supporter in the best of causes.—SUSANNA T.

[Most grateful are we for this little offering of friendship, and proud of *such* an associate. Continue this labor of love, gentle Susanna; and let our eye soon again recognise your hand-writing, which tells with an intuitive unerring power that you are one of the very best—nay the very choicest of Nature's own children, and consequently the goddess of our idolatry.]

Cats without Tails!—(No. 2.)—In No. 16 of your JOURNAL (p. 249), a correspondent remarks,—"In the parish of Painswick, there is a remarkable race of cats—remarkable for being destitute of those ornaments *à tergo* (commonly called tails) which nature assigns to the feline species." Shakespeare, in his tragedy of *Macbeth*, alludes to the activity of *Rats* without tails:

"And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do,—I'll do,—I'll do!"

This is in allusion to a singular superstition regarding Witches,—who could transform themselves into the form of any animal they pleased,—always, however, *minus* a tail; there being nothing common to Witches that could correspond with the length of tail common to most four-footed animals. Thus much for tailless rats; but of CATS without tails, we were until recently very sceptical. Singular enough, our want of faith has been removed by a curious occurrence *on our own premises!* There is, at this very time of writing, in our own house, a remarkably fine cat, who is perfectly "innocent" of having any tail, or even the appearance of one. Very lately, too, she has given birth to *three kittens*, all very lively, but every one without a tail! This proves, incontestibly, that the want of the caudal appendage is not accidental, but of purpose,—"*Native and to the manner born.*" I should add, that the peculiarity of "jumping" ascribed to the cats seen by your correspondent, R. D., does not apply to my cat. She walks about in the usual fashion. I am glad to be able to corroborate what your correspondent has narrated, and send you the particulars for insertion.—J. T., *St. John Street.*

[We always hail these confirmations of facts with pleasure. Below, are "more facts" upon the same subject.]

Cats without Tails!—(No. 3.)—Your correspondent, R. D., at page 249 of your JOURNAL, in describing the race of tailless cats, seems to think them a cross between the rabbit and the cat. Now, I am myself of the same opinion; only I am at a loss to account for their being actually *without* tails. In 1847, I saw a strange-looking

cat running about Noel Street, Islington. After a little trouble I caught my young lady; she proved to be a cross between the cat and the rabbit. The hind quarters were those of the rabbit, and she had a *tail like the rabbit*. The fore parts, including the head, resembled the cat in every respect. Being anxious to know what food she would eat, I gave her such as rabbits are fond of; but she would not touch it. Yet did she eat *raw beef* freely. I mentioned the circumstance to a friend of mine; and he referred me to a rabbit-breeder then residing in the Liverpool Road, Islington. On being shown into the parlor, I saw, lying upon the hearth-rug, a fine tabby cat, and (what then appeared to me) three half-grown cats; but these, on further examination, turned out to be three half-bred cats, or rabbits. The head and fore parts were exactly like those of a cat, and the hind quarters like those of a rabbit. They also had tails like rabbits. In course of conversation, I learnt that the cat (a remarkably handsome one) was in the habit of visiting the rabbit-house, where she was an immense favorite. Her master, however, had not anticipated that her visits would have given rise to such "curious" results; nor did he notice the kittens until many days after their birth.—J. A. B.

Grub in a Coffin.—Mr. Editor, I had occasion to visit a shed at the bottom of my garden the other evening; when, by the light of a candle, I observed an apparent coffin (on a small scale) projecting from the front of an old square pantile-lath. I tried to remove it, but could not; so tenaciously did it adhere. However, by means of a chisel and main force we "prised" it up. Guess our surprise! Ensnared in this supposed coffin, (about two inches long and an inch wide) lay a long black grub. His head lay at one end, and his body tapered gradually downwards to the bottom. In fact, he had built a coffin exactly large enough to hold him comfortably. No mouth had he, that I could see; no arms or legs to work with; yet had he indented a place for himself in the under part of his coffin, which adhered to the lath. It was scooped out, and smooth. The animal was alive, and moved when the air was admitted. A most ugly, black-looking fellow he is; and a regular "puzzler" to all who have seen him. How did he get there? How did he make his bed? What did he live upon? How did he make his coffin? And *when* did he first begin?—G. JARVIS, "*Seven Stars*," *Starch Green, Middlesex, May 12*.

[Mr. Jarvis! you have asked us a century of questions about this "ugly customer" of yours. We will come and see it,—albeit your description is, we imagine, vividly accurate.]

The Pouter Pigeon.—It is a rule among "Fanciers," and breeders of this bird, to keep common birds for the purpose of rearing their young, the hen pouters being inattentive to "feeding," and otherwise unqualified for bringing up their own offspring. One of your correspondents will readily understand *why* I send you this communication.—W. H.

[You have said enough in your note to lessen our *penchant* for the "Pouter." We have printed all that need meet the eye of the public.]

BIRDS OF SONG.

Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart,
Something to LOVE, to rest upon,—to clasp
AFFECTION'S tendrils round.—MRS. HEMANS.

No. XI.—CAGE BIRDS.—THE CANARY.

WE HAVE PERHAPS been rather "short," and rather abrupt, in our earlier directions for purchasing birds, either males or hens, for the purposes of breeding. We have a great objection, in the general way, to recommend any particular dealer by name; but we may safely caution people as to where they should *not* deal; and this it is our duty to do.*

Studiously avoid, all ye who go to buy good song-birds, such "Babel" shops and wire-workers, such Pantheons and Bazaars, as sell parrots, macaws, monkeys, dogs, &c. The shrieks, hideous outcries, and "unknown tongues" in which these creatures momentarily hold converse, would effectually destroy the value of *any* "song" bird kept for sale by such people.

We have often remonstrated with these (so-called) bird-dealers, for keeping so heterogeneous a collection of brute beasts; but their answer has been, always, to the effect that—"ladies 'cannot live' without dogs, parrots, and such like; they will give *any* price for them." This, alas! *is* too true. We all know it but too well!

It may be said, that nearly all the bird-dealers in London have these animals on sale. We admit it, and greatly is it to be regretted. All young birds, aye, and even some older ones, *will* copy these strange noises; and the worst of it is, they invariably become stereotyped in their memory. Therefore, let us again raise a warning voice, and caution our gentle readers against *all* dealers in the above monstrosities; urgently recommending the more extensive practice of *private* breeding.

We continue to be asked daily, to undertake the purchase and selection of choice birds for our subscribers; but we have at last learned to say "No!" to this. Ever willing to oblige,—indeed, our whole delight consists in doing little acts of kindness in

* Our readers will remember, that at page 291 we cautioned them emphatically against buying birds of *any* kind from people in the street. The necessity for this has just received an additional confirmation. In *Bell's Messenger*, we read as follows:—"A lady in Liverpool has just purchased for five shillings, *from a man in the street*, 'a sweet little cock canary, with tail feathers radiated like a fan; and of such a deep orange color!' On examination, however, it proved that the 'cock canary' was a *hen sparrow*, dyed with saffron; and that its tail feathers were *starched and curled!!*"

this way,—yet have we received *such* “re-compense” for our pains, that we are now *inexorable*. We have hitherto viewed human nature as it *ought to be*,—we regret to find it *what it is*. Mr. JOHN TUTHILL, of Edinburgh, whose dirty conduct we have chronicled at page 286 of our JOURNAL, has once and for ever cured us of our besetting “weakness.” By the way, speaking of this individual, he *refuses even to return the bird for which he has not paid*, although we have entreated him to do so. The bird was a very elegant little creature; and such an especial “pet” with his first mistress, that we have been anxious to get him back, even at a further sacrifice. So much for “a gentleman of the Medical Profession!”

The principal time for the arrival of canaries from Norfolk and Yorkshire, is just before Christmas. They are then sent up in vast quantities, and are, for the most part, lively, healthy, and in good song. With the knowledge of this fact, it will be desirable to call from time to time at the dealers, and purchase your birds *before* their sweet voices shall have been contaminated by foul contact with the parrots, macaws, pugs, poodles, &c., as aforesaid. We often marvel what sort of people those can be who select *such* animals as these for their constant associates! *Mais chacun à son gout!*

The reason why we have recommended all hens intended for the nursery, to be at least two years old, is this:—It often happens that young, and consequently inexperienced birds, lay their eggs irregularly, and when laid, they will sit for a few hours only, and then incontinently desert them—preferring, naturally enough, the company of their playfellows to the heavier cares inseparable from incubation. All this ends in disappointment, and therefore it is better to run no such risks.

Whenever you observe these acts of neglect, and want of motherly feeling, take it for granted that the birds are perfectly unfitted for the purpose of breeding, and remove them at once. You will then introduce others, older and less giddy, in their places. They will speedily find mates after the month of April, especially if a little bruised hempseed be scattered on the floor.

To enable you readily to catch any bird you may require, procure a circular hoop-net, of strong string. This should be made deep, and fastened on a circle of stout wire; the whole being affixed to a wooden pole three feet six inches in length. The bird may then be secured without the slightest fear of any injury to the plumage. A quick eye, and a skilful movement of the hand (to be acquired by practice), will enable you to make a prisoner of any one of the inmates in a few seconds.

Canaries have, on the average, three broods a-year; some, however, will go to nest four, and even five times a-year, if permitted. It is unwise to be thus covetous; for the parents are weakened by so much close confinement, and the later offspring are seldom healthy.

When your canaries have laid their eggs, they are subject to constipation, and should have speedy relief.* This is best afforded by the introduction of plantain and lettuce seed, for about a couple of days. This, however, should be given sparingly when there are any young birds in the room, as it is quite unsuited to *their* tender stomachs; as also are chick-weed, and other kinds of green meat.

On the thirteenth day after sitting (in the heat of summer, on the twelfth), the hen commences the process of “hatching.” It is therefore needful *always* to provide in readiness, whether wanted or not, the proper food for the young nestlings. This consists of rape seed, well scalded, a piece of French roll, dipped in cold water, and afterwards well squeezed; and the yolk of an egg, boiled hard. This must form a paste, neither too solid nor too thin. It must be fresh made, *twice* daily. If allowed to get sour, the nestlings will assuredly die. The male usually plays “first fiddle” in feeding the young. The mother assists only. She feels she has need of repose after her toils, and strives, reasonably enough, to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*. She is quite to be commended.

If the young birds are not affectionately tended by their parents, and it be deemed advisable to feed them by hand, remove them, *in the nest*, when eight days old. Dip the end of a short, pointed stick, into the food; and having taken up a small quantity, introduce it into each of the birds’ open mouths. Continue this operation every hour, until the birds feed themselves, which they will soon do. Occasionally, hold the stick quiet, and you will observe that they recognise its use. They will peck at it, and tasting the food, they will, like the genus *homo*, be apt scholars in “finding the way to their mouth.”

No young birds should ever be removed, when carefully nursed by their parents, until they are at least five weeks old, and their food should be changed very gradually. They should then be placed in separate cages, and kept in a warm room, where there is a fine, steady, song-bird, ready to act the

* Hen canaries, particularly young ones, are oftentimes “egg-bound,” and if not carefully attended to, will die. For directions how to act under such circumstances, and also for directions how to prevent your birds laying “soft eggs,” see page 298.

part of "tutor." Even at this tender age, their little throats will be found full of music! They begin quite *piano*, their early notes being called "recording." Like the mind of a child, they are open to the earliest impressions, and readily copy, or imitate, whatever they hear. Hence, the great importance of putting them out to a good "preparatory school." Train them up in the way they should go, and you will find that the saying of the "Wise Man" applies even to the feathered race. We are indeed amazed to think, how *very* ignorant we remain in things that ought now to be universally understood!

(To be Continued.)

POULTRY.

The Dorking Fowl.

HOWEVER reluctant those concerned with poultry may be to acknowledge the fact, it is not the less true that most old women who live in cottages, know better how to rear chickens than any other persons; they are more successful, and it may be traced to the fact, that they keep but few fowls, that these fowls are allowed to run freely in the house, to roll in the ashes, to approach the fire, and to pick up any crumbs or eatable morsels they may find on the ground, and are nursed with the greatest care and indulgence.

I believe the grey or speckled Dorking to be the best fowl there is for the table; and, as the first consideration is the breeding stock, I would advise, in an ordinary farm-yard, to begin with twelve hens and two cocks; the latter should agree well together.

Too much pains cannot be taken in selecting the breeding fowls; they should not only be of the best breed, but the best of the breed. I would choose them with small heads, taper necks, broad shoulders, square bodies, white legs, and well-defined five claws on each foot. Touching the claws, I would remark, it will sometimes happen that breeding from cock and pullet, each five-clawed, chickens will come, lacking that distinctive mark; it does not follow there is any fault in the breed, as the produce of these chickens will probably be five-clawed, but I would only tolerate it in home-bred chickens; in buying for stock, I would insist not only on the presence of the five claws but on every other characteristic of the breed being prominent.

It may be well here to state why the speckled, or grey, are to be preferred to the white dorking. They are larger, hardier, and fat more readily; and although it may appear anomalous, it is not less true that white-feathered poultry has a tendency to yellowness in the flesh and fat.

Having the stock, the next point will be breeding. I am a great advocate for choosing young birds for this purpose, and with that view would advise that perfect early pullets be selected every year for stock the following season, and put with two-year old cocks; for instance, pullets hatched in May, they attain their growth and become perfect in shape, size, and health, before the

chills of winter. They should be put with cocks of two years old, when they will lay on the first appearance of mild weather, and their produce has the same advantage as these have had before them. I do not advocate having young stock fowls so much on account of their laying early as I do for the superiority of their breeding. Neither do I approve of breeding from fowls all the same age, *i. e.*, all chickens. I would put a cock, for his first season, with two-year old hens. A pullet, such as I describe, will often begin to lay directly after Christmas, but I would not allow her to sit her first eggs; they seldom produce good chickens, and if the weather (as frequently happens) prove unfavorable, many of the eggs fail to hatch. The second sitting, probably, brings the best fowls. The pullet will ever breed. It is well to introduce fresh cocks, of pure breed, into the yard every second year, or third at the latest; this prevents degeneracy, and, for the same reason, no cock should be kept more than three seasons, nor hen more than four, if it is intended to keep them in the highest possible perfection and efficiency.

Of hatching I will say very little, as the hen will do that naturally, and, consequently, well. A hen will cover and hatch fifteen eggs; all nests should be on the ground, and the hens should be watched, else, when a sitting hen has left her nest for a short time, another will steal in and lay among the eggs already set on; this is an evil, as it causes irregular and imperfect hatching; it unsettles the hen, and the chickens are not properly attended to by her. It is a very common thing for a hen to steal her nest in a hedge, or other protected spot; if she choose a secure place, she should not be disturbed, as these hens often bring out the best broods.

Coops, in which to put hens with chickens, are so common it will be unnecessary to say anything of them. The hen should be kept in the coop, or rather under it, at least three weeks, and in the winter the longer she is under it the better; the coops should be often moved, to give the young brood the advantage of as much sun as possible, as this promotes their growth, and also prevents the ground from becoming tainted. I would always advise, where space will permit, that fresh ground be chosen for the different broods during the breeding season; thus, one part in April, another in May, and so on.—JOHN BAILEY.

WIDOWS!

FULLER says in his "Holy State," that "the good widow's grief for her husband, though real, is moderate;" and it is our object to illustrate the old divine's text by two famous and most ancient stories; but we would in the first place offer a few remarks upon the species *widow*.

If widow be derived from the Latin *viduus*, void, then Mr. Weller the elder's pronunciation, *vidder*, is the most etymological. We are, however, far from sharing that gentleman's feelings towards those ladies, cleverest of their class. We love widows!

We gain by their loss. And the *void* to us, and we fear to them, is anything but an "aching void."

In society a Miss is, not to make a pun, amiss. Your sixteens and seventeens are always at sixes and sevens among the men. They are so walled about by what is *proper* and what is not *proper*, that they can do nothing but sit bolt upright with their arms folded. Their sitting, walking, riding, dancing, talking, are all carefully graduated to the *proper*. They start when you speak to them, as a pigeon does when it sees a hawk, and take hold of a man's arm as though he were made of phosphorus; and are bound to look silly, and take refuge under mamma's wings, if the air be tainted by the ghost of a possible impropriety. In Spanish society, young ladies are danced with, but never spoken to; but no more of them. But a widow as soon as the becoming sorrow is over, which soon takes place, is always gay, always charming:—

"JEPP0.—La princesse est veuve, Maffio.

MAF.—On le voit bien à sa gaieté."

In the first place, the widow *sait vivre*. She knows how to talk to men and how to treat them. In the second, she does what she pleases, and Miss Scandal has to shriek, "How improper!" in a whisper. In the third place, she never grows old. A spinster is on the wane at five-and-twenty, and at forty, even Echo would be afraid to answer her, for fear she should consider it an offer; but a widow at thirty is on the "wax," and in her prime at forty; at least so says the song. We wonder that all women do not wish they were born widows; and that failing, and the occasion presenting itself, do not emulate the fifty Misses Danaus, in the mythology, who in their haste to become widows, stabbed their husbands on the wedding night.

The Rev. Dr. Sterne remarks, that "Heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." Bereaved married people must be shorn lambs. We have heard widowers, a fortnight after the sad event, humming *Gai! Gai! de profundis!*—and widows finding the breeze of a most comfortable temperature, and keeping up a cheerful liveman-loving spirit behind their impenetrable black veils, just as the sun shines as brightly as ever behind the darkest thunder-cloud.

The first tale is that of the Matron of Ephesus, told with infinite spirit by La Fontaine in his *Contes*. He took it from Boccaccio. It is to be found in Petronius, who had it from the Greeks. They borrowed it from the Arabians, who in their turn owe it to the Chinese. Du Halde has it in his version. The origin of most of our every-

day stories, is as completely hidden in the obscurity of by-gone ages as the name of the inventor of the plough. Who, let us ask, was the father of jokes? Was Joseph Miller the Joseph who found favor in the eyes of the facile Fatima? or did Pharaoh write facetiæ?

Once upon a time there lived in Ephesus, a lady renowned for her beauty and for her wit, but most of all for her intense affection for her husband. Mothers cited her as an example to their daughters, and husbands were for ever singing her praises to their wives. In short, the town esteemed itself lucky in possessing within its walls such a model of virtue. But, alas! the husband died. Far from being consoled by a will full of legacies in her favor, the widow abandoned herself to the most distressing grief, and sobbed and groaned so bitterly and so loudly, that all the neighborhood was in tears. Frantic with her loss, she resolved to descend into the tomb with her husband, and to die upon his body. A faithful maid-servant accompanied her, after trying in vain to bring back her mistress to the love of life. She wished to feed her eyes to the last upon the bier of the deceased, and this was the only aliment she intended to allow herself. One day passed in sighing and weeping; and her grief omitted nothing which is necessary in such cases.

Another dead body was lodged not far from this tomb, but very differently. His monument was a gallows, and himself his only epitaph—a warning to all thieves! A soldier watched him night and day, and was threatened with instant death if the body were removed. During the night, the sentinel perceived, to his great surprise, a light flashing through the crevices of the tomb, and stealing toward it, heard many soft *oh's* and *alas's*. Entering, he was amazed to see two pretty women in tears, and inquired politely what motive could induce them to inhabit so melancholy an abode? The widow did not of course deign to answer, but the servant explained to him that they had resolved to starve themselves to death for love of the deceased. The soldier explained as well as he was able what life was, and asked leave to take his supper in their presence, if they would eat nothing themselves. They gave him permission. Animated by the beauty of the lady, and assisted by the maid, who began to tire of starvation, he pleaded so warmly and so well, that the dame consented by degrees to forget her *mort*, and bestow herself upon him. Just as they had ratified the compact by a "chaste salute," under the very nose of the defunct, he heard a noise without, and rushing to his post, found the body gone! Overwhelmed with shame and fear, he returned to the tomb, acquainted

the ladies with the fate which awaited him, and bade adieu to his bride.

"What!" said the servant, "shall we allow you to be hung for such a trifle? No! No! One body is like another. Let us hang up our old master. No one will know the difference."

The mistress consented; the "dear departed" was suspended in place of the thief; and the soldier left the guard-house for the palace of the Matron of Ephesus.

The other story is from the *Zadig* of Voltaire, and illustrates the same characteristic trait.

One day, *Zadig's* wife *Azora* returned from a walk, swelling with rage. "What is the matter, my dear?" said *Zadig*; "what can have happened to put you so beside yourself?"

"Alas!" said she, "you would be as indignant as I am, if you had only seen what I have witnessed. I went to console the young widow *Cosron*, who not long since erected a tomb to her husband near the brook which flows through yonder meadow, and vowed to the gods to remain at the tomb so long as the waters of the stream should flow by it."

"There is an estimable woman for you!" said *Zadig*; "she sincerely loved her husband."

"Ah!" replied *Azora*, "if you only knew what she was doing when I visited her!"

"Well, what, sweet *Azora*?"

"She was laboring to turn the course of the stream!" *Azora* was so vehement in her condemnation of the young widow's conduct, and overwhelmed her with so many hard names, that *Zadig* was displeased with so great a parade of virtue.

He had a friend named *Cador*, who was one of those young men whom his wife thought better behaved and more moral than most others. He made him his confidant, and promised him a large sum if his plan succeeded.

When *Azora*, who had been passing a day or two at the house of a relation, returned to town, the servants in tears announced to her that her husband had died suddenly the night before, and had been buried that morning in the tomb of his ancestors at the bottom of the garden. She raved, tore her hair, and called the gods to witness that she would not survive him.

That evening *Cador* asked permission to see her, and they wept together. The next day they shed fewer tears, and dined together. *Cador* informed her that his friend had left him the greater part of his property, and hinted that it would be his greatest happiness to share it with her. The lady wept, grew angry, but allowed herself to be appeased. The conversation became

more confidential. *Azora* praised the defunct, but confessed that he had many faults from which *Cador* was exempt.

In the midst of the supper, *Cador* complained of a violent pain in his liver. The anxious lady rang for her essences, thinking that perhaps one among them might be good for the liver complaint. She regretted deeply that the great *Hermes* was no longer at *Babylon*; she even deigned to touch the side where *Cador* experienced such intense pain. "Are you subject to this cruel complaint?" said she, compassionately. "It sometimes nearly kills me," replied *Cador*, "and there is only one remedy which soothes it; and that is to apply on my side the nose of a man who died the day before."

"That is a strange remedy!" said *Azora*.

"Not so strange," he answered, "as *Dr. Arnoult's* apoplexy-bags."*

This reason, and the great merit of the young man, decided *Azora*. "After all," said she, "when my husband passes from the world of yesterday into the world of tomorrow, over the bridge *Tchinavar*, the angel *Asrael* will not refuse to admit him because his nose is a little shorter in the second life than in the first.

So, taking a razor in her hand, she went to the tomb of her husband, bathed it with her tears, and approached to cut off his nose as he lay extended in the coffin. *Zadig* sprang up, holding his nose with one hand, and seizing the razor with the other. "Madam!" he cried, "say no more against the widow *Cosron*! The idea of cutting off my nose is quite equal to that of turning a water-course!"

And that is the end of our other story.

The most sincere of us, alas! are always hypocrites, but never so much as when we bring our grief before the eyes of the world.

* *Dr. Arnoult* was a Babylonian of those days, who pretended to cure all diseases by means of a bag suspended about the neck of the patient.

A Preserved Specimen of the Hoopoe.

Mr. C. WALFORD, of *Witham*, naturalist, has recently shot a fine female specimen of the Hoopoe (*Upupa Epops*, *Linn.*) in the parish of *Little Braxted*. These birds are very rarely met with in *England*; but *Mr. Walford* had suspected that they occasionally visited this neighborhood, and had for several seasons looked out for them. About two years since, he saw one in *Braxted Park*, but could not succeed in capturing it. *Mr. W.* has preserved this specimen, and it may be seen by those interested in natural history.

INSIGNIFICANCE, for lack of argument, generally has recourse to abuse.

The "One" Great Pleasure of Life.

BY W. H. BELLAMY.

OH! if there's a pleasure on earth that's more pure,
 Or more blest than another, say is it not this?—
 "To lighten the sorrows that *others* endure,
 To hold out a hand to '*A Friend in Distress*?' "
 'Tis a pleasure that selfishness never can know;
 A joy that no language, no pen can express.
 Ah, who can forget, having once felt the glow
 That the heart gives while helping "*A Friend in Distress*?"

Since each has his trials and troubles to bear,
 Whilst journeying onwards along the same road,
 When we meet with a brother with more than his share,
 'Tis "*Humanity*" hints to us—"Lighten his load."

The richest to-day, may to-morrow be poor:
 If we've little, *how many there are who have less!*

Oh, ne'er should the heart then, the hand, or the door,

BE CLOSED TO THE CLAIMS OF "*A FRIEND IN DISTRESS*."

To MARY E. B.

THE graceful and the beautiful,
 The gentle, kind, and airy,
 Together met, to mould the form
 And gift the mind of—Mary.
 There's nature in each careless curl,
 In every grace a moral;
 Her mouth—'tis Cupid's mouth, sweet girl,
 And full of pearls and coral!

She's like the keystone to an arch,
 That consummates all beauty;
 She's like the music to a march,
 Which sheds a joy on duty!
 All happy thoughts, and feelings rife
 Seem evermore to guide her;
 The very ills and cares of life
 Forget themselves beside her!

Each sweet expressive glance appears
 Of nature's best selection:
 It took the world six thousand years
 To perfect such perfection!
 All gifts divine that could combine,
 All charms of nymph or fairy,
 Agreed to grace one beauteous face,
 And witch the world with—Mary!

She speeds as if with wings, so fleet
 No bird could e'er surpass them;
 Yet none can ever spy her feet,
 Though 'tis believed she has them!
 She lends a spell to every scene;
 Her step makes *winter* vernal—
 A something half divine, between
 The earthly and eternal!

EXCELLENCE.—Nothing so much opposes the production of excellence, as the power of producing with ease and rapidity what is passably good.

"CLEANLINESS NEXT TO GODLINESS."

On the Use of the Bath.

"FACTS are stubborn things." A man gets up in the morning, washes his hands and face, pronounces himself clean, and eats his breakfast with great complacency; and clean he would be, were his body composed *exclusively* of hands and face. Is it not so? Day after day he performs this partial ablution, and conscience never whispers to him that he is misusing the other members most abominably. His head aches—his feet swell—he feels unaccountably uncomfortable—and yet he never dreams that all this is caused by an obstruction of the pores of the skin. He cannot understand that health and good-looks depend materially upon general and habitual cleanliness. Cleanliness is not a negative, but a *positive virtue*. A man that keeps a clean body cannot but have a clean conscience.

Much abused and slandered Grimalkin! for this do we honor thee! What though a tread on thy tail produces a visitation from thy claw even on the leg of thy best friend, it is but the outbreking of old Adam within thee; it is thy feline nature, and human nature is very like unto it. The proverb tells the sluggard to go to the ant, to consider her ways, and be wise. From the bee we learn industry—the dog, fidelity—the fox, cunning—and shall the cat be excluded from the list of our tutors? Look at her in the morning, as she sits demurely perched up in the window—see how gracefully she moves that pliant paw, cleansing her body; and so intent upon the task, that the very mouse runs past her unheeded. With what consciousness of having done well does she come purring up to you, wagging that tail which is not to be trodden on! Pat her on the head; and if you have not washed your body, FEEL ASHAMED that you are taught cleanliness by a cat. What is it that makes the Turks such graceful and handsome men, and the Turkish women so exquisitely lovely? Nothing in the world but their daily use of the bath; and we verily believe that the truth and honor for which the Turk is proverbially celebrated have more connexion with his cleanliness of body than nine persons out of ten would imagine.

SO GREAT IS THE MORAL EFFECT OF—BATHING!

NOTICE.

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No. 22.—1852.

SATURDAY, MAY 29:

PRICE 1½d.
Or, in Monthly Parts, Price 7d.

A MAY-DAY RAMBLE,— NEAR TOTNES, DEVON.

BY SAM. HANNAFORD, JUN.

"Anna-Marie, love, up is the sun,
Anna-Marie, love, morn is begun,
Mists are dispersing, love, birds singing free,
Up in the morning, love, Anna-Marie."—*Ivanhoe*.

WITH ALL MY HEART do I enter into the excellent idea suggested by the Editor of the Public's "OWN JOURNAL"—that a short description of the birds, flowers, &c. peculiar to different localities, met with in one's daily walks, will be most interesting; and this neighborhood being so rich in all the productions of Nature, botanical, entomological, and ornithological, I purpose giving, from time to time, some few rough notes, which I trust may prove of sufficient interest to induce others to follow my example. Let us commence at once with a delightful ramble which I have had this day—the first of May. The morning was dull and overcast; but towards noon the sun shone forth in all its glory, as it should do on May-day. And sure 'twere a sin and a shame to remain at home on such a day; for "our human souls cling to the grass and water brooks;" so, taking Chaucer's advice—

"Whan that the month of May
Is comen, and that I heare the foules sing,
And that the floures ginnen for to spring,
Farewell my booke, and my devotion!"

I was in less than five minutes amongst the fields and hedgerows. Everything looked fresh and beautiful after the rain which we have had within the last few days, and the few hours' sunshine had tempted out the spring flowers to greet the "bridal of the year."

"All nature laughs; the groves are fresh and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air."
Pope.

The hedges were covered with dog-violets (*Viola canina*), and primroses (*Primula*

vulgaris), which I never see without being reminded of a beautiful remark of William Howitt's on seeing a single one remaining when all else had "faded and gone:" "A solitary primrose still lingered here and there in the cooler dells of the woods, like a youth's gay thought in the bosom of earnest, ardent manhood." The pretty yellow saxifrage (*Chrysosplenium oppositifolium*) and tuberous moschatel (*Adoxa moschatellina*) were still in flower: but the sweet violet (*Viola odorata*) was nowhere to be seen now. The broad-leaved garlic, Ramsons, or Ramsey (*Allium ursinum*), was soon discovered by its offensive smell; but there is something very graceful in its delicate white flowers. On every old wall the shining crane's bill (*Geranium lucidum*) was noticed, and in all directions greater and lesser stitchwort (*Stellaria holostea* and *graminea*), which derive their generic names from *Stella*, a star, on account of the corolla spreading in the shape of a star. The greater stitchwort, in common with many other flowers, is called the cuckoo flower, from its flowering about the time the cuckoo arrives. The mealy guelder rose (*Viburnum lantana*) too, was in bloom, and occasionally, by roadsides, *Sinapis arvensis*, or charlock. The copses were literally covered with the beautiful blue flowers of *Hyacinthus non-scriptus* (bluebell, or harebell), as it is sometimes called:—

"Shade-loving hyacinth! thou comest again,
And thy rich odors seem to swell the flow
Of the lark's song, the redbreast's lonely strain;
And the stream's tune—best sung where wild
flowers blow,
And ever sweetest where the sweetest grow!"

which, intermingled with the early purple orchis (*Orchis mascula*), and wood anemone (*Anemone nemorosa*), formed a scene which no pen can describe.

"There was many a birde singing,
—Alpes, and finches, and wode-wales."
Chaucer.

The swallows and martins were skimming overhead, uttering from time to time their delightful cheep. The redbreast poured forth its own sweet song—the solitary blackcap, too, was there flitting about from bush to bush, more commonly heard than seen. Sweet tells us that it is a real mock bird, and will imitate the nightingale, the blackbird, thrush, and greater pettychaps so faithfully, that it is almost impossible to detect it, except when it runs from one into the other, or shows itself in the open part of a tree. "Listen to those strains," says Macgillivray, "that issue from the midst of that broad plane-tree, so loud, so clear, so melodious, so modulated, so surpassingly beautiful, if one may so speak, that surely no bird ever sang so sweetly. It is a thrush; I know it by that peculiar inflection: yet no, it cannot be, for the sounds are not quite so loud, nor is the strain so broken. The notes follow each other with rapidity; now the enunciation is hurried, anon deliberate, but always distinct, and neither strained nor slurred by haste. You fancy that parts of the song resemble that of the redbreast, the garden warbler, the song-thrush, and perhaps the skylark; or that it is the graceful and harmonious combination of the songs of these and perhaps other birds. Yet if you listen more attentively, you will be persuaded that the bird is no imitator, but that it sends forth in gladness the spontaneous, unpremeditated, and unborrowed strains that Nature has taught it to emit as the expression of its feelings." The whitethroat's warble was now and then heard, as he glided along in the hedgerows, and

"List—'twas the cuckoo! Oh, with what delight
Heard I that voice! and catch it now, though
faint,

Far off and faint, and melting into air,
Yet not to be mistaken."

The cuckoo, and our other migratory birds, were very late this spring, in consequence of the cold winds; but the blackcap, in spite of them, was heard as early as the 9th of April. I observed many lepidoptera—the *Vanessa Io*, or peacock butterfly, the speckled wood, green veined, brimstone, and the wood white. In endeavoring to capture one of the latter, I came upon the bright blue funnel-shaped flowers of the evergreen alkanet (*Anchusa sempervirens*), which is decidedly wild in this county, and very abundant around Totnes. It is said to take its name from *agchousa*, paint; one species having been used for coloring, for which there is an ancient receipt in the *Forme of Cury*, p. 29. I gathered specimens of *Ranunculus auricomus* (Goldilocks), *Vicia sepium* (common bush vetch), *Lotus corniculatus* (bird's-foot trefoil),

Prunus cerasus (wild cherry), *P. spinosa* (blackthorn), *Mespilus oxyacantha* (white-thorn, or hawthorn), *Geranium robertianum* (herb robert), *G. molle* (dove's foot crane's bill), *Veronica hederifolia* (ivy-leaved speedwell), *V. serpyllifolia* (thyme-leaved speedwell), and *V. chamaedrys* (germander speedwell), *Cardamine pratense* (lady's smock, or cuckoo flower), *Oxalis acetosella* (woodscorrel), with which the hedges were quite white in some places. This plant is called cuckoo bread in Halliwell's Dictionary of Provincial Words. In a cornfield I found *Fedia olitoria* (corn salad), *Lithospermum arvense* (corn gromwell), *Scandix pecten Veneris* (Venus's comb, or shepherd's needle) *Fumaria officinalis* (common fumitory); and having filled my botanical case, I bent my steps homewards in that happy frame of mind which one ever feels from an intercourse with Nature, and called to mind these truly beautiful lines of McCarthy's:—

"The summer is come! the summer is come!
With its flowers and its branches green,
Where the young birds chirp on the blossoming boughs,
And the sun-light struggles between;
And like children, o'er the earth and sky
The flowers and the light clouds play:
But never before, to my heart or eye,
Came there ever so sweet a May
As this
Sweet May! sweet May!
Totnes, May 1, 1852.

BIRDS OF SONG.

Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart,
Something to LOVE, to rest upon,—to clasp
AFFECTION'S tendrils round.—MRS. HEMANS.

No. XII.—CAGE BIRDS.—THE CANARY.

WHEN YOU REMOVE YOUR NESTLINGS for the purpose of bringing them up by hand, mind and take the nest with them. They are used to it; and for the short time they will remain in it (being eight days old when you take them away), it will answer well enough for your purpose. Remember and be kind to your young charge; for you stand towards these innocents in *loco parentis*. If you carefully attend to them, they will amply repay you for your trouble. Neglect them, and they will perish!

Wherever there are birds, *there* most assuredly will mice congregate. It is next to an impossibility to keep these pests out, and they poison all they touch. Examine therefore very narrowly, every corner of the room, and whenever you see a hole, nail over it a piece of tin or zinc. So cunning are these vermin that they conceal themselves in the most unsuspected situations. We have ac-

tually found them secreted in the food "hoppers." They have raised the lid, and artfully ensconced themselves behind the seed until our back was turned! We hardly need tell our readers *what* was their fate when so discovered. Suffice it say, they *were* "tried and cast;" and that we ourself personated the witnesses, judge, jury, and executioner. What followed, was soon over!

Having discussed all essential points connected with breeding canaries in a *Room*, we will now speak of the various ceremonies, rules, regulations, and orders to be observed whilst incubation is going forward in *Cages*.

CANARIES BRED IN CAGES.

The rearing of young canaries in cages, is a study, not only "amusing," so to speak, but very instructive—for young ladies who are in their teens in particular. From birds as from the "ant," we may learn many practical lessons of wisdom. Indeed the minutest insect, as well as the smallest animal, affords much cause for admiration, and teaches us, if we be apt scholars, very much worth the knowing. Full many a time and oft, has an attentive consideration of the domestic economy of animals *forced* us to "think:" and the thoughts induced have never failed to prove profitable.

In a pair of canaries, well matched, you will find much to admire, from the very day of their nuptials. There will be between them only one heart, one mind, one voice. No pulling two ways, no dissensions, no quarrels. At all events there will be no sulkiness, or bearing of malice. The sun never goes down upon their wrath. A dark cloud one moment, is followed by a streak of cerulean blue the next; and so on, till the advent of their infant progeny. And let us here remark, to the honor of the "papa apparent," that he will, for the most part, be found fairly and affectionately to have shared with his *cara sposa* all the onerous duties inseparable from incubation.

Then again must we carefully remark the tenderness and anxiety of the parents, and the obedience of their children. Not one note is uttered by the former without having some meaning in it; and this meaning is instinctively recognised by the nestlings, who never once venture to quit their cradles until called forth to see the world. Then are they carefully fed, protected, and warned until they "come of age." *Here* Nature halts. It is now time that they should set about getting *their own livelihood*. Another loud knock at some of *our* doors! H-e-m!

In choosing your birds an appropriate dwelling, study their happiness in every possible respect; and be sure their cages are manufactured of mahogany. These not only last longer than any others, but they let

their inmates live in comfort and cleanliness. Vermin are, comparatively speaking, seldom found in mahogany cages.

The proper dimensions for a breeding-cage are as follows:—Length, 2 feet 4 inches; depth, 12 inches; height, 20 inches. The top and sides should be of wood, the front of strong tin wire. Three or four perches should run across the cage, and a little chamber, or rather one large chamber divided into two, should be made immediately under the top of the cage, to hold the nest boxes. In the front of these compartments should be circular holes, sufficiently large to give the birds ingress and egress to their nests. In these divisions they will build, and also rear their young.

To enable you, when occasion requires, to get access to these nest boxes, have square doors made in the side of the cage, opening outward. You can then quietly make your observations, and avoid disturbing your birds. In the front of the cage, there should be two large tin pans inserted, one on either side, to hold the seed; also a circular hole in the centre, to admit the birds' heads while drinking. A receptacle of tin should be provided to hold the water, suspended by bent wires. To enable your birds to get at their food the more readily, a long, narrow perch should run immediately behind these tins, from one end of the cage to the other. Let the inside be painted thrice in oil, white.

Some people assist their birds in the construction of their nests; and we see no objection to it. Let the two nest boxes be half filled with the building material; their labors will then be considerably lightened. The hen will soon model a nest to her mind. The nest-bags must be well scalded previous to use, as we have before remarked, in order to kill the indwelling vermin. Hang them in front of the cage, outside; and carefully collect any building material that may be found dropped inside the cage. Extreme cleanliness must be observed, and in the tray there must be kept an abundant supply of small, red gravel, mixed with a little powdered chalk.

Before turning your birds into a breeding-cage, see that they be well "paired." When you have selected such colors as you approve, put the male into one cage, and the hen into another. Hang them up *dos-à-dos*; just so as the eye of each can come into contact, through the hole made to admit the nail. This, while it effectually works out the intended purpose, will keep you in a constant state of merriment. The antics of the birds whilst "pairing," and the vain schemes they concoct to break out of prison, are exceedingly diverting. You will often perceive their heads, or one-half of their heads, protruded through the hole; their one, unceasing

aim, being that of "casting sheep's-eyes" at each other! Then, listen to their voices! What persuasive eloquence falls from the oily tongue of the male! What affectionate tenderness lies in the languishing responsive l-i-s-t-h-p of the bride elect!

Thus are reciprocated vows of eternal fidelity, which it gives us pleasure to record are, for the most part, preserved inviolate. A week's dalliance brings matters to a crisis. An explanation is asked, and given. The question is popped; the lover accepted; romantic sentimentality gives way to the sterner realities of every-day life; and the "sublime" sinks at once into the "ridiculous."

This reminds us, by the way, that the *distance* between the two is said to be "one step"—"stride" we would suggest as being a more proper word than "step;" for "poetry" and "prose" do *not* live exactly next door to each other.

POPULAR DISCUSSIONS.*

No. IV.—CATTLE GRAZING IN CHURCH-YARDS.

SIR,—The other day, whilst leisurely perusing the pages of your most interesting and instructive JOURNAL, I was pleased to meet, at page 115, with the following paragraph:—"Nothing appears so cannibalising as to see a flock of sheep grazing in a country Church-yard; knowing it to be an undeniable fact, that the grass they eat has been nurtured by the gaseous emanations from our immediate predecessors: then following up the fact, that this said grass is actually assimilated by the animal, and becomes mutton, whereof we may perhaps dine next week."

Now we must all admit, that this is good sound theory as regards the assimilation of the gaseous elements and their subsequent conversion into mutton or beef, as the case may be. The practice, therefore, of grazing in Church-yards is in degree a "cannibalising" one, and on these grounds alone it is objectionable. Nor does the above writer idly conjecture, when he says that under such circumstances mutton is produced "whereof we might perhaps dine next week!" It is a

very common practice with some butchers, having had the privilege granted them by an obliging minister or churchwarden, to keep sheep—sometimes for weeks together—in the Church-yard; from whence they are driven directly to the slaughter-house. And this is not done so much for the sake of the pasture as for the convenience of the thing. Church-yards are generally near home—often but too near; whilst pastures are frequently at inconvenient distances.

But *these* are not the reasons I would prefer against the unnecessary pasturing of Church-yards; for we cannot conceal the fact, that our food is produced by the process here indicated, although it may not be on hallowed ground. No; the greater objection to this practice is, I think, the liability—I had almost said certainty—of sheep and cattle so grazing to become diseased, *since as a matter of course they must respire, to a greater or less extent, the gases which are evolved from the decomposing bodies, and which gases are always most noxious in their nascent state.*

It is a well-ascertained fact, that any body, animal or vegetable, already in a state of decay or putrefaction, has a strong tendency to communicate the same to any other organic body in its vicinity. I believe I shall be right in stating, that the general ultimate result of such decomposition as is here alluded to, is water, ammonia, and carbonic acid. The latter when pure, if respired but for one moment, will produce insensibility; it is a narcotic poison, and even when highly diluted with atmospheric air is very injurious to animal life. Hence the liability I have mentioned. Now these are a few facts which I venture to say, will not be contradicted. May we not therefore very reasonably ask the question, *are not Church-yards one source of disease amongst cattle?* I think they are, and that the evil ought to be prevented; by legislative interference, if necessary.

But some will say, "There are many cases in which your arguments are not applicable; as for instance a newly-made burial ground, where the interments are not less than five or six feet deep." That I admit; but even such cases are not altogether unexceptionable.

I would observe in conclusion, that the practice of Church-yard grazing would appear to be a general one, for I have noticed it not only in our immediate neighborhood, but also in various distant parts of the kingdom.

I have now said sufficient, perhaps, to direct due attention to what I conceive to be a most important question. I was in hopes that some more competent person would have done so; but they have not that I am aware of, for I have not met with any

* Under this head, we INVITE Contributions similar to the present. The advent of our JOURNAL is, we know, hailed with delight by many who take an intense interest in matters of the kind; and it finds its way into so very many channels at home and abroad, that the Discussions likely to take place give promise of much profitable as well as instructive entertainment. Our columns are open to debate; but conciseness is recommended on all occasions.—ED. K. J.

remarks upon the subject save those I have given.

As not unconnected with the subject, the paragraph which I borrowed from you, was aptly followed by an appropriate quotation from the Church-yard scene in *Hamlet*; and I may let the great philosophising poet again speak here:—"To what base uses may we return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till we find it stopping a bung-hole? As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam. And why of that loam, whereunto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?"

Imperious Cæsar dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

* * * *

THOS. B. RYDER.

Warrington, May 12, 1852.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

"He who opposes his own judgment against the consent of the times, ought to be backed with UNANSWERABLE TRUTHS; and he who has TRUTH on his side is a fool as well as a Coward, if he is afraid to own it because of the currency or multitude of OTHER MEN'S OPINIONS."—DEFOE.

No. XI.—THE LIFE OF DR. GALL.

It is now beginning to be perceived that, without physiology, the philosophy of mind cannot advance a single step; that a thorough knowledge of organisation in general, and of that of the brain in particular, must be the foundation of all inquiries of that nature; that every attempt to explain intellectual and moral phenomena; which shall not take the principles of Phrenology for its basis, will inevitably be fruitless. On this subject all are agreed, spiritualist as well as physiologist; for, even according to the views of the former, the brain is a condition necessary to the manifestation of both intellect and sentiment, while, according to the latter, it is the vital organ of the intellectual and moral powers. It were out of place here to attempt to decide upon the superiority of either of those methods of reasoning; suffice it to say, that both are deeply interested in advancing the progress of Phrenology. Besides, this science explains the cause of this very difference of opinion on matters which, ever since man began to think and reflect, have divided the world. We cannot at the same time help noticing here, the sure consistency of the ideas furnished by Phrenology on this subject. How unerring and elevated are the views of the philosophical observer who, contemplating man in the midst of his fellow-creatures, recognises and traces the reciprocal actions and reactions of different organisations! Should such a philosopher ever be called upon to give laws to his country, he will, far from setting at nought the uniform cravings inherent in certain organisations, be careful to avoid all excitements to infraction of municipal law arising from demanding of man more than

his organisation is capable of, and from sacrificing some of the faculties to the interests of some others: he will frame laws which shall be adapted to the real wants of the community, according to the variety of their nature, and not founded on false views of the equality and uniformity of the intellectual and moral faculties; for he will be familiar with those varieties of organisation from which the differences of intelligence and resource arise.

Phrenology will be consulted, also, in the preparation of a penal code; for the nature of the punishments to be inflicted ought to bear a relation to the possibility, more or less admitted, of *correcting and ameliorating the guilty*. A great latitude will thus be allowed, in order that he whose organisation does not indicate his propensities to be incurably strong, may one day, when their influence shall have been abated by *well-directed training*, be restored to his place in that society of which he shall be no longer unworthy; whilst the unfortunate being, in whom the excessive and fatal preponderance of certain organs over those of the intellect, or the almost total absence of the latter, shall leave no hope of improvement, will be kept separate from the former class of moral patients, and will be prevented for ever from returning into that society of which he can only be the pest.

But the department in which Phrenology is most necessary, and is destined to produce the happiest results, is that of Education. Here the extent of its application will be prodigious. How should that science fail to be of primary importance to a teacher, which should enable him to turn the studies of his pupils into the proper channel, and to have a thorough knowledge of their characters; which should inform him with certainty that such a one has a decided talent for drawing, such another for languages, a third for calculation, and a fourth for poetry; and which should warn him, that it would be a loss of time to urge the progress of a fifth in a particular direction! How many tears would not be spared to childhood! How many vexations would not the teacher himself escape! And who will presume to foretell the results of a system of education in which, by proper direction, those dispositions shall be turned to the advantage of an individual, which would otherwise have been the cause of his inevitable destruction? When a child is born with a particular development of brain, if he be left altogether to himself, he will become cruel and ferocious, and perhaps commit murder. What does an able instructor do in such a case? He endeavors to place beyond the reach of his pupil all objects calculated to call into action the organs of his most dangerous propensities, and to present to him only those of an opposite tendency. He strongly calls his attention to the charms of an amiable disposition, to the affection which it generates towards itself, to the praises which it calls forth; and, above all, to the internal complacency, with which it never fails to bless its possessor. Such representations exhibited to the infant's mind incessantly, and in a thousand different ways, incline him to make an effort at amiability. He is praised for his virtuous acts; he is skilfully encouraged to persevere in

the same line of conduct. Even accidentally, and as opportunity offers, he is made to feel, by some striking example, the melancholy and deplorable effects of indulging criminal passions; and, by assiduous and long-continued care, the result, after years of perseverance, is, that he becomes a man of courage and coolness, who is not to be diverted from a useful enterprise by feelings of too great sensibility, but who, actuated by those principles of virtue which have gradually become his constant guide, will refrain from indulging in any act of cruelty.

Such is the happy influence which Phrenology will exercise over the development of childhood; but is not education also useful at all ages and at every stage of life? Youth and mature age are not necessarily incorrigible. The attempt is then, without doubt, more difficult, but still success is not impossible. Let us suppose a man to be of a passionate temperament: Phrenology informs him that there exists within him a disposition, the result of organisation, hurrying him blindly on to all the violence of passion. If, besides, he be endowed with reason, that is to say, if he be not deficient in the intellectual organs, will he not keep himself on his guard against the causes which inflame his passion? Knowing that the chief cause exists in his own constitution, will he not strive to yield less and less to the influence of causes which are external? And will he not, consequently, succeed at last in weakening his own tendency to paroxysms?

It would require much more than our present limits to enter fully here into the services which Phrenology will be the means of rendering to human society, as soon as it shall be universally known and appreciated as it ought; all that we aim at, is, to call attention to the nature and importance of its assistance, in order that all those who are actuated by a desire of doing good, and who consider it a duty to contribute to the amelioration of our social condition, and of the human race in general, may concentrate their exertions in maintaining, spreading, and bringing it to perfection.

(To be Continued.)

THE BLUE TITMOUSE.

Where is he? that giddy sprite,
Bluecap, with his colors bright—
Who was best as bird could be,
Feeding in the apple tree;
Made such wanton spoil and rout—
Turning blossoms inside out.—WORDSWORTH.

ALTHOUGH, Mr. Editor, you are a special favorite of mine, and I may say, I love you for your devotion to the feathered tribe—I am yet half angry with you for having given admission to some remarks of a correspondent, bearing hard and very unfairly upon the poor little blue titmouse (*Parus cœruleus*.) It was all very well, and very proper for you to defend your pet the skylark; but whilst shielding him, you should have been careful not to have injured others innocent of the offence charged upon them. Well is it for you, that the remarks were not

your own,—else would a woman's wrath have fallen more heavily upon you! Let this be a warning to you.

It is, not wisely, affirmed that the blue titmouse destroys the blossoms of trees. My observation has proved the direct contrary. Pleased with the lively manners and beautiful plumage of these little rogues, I once secured a nest of young ones, with a view to rear them. I contrived to keep them between four and five years; during which time, I fathomed every one of their thoughts and feelings, nor did I spare aught that could tend to their happiness or enjoyment.

It would be an easy task for me—but not so easy to get you to publish it, to write an entire JOURNAL in praise of the sagacity, affection, and good qualities of my *protégés*. I will therefore now only contend for their being “useful” rather than detrimental to the trees in orchards. When the apple trees were in flower, I almost daily cut off a *branch*, and carried it to my pets. At sight of it, they would immediately come out of their cage, uttering a “chirp” expressive of delight; and they would commence their work forthwith. With what diverting activity would they run from end to end of the branch; and how easily might a careless observer imagine they were making wanton spoil and rout! But I remarked that they did not attack the blossoms indiscriminately. They would look inquisitively into each, separately; and *those only with a grub in the centre* were touched by them. The *bonne bouche* attained, another flower was examined with the same scrutiny; and so on, till all the grubs were devoured.

In order to be perfectly satisfied on this point, I have repeatedly placed a branch, which they had previously ransacked, in water; and so preserved it in a state of freshness till the following day—when I was, as usual, greeted with a chirp of joy the instant I made my appearance, branch in hand. But on withdrawing it from their cage, a cry of disappointment was invariably uttered. My little favorites would then pry most diligently into each flower, still keeping up the same plaintive cry; but *not one sound blossom* would they touch, even under those circumstances; for on my bringing them a fresh branch, the usual feast would immediately take place. The same may be said of the nut leaves, on the underside of which feeds a caterpillar of which they are particularly fond. I have gathered large quantities for them, but they always rejected any I offered in sport, that had no caterpillar on them. It is positively true, that they could always detect the cheat, try how I would to deceive them!

In addition to the above, I have, for the two last years noticed, that two rose trees,

much favored with the visits of these active little birds, have been much more free from blight (particularly the "worm in the bud"), than any others in the garden, although the situation was decidedly unfavorable.

After these convincing proofs of the unerring instinct that directs the little blue-caps, I hope, Mr. Editor, you will not hesitate to make publicly known what I now send you, through the columns of your interesting JOURNAL. Impressed with a conviction of your being repentant, and sorry for your fault, let me add that, "with all thy faults, I love thee still."—F. G., *Nottingham*, May 20.

[Our amiable correspondent shall have the "last word,"—nay more, *her own way of having it*. We are repentant, and will offend no more.]

A Scene in May.

It was a morn in May. Fresh and clear
The rivulet, delighting in its strength,
Ran with a young man's speed; and yet the
voice

Of waters, which the winter had supplied,
Was softened down into a vernal tone.
The spirit of enjoyment and desire,
And hopes and wishes, from all living things,
Went circling, like a multitude of sounds.
The budding groves appeared as if in haste
To spur the steps of Time; as if their shades
Of various green were hindrances that stood
Between them and their object: yet, mean-
while,

There was such deep contentment in the air,
That every naked ash, and tardy tree,
Yet leafless, seemed as though the countenance
With which it looked on this delightful day
Were native to the Summer.—Up the brook
I roamed in the confusion of my heart,
Alive to all things, and forgetting all.
At length I to a sudden turning came
In this continuous glen, where down a rock
The stream, so ardent in its course before,
Sent forth such sallies of glad sound, that all
Which I till then had heard, appeared the
voice

Of common pleasure: beast and bird, the
lamb,

The shepherd's dog, the linnet and the thrush,
Vied with this waterfall, and made a song
Which, while I listened, seemed like the wild
growth,

Or like some natural produce of the air,
That could not cease to be. Green leaves
were here,

But 'twas the foliage of the rocks—the birch,
The yew, the holly, and the bright green
thorn,

With hanging islands of resplendent furze;
And on a summit, distant a short space,
By any who should look beyond the dell,
A single mountain-cottage might be seen.

WORDSWORTH.

The Diamond.

THE diamond is subject to that combination of crystals usually termed hemitrope, twin crystals, and macles. It is the hardest of all substances, but may be said to be brittle, as a slight blow will produce a fracture in the direction of its cleavage. Specific gravity, 3.5; and, by a chemical analysis, it is found to be pure carbon, differing but little from charcoal and plumbago. Its great value, as a gem, arises not only from its scarcity and brilliancy, but also from the extreme difficulty of working it. A stone in the possession of the Marquis of Westminster, called the Nassuk diamond, and which weighed 357½ grains, was placed in the hands of Messrs. Mortimer and Hunt to be recut: the operation occupied the lapidary five months. It has hitherto been found not only in Golconda and Visapour, the Isle of Borneo, and Brazil, but also in the cold regions of Siberia. These are its best localities, though but few have yet been found in the latter country. They are usually found of a very small size; occasionally, however, larger ones are discovered, which from their extreme value, generally become crown property. Thus, the late King of the French had the Pitt diamond, the most valuable in Europe; it weighed 136¼ carats, rather less than one ounce, and cost £135,000. One of yellow color is among the crown jewels of Austria; its weight, 139½ carats. Another, weighing 193 carats, is amongst the Russian jewels. Among the crown jewels of her Majesty, which may be seen by the public, in the Tower, for the small charge of sixpence, many stones of great brilliancy, though not large in proportion to those just mentioned, are to be found. But the most interesting collection of cut gems that exists is that in the possession of the Elector of Saxony. There is one stone, considered unique, of a green color, which is said to weigh 160 carats. A magnificent and rare brilliant, of a deep sapphire blue, and great purity, is in the collection made by the late Henry Philip Hope, Esq. This stone weighs 177 grains, and is considered to be worth £30,000.

Reading and Thinking.

Those who read of everything are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collecting; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment. There are indeed in some writers visible instances of deep thought, close acute reasoning, and ideas well pursued. The light these give would be of great use, if their readers would observe and imitate them: all the rest are at best but particulars fit to be turned into knowledge; but that can be done only by our own meditation, and by examining the reach, force, and coherence of what is said; and then, as far as we apprehend and see the connection of ideas, so far is it ours. Without that, it is but so much loose matter floating in our brain.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FORESTIERA.—Your very kind favor is received, and shall have all due attention in our next. You enclosed a stamped envelope, which is useless, inasmuch as your name and address were withholden. Most gladly would we write to you, but *cannot*. Do not let the birds fly yet.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—J. A. B. In our next.—J. N. Your information about eels is quite incorrect. We have treated at great length upon what you want to know. See pages 59, 73, 89, 106 and 121. FITZ, and others.—Next week.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any "facts" connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them; our time being overwhelmingly occupied with PUBLIC duties.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, May 29, 1852.

WE HAVE OFTEN FOUND IT "WELL," for us to be occasionally "ill"—an anomaly not so difficult in the solution as it may at first appear.

While we are in the enjoyment of rude health, few of us experience any individual attention,—we go in and out, and receive the usual salutation. But when we are laid by; when sickness puts its paw on us; and disease confines us to the bed,—then do we secretly learn our value; and distinguish who are our friends, properly so called.

And here let us remark, that nothing is half so gratifying when we are thus made prisoners, as the society of those kindred souls whose visits to us are the result of pure, unadulterated friendship. A little of this still lingers in the land,—but oh, *how* little!

These observations are called forth by the vast accumulating influx of Letters from all parts of the country,—the writers of which are anxious to know "the tendency of our remarks at page 312 of the JOURNAL." What a dressing we have had!

"Do you positively and seriously mean to say, Mr. Editor," writes one whose name and handwriting were unknown to us, "that you are going to wind up your Popular Miscellany at Midsummer? Before you attempt to commit so rash an act of suicidal madness, let me urge you in the most friendly spirit to reconsider your determination. Charge us twopence, aye threepence if you will, for your Paper; but do not, *pray* do not, nip the bud of a blossom which promises at a no distant day to produce such rich fruit. Why, among all the existing periodicals, yours is 'the evergreen!' I will answer not only for

myself but for the majority of your readers, that—after what you have already said about the dilemma in which you are placed, every effort will be put forth to assist in adding to the sale of your JOURNAL. Indeed it *only* requires notoriety to make it universally popular * * *. Although ranking as one of the 'weaker sex,' yet let this argument of a woman prove the *strength* of her devotion to your interests. I do not withhold my name; but of course wish it not to be made public."

To multiply instances, all tending to one object, would be absurd. In reply to all these missives of kindness, we can only repeat what we have before said. We are by no means obstinate. So long as the Public will enable us to live (we cannot afford to write for "amusement" only), so long will we devote all our best energies to their service.

One word more, in conclusion. Our gentle and considerate Correspondent proposes, our making a slight addition to the charge for the JOURNAL. How very much more satisfactory would it be, to gain for it an extended circulation at its present low price! Nothing but numbers could repay the cost of production; and yet, a very, *very* slight effort on the part of our present subscribers, would at once accomplish what appears to them to be so great a desideratum. If, as we have before calculated, each one of our patrons were to secure us only *two* other weekly Subscribers, the desired object would be *at once* attained.

This suggestion is left for Public consideration. There are yet three weeks to Midsummer.

THAT WE HAVE HAD a backward Spring, is an indisputable fact; but how have we been compensated by the late genial and warm showers which have fructified the earth, and made the valleys shout and sing!

There needs no extra inducement now, to tempt us into the fields; nor can we have the shadow of an excuse for lying in bed after day-break, or being found in the house after the termination of the morning meal.

The effects of the recent rains are especially observable in the wheat fields. The stems are already sufficiently high to wave gracefully in the wind; which, as it passes over them, seems to metamorphose them into a beautiful lake of bright-green undulating water. The meadows, too, glittering all over with buttercups, and the cowslips starting up close beside our path as we saunter along, anxious to be seen yet hanging down their modest heads as if half afraid of encountering the gaze they seem to court,—these, and a hundred other pretty discoveries, meet us at every turn.

The hedge-rows, now, are rejoicing in their lovely vernal liveries; and all the feathered tribes are busily constructing their nests in "pleasant places." The swallow is ever on the wing; first, skimming the air and topping the water, and then assisting his mate in completing her curiously-framed habitation, fortified by a wall of mud.

We are honored with the company of several of these elegantly-formed visitors at our own suburban dwelling; and are delighted to note the daily progress of their architectural operations. What skill, what instinct, what affection, what perseverance—what perfect happiness do they not evince!

The thrushes, too, let us into their full confidence. Not four feet removed from the house, in a fir tree, a pair of these birds have built their nest; and the expectant mamma eyes us, as we pass to and fro, with a look which speaks (as plain as a bird's looks *can* speak),—"Won't I astonish you all, presently?" Happy creature! safe art thou with us; and lovingly will we protect thee and thy offspring.

A pair of robins too, which, some weeks since, built in a flower-pot in our greenhouse, have just led away their first brood, and constructed another nest immediately contiguous to the thrush. These birds follow our footsteps all over the garden. The papa never fails to sing us a song, whenever he sees us; and *such* a song! His *cara sposa* not being similarly gifted, salutes us when she sees us with repeated salaams, and takes especial pains to let us know that she esteems us, and values our friendship. We receive the same pleasing tribute of confidence from the little wrens, the hedge sparrows, the chaffinches, and numerous other tribes by which we are surrounded. Let no person try to convince us, that birds are deficient in sense; or that they are unable to divine who are, and who are not, friends to their tribe. We have fully proved the contrary.

While on the subject of birds—we *were* going to be eloquent about this "month of flowers," but must not—we would direct the attention of our readers, when strolling in the country, to the voice of each small chorister singing to his mate. Whilst the latter is breasting her warm eggs beneath the shade of some retired covert, her vocal lover (made vocal by the intensity of his love) sits on some impending bough, and pours into her listening heart the joy that will not be contained within his own. Every strain is eloquent; every note a volume. You cannot, it is true, *see* the performers when thus reciprocating their feelings of affection,—but a ready mind can find little difficulty in mentally enjoying it in its fullest force. Now is the very season for these enjoyments,—and how many thousand others!

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The Wryneck and the common Tern.—It is only recently that I have become acquainted with your excellent Weekly Paper. It has indeed supplied a want which has long been publicly felt, viz. a medium for communications on Natural History. Last autumn two facts came under my notice, which have greatly interested me, and which will, I trust, interest the Public also. On the 11th of last October, I saw a specimen of the Wryneck (*Yunx torquilla*.) The usual time of its departure, as specified by Yarrell and others, is at the end of August or early in September. This therefore was a curious exception. I also saw a specimen of the common Tern, on the same day. This bird was shot, and brought to me, when I identified it as a young specimen of its tribe. Both these birds I saw at Reading.—OXONIENSIS.

[The Wryneck is the bird recognised as the cuckoo's mate, because it accompanies or immediately precedes the arrival of that bird. We must all know the Wryneck, from the noise he makes in early spring; his voice or cry resembling that of the smaller species of hawks. When disturbed in the nest, the hen bird looks perfectly terrific; its crest being fearfully elevated, and its voice resembling the hissing of a cock turkey. The Wryneck is also called the emmet hunter, as it prefers that insect to all other food.]

Habits of the Hedgehog.—Being curious in all that regards the natural history of animals, I some time since purchased a hedgehog,—his rateable value being tenpence. I kept him in my garden; and our London gardens not being very large, I had plenty of opportunities for watching his movements. Two days subsequently to his domestication in my grounds, he disappeared altogether,—nor could I by a careful search discover his whereabouts. I gave him up as a dead loss; but he was not dead, neither was he lost. One showery evening, about eight o'clock, I found a number of large worms lying all over the garden. They were not alive, and their destruction appeared to have been caused by a gash inflicted about an inch from the head. I at once suspected *who* was the offender; and proceeding carefully, I detected Mr. Hedgehog in the very act of murder. He had just butchered a very large worm, and was retreating with him into a comfortable nest under an old wall. I did not disturb him, but frequently amused myself by watching his destructive powers. When the ground became dry, and worms scarce, my bristly friend came out to capitulate. I gave him some milk, of which he partook readily; and he shortly became so tame that he would let me touch his face with my hand, and trot after me wherever I went. Like all other "pets," he came to an untimely end. I found him dead, one morning, in an area. He had no doubt fallen down in one of his nocturnal rambles.—P. P.

A Lamb suckled by a Spaniel.—About three months since, a spaniel belonging to a neighbor of mine had a litter of pups, which were all destroyed. At the same time, one of his lambs

became an orphan, its mother having suddenly died. In this dilemma, the lamb was placed in a basket with the bereaved spaniel; and never were two quadrupeds, under similar circumstances, more happy than this pair. The spaniel evinced the fondest affection for her charge, and suckled it for a fortnight; it was then transferred to a more natural nurse of its own tribe. Yet, Mr. Editor, is it quite true, that the spaniel will single out of a flock of 200 that same lamb, of which she is devotedly fond.—W. P.

[Very many similar instances of affection between animals of an opposite nature, have from time to time come under our notice. Rats, for example, have been suckled by cats; and an undying affection has been established between the nurse and her foster children ever afterwards. Let us note here, that *every* mother of a family should endeavor to suckle her own offspring; for children invariably imbibe *the nature* of those from whose substance they have been reared. How very many instances of the truth of this, must we all be able to bring to mind! We have frequently encountered children, between whom and their mother the holy feelings of Nature's ties were unrecognised, unfelt. The mother has, by a wise law, yearned over her child; but there has been no return. Let us hope we may live long enough, to see some modification of the present largely-prevailing evil.]

Another Canary with bad Habits:—

"Dear Mr. Kidd!" The goddess "Fame"
From shore to shore extols your name.
Your goodness, kindness, pity, grace,
Your love for all the feather'd race,
Your skill in ornithology,—
ALL plead as my apology.

I have a pretty little "Pet,"
Scarcely a twelvemonth old, as yet.
Though he appears quite strong and hale,
Still is he *minus* of a tail.
His pretty wings too, and his pate,
Are in a most distressing state.
He picks himself from morn till night,
And bleeds! How *shall* I set this right?

So torn his wings; his coat so bare!
I fear disease is lurking there;
The seed and food I often vary—
Do, Mr. Kidd, save my Canary!
Plymouth, May 18.

H. H.

[Most assuredly we will; else should we deserve to be entombed alive. Our pen is rampant to reply in poetry; but if it commenced, it would *never* stop. Therefore, fair lady, let us direct your attention to the fifteenth Number of our JOURNAL, p. 235. You will there find as desperate a case stated by LOUISA, and we have the authority of that young lady to make known that we have worked a "perfect cure" by the remedy proposed. May we be again equally skilful!]

A "Conscientious" Fowl.—Dear Mr. Editor, you love to laugh; so do I. When you read what I now send you, copied from the "Oxford Chronicle," you will not laugh, but

scream. Never till now, did I know that poultry were 'cute enough to discern *Sunday* from any other day; but "we live in a wonderful age." But here is the extract:—"There are two bantam hens in the possession of a lady at Plumstead, which have each laid an egg every morning for the last eighteen months, *except on Sunday*, and never during the whole of that period has an egg been found on that day in either of their nests!"—The above is "smart," is it not? Would it not answer our joint purpose to purchase a few "sittings of eggs," and traffic in them? Why, Exeter Hall *alone* would buy up many thousands! Do think of this.—ARABELLA F., *Croydon*.

[Miss Arabella! thou wouldst make a thrifty partner. It is a capital idea of thine, thou funniest of fair wags! We will first deliberate, then communicate. "Mother goose and her golden egg," may have taught us a practical lesson which we can improve upon. *Nous verrons*.]

Flower Gardens on a small Scale.—I am quite a novice; but having a small piece of ground (about twelve feet square), I wish to put it in some little shape, and to see something "pretty" growing in it. Will you give me a word of advice?—NANNETTE.

[There can be very little difficulty in the matter, Mademoiselle. A small outlay will accomplish much. With ten feet square of ground you can make a garden; and, if it will not grow all you want, it will at least grow something to look better than the bare ground. Some annuals will grow anywhere, and give a season of bloom, so that the earth be well dug and fed with a little old manure. Sweet peas, mignonette, French marigolds, Virginia stocks, nasturtiums, both the orange and the deep crimson; dwarf larkspurs, candy tuft, convolvulus minor, and some others. Scarlet runners will climb up a fence or wall, and look gay all the summer. In fact, nothing is easier than to make a garden. If it be pretty open and airy, ten-week-stocks will grow, and China asters; but never trust to removing wallflowers, sweet williams, Canterbury bells, and other biennials and perennials in spring. They are marketed for sale it is true, but they cannot do well. They should all be purchased and planted in the autumn. We are too apt to buy plants in spring to decorate the garden, but they rarely turn out good flowers, or answer the purpose required.]

Poultry and Poultry-houses.—Will you be so kind, Mr. Editor, as to tell us who live in the country, as much as you know about poultry? We have, some of us, but small territories; and we want to be told how to make the best of them. If you keep this in view, from week to week, you will find the subject *universally* popular; and it will introduce your JOURNAL into families where perhaps, otherwise, it might not be found. This is a kind hint from one of your unknown friends. I particularly wish to know the size of your poultry-houses.—SARAH E.

[The wish on your part, kind Lady Sarah, is equivalent to compliance on our part. You evidently know our "weak point." The largest of

our poultry houses is nine feet square. It is built of brick (with a tiled roof), excepting the front, which is of wood, and protected by Stockholm tar, with which it is thickly covered. On one side of it is a recess ten feet deep and three feet wide, with a slated roof for the fowls to take shelter in during heavy rains and unseasonable weather. The extent of walk is twenty feet by fifteen feet; the top is considerably elevated, in order to afford the fowls an opportunity of perching high. The perches are fixed in a variety of directions, and so placed as to command an extensive view of the neighboring gardens, park, &c.; and, of course, a glimpse of the sun's rays. By the fowls being constantly seen mounted on these perches, it is quite evident that they are "happy" in their confinement; and being always in robust health, and the nests for the most part abundantly supplied with eggs at all seasons of the year, we are led to believe that our treatment of them is in every respect correct. No poultry-house ought to be of less dimensions than from six to seven feet square (we have several this size); and if built of brick, so much the better. It is warmer than those built of any other material. The larger the poultry walk, the better; twelve feet by nine feet should be the minimum size. By turning the top soil frequently over, the walks will be kept sweet and wholesome, and the health of the poultry thereby insured. We will speak of their food, &c., at an early period, and keep in lively remembrance the "whole question of poultry" as you advise.]

What is the proper Food for a Starling?—My bird is not at all well. I am afraid I do not give him the right food. Please tell me what is proper.—C. G.

[German paste and stale bun is the best general food. But you should vary it with egg, raw meat, bread and butter, &c. Keep his cage dry, and hang him out of the reach of draughts.]

Dormice.—Will these little creatures breed in a cage? If so, how long will it be before they have young ones?—E. H.

[Dormice very rarely breed in cages. They are very shy in this matter. We believe the period of gestation to be about seventeen days.]

A remarkable Hen's Egg.—On the 1st of March, I took from the nest an extraordinary egg. It was so unusually long, that I resolved to break the shell, which I did at both ends. I then blew out the yolk, and with it a second egg, the size of a blackbird's egg. The shell of both was quite hard and perfect, and there was a yolk in both. This is a curious fact.—JOSEPH NEWTON, *Ichwell*.

Goldfinch-Mules.—When are you going to treat of breeding goldfinch-mules? [Very shortly.] I am anxious to breed some.—J. J., *Coventry*.

[Procure a fine cock goldfinch, two years old, and a fine hen canary, also in her second year. When they have "paired," put them into a breeding-cage; and read our instructions for "Breeding Canaries," now in course of publication in this JOURNAL.]

Evil Propensity in Fowls, eating their Eggs, &c.—Can you tell me how to cure poultry of eating their eggs whilst sitting? [There is no cure excepting a cruel one—viz., procuring imitation eggs, and heating them so as to burn the hen. When we have had such offenders, we have immediately got rid of them.] Please also to say, how many hens should be associated with one cock?—B. B.

[If you wish your eggs to be fertile, the proper number of hens would be four.]

Early Incubation of the Lark.—I forward you a paragraph from the *Hereford Times*, in which you will observe that the sky-lark, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, built her nest and reared her young at a remarkably early period:—"*Early Birds.*—The lark is well known to be an early riser, but is not considered by the naturalist to be an early breeder, the general time of its incubation being about May or June. The writer of this paragraph, on Wednesday, April 28, saw a nest containing three young sky-larks, which were fully feathered. They were captured by a well-known bird-fancier of this city, who now has them in his possession. They are likely to do well. Their possessor says, that a hatch of larks thus early is a circumstance which never came to his knowledge." Do you, Mr. Editor, ever remember to have found a nest thus early?—J. T., *Hereford*.

[No; we do not remember to have ever met with a nest of young larks so early in the season as April, especially during so cold a season as that of 1852.]

When do Birds begin to sit, after laying their First Egg?—Can you inform me whether birds, in their wild state, sit on their first egg when it is laid; or do they wait until the whole number are complete? I am induced to put this question in consequence of my having seen so many nests of young birds fledged all so nearly alike, that it appears they *must* all have been hatched together.—W. B. H.

[The question put is a very pertinent and proper one. We have ascertained that wild birds do not commence sitting until they have laid their entire complement of eggs. They then sit close. If they began to sit on their first egg *when laid*, the consequence would necessarily be, that the fourth or fifth egg would be quite behind time in the hatching; and the taking wing of the brood would not be practicable at one and the same moment. Nature has wisely gifted the feathered tribe with a peculiar instinct in this matter. With canaries in confinement, it is different, and for a sufficiently obvious reason.]

Nests of Wild Ducks.—A short time since, on the top of an alcove in our garden, I found, eight feet from the ground, the nests of two wild ducks. One contained ten eggs: the other, nine. There was a space of three feet between each nest, and one was six inches raised above the other. On the day subsequent to that on which I found the nests, I discovered an egg on the ground, broken. On ascending to reconnoitre what was doing above, I found the lower nest had been removed to the one above, and the eggs also—

both ducks sitting most contentedly on the eighteen eggs! When hatched, I observed the old ducks descend with their offspring in pairs, till they reached the ground. They were held firmly by the thighs of the old birds, during the descent; and they were all removed in the same careful manner. I did not see how the eggs were removed.—JOSEPH NEWTON, *Ichwell*.

THE STARLING.

BY SIR JAMES STUART MENTEATH, BART.

Still dear to each bosom the Starling shall be;
His song, like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure:
For through bleakest storms, if a calm he but see,
He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure.

THE STARLING is with most people an especial favorite. It may not therefore be unacceptable to the readers of KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL, if I describe how easily, in almost every situation, this beautiful and useful bird to man may be domiciled around our dwellings.

Mr. WATERTON, of Walton Hall, the prince of naturalists, and the truest observer of the habits of birds and animals I know, has done more than any one by his benevolent and ingenious devices, to attract the feathered population to his charming woods and grounds of Walton Hall. His success in this way, has amply rewarded the pains he has taken to plant colonies in them of almost all our British birds, and particularly of those that are nearly everywhere cruelly persecuted and destroyed by the gardener, the bird-stuffer, and the gamekeeper. Among those most prized by Mr. WATERTON is the Starling.

Some years ago, during a visit I paid to Walton Hall, I observed small stone towers, erected as the dwelling-place for these birds. They were divided into storeys, and each storey into so many holes, or lodging-rooms, to contain the nests. On returning home, it struck me that a common barrel, raised on a pole, might be substituted for the stone tower, and that it could be made sufficiently attractive to the Starling.

Accordingly, a barrel was divided into five storeys, and each storey partitioned into so many holes, with a wooden perch affixed at the outside of the hole for the accommodation of the bird on entering and leaving its nest. The barrel has a cross of wood placed on the top of it, on which the Starlings frequently sit and congregate. One so prepared, was put up early in March, to tempt these birds, who were then looking out for lodgings wherein they might establish their nursery.

Here let me notice a curious fact:—Although none of these birds were previously observed to be in the neighborhood, in the course of two days three or four pairs were seen hovering about the barrel, and

entering the holes! They immediately took possession of it; made their nests in it, and brought out their young. The Starlings had, however, a struggle to maintain their quarters; for some jackdaws, also on the look-out for comfortable apartments, did all in their power to take forcible possession of the barrel. Luckily for the Starlings, the holes being too small to admit the enemy, they finally bade adieu to it, and left the first-comers to enjoy in quiet their new home. These birds have gone on increasing year after year, and I had a large flock before I left that residence.

On changing my former abode last year, for another where there were no Starlings, I erected in February last a similar barrel on a pole. This is now inhabited by different pairs of birds, all busily engaged in hatching and bringing out their young.

Many birds, I believe, that are now strangers to our dwellings and grounds, might by adopting means suitable to their habits, be brought to settle near us. Most striking proofs of this are exhibited at Walton Hall, where, as I have mentioned before, the benevolent owner has peopled his woods and waters with flocks of birds that are rarely to be seen elsewhere. In my own case, a notable instance is afforded of the Starling locating where a fit residence was prepared for him. It is well known that this bird will build only in holes, either in trees, or walls, or rocks. Besides giving him a barrel for his home, I also put up boxes with holes in them, and fasten them to trees around my house. These, at the present moment, are all well filled with Starlings, who seem most happy in their comfortable quarters.

The Starlings hereabouts, I observe, have the same habits as those so interestingly described in your OWN JOURNAL, April 17. They never winter here, but always return early in the spring, whenever the weather is open and mild; departing when it becomes cold and severe. After they have brought up their young, they disappear for some time. They then return in the autumn, and remain till winter sets in.

It is very amusing to witness their flights in an evening. Being very social, the flocks of Starlings assemble about sunset, wheeling round in circles for an hour at a time.

This bird, in addition to its affording us much amusement, is also of essential service to us. Like the rook and the robin, he is a very early riser in the morning, and being up before sunrise, he is thereby enabled to catch the worms before they bury themselves in the earth. Provided with a powerful bill, the Starling dips deep into the earth, and devours innumerable worms, slugs, and other

noxious insects, which are alike destructive to the garden and field crops. When nursing its young family, the quantity of these which it carries to its nest in one day almost exceeds belief. It is therefore our interest to encourage this beautiful, this interesting bird, by every means in our power. — May 20, 1852.

THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.

THE Death's-Head Sphinx, or Moth, is the largest and most remarkable of its genus, and the most elegant of all its European congeners. The caterpillar from which this curious moth proceeds, is in the highest degree beautiful, and far surpasses in size every other European insect of the kind, measuring sometimes nearly five inches in length, and being of a considerable thickness. Its color is bright yellow, and the sides are marked by a row of seven elegant broad stripes, or bands of a vivid violet and of a sky-blue color. The tops of these bands meet on the back in so many angles, and are varied in that part with jet-black specks. On the last joint of the body is a kind of horn; not in an erect position, but hanging over the joint like a tail. It has a rough surface, and is of a yellow color.

This caterpillar is usually found on the potatoe and jessamine, those plants being its favorite food. It usually changes into a chrysalis in the month of September, retiring for that purpose pretty deep under the earth, the complete insect emerging in the following June or July. But some individuals are observed to change into a chrysalis in July or August, and these produce the complete insect in November; so that there appear to be two broods or annual races.

The upper wings of the Death's-Head Moth are of a fine dark-grey color, with a few variations of yellow and orange, and sometimes, but rarely, white clouds. The under wings are of a bright orange color, marked by a pair of transverse black bars, white about the top of the back. On the top of the throat is a very large patch of a most singular appearance, exactly resembling the usual figure of a skull, or death's-head, and of a pale grey, veined with dark ochre and black.—*Brown's Book of Butterflies.*

The Death's-Head Moth is generally considered a very rare insect; and as the caterpillar feeds chiefly by night (concealing itself during the day under leaves, &c.), it is not often detected. Yet, from singular circumstances favorable to its breed, there are some seasons in which it is even plentiful. It is a great enemy to bees, and Huber has occupied a chapter in his celebrated work on Bees, with a very interesting description of

the ravages of this moth, which he calls "A New Enemy of Bees."

Mr. Leonard Knapp, in his entertaining *Journal of a Naturalist*, devotes a few pages to the economy of the Death's-Head Moth, as he observed it in his neighborhood in the West of England. He remarks: "Our extensive cultivation of the potatoe furnishes us annually with several specimens of this fine animal, the Death's-Head Moth; and in some years I have had as many as eight brought me in the larva, or chrysalis state. Their changes are very uncertain. I have had the larva change to a chrysalis in July, and produce the moth in October; but generally the aurelia remains unchanged until the ensuing summer. The larvæ, or caterpillars, 'strong, ungainly beasts,' as some of our peasantry call them, excite constant attention when seen, by their extraordinary size and uncommon mien. They have horns and tails not unusually five inches in length, and as thick as a finger! This creature was formerly considered as one of our rarest insects, and it was doubtful if truly indigenous; but for the last twenty years, from the profuse cultivation of the potatoe, it has become not very uncommon in divers places. Superstition has been particularly active in suggesting causes of alarm from the insect world; and where man should have seen only beauty and wisdom, he has often found terror and dismay. The yellow and brown-tailed moths, the death-watch, snails, and many others, have all been the subjects of his fears; but the dread excited in England by the appearance, noises, or increase of insects, are of petty pretensions when compared with the horror that the presence of this *acherontia* occasions to some of the more fanciful and superstitious natives of northern Europe, who maintain the wildest conception. A letter is now before me from a correspondent in German Poland, where this insect is a common creature; and so abounded in 1824, that my informant collected fifty of them in the potatoe fields of his village, where they call them the 'Death's-Head Phantom,' the 'Wandering Death's Head,' &c.

"In Germany, as in England, they were first observed on the jessamine, but now exclusively upon the potatoe, though they will enter the bee-hives to feed on the honey found in them. This insect is thought to be peculiarly gifted in having a voice, and squeaking like a mouse when handled or disturbed; but in truth, no insect that we know of has the requisite organs to produce a genuine voice. They emit sounds by other means, probably all external. The grasshopper and the cricket race effect their well-known, and often wearisome chirpings, by grating their spiny thighs against their rigid wings; and this Death's-Head Moth appears

to produce the noise it at times makes (which reminds us of the spring call of the rail or corncrake) by scratching its mandible or the instrument that it perforates with, against its horny chest. Heavy and unwieldy creatures, they travel badly, and from the same cause fly badly, and that with labor; and as they commonly hide themselves deep in the foliage and obscurity, without some such signal of their presence a meeting of the parties would seldom be accomplished."

Reaumur relates that the members of a female convent in France were once thrown into great consternation at the appearance of a Death's-Head Moth, which happened to fly in during the evening at one of the windows of the dormitory.

Abington, April 26.

F. MYLES.

LIVE DOLLS;

A "Wrinkle" for Young and Old.

"I WISH very much, mamma," said a little girl, as she was walking one fine spring morning, with her doll in her arms, "that my doll could breathe, and speak, and tell me how she loves these sweet and bright little flowers, that are coming up all over the banks and hedge-rows." As she said this, she turned her eyes first upon the pretty but inanimate little figure she had pressed to her bosom, and then upon the fair and sunshiny scene that lay all around her. Everything appeared to have a fresh life given.

The trees, and flowers, and sparkling rivulets, looked so gay, that one might almost fancy them to be really rejoicing that the summer was coming again; and as for the birds and the young lambs, with which the soft green fields were full, the one sang so sweetly and cheerily, and the others did so sport about in the sunshine, that our little girl could not contain herself for delight. But when she looked at her doll again, her eyes ceased to sparkle; for there it was with its painted cheeks, and its moveless lips and eyes, a thing more without life than any other object near her. It had been her companion in the winter, when the cold winds and the snow had kept her shut up in the house, and she had amused herself tolerably well, in making it frocks and hats, of all variety of fashions; but she had not once thought then about its having no life or feeling like herself, and she was contented with it, merely because nothing led her to reflect that her care and labor about it were useless.

But everything now reminded her, that there was a vast difference between the gayest toy-shop and the beautiful country dressed

up by the returning spring; and she could not but think, that the very best play thing that her mamma could buy her, was not so really worth possessing as the flowers that were growing wild but fragrantly on the hedges. Before, therefore, she had long continued her walk, her doll was entirely neglected, and it lay upon her arm as if it were a burden. She began gathering some of the prettiest of the wild geraniums, and the sweet little blue harebells, that peeped and smiled from among the dewy grass, and having formed them into a wreath, she felt for a short time as if she possessed something that she could love much better than a doll, that had no sense of the happy spring-time.

"Are they not beautiful, mamma?" said she, holding them up with delight. "They are indeed, dear Ellen," said her mamma, "and they ought to make you love that great Creator, who while he had the power to make this world, and the sun, and the stars, has also had the benevolence to adorn the earth so beautifully, to make it the pleasant abode of the young and innocent."

Little Ellen understood and felt the truth of her mamma's observations, and she never afterwards looked upon the lovely scenes which every season of the year in turn produces, without recalling it to her thoughts. But scarcely had she ceased expressing her pleasure at the sight of her spring flowers, when their heads began to droop, their leaves to grow flaccid, and all their brightness to fade away. "What a sad thing it is, mamma," exclaimed the disappointed little girl, "that we should not be able longer to preserve such beautiful things!"

"It would be, indeed," was the answer, "if they had not been intended only to bloom in a particular situation, and then for a short time only. But you must learn to observe, Ellen, that all these beautiful little objects are ornaments to the earth, which can be easily destroyed, while things more necessary to our comfort are better defended, or by nature different."

Ellen looked vexed when she found it would be of no use to carry the flowers any farther, and she was again without anything to pet and love. To her great delight, however, on passing a small green recess on one side of the road, they saw a man sitting and employing his skill in making captives of many of the sweet little birds, whose songs she had listened to with such pleasure. If she had reflected a moment on the real cruelty of this occupation, she would not have observed the bird-catcher with such feelings of gratification; but she was intent on nothing but the pleasure she should have in possessing one of the little warblers, and she forgot the barbarity of making it a prisoner, in the thoughts of what care she

would take to feed it, and make it lie in her bosom, and sleep there when the weather was again very cold. One of the birds, therefore, was bought, and the man lent her one of his small cages to carry it home in.

Overjoyed at possessing such a dear little creature, so gentle and pretty, and, what was still more in her thoughts, a real living being that would in time know her and sing to her, Ellen carried the cage as the greatest treasure that could have been given her; and so delighted was she, that she could not help stopping every now and then to look at the bird, and she every time expressed more fondness for it. But at last, not satisfied with these momentary glances, she begged her mamma to rest a few minutes, and she sat down on a bank to enjoy more leisurely the sight of her new companion. The birds in the trees and hedges were all singing loudly and joyfully, and they flew from bough to bough, flitting their gay wings in the air, and chasing each other for the very pleasure of floating on the pleasant breeze. "Oh, how delightful!" said Ellen, "to possess one of these pretty, happy things;" and she looked at her little bird in the cage. Alas! there it sat up on one end of the perch, its head drooping, its wings folded to its sides, but rough and broken, and its eyes half covered with a thick film. Ellen spoke to it, but the poor little creature was not to be so cheered, and she looked at her mamma, more grieved than ever.

"Yes," said the latter, smiling, "I had no doubt you would soon discover your error, or I should not have so readily agreed to your wishes. I have no doubt you would be very kind to the bird, but your kindness could not supply the place either of its liberty, or of the pleasure it doubtless has among its own proper companions in the woods. Besides, Ellen, though you might love it very much, you would never feel great satisfaction in attending to a thing which would have no reason to thank you for your pains, and could never talk with you!"

"No indeed, mamma," said Ellen, and she hung down her head, looked again at the bird, and after playing a few moments with the door of the cage, continued, "Well, I am sure you are right, and it would be very useless and very cruel to keep a thing a prisoner only for my own satisfaction, and it would be a bad companion after all." So saying, she opened the door: the bird put its head at first fearfully out, and then, shaking its wings, darted out and was soon perched and singing on one of the trees hard by. Ellen looked again at her doll, and began almost to think that she must be contented with her playthings, which could neither fade nor feel it cruel to be locked up. But this thought continued only a moment, and

as they passed through a field where several lambs were lying about, she made another attempt at finding something which she might play with and love at the same time. But she was again disappointed; a lamb was very pretty, very gentle, and very playful, but after she had succeeded in getting near one, and had spoken to it very kindly, and called it by a hundred tender names, it looked at her for an instant, and then bounding away, could not be induced to return by all the persuasion she could make use of.

The walk was now nearly at an end, and the sweet spring-morning had only made Ellen dissatisfied with her senseless and inanimate doll. Before, however, reaching home, her mamma had to call at the cottage of one of the villagers, and thither they now went. A neat little garden which was before the door, was smelling sweetly with some carefully-cultivated plants, and everything about the place bore an air of great neatness. But what struck Ellen the most were three or four children who were playing among the flowers, the youngest of which was nursed by a girl about seven years old.

"Oh, what a dear little baby!" said she, going up to it, and at the moment it stretched out its arms, and laughing in her own smiling face, put its little flaxen head against her bosom. "Indeed, indeed, mamma," said she, "it is a live doll;" and she gave her own painted one to the young nurse, and took the infant, all joy and innocence, in her arms.

Ellen had now found something which was as beautiful as the spring-flowers, as gentle and happy as the free birds, as gay as the sportive little lambs; and, which was better still, endowed with a mind and reason like her own to rejoice in all that is bright and beautiful and good upon the earth. The thoughts with which she returned home, led her ever afterward to employ her summer days and winter evenings in more profitable occupations than formerly; and there was many a live doll in the neighborhood, whose little lips soon began to lisp its thanks for the pretty presents or the warm clothing with which her industry furnished it.—
DR. AIKIN.

Delights of a well-stored Mind.

WHAT a charm is there in reading! The man of letters, when compared with one that is illiterate, exhibits nearly the same contrast as that which exists between a blind man and one that can see. If we consider how much literature enlarges the mind, and how much it multiplies, adjusts, rectifies, and arranges the ideas, it may well be reckoned equivalent to *an additional sense*. It affords pleasures which wealth cannot procure, and which poverty itself cannot entirely take away.

SUMMER IS NIGH.

THE richest of perfumes and jewels are mine,
While the dog-roses blow and the dew-spangles shine;
And the softest of music is waken'd for me,
By the stream o'er the pebble—the wind in the tree.
Nature, kind mother, my heart is content
With the beauty and mirth thou hast lavishly sent:
Sweet Summer is nigh, and my spirit leaps high,
As the sun travels farther along the blue sky.
If I murmur, it is that my home is not made
Mid the flowers and drops in the green coppice shade;
If I sigh, 'tis to think that my steps cannot stray
With the breeze and the brook on their wandering way.
Nature, kind mother, I long to behold
All the glories thy blossom-ring'd fingers unfold.
None like thee can I meet, for all others will cheat,
With a portion of bitter disguised in the sweet.
The earth, the wide earth, will be beautiful soon,
With the cherry-bloom wreath and the nightingale's tune;
And the dreams without sleep with strange magic will come,
While the wood-pigeons coo, and the honey bees hum.
Oh, Nature, kind mother, 'tis only thy breast
That can nurse my deep feeling and lull it to rest.
For my soul is too proud to be telling aloud
What to thee it can utter all weeping and bow'd.
I see the rife buds on the wide-spreading bough;
Soon, soon they will shadow my thought-laden brow.
I see the bright primroses burst where I stand,
And I laugh like a child as they drip in my hand.
Nature, kind mother, thou hearest me breathe
My devotion at altars where wild flowers wreath;
None other e'er knows how my warm bosom glows,
As I watch the young daisy-fringe open and close.
I see the blue violets peep from the bank;
I praise their Creator—I bless and I thank—
And the gossamer insect at play in the beam
Is an atom that bids me adore the Supreme.
Nature, kind mother, my heart is content
With the beauty and mirth thou hast lavishly sent.
Sweet summer is nigh, and my spirit leaps high,
As the sun travels farther along the blue sky.
ELIZA COOK.

VICE.—Though Heaven should not know, and men should not punish,—yet let us not commit it; SO MEAN A THING IS VICE.

OUR NEW "TITLE."

(See "PUNCH," May 15.)

OUR NOBLE, witty, and good-tempered friend, *Punch*, has conferred on us a Title that will stick to us, we imagine, through life. May it never bring us into trouble! Go where we may, turn which way we will, a whisper follows us,—“that's dear Mr. Kidd!”

This “taking title,” as the booksellers word it, emanates, be it known, from Miss Violet, the reigning heroine of one of *Punch's* romances of real life. She is anxious, it appears, to engage us as private tutor,—not for her boys (she has none yet), but for her canaries. She vows, “as we write so delightfully about birds,” that she “will *make* her papa engage us into the family, provided we ‘go out.’” Excellent!

Now, as Miss Violet is at Brighton, and seems a nice affectionate little puss, with winning ways, we feel almost inclined to accept a short engagement for her sake,—for she is besieged, we observe, by that horrible sleek sinner, ICHABOD BLARE. We know the fellow, well; and should like to meet him face to face, in order that we might cudgel him. “His Reverence,” the shepherd, is however in good hands; for *Punch* knows him as intimately as we do. Poor little “Jujube!” What a narrow escape hadst thou from this Stiggins' umbrella! When we come down to teach thee to talk, thy first lesson shall be to call us, “Dear Mr. Kidd,” and the second lesson to dub ICHABOD BLARE “a canting old rogue.” Thou shalt excel in both.

Origin of Brandy.

BRANDY, man's bitterest curse, is supposed to have been invented by Raymundus Lullius, the famous alchymist, who died in the year 1315. Charles the Bad, King of Navarre, came to a most horrible end, says Mezerey, who, to restore his strength, weakened by debauchery, was wrapped in sheets steeped in *eau de vie*, or brandy. His valet, by accident, set fire to them; after the third day he died in the most dreadful tortures. If we were to tell one half we know about what Brandy has done, even in our own remembrance, we should fill a volume. It is a fearful discovery, and far more mischievous than gunpowder. The number of victims that it slays in a year, it has been found *impossible* to calculate. Yet is it worshipped at our tables by day; and parted from reluctantly at night!

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No. 23.—1852.

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REMINISCENCES OF A VISIT TO BRIGNALL AND ROKEBY.

PART I.—BRIGNALL.

BY WILLIAM SPOONER.

And tell of all I felt, and all I saw.—GOLDSMITH.

JUST ABOUT THE TIME that M'Adam suggested the new and simple process of "mending our ways" by means of pulverised granite,—enabling us to traverse the public roads at a rate of speed then deemed "miraculous" (being some fourteen miles an hour), it was my good fortune frequently to travel, whilst engaged in commercial pursuits, over the greater portion of Great Britain and Ireland.

No railways had we then. The roads of iron were not devised; not even thought of. Had any one been rash enough to predict what would have been the universal mode of travelling, through the agency of railways, in 1852,—that man would have been voted insane. Yet has iron superseded stone and gravel!

It is a question, however, with me, and also with many others, whether the disappearance of stage-coaches, stage-coachmen, and guards, is not a matter of great regret; for the advantages gained in accelerated speed are purchased by a total annihilation of the pleasures formerly enjoyed under the old regime of "four in hand."

Farewell, now, to the well-remembered scenes on our high roads; when the prancing steeds dashed along with all the vigor and enjoyment peculiar to high mettled racers (for most of them were thorough-bred cattle)—seeming to enter into the feelings of those who sat behind them, and expressing the same in all their actions! No more will future travellers revel in the pleasing excitement created by the arrival of a stage-coach in town or village! No longer will they have any opportunity, unless travelling in their

own carriages, of observing the interesting varieties of provincial manners or customs! No longer will they meet with the ever-changing scenery, or experience those ever-varying incidents, that delighted the "traveller of other days" when journeying the whole day on a stage-coach!

Year after year have I enjoyed with ecstasy the pleasure of sitting by, or behind, the driver of one of these well-appointed coaches, with a team of four spirited horses, spanking along at the rate of thirteen or fourteen miles an hour! Thus I have sometimes travelled by the far-famed *Hirondelle* (pronounced by the country people, and supposed by them to be, the *Iron-devil*) from Liverpool to Cheltenham; and more frequently by the *Wonder* and its rival, from Shrewsbury to London.

It was on one of these journeys (being at Leeds, and within stage-coach reach of a part of Yorkshire much endeared to me by many early recollections, though out of the line of my ordinary route), that I determined to revisit the scenes which I had quitted in my boyhood, but which had often since haunted me in my dreams, and carried me back in thought to what I was more than thirty years ago. My road lay through Ripon; and here I awaited the arrival of the Glasgow mail from London. It was a beautiful summer's afternoon when I took my seat outside the mail; intending to stop at the inn at Greta Bridge, on the northern borders of the county.

The shades of night had set in some hours before I reached my destination; and, as the coach bowled along at that well-regulated pace which was observed by all the Post-office mails, the bright-reflection of the carefully-trimmed lamps brought out from the surrounding darkness into powerful relief the rich foliage of the trees and hedges that skirted the sides of the great highway. It was midnight, I remember, when the coachman pulled up in the extensive court-yard of the George Inn, at Greta Bridge; and I had

just entered the inn, and sat down, when the coach, having changed horses, proceeded on its journey. No previous intimation having been given of my intended visit to this rarely-sought and secluded spot, I was apprehensive that I should meet with indifferent accommodation. Fortunately, however, the landlord had not retired to rest, and immediate directions were given which insured me a most desirable and well-arranged bed-chamber,—an Englishman's delight. The window of my room looked out upon the *Greta*; but the darkness of the night quite prevented the discernment of any particular object. Yet was the rushing of the river in its onward course music to my ears. Forcibly did it call to my mind the time when I had disported in its streams,—when I had gathered hazel-nuts on its banks, and sought for birds' nests in its woods; and I longed for the morning light that I might once again gaze upon its well-remembered streams. At break of day, I was at the window; all anxiety to view the prospect that awaited me. There lay the opposite bank, richly fringed with full-grown trees; and already the swallows were following each other in rapid flight, to and fro, in close pursuit of their insect food; dipping at intervals the surface of the river, as they skimmed under the single arch of the ancient bridge, from which the village derives its name.

The morning meal over, I sallied forth. Divided from the inn by the great northern high road, lay the demesne of ROKEBY, whose charms Sir Walter Scott has so graphically and beautifully described in his Poem of that title.

"Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could
please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm!"

So sings our sweet poet, Goldsmith.

How often have I, too, participated in the charms of this most lovely retreat in *my* early days!

As it was needful to be provided with an order of admission before I could pass the gates of the Park, I bent my way up the left side of the river to the romantic dell of Brignall,—a spot most favored by me in my youth. Poets and painters have rivalled each other in celebrating the beauties of this glen and the scenery adjacent. CRESWICK has frequently exhibited charming views of the Glens of the *Greta*; and TURNER'S drawings of the woods and valleys of the *Greta* and the *Tees* (now in the collection of — Windus, Esq.), are among the choicest productions of his pencil.

Sir Walter thus sings of this most lovely dale:—

"Oh, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen."

Garlands may indeed be gathered there, and of exceeding beauty. Thyme, purple heath, and wild flowers of every variety, spring up on all sides and the grand throatwort, or Canterbury bell (*campanula latifolia*), grows here in great profusion.

Reaching the small antique Church, which stands lonely by the river side, I found it in ruins. I was afterwards informed that a new village church had been erected at some distance, in a more convenient situation. The river however appeared unchanged; its channel was the same as it had been perhaps for centuries. The deep pool, from its contiguity to the holy fane, called Brignall Pool (almost every deep bed of the river bears a name), was an especial object of interest. Here I had been accustomed, during the sultry heat of the summer, to resort with my companions. While the youngest and less-experienced took to the safe and shallow streams of the river, the more skilful and strong swimmer would disport in the depths of the pool. Dark and inky were its waters—calm was its surface; yet was the river above, or below this place, either foaming over huge rocks, which had fallen from the impending cliffs, or running in shallow currents over pebbly sands,—its waters gleaming under the sun's rays in amber light,

"Matching in hue, the favorite gem
Of Albin's mountain diadem."

Darksome however as the deeps of the river appeared, the water was so transparent that objects were distinctly visible many feet below the surface; and the path of the swimmer could be clearly seen as he dived far beneath. Often have we placed young frogs on its bosom, and watched with delight the graceful ease with which they moved their supple limbs. Fain would we have imitated the motions of these tiny creatures. They swam without any apparent effort.

Here let me note the wild majesty of the scene on the bank of the *Greta*, opposite the old church. It is indeed of most surpassing grandeur. Turner has faithfully delineated, and Scott has most poetically described it:

"He turn'd—
To where the bank opposing show'd
Its huge, square cliffs through shaggy wood.
One, prominent above the rest,
Rear'd to the sun its pale grey breast:
Around its broken summit grew
The hazel rude, and sable yew;
A thousand varied lichens dyed
Its waste and weather-beaten side,

And round its rugged basis lay,
By time or thunder rent away,
Fragments, that, from its frontlet torn,
Were mantled now by verdant thorn."

The same pen that was employed in tracing the description with which I conclude this account of a "Visit to Brignall," was also engaged about the same time in completing *Waverley*, the first of a series of Tales, destined to immortalise the writer's name. Sir Walter Scott's friend, Mr. Morritt, the owner of Rokeby, was one of the few entrusted with the secret of this authorship,—the great novelist fearing lest his venture was too doubtful of success to warrant him in risking his poetical name.

POPULAR DISCUSSIONS.*

No. V.—ON TROUT BREEDING.

LET ME NOW, Mr. Editor, direct attention to another very interesting inquiry,—the Breeding of Trout, a subject which, when it appears in the Public's "OWN JOURNAL," can hardly fail to excite a general feeling of curiosity.

From facts which have come under my own observation, as well as from what I can gather from experienced fishermen, I have reason to think that the destruction of the ova of trout when just deposited by the parents, is very great, particularly in small brooks, which the trout are exceedingly fond of ascending previous to their spawning. No doubt, a great many trout spawn in suitable places in the rivers in which they have lived during the summer; and of these, when spawning, I am not able to speak so decisively. But a large proportion ascend the small brooks and deposit their spawn in them, and of these I fear comparatively few are hatched; and as I think a little care and foresight would marvellously help them (I mean in brooks where they are protected from poachers), I make no apology for calling public attention to the subject.

It is well known that all the Salmonidæ bury (or attempt to bury) their ova in the loose gravel of the streams in which they spawn; whilst grayling, and other scale fish, are content to deposit theirs upon the gravel without attempting to cover it up; consequently, the first thing a pair of trout do

when beginning to spawn, is to root up the gravel in the stream. This serves two good purposes. One is, that all the mud and sand which was previously mixed with the gravel is carried away by the stream, and the gravel remains clean; and the second is, that the loose gravel which remains serves, when properly prepared, as a safe hybernaculum, in which the spawn is secure from the depredations of small trout, loaches, bullheads, &c., which all prey upon it with the greatest avidity. At such times, if you catch them, you will frequently find they are gorged to the throat with roe.

After this, the gravel is loosened; the female deposits her spawn in the loose gravel; and as the ova are very slightly heavier than the water, they roll down until they come to the interstices of the gravel, into which they penetrate as if they were alive—dropping down until they come to something like a solid bottom, where they are effectually secured from the small trout and other fish which prey upon them. Yet there are other enemies in the shape of water-lice, and the larvæ of aquatic insects, which can and do find them even there.

But now for the evil and its remedy, which we seem at present to have lost sight of. The small brooks in which trout spawn, are frequently so deficient in gravel that the trout have great difficulty in finding spots where they can stir up as much gravel as will cover the ova when deposited; and when they have succeeded in doing this, and retire, there will come frequently another pair of trout immediately after; and as, for want of conveniences of this kind, they are limited to few spots, they probably begin to stir up the gravel which had been used by the first pair of fish. The consequence is, that the spawn which lay there is disturbed; it rolls away with the stream until it is carried below the loosened gravel, and lies on the surface of the hard bed of the brook below, a prey to anything that will eat it. The enemy is ever on the alert. No sooner does a grain or two of this come within the scent of another trout, than he rises up like a wild beast at feeding time; and he will gorge himself (if he has the chance of doing so) up to the very throat. In such situations, a careful observer may generally find the small trout which don't spawn (like waiters on Providence), waiting just below the spawning beds, ready for every egg which rolls below the loosened gravel.

The remedy is very easy in such brooks. In each of the streams, or in as many as it can be conveniently done, let a cartload of sharp, pebbly gravel (varying in the size of the pebbles from a hazel nut to a pheasant's egg) be deposited; level it down with a spade so that the water will flow equally over it to the depth of three or four inches,

* Under this head, we INVITE Contributions similar to the present. The advent of our JOURNAL is, we know, hailed with delight by many who take an intense interest in matters of the kind; and it finds its way into so very many channels at home and abroad, that the Discussions likely to take place give promise of much profitable as well as instructive entertainment. Our columns are open to debate; but conciseness is recommended on all occasions.—ED. K. J.

You will then have a spawning bed of the best kind; and you will find that the fish are not slow to avail themselves of the conveniences with which you have provided them. This ought to be done not later than the first week in October, in most brooks; as trout in many districts are spawning very soon after this time.

Two or three years ago, a gentleman of fortune in Yorkshire, who wished to stock a small lake he has with improved varieties of trout, wrote to me to request I would send an experienced and trustworthy person to him. He wished to send him into various parts of the kingdom where the trout were celebrated for their size and flavor, that he might there obtain fertilised roe, for the purpose of replenishing his spawning boxes, and thus storing his lake with good trout. I accordingly sent him a man, every way qualified for such a mission, and furnished with credentials. He obtained roe in various parts of the northern counties, which were duly hatched, when the proper precautions were taken; and from his mouth I gathered some very interesting particulars.—T. G., *Clietheroe, May 20.*

(To be Continued.)

BIRDS OF SONG.

Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart,
Something to LOVE, to rest upon,—to clasp
AFFECTION'S tendrils round.—MRS. HEMANS.

No. XIII.—CAGE BIRDS—THE CANARY.*

YOU WILL FIND THAT THE SIGHT of a nest-bag, and a peep at the two nest-boxes, will soon inoculate the "happy pair" with a desire to enter upon the duties of an active and a profitable life. The chances are, that the very first day they enter a breeding cage will see the nest-bag pulled to pieces; and the nest itself progressing far towards completion. The *hen*, be it observed, is the most alert in this matter.

Whilst cosily seated on the building material, and busily arranging it for the reception of her eggs (the average number of which is from two to five), the hen will keep on giving utterance to a constant succession of very peculiar, but expressive conjugal notes. Now it is quite easy for a curious observer, to see that each one of these notes

is full of the "dear"-est meaning, and perfectly comprehended by the male. His lordship, like a good husband, will ever be observed thoroughly attentive, tenderly affectionate, and ready, at a moment's notice, to do her ladyship's bidding. Thus, at one time, we find him feeding her while sitting on the nest; at another time, arranging the moss, hair, and wool; and, at all times, lavishing on her the most delicate attentions anticipating, indeed, her every wish. So passes the honeymoon.

The mutual affection evinced by these sweet little creatures is most extraordinary. Nor do their tender endearments cease until the young ones are hatched. Then, however, come on the "cares of state." The great responsibility from henceforward devolves on the male, to whose care the hen mainly entrusts her infant brood. He has to feed them, tend them, and watch over them while the mother flies leisurely about, and exercises herself; resolutely bent upon recruiting herself, and recovering her lost strength. If she interferes in the feeding of the young, it is by courtesy more than by an assumption of right. But there are, let us add, many exceptions to this general rule.

As the young will, generally, be hatched on the thirteenth day after sitting, have in readiness some soft victuals in a saucer, for their parents to feed them with—such as the yolk of fresh, hard-boiled egg, sponge biscuit, and scalded rape-seed; the whole moistened in the first instance with boiling water, but not made too thin. This should be given fresh, twice daily. A little well-seeded chick-weed, quite ripe, should also be given to the old birds at this time, twice or thrice a-week at least.

When we gave a strict caution that your birds should be left unmolested, and quite private whilst breeding, this had reference more particularly to the early part of the process. When the young are hatched, it will be *needful* every now and then to look at them quietly. If they appear, as young birds should do, red and healthy, with their crops distended, all is well. If, on the contrary, they are of a pale sickly hue, and their crops are empty, then at once construct them, as neatly as may be, a new nest (after first scalding and drying the materials), and change the one for the other. Change also the nest box. This done, carefully remove the nestlings with a warm hand, and place them in their new abode.

On examining the old nest, you will find it full of minute vermin. Subject one of them to pressure under a pin's head. The blood emitted once ran in the veins of your innocent nestlings, who, from their very birth till this moment, have sustained these vermin in life!! *Never* neglect this act of duty.

* Our "Treatise on the Canary" (the *copy-right* of which, we think it right to mention, is vested in ourself ONLY) is this day completed. It is highly gratifying for us to be enabled to state, that its originality and utility, as well as fidelity and perspicuity, have been universally commended. The copious extracts from it, which have appeared week by week in all our principal Papers, are confirmatory of this fact.

You will thereby save the lives of many a parent and many an offspring. The old birds will thoroughly understand what you are about, and will show themselves well pleased when the change has been effected. We shall speak more of these vermin by-and-by.

Before your first brood can well feed themselves, it is more than likely that their Papa and Mamma will be anxious to extend the branches of their family tree. This is why we recommended your cage being furnished with *two* nest boxes, in two separate divisions. Keep the cage therefore well cleaned, and the bottom well covered with bruised mortar and chalk.

When the nestlings are about a month old, their parents have an odd way of getting rid of them—viz., by pecking at them, and hunting them about all over the cage. They look at them as if they were interlopers, and quite able to get their own living. This is, therefore, the proper time for removing them into separate habitations.

Place them in mahogany cages, made precisely as we have already recommended, and hang them up in a warm situation. In a few days the males will freely "record" their song, and give full evidence of the pleasure they feel in being possessed of a house of their own. As young canaries are very imitative, and copy all they hear, let us again advise their being made the associates of none but first-rate songsters from their very infancy. It is more difficult to *unlearn* than it is to teach. As for the hen birds, unless you retain a few of the strongest for the purpose of breeding from them at a future time, they should be got rid of with all convenient haste. They are perfectly useless.

With respect to hybrids—we have taken no notice of these under this head. Goldfinch-mules and linnet-mules, being bred in a different manner, will receive full notice in OUR "OWN JOURNAL," under the respective *Treatises* on the "Goldfinch" and the "Linnet." These birds may be reared to immense advantage; and if well taught in their infancy, their value can hardly be stated. They will live to a "green old age."

We should here remark, that the change of diet, from soft to hard food, should not be too sudden. Place some of each kind in the cages of the young birds, and withdraw the "nursery diet" by degrees. Be sparing with your green meat, and also any little luxuries that may act too violently on the internal machinery of your pets. Avoid also sugar, and hempseed; giving them occasionally a little maw-seed, CLIFFORD'S German paste, sponge-biscuit, and stale sweet bun.

Thus instructed, you have it in your own

power to rear some of the finest song birds that were ever known. You may, moreover, live perfectly independent of the whole tribe of bird-dealers—with whom, *entre nous*, the fewer dealings you have the better.

THE FAUVETTE.

LET us now sing of that lovely little creature, the Greater Pettychaps, or Garden Warbler (*Sylvia hortensis*), which is called also,—the Fauvette. He is now in our gardens, flitting from tree to tree, enjoying himself to his heart's content.

This sweet little bird (says Rennie), whose colors are not so gay as some of the others, is nevertheless plump and handsomely shaped. Its song is scarcely to be surpassed by any of the genus, the nightingale alone excepted. It first visits us in the spring about the latter end of April or beginning of May, and its arrival is quickly made known by its very loud and long song. It generally begins low, not unlike the song of the swallow, but raises it by degrees until it resembles the song of the blackbird. It sings nearly all through the day; and the greater part of the time that it stays with us, until August. In confinement, it will sing nearly all through the year, if it be treated well. In a wild state, it is generally found in gardens and plantations, where it feeds chiefly on fruit; but it will not refuse some kinds of insects. It is very fond of the larvæ, or caterpillars, that are often found in great abundance on cabbage plants—the produce of *Pontia brassicæ*. We know *no other bird* of the genus that will feed on them. Soon after its arrival here the strawberries are ripe, and it is not long before it finds them out. It generally tastes the plums, pears, and early apples before it leaves us; and when in confinement, it also feeds freely on privet, elder, and ivy berries; it is also partial to barberries, and a soft apple. These birds, we rejoice to say, are not so easily caught as some of the other species; they are more shy of getting into a trap. As we are such haters of bird-catchers, we shall be mute as to their capture. Let them live and enjoy themselves whilst they are amongst us, say we. They will readily take to feed on the bruised hempseed and bread before described, or on bread and milk; they are also fond of fresh raw meat, both fat and lean; also, the yolk of an egg occasionally. To bring them to eat it directly, a few currants, raspberries, or some small fruit, must be stuck in it; whilst eating these out, they taste the other food, which they prefer to the fruit at first for a change. Fruit of some sort or other should, if possible, be always kept in their cage. In winter, they are very fond of a roasted apple; and as soon as the

berries of the ivy are ripe, they should be supplied with some. They will then succeed very well.

Let us add, that this pretty little fellow sings very late on a fine evening. His notes are then replete with harmony, and his heart full of joy. As we now hear him daily, we shall take an early opportunity of enlarging on his merits.

DELIGHTS OF SPRING.

BY MARY HOWITT.

SPRING! the beautiful Spring is come,
The sun shines bright and the bees now hum;
And the fields are rich with the early flowers,
Beds of crocus and daisies white,
And under the budding hedgerow, showers
Of the ficary, golden bright!

Come, come, let you and me,
Go out and the primrose of spring-time see,
For many a pleasant nook I know,
Where the hooded arum and blue-bell grow,
And crowds of violets white as snow;—

Come, come, let's go!

Let's go, for hark,

I hear the lark;

And the blackbird and thrush on the hill-side
tree,

Shout to each other so merrily;

And the wren sings loud,

And a little crowd

Of gnats in the sun dance cheerily.

Come, come! come along with me,

For the tassels are red on the tall larch tree,

And in homesteads hilly,

The spathed daffodilly

Is growing in beauty for me and thee!

OMINOUS "SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

BY THE MODERN ARGUS.

"Who says, 'the Times are out of joint!'"
Laughing Philosopher.

LEST SUCH A PREFIX as we have chosen should "fright some of our readers from their propriety,"—let us at once tell them that we are not proposing to turn prophet, or write bitter things against the present generation for their misdeeds and shortcomings. No; we leave others to discourse upon the portentous signs of the days we live in, while we speak of THE "Times" *par excellence*,—that great Newspaper of the universal World, which, like Aaron's rod of old, swallows up all pretenders. We have recently had frequent opportunities for watching this great Leviathan of the Daily Press, and for admiring the exquisite internal machinery* by which, almost imperceptibly, its

materials are got together, digested, selected, arranged, methodised, and at break of day submitted, without any apparent effort, to the careful examination of expecting tens of thousands, all over the kingdom. The *interest* felt by most of these in that broadsheet, no eye can penetrate, no thought can divine. Yet are there countless multitudes whose very existence depends on the issue of each day's paper! We have, ere now, seen much of this.

It is not for us to go into the why and because of the popularity of the "Times," and to give the reasons, *totidem verbis*, for its being the ONLY Daily Paper,—which it really is. Amidst good report and evil report—

"*Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis*"—

it has always stood immeasurably at the head of all competitors; and even its bitterest enemies are its most constant readers and supporters. They cannot help it!

There are some half-dozen other Morning Papers published. These, of course, do find many readers; but not one of such readers will ever acknowledge to have seen "the Paper" until he has first pored over the "Times." We notice this palpable fact very frequently.

Mr. Gibson, M.P., has spoken oracularly on this point. On the 21st of April, when dwelling on the unequal bearing of the "Stamp duty," in the House of Commons, he remarked,—*"The retrograding circulation of nearly all the London daily journals for the last few years, makes it certain that all the other journals must ultimately be displaced by the 'Times.'*" We think this very likely. But to the object of the present article.

We want to show how a point may be carried, by setting about it properly; and we imagine we may do some good by offering a few passing observations on this matter. We have, of late, had occasion to visit the City between the hours of two and four; and on a number of such occasions, we have gone into the office of the "Times" with a view to insert an advertisement.

Struck with the great multitude of persons of all classes, not only *in* the office,

sions, of complete *double* sheets—that is, two distinct papers, of eight pages each. For the second paper (it being supplemental), no charge is made. Both therefore are issued at the price of one; viz., Fivepence! It is, of course, greatly prejudicial to the interests of the Proprietors to do this; but they are literally *compelled* to take such a step, in order to keep pace with the influx of new advertisements pouring in hourly. We hardly need remark, that *no other* existing Newspaper Establishment ever has any necessity to produce two such sheets in one day; yet is it effected *here* repeatedly, and without any difficulty whatever.—ED. K. J.

* Within the last few weeks, the power of this "internal machinery" has been again and again manifested in the production, on several occa-

but anxiously waiting outside for their turn to enter and pay money with their advertisements, we have made it a rule, as opportunity offered, *pour passer le temps*, to get into conversation with some of these people, and sound them about their recognised *principle* of advertising; and more particularly as to the *effects* derivable from it, as experienced by themselves.

The answer we have invariably received, has for ever settled the question as to *why* "The Times" is so immensely popular. Our informants appeared to disdain the *idea* of advertising in any other paper; saying "it was quite useless—money thrown away—as *nobody* read any Paper but the TIMES, which circulated all over the world." They added,—“Why, Sir, one advertisement in the ‘Times’ is worth a dozen inserted anywhere else. *We always find it so.*”

Judging from the time we have ourselves had to wait, ere our turn arrived, we are induced to attach all due weight to that which was so generally stated, and in which our own belief is firm.* “We listened to the sound;” and as we heard the money roll into the treasury, heap upon heap, sovereign after sovereign, note upon note,—“the cry still they come,”—we confess we thought with disdain upon California, its diggings, and all its treasures. Never before was money coined so fast. Never was business transacted so quietly. Never were countenances more happy when parting from their “loose cash.” Never were hopeful anticipations of success more visibly painted on the human face. Never did anything appear to us so like a dream! Ah! thought we, how pregnant with joy and sorrow, hope and fear, gladness and despair, is the broad-sheet which will issue hence to-morrow! How many minds hang in doubt upon the “hazard of the die” just cast,—perhaps for the last time! All arising from AN ADVERTISEMENT IN “THE TIMES.”

* Some time since, we advertised in two of the Morning Papers, for Translators; the applications in answer were about a dozen. Subsequently, we made known a similar want in the “Times.” The consequence was fearful: we received as many replies as would have filled a wheelbarrow! —ED. K. J.

The Death Watch.

THOUGH natural history long ago declared that these sounds proceed from a little harmless insect, hundreds of believers still exist who refuse to be persuaded that the noise is not prophetic of the charnel-house! Even those who have been brought to credit the fact of the ticking being made by an insect, are reluctant all at once to abandon a gloomy notion, and therefore affirm that the sound is still significant of

death; for, say they, it comes from a spider in the act of dying; and when the ticks cease, the creature is dead. Many intelligent persons are aware that this latter opinion is equally erroneous with the former; but, as others may lack such correct information, it might not be altogether superfluous to state, that the insect in question is *not* a spider, but “the *pediculus* of old wood, a species of *termes* belonging to the order *aptera* in the Linnæan system.” It is very diminutive. There are two kinds of death watches. One is very different in appearance from the other. The former only beats seven or eight quick strokes at a time; the latter will beat some hours together more deliberately and without ceasing. This ticking, instead of having anything to do with death, is a joyous sound, and as harmless as the cooing of a dove. It is to be regretted that science, to which we owe so many blessings—so much of health, both bodily and mental—should have made an inconsiderate compromise with superstition, by naming this lively and harmless little creature *mortisaga*.

THE FIG TREE.

THIS is the first particular object of natural history mentioned in the Bible,—and of which Milton says:—

So both together went
Into the thickest wood. There soon they chose
The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renowned,
But such as at this day to Indians known,
In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillared shade
High over-arched, and echoing walks between.
There, oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loopholes cut through thickest shade: those leaves
They gathered, broad as Amazonian targe,
And with what skill they had, together sewed
To gird their waist; vain covering, if to hide
Their guilt and dreaded shame. Oh, how unlike
To that first naked glory!

So Milton erred; for the leaves of the banian tree are so far from being of the size of an Amazonian targe, that they seldom or never exceed five inches in length, and three in breadth. Others have with more probability suggested the banana tree, whose fruit is often, by the ancients, called a fig, and whose leaves are often six feet long and two broad; thin, smooth, and very flexible. The practice of sewing or pinning leaves together, is common in the East to this day, for baskets, dishes, and umbrellas.

The fig-tree of Palestine affords a friendly shade. Hasselquest, in his journey from Nazareth to Tiberias, says, “We refreshed ourselves under the shade of a fig tree, below which was a well, where a shepherd and his flock had their rendezvous; but without either house or hut.” “The withered fig-tree” (Mark xi. 13), which was the symbol of Judah, has been supposed to be the *Ficus Sycamorus*, which is always green, and bears fruit several times in the year, without observing any certain seasons: and therefore might well be supposed to have fruit on it, while it was not now the general season for gathering figs from the kinds usually cultivated.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION will be continued in our next.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—S. K. Keep it in the *larger* cage by all means—J. EATON, HIGHGATE. We wrote you, as requested, long since. Your address is “not known,” and the letter is “returned” to us—MIMI. Your bird is too old to be tamed now. The proper size for breeding-cages, &c., you will find described in the columns of the JOURNAL. Why do you take it in, and not read it?—F. W. S. New milk boiled, instead of water, given for three days, will cure your bird of his wheezing.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any “facts” connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them; our time being overwhelmingly occupied with PUBLIC duties.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, June 5, 1852.

WE HAVE ONCE AGAIN to return to the contents of our “Editor’s Letter-box,” and to offer sundry observations connected therewith.

It has for some time past become apparent, that certain persons (*not* subscribers to our Paper) are in the habit of writing to us for valuable information, which they know our experience affords—and which they *cannot obtain elsewhere*.

The haughty manner in which they demand a reply, is alone sufficient to establish the fact. We hardly need remark, that these aristocratic letters of inquiry very rarely, if ever, contain a postage stamp, to cover the actual cost out of pocket which we incur when complying with the request made to us! We have resented many of these acts of rudeness. We have saved very many pence thereby; besides preserving our *amour propre*. Where, let us ask, and *how* have these writers of imperative letters been brought up—and with whom can they have associated?

WE have ourselves frequently had to ask favors in connection with the interests and welfare of this JOURNAL, and we have forwarded a vast multitude of letters to all parts of the country—most of them involving the necessity of a reply; but in all cases we have written courteously, and we have invariably enclosed stamps to defray the cost of the answers—even then, feeling ourselves the obliged party whilst obtaining what we sought. Monstrous is it for any one to attempt to shelter himself under the garb of gentility, when thus repeatedly offending against the primary rules of civilised life! WE want no such “admirers.”

The above remarks are wrung from us in consequence of an overwhelming correspondence, which is daily on the increase. We find it almost impossible to reply privately to one half of our “considerate” correspondents. As for those who keep on amusing themselves, and wasting their time by asking us a world of questions about what has long since appeared in the JOURNAL—of these, we shall of course take no notice whatever. It is in vain for them to assure us that they are “constant readers,” when we find them continually seeking information about what has been again and again treated of, either by ourselves or our contributors. Petty acts of meanness like this, practised we regret to say by those who *ought* to know much better, shall ever experience from us the contempt they merit. *Qui capit ille facit*. None, we feel sure, will appropriate our remarks to themselves, save only the offenders.

OH FOR THE PEN OF A READY WRITER to usher in the month of JUNE with becoming honor! WHO shall sing her praises—WHO attempt to describe her charms? The heart may feel, but utterance of one half its joys *must* fall short!

The season now is all delight,
Sweetly smile the passing hours;
And SUMMER’S pleasures at their height,
Are sweet as are her FLOWERS.

What see we now, as we walk abroad and gaze upon creation? The earth clothed with an endless variety of animal and vegetable life; and even the mould beneath its surface inhabited by beings adapted to *their* state of existence! Oceans and rivers peopled with shoals of living things, to the shapes and instincts of many of which we are perfect strangers! Aye, the very *air* animate with congregated myriads of imperceptible creatures!

What are the liquids we swallow? Masses of animation! An animal, almost imperceptible, is the theatre and support of millions which are entirely so. The more we think on these things, the more are we amazed at the Creator’s power and goodness to his creatures—all of which enjoy themselves to the fullest extent.

SPRING is just now engaged in finishing her toilet—robing herself in her best attire. Soon shall we see her decked in *all* her loveliness. She is even now putting on those last “finishing touches” which an accomplished beauty never trusts to any hands but her own. But we must bid her ladyship adieu, and take our final leave (oh, how reluctantly!) of the lovely, love-making season of Spring.

We are now stepping forward into the glowing presence of SUMMER. In the full pride of maturity, how has she deluged the whole surface of the earth with prodigal

and luxuriant fertility! Lovely, most lovely are the variegated fruit-blossoms—the beautiful cradles of the little germs which are soon to ripen into those colored and sunny balls which shall bow down the branches in autumn!

Beautiful are the gay inhabitants of the garden!

Rose of the morning! in thy glorious beauty
Bright as the stars, and delicate and lovely:
Lift up thy head above thy earthly dwelling,
Daughter of Heaven!

Look too at yon gorgeous and queen-like rose, and at purity's emblem—the fair lily. See how gracefully bends the lofty and clustering lilac; whilst the fringed pink, the lowly hearts-ease, the rainbow-headed tulip, and many others equally beautiful, call forth our admiration at every turn. Nor must we pass over in silence the climbing and odorous honeysuckle. See how it adorns the object by which it is supported, entwining its delicate arms affectionately around it—lovely and apt emblem of the devotedness and fond affection of Woman!

But beautiful as our brilliant and cultivated flowers are—and we could dwell on their beauties for ever—beauty is not confined to them alone. Do not the hedgerow, the field, the river's brink, indeed every spot that is accessible to the silver shower or the creative sunbeam, fill us with sensations of constant delight? Are the exquisite flowers of the wild violet, blue and white, inferior to any of their more favored brethren in a state of cultivation? Is there no beauty in an asphodel? Does not the simple and modest daisy, which gems the fields and the lawns almost throughout the entire year, call forth our admiration? Aye, and has not the meadow, as we lately sang, its golden wealth of cowslips and buttercups; the hedge its hawthorn; and the heath its blue-bells? And have we not *one* word for the lichens and the mosses? Low as they may rank in the scale of excellence, yet do they clothe the most desolate places, and they are replete both with sweetness and beauty.

But we must stay our hand here; not, however, without entreating our readers to make good use of this lovely month. Above all things, let them rise early, and watch the light breath of morn waking the slumbering leaves; listening betimes to the mounting lark, as he springs from the sullen earth, and welcomes with his hymns the coming day.

What a picture is the rising sun—the generating sun! How do the trees, the woods, the fields, and the distant hills, burst into sudden light! Quickly up-curved is the dusky mist from the shining river. Quickly is the cold dew drunk from the raised heads of the drooping flowers!

Young maids and old maids, young men and old men—“up” and AWAY!

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Some very remarkable “Facts,” completely establishing the Amiability of the “Hen” Robin.—“SUUM CUIQUE!” dear Mr. Editor; or “Render unto Cæsar,” &c. Forgive me for seeking your friendship under the guise of Latin; but, feeling some *mauvaise honte*, or maiden diffidence at “coming out” in print,—I knew I *must* do something not exactly in the “common way.” Don’t be alarmed at my Latin, pray; nor imagine I am a blue-socking,—oh, no; no; no! I found the Latin inside one of my brother’s books; and *he* told me it signified that nobody had any right to steal it, as it was *his own property*. This little confession enables me to go on, and in the words of “Punch’s” heroine, Miss Violet, to call you “DEAR Mr. Kidd!” [Our breath is short,—our pulse beats 1,000 to the minute. What *will* become of us, ere the Summer is past? *Mais n’importe*. The wind is in the west, and we will “brave it all.”] You say at p. 287 of your immortal JOURNAL, that “the milk of human kindness that once ran in your veins is dried up for ever.” I don’t believe it. It is *impossible*! That you have been grossly ill-used by that *parvenu*, John TUTHILL, is true; but you shall find that humanity is *not* so black as you will have it to be. Perhaps you will say,—who am I? Be patient; all in good time “dear Mr. Kidd!” At all events, I am *not* one of those fair creatures whom you deem “a peg” at page 30 of your JOURNAL. No; I dress “becomingly;” disdain the caprices of modern fashion; and am what *you* say you delight in—“a practical Lady Gardener.” You should only just *see* me when at work among my flowers, and arranging my lovely parterre! My heart is in my studies; and, I repeat it, I *wish* you could see me! [Oh! how *we* wish it also!! Could our pen but speak,—but it can’t.] Well; after this long preface to win your favor, I will at once try your good temper. I *have taken the nest of a ROBIN*, full of young ones!! Having made the confession, *my* mind is easy; let me trust *yours* is also. [Fair tempter! It is well that you are an extra-ordinary Correspondent, or our “fixed principles” would be eradicated. They “totter” already; but go on.] But, to my little anecdote; for I feel now, my heart is yours. [We anticipate an early attack of *delirium tremens*!] Early this spring, a hen robin (such a love!) between whom and myself a strict intimacy has subsisted for years,—took me into the fondest confidence as to her proposed future movements. (I should first name, that my house has ever been her home, summer and winter.) She brought in successively moss, dry leaves, fibres of roots, and horse hair; and with these, when exhibited, she flew into the garden (trying to coax me to follow her) to construct a nest. In saying that she *showed* me all these materials, as she brought them in her bill, I wish to be literally understood. I was too near-sighted to observe them myself, in the first instance; but she used so many artful ways to engage my attention, that she *made* me see what she was doing. Sometimes she would perch on the bough of a lilac, close to the walk where I passed; hopping on the ground, taking up, laying down, and selecting whatever

suited her purpose,—all this, close to my feet. I gathered from all these doings, that Madame wished to build a nest, but met with no aid in the undertaking. Some time subsequently, she haunted me more than ever, and took from me mealworms by the dozen. As she did not herself eat them, I guessed they were for her offspring. I was right. At this time the weather became bitterly cold—so cold, that I left her ladyship to perform her arduous duties without attempting to indulge my curiosity,—a thing you will say, in one of my sex, perfectly unaccountable! Time, however, and the remorselessness of the winds, soon disclosed to me the “local habitation” of my pet. It *had been* artfully concealed in the very spot I suspected; it was *now* patent to the passer by: indeed it seemed as if the next blast would overwhelm it in destruction. Still, I forbore to remove it. Furiously raged the wind, whilst I was thus deliberating; and humanity decided that I was “right” in taking that nest. Only two mornings previously, I had found two unfledged blackbirds lying dead on the ground. They had been dislodged from their nest by the wind, and they had been half-mangled, let me add, by the teeth of some daintily-fed brute of a cat, whose refined appetite, it would seem, refused to “eat” them. I think, under *such* circumstances, “dear Mr. Kidd,” I shall stand acquitted in your estimation. [There is no case, sweet lady, to go before a jury.] But let me relate how I acted. Throwing a handkerchief over, as I thought, the robin’s nest, I was greatly surprised to find, not really the nest, but an extensive outer rampart—constructed, doubtless, as an additional protection from the inclement weather. It was slightly put together; but the nest itself was so solidly secured to an ivy-branch as not to be removed without injuring its structure. There were in it one unproductive egg and five young birds. Two (the finest) were lost through my cruel stupidity, from cold, the following morning. Grieved at having touched the nest, I was however, though not less grieved for the loss, less dissatisfied with myself, on observing between three and four, A.M., a day or two subsequently, a cat prowling under the ivy-covered wall,—looking as if she missed something she had marked for her own, and warily examining the space between each tree. To the remaining three nestlings, I can say I have done my duty; been up with them early and late—made an indefatigable search after mealworms, though not always able to procure a sufficiency,—and digging perseveringly for insects, although from the cold dry weather (I suppose), I once only succeeded in obtaining two earwigs, and a long thin something, with many legs; nor was the robin much more successful. Earthworms she would not give the young; nor bread and milk, nor hard yolk of egg, nor minced raw meat, nor flies, nor anything I could obtain or think of. She showed me once a spider, at another time a caterpillar, intimating, doubtless, such would be acceptable. The rose leaves were searched, but no caterpillar rewarded my pains-taking. In spite however of our difficulties, the three young ones have left the nest, perfect beauties! They are nicely fledged, and although with nearly invisible tails, they fly

hop, chirp merrily, and eat voraciously. And now will you kindly tell me, whether I had better keep them awhile, or let them go at once? let them fly from the window, or take the cage to the garden? It is quite pretty to see them run and fly about the room after the hen, quite indifferent to the presence of my dog, who watches them with evident interest. Most of the anecdotes respecting the robin in your JOURNAL relate, I think, to the male bird, whose unamiable qualities appear to be incontrovertible. The mate of my little favorite seems to think his duty consists only in looking very trim, and pretty, and in exerting his vocal talents. He is remarkably shy. The attention of the hen to her young, nothing could exceed. One instance I cannot refrain from mentioning, though scarcely expecting to be credited. Young birds are—as a servant once emphatically observed, in reply to a “polite inquiry” after some of my little companions, “dirty, messy, little things!” My three well-fed robins were no exception; yet the cage and nest were as perfectly free from the slightest trace of their inmates, as though they contained none. By attentive observation of the old bird, I learnt how this was managed, and how watchful was the poor dear little creature that nothing but clean moss should come in contact with her tender nestlings. Without such repeated opportunities of observation, I should have distrusted my imperfect vision, but I am quite assured of not being in error. Since the young have been able to perch, this care is discontinued. As the two last evidently perished from cold, I placed some new wadding under and round the remaining ones; this the old bird instantly removed, carrying it away out of reach and sight,—no doubt sensible that her exertions could not keep its soft absorbing surface so purely clean as she could the proper materials of her nest. There are other matters on which I much want your advice,—but not now. I have already unwarrantably trespassed on your valuable time. I however only take my leave *au revoir*; for I wish to make no secret of your JOURNAL being an especial “pet” of mine; and I will help to support it by every means in my power,—notwithstanding your “hints” about dropping it at an early day! Will you, Mr. Editor, allow me the privilege of my sex, and let me say,—you *won’t*, and you *shan’t*?—FORESTIERA.

[We have our match here, and must be careful. When a lady says you “shan’t,” it is “our duty” to be dumb. We *are* dumb. Patient as a lamb are we, FORESTIERA,—thou terrestrial angel and patroness of little men! Speak, and it shall be done. Command, and we obey. You did quite right in taking the nest, under the circumstances; and we advise that, on some fine day, you open the cage door and give free exit and entrance to all your little protégées. They will never leave you, we will answer for it. The *cleanliness* of birds during incubation, to which you allude, is worthy of especial note. We recently had a robin, sitting on a nest in our greenhouse, close to the dwelling-house. When hatched, everything in the way of surplusage that was deposited on the nest by the young (for Nature so contrives that nothing unpleasant

should ever be admitted into the nest), was removed by the papa every time he flew out, after having first fed his young. By means of his bill, everything superfluous was taken away at oft-repeated intervals, and the family were as delicately brought up as if their retinue had been numerous. How pleased are we, gentle FORESTIERA, to have in thee such an admiring handmaid of the great Creator's works! We will not say, "Write again." That, we feel, would be needless; for the hand that penned what we have commented on, can never be held back. We read the "character" of the writer, in every line of the tracery made by her sympathetic ink.]

Water Rats, destructive to Fruit Trees.—A paragraph is going the round of the papers, to the following effect:—"A rat lately committed an extraordinary piece of devastation in my garden. He gnawed clean through the stem of a beautiful Moor-park apricot: the tree was at least ten years old, and very strong and flourishing. He also gnawed off the stems, close to the ground, of a whole bed of spring cabbages. We at last turned him out with a ferret, and shot him; he was a big fellow of the old black species. Did you ever hear of rats destroying fruit trees in a similar way before?—C." This has been seen by the veteran, Charles Waterton, whose rejoinder I send you, as it ought, of course, to appear in the Public's "OWN JOURNAL":—

"*The Hanoverian Rat.*—Although nobody can dislike the Hanoverian rat more than I do, nevertheless, I will not add injustice to antipathy by supposing for one moment that this voracious foreigner ever fills its craving maw with rind from the Moor-park apricot. That it will devour the fruit of this valuable tree I had yearly experience, ere I adopted vigorous and effective measures against the intruder. At present, were I to offer a reward of £10, I could not procure an individual of this rat within the park wall. The tree in question has been preyed upon by my favorite water rat, which seems to have been mistaken for one of 'the old black species.' The chief winter support of the water rat is derived from the bark of osiers, and different shrubs in the vicinity of its watery haunts. It is never molested here; and, if I only make a cautious approach, I can see it sitting upon a stone in the brook, and looking at me whilst I am admiring its beautiful symmetry. I always consider it in the light of a pretty little English beaver, to the habits of which it seems to make a nearer approach than to those of the mischievous rat originally from Hanover.—CHARLES WATERTON."—It is quite delightful, Mr. Editor, is it not, to read anything emanating from *Walton Hall*? What a happy man must its possessor be!—ALEXANDER F.

[It is quite refreshing to read anything that proceeds from the pen of Mr. Waterton, and we thank you for bringing the above before our readers.]

On the Death of a Canary.—Dear Mr. Editor, at page 228 of your JOURNAL occurs a piteous tale of the death of a much-loved pet Canary.

May I be your poet-laureate, and sing his requiem?

ON THE DEATH OF A CANARY.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

(*Vide Kidd's Own Journal*, No. 15, p. 228.)

ALAS! we never more shall see
Thy little form, with lightsome glee,
Hop, skip, and jump so merrily,—
Dear little bird!

Nor shall we ever hear again
Thy little chirp, and mellow strain.
Low, in the silent grave, thou'rt lain,—
Poor little bird!

No more by care or cold oppress,
Shall fear disturb thy happy breast,
Or foes intrude upon thy rest,—
Dear little bird!

For nearly twenty summers, we
Loved thee—oh, how tenderly!
And well we were repaid by thee,—
My pretty bird!

Enchanted I have listened long
To thine endearing notes. What strong
Affection warbled in thy song,—
Dear little bird!

When age and sickness seized thy frame,
And dreaded gout had made thee lame,
We lov'd each other still the same,—
Poor little bird!

Tears to thy memory, we shed
Upon thy lowly little bed;
We LOV'D thee living; MOURN thee "dead"—
Dear little bird!

I have sent you this, hoping it may recal to the mind of its once happy possessor many pleasing hours of by-gone days.—H. H.

[Far be it from us, to stand in the way on an "interesting" occasion like this.]

Curious Particulars connected with the Domestic Leech.—I send you the subjoined, which I have copied from the "Annals of Practical Chemistry." It is worthy a place in your excellent Paper.—"*The Leech.*—Recent observations on the comparative anatomy of this little animal, have made known to us, that just within its mouth it is furnished with three little jaws, triangularly arranged, on each of which are inserted a row of very minute sharp-pointed teeth, much resembling the teeth of a saw. Each jaw has its appropriate muscular apparatus for its peculiar action, and thus is explained the constant shape of the wound observed after the application of this very useful animal."—As this little animal is so extensively used, it is only right that we should know something about him.—WILLIAM H.

"*Extraordinary*" *Tameness of the Robin.*—"*During the present season,*" say the Newspapers credulously, "a robin's nest was found in the grounds of Mr. Miles, a market gardener, on the Lower Woolwich-road, Greenwich, wherein the old ones brought forth four young

ones, which were visited day after day by Mr. Hunn, the son-in-law of Mr. Miles, *who was allowed by the little innocents, old and young, to scratch their polls as they sat in the nest with the greatest familiarity.*"

[The above is,—“Fudge!” For Mr. Hunn, gentle reader, read Mr. HUM.]

Poultry “under Cover”—“The Wide-range.”—Some time since, Mr. Editor, when discoursing about eels, which a modern *parvenu* tried to convince the public were generated from spawn (!), you applied the word “wide-range” to the assertion that “the spawn of eels had been discovered at Worcester.” It *did* prove to be a “wide-range,” indeed! But listen to the following, which first, I believe, appeared in the *Agricultural Gazette* of May 1st, and is now “going the rounds” as a “fact.”—“*Poultry.*—I take the opportunity of mentioning a brood of chickens which I saw last week, and which I think is worthy of being recorded as unusually numerous. The brood numbered SIX-AND-TWENTY, all hatched by one hen; and at the time I saw them were *all healthy and thriving*, being also a fortnight old. What makes this circumstance the more ‘noticeable’ is, that the hen was of the black Polish breed, usually considered bad sitters. The same hen reared a numerous brood last year—how many I could not ascertain with exactitude, but, as the owner expressed it, ‘it was well up in the teens.’ Besides the eggs which produced chickens, there were two or three addled ones—the *exact number the owner did not recollect.*—A SUBSCRIBER.” The last line is capital. “Recollection” *would* be puzzled, I calculate, “under existing circumstances.”—ARGUS.

An Asthmatic Goldfinch.—My poor goldfinch is, I fear, in a bad state. He eats well, and he drinks well; but he often puts his head behind his wing, and sleeps for hours together. He also breathes very hard, and does not sing. What shall I do for him? He is a handsome bird, and I should be sorry to lose him.—G. G. C.

[Remove his water, and give him new, boiled milk, for two days. Then scrape a little rump steak very fine, and moisten it with water. Put this between the wires of his cage for another two days, and he may yet be saved.]

What is the proper Food for Young Birds?—They are now becoming plentiful, and I want to know how to feed them.—ISABELLA E.

[Young people! young people! Why will you persist in keeping these little creatures prisoners, and perhaps killing half a dozen of them before you can rear them? Has our voice no power? Our remonstrance no effect? It would seem to be as we suspect. Fie!—Read our “Treatise on the Canary.” Therein you will find what you want to know. In the case of thrushes and blackbirds, however, hempseed must be substituted for rapeseed; and they must also have some small pieces of finely-chopped raw beef given them, and a little water from the end of your finger—every hour while they are young. Use no fig-dust, and do not attempt to give them German paste, or *any* dry food, until they are

nearly two months old. A mealworm or two will be an occasional treat, which you should not neglect to administer.]

A Caution to all who have “Pet” Birds.—I have two Canaries, Pickwick and David. Also a goldfinch, Dombey. Of these, Pickwick is the favorite, and he has, through my carelessness, nearly lost his life. A few days since I filled all their glasses with water. Some time afterwards, I observed that Pickwick was very fidgetty and restless. Every time I went near him, he would try to attract my notice by coming to the corner of his cage and trying to get his head through the wires. But as I was often in the habit of giving him some tid-bits, I took no particular notice of this till the following Tuesday morning, when he tried so hard to attract my attention that, thinking he was more troublesome than he ought to be, I put him outside the room. About ten o’clock, my sister, thinking he was quieter than usual, peeped in his cage, and there was poor Pickwick lying all of a heap! his feathers rustled, and evidently at his last gasp. When called by his name, he tried hard to look up. But a film had come over his eyes, so that he could hardly see. However he made a hard struggle, and managed to get to the hole where his water was, telling us as plainly as possible, what was the matter with him. And there sure enough *was* the cause of poor Pickwick’s illness! You are aware, no doubt, that the water glasses are put in a wire attached to the cage, and that the hole in the glass fits, OR OUGHT TO FIT, to a corresponding hole in the cage; but being in a hurry on Saturday, I did not look to see whether I had put the glass in properly, and the consequence was, the glass only dropped in part of the way, and the poor fellow could not get at his water! Only think, poor dear “Pickwick” without water from Saturday till Tuesday! How he must have suffered all that time! Of course, we gave him some water directly, but it was some time before he could swallow any; and when he did, it was with great difficulty; finding that he wanted to go to sleep directly (for I suppose the poor little fellow had not been able to get any rest for three nights), I put him in a dark room till the next day. He had then quite recovered, and, I am happy to say, “Pickwick’s himself again.” Let this operate as a warning to others.—FITZ, Clapham.

[Were all the cases published, in which birds perish by a similar act of thoughtlessness, their number would be incredible. We have written against the use of these water glasses till we are weary; nor should they be used for seed. They ought to be discarded altogether. The agony endured by the bird, as described above, must have been intense indeed!]

Argument for Breeding with young “Hen” Canaries.—Seeing that you, and some of your readers, have set your faces, as a principle, against Canary birds being put up to breed at *one year old*, permit me to say a few words on behalf of my young friends. I quite agree with you, that birds two years old are *considered* best to breed from; also, that they are then considered “steady.” Now I have had canary birds

for fifteen years; and I do assure you I have done as well, on the average, with young hens as ever I did with hens two years old. It is true young birds *require looking after*; but so also do old hens, for that matter. So good an opinion have I of young hens, that this very season I have *twenty-two* pairs of birds put up to breed from. Of these, *all* the hens are *young* birds; that is, birds bred last season. Eleven of my male canaries are also of the same age, so you see I have great faith in hens one year old. I have, at the present time, one young hen who has just brought out five of the finest young birds that I ever saw. I have also another young hen who has brought out a nest of four fine young birds, and is now on her second nest of eggs. My birds are left to themselves from half-past six in the morning till five the next morning; with the exception of a few minutes (at one o'clock), when soft food is given to the breeding hens and young birds. I find that *my* hens lay their eggs before six in the morning, and *not* between seven and eight, as put forth in most books on the breeding of canary birds. I have made many experiments in breeding canaries, which at some future period I will send you. In the meantime, I will do all in my power to promote the sale of your very excellent JOURNAL. I have procured you three more weekly subscribers (making in all sixteen). I hope and trust for *all* our sakes, you will never let the JOURNAL "say die." It is a work as much wanted as it is universally esteemed where known; not only by the general public, but by breeders and "the fancy" in particular,—to whom all "facts" are of the utmost importance. —J. A. B.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE DAGUERRETYPE.

BY SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

A VERY curious discovery, which it is important that the public should know, respecting the binocular daguerreotype portraits which have now become so popular, has been recently made by Sir David Brewster. The harsh and disagreeable expression which characterises all sun pictures, but especially the binocular ones when united by the stereoscope, has been ascribed to the imperfection of the lenses employed, the instability of the sitter, and the necessary constraint of feature and of limb under which he submits to the operation. But whatever may be the influence of these causes, there is another which neither the artist nor the sitter can control. Even if the lens is absolutely perfect, the sitter motionless, and the expression of his features such as should be perpetuated, the portrait is a monstrous representation of humanity, which no eye, and no pair of eyes, ever saw or can see. This character of photographic portraits arises solely from the size of the lens; and as every photographer strives to procure large lenses, for which he pays a high price, his very attempt to improve his art leads him to pro-

duce portraits deviating more and more from pictorial truth. The cause of this is easily apprehended. A perfect portrait is that which an artist paints with one eye, or from a single point of sight; but a portrait taken by a lens in a camera is a combination of a great number of portraits taken from a great number of points of sight on the margin and throughout the area of the lens. The consequence of this is, that the whole figure and individual feature is a combination of lines or points in different positions, and of lights and shadows of different magnitudes and intensities. If the commonest eye, therefore, can see very distinctly, as it does, the great difference between two portraits, the one taken by the left and the other by the right eye—which are only two and a half inches distant—how enormous must be the difference between portraits taken at different points of the margin of a lens four, five, or six inches in diameter! The perfection of the photographic art, therefore, but particularly of that new department of it which consists in taking binocular portraits, which the stereoscope combines and exhibits in relief, depends upon the discovery of a process so sensitive that portraits can be taken by lenses as near as possible to the size of the pupil of the eye.

NIGHTINGALES' EGGS,—

Can they be hatched by a Canary?

CAN you tell me, Mr. Editor, if I can succeed in rearing young Nightingales or Blackcaps, by placing their eggs under a canary? I have just had a nest of nightingales' eggs brought me; and as one of my canaries is about to sit, might I not, by an exchange of eggs, readily accomplish my wishes? Please give an early answer to this. Your admirer, G. P.

[We wish our "admirers" would study nature a little more; and not cruelly rob birds of their eggs and young, with a view to make silly and *unnatural* "experiments." However, as a warning to others, we feel sure we may harmlessly append the experimental essay of that great authority, Mr. Sweet, who says:—

"Nightingales, blackcaps, &c., generally build in low bushes, and very often in brambles and tall weeds; sometimes on the ground, close to the edge of a ditch. A nightingale's nest, which I discovered in the last-named situation, was artfully covered with dry oak leaves so as to escape detection for a long time, although searched for with the utmost care. It was found to contain four eggs. On looking at them a day or two after, one had just been hatched, and thinking it a good time for trying an experiment (although fully con-

vinced in my own mind of the impossibility of it), and having a number of canaries employed in the various stages of rearing their young, I put an egg into my warm hand, and taking the young one in my other, hastened home. I immediately placed the latter under a hen which had hatched that morning, and the egg under one expected to hatch in a day or two. The young one seemed quite lively when put into the nest, but died in the course of the day. The egg hatched, and the young bird lived ten or twelve hours, which proved that the canary must have fed it with the rest of her brood. Her food, consisting of a mixture of *seed* with the egg and bread, did not suit its little stomach so well as the insects with which its own mother would have supplied it, and on which its two more fortunate brethren in the nest thrived."—We think, after this, our admirers will put *no more* such silly questions.]

Art,—and its Origin.

THE humblest work of nature, as well as the most perfect work of art, are alike exalted by tracing them to their divine original. We are struck with an admiration almost amounting to awe, when we gaze on a noble building, a fine statue, or a grand painting; and feel a pride in our species when we term them "the noblest productions of human art." But such objects have a still more hallowing effect, if we suffer them to raise our thoughts to Him *who made the artist*, and benevolently endowed him with faculties of which the exercise can bestow such pure delight, not only on his contemporaries, but on a long succession of generations,—for celebrated statues are almost immortal.

"TRYING IT ON;" OR, THE MIS-FIT.

BY MISS EMILY DUNBROWN.

WHY SHOULD NOT UNMARRIED MEN be distinguished from the less interesting portion of their sex, by some designation equivalent to that usual among us? Why are they always Mr., while *we* change from Miss to Mrs.? Many distressing mistakes would be obviated if this were arranged—much useless expenditure of time and money saved.

All mothers of daughters are aware of the awkwardness to which they are at present liable, from finding themselves occasionally necessitated, either to remain in ignorance whether a new male acquaintance be married or not, or else expose themselves to a supposition of all others the most to be avoided—namely, that of any anxiety whatsoever on the point. I know such embarrassments do not very often occur; and yet there *are* occasions, when you are left to

"follow a trail" so indistinct, that it might baffle the most experienced Indian, or English, husband-hunter.

Some time since, Mr. Editor, I was travelling through the south of Italy,—for my health, as mamma told papa, but in reality to run down game which we had started in Switzerland, but which afterwards escaped us. I did not think it a very promising affair for my own part; but mamma said she was sure of success, and I knew she had never failed with any of my elder sisters. The man had not been very uncivil to me during an intimacy of some months, and this gave me high spirits; and so on we scampered over hills and down valleys. Papa sometimes wanted to stop to see the curiosities; but mamma would not hear of it, averring it was as much as my life was worth, to defer for a day my journey to a warm climate; and I used to cough whenever papa awoke in the carriage, to corroborate mamma's account of the delicate state of my chest.

We flew through Italy; and were I a sentimental young lady, I should doubtless give (what the Editor of KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL would highly prize) a charming account of the *glories of nature*, and of art, which we passed on our journey; but I candidly admit *I* could never see any good in a country walk or drive, but that it might afford opportunity for "a declaration." [Oh, fie! Miss Dunbrown!]

I have been well brought up by a sensible mamma, and shall not discredit her lessons. I like the observation of the Frenchman to his pastoral friend, in ecstasies over a flock of sheep browsing at a distance—"perhaps, out of the whole, there is not one tender." I want to know the real utility of being romantic.

I cannot fall in love with the marble Apollo, nor any of his set. I had rather see a living man, with a well-cut coat on his back, and a pair of trousers, the most in fashion, on his limbs. So I shall only say we reached Naples. Mr. W. had just left the town, no one could tell us for what destination. We sent scouts abroad, in various directions, and while awaiting their reports, I had another good opportunity for sonnet-writing—and sonnets I certainly should have indited, had I the slightest notion they could have assisted me in getting married. But I recollected, that even Sappho, in despair of finding a husband, drowned herself—and I thought there might now be as many Phaons to be met with as then.

Our scouts returned without any tidings of the run-away. Mamma declared her intention of striking into the Abruzzi. Papa expostulated with her upon the danger of venturing into a country over-run with ban-

ditti, who might frighten poor Emily to death, in her present delicate state of health; and mamma was suffering him to buzz on without minding him, when a carriage drove up to the door.

A gentleman alighted, and mamma, clapping her hands, cried out, "Emily!" The gentleman at once recognised her, and the next moment our marked victim was in the room. The hotel was crowded. Mamma offered Mr. W. the use of our room and table. He was delighted, and passed the whole evening with us. I returned his first salutation quite regally. I afterwards sat near papa, gave him my undivided attention, and did my utmost to amuse him—circumstances which, I saw, very much surprised papa.

"My nonsensical Emily and her papa are great flirts," said mamma, smiling at Mr. W.

"Oh, I protest against such monopoly on the part of Mr. D.," he replied.

Mamma laughed. I wondered how any single man on earth could venture so decided an expression in the presence of such a mother. She would marry a man *ten times over*, on less than that!

Days and weeks passed, and still we all lived together, and still Mr. W. was civil, and no living creature could be more easy, and more free from all apprehension of us. He showed none of that standing-on-guard manners of other single men, who are always on the *qui vive*, like a besieged town in constant fear of a *coup-de-main*. Either he liked me, and met his fate voluntarily, or he was a more simple person than we had taken him for.

But now the question was, "Why don't he declare himself?" and a morning did come, when he actually, after looking expressively at us, called papa to take a turn with him! Judge how delighted mamma and I were: there could be but one subject between him and papa, whom he very naturally considered a dead bore; and how we did congratulate each other on this brilliant achievement!—how we described, for mutual gratification, his two seats, in two of the best neighborhoods in England—and his town-house—and his carriages—and new horses—and liveries! How proud mamma expressed herself of such a daughter! and how I, as in duty bound, gave *her* the credit of it all, as my instructress first, and afterwards my ally!

"I wonder they don't come back, Emily, my love; why they have been gone a whole hour and a half!" As she spoke, papa reappeared—alone. "Well," said mamma, "well, what have you done with Mr. W.? Of course, you told him how flattered we all felt!"—"Flattered?" rejoined papa; "I

don't see anything so very flattering in it, my dear."—"No, my dear! from a man of his consequence? Why you must be raving mad, my dear."—"Well, my dear," answered papa, in a deprecating tone, "I dare say you know best; only on Emily's account I thought——"

"What on earth are you talking about, Mr. D.? You are never very easily understood, my dear, but I protest I find you quite incomprehensible at present. Do you or do you not agree that Mr. W. would be a great match for any girl?"—"To be sure, my dear."—"Very well, my dear, then surely we are both agreed in thinking his proposal flattering?"—"Of course, my dear, you are the best judge: only I feared you might not like it, that's all, my dear—no harm done."

"You are really enough to drive one frantic, Mr. D.! Will you have the kindness to tell me from the beginning what Mr. W. said to you this morning?"—"To be sure, my dear; I can have no objection: only don't hurry me so, as I may forget. First, he began by expressing the greatest regard for me and my family: and he said, my dear, that you were a very superior woman, and Emily a charming girl."—"Good beginning, isn't it, Emily, my love?" I nodded. "Well," my dear, go on!"—"Yes, my dear, but I don't recollect where I was."—"That I was a superior woman, my dear."

"Oh, aye; and what next?—yes, that he was very peculiarly situated; that he looked on it as a most fortunate circumstance his having met my family; and that, from the great kindness we had shown him, he was induced to ask a favor of me."

"Well, that was putting the thing very handsomely, I must say—what, Emily?" I nodded again. "Now, my dear, do get on a little faster, will you?"—"I am, my dear, getting on as fast as I can. Then he talked a long while about women being hard upon one another. 'But,' says he, 'I am sure Mrs. D. does not think in that way; indeed, she told me as much herself;' and then, my dear, he said, *you* said you could countenance a woman who had been talked of about a man, before being married to him: did you say so, my dear?"

"Tush, to be sure I did, because I know he has the character of being a little dissipated; and if he thought he married into a family that took such things quietly, he would have less hesitation about us."—"Oh, well, I suppose that was what put it into his head, my dear."—"Put what into his head, my dear?"—"To ask you, my dear, to visit his wife."

"Visit his what!"—"His wife, my dear." Mamma's and my consternation may be imagined. The man after whom we had

travelled hundreds of miles, and spent hundreds of pounds in chase of, neglecting, for him, all other chances—that man was married! and to his mistress too!

We soon bade adieu to scenes fraught with recollections of failure and mortification, and returned to spend a triste winter in the tiresome old mansion in Nottinghamshire. But, although mamma has experienced one check in her hitherto brilliant career, she is too good a general, Mr. Editor, to feel utterly discomfited; and we propose soon taking the field again, to seek, find, *and keep, the next time*, what we sought, and found 'tis true, but also—*lost*, the last time.—E. D.

The Albatross.

THESE birds are found in great numbers about Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, and, at certain seasons of the year, along the Pacific coast, as far north as Behring's Straits. But a favorite resort seems to be about the gloomy regions of Cape Horn, where they are seen hour after hour, and, according to Dr. Arnott, sometimes for days together, constantly on the wing, following in the track of the tempest-tossed home of the mariner, eagerly snatching at every edible thing that may be thrown overboard.

Some of these birds are of enormous size; individuals not unfrequently measuring from sixteen to nineteen feet from tip to tip of their wings. They are extremely voracious; and wherever they find abundant food, will often so gorge themselves as to be unable to fly or swim. Fish spawn, gelatinous mollusca, and various marine animals, constitute their ordinary food; but nothing that has nutritive qualities seems to come amiss to them. They scent food a great distance, and will soon gather around the whale which has been harpooned a thousand miles from land.

For their breeding-places they select a spot of ground two or three acres in extent, opening on the sea. From this they remove all the stones and pebbles, piling them up on each side, so as to form a miniature stone fence. This space is then plotted off into small squares, with intervening paths intersecting each other at right angles. In each corner of the squares a penguin scoops out a nest, while the albatross takes, by common consent, the centre, and constructs a small mound of grass and mussels, eight or ten inches high, on which they make their nests, which, in diameter, are about the size of a water-pail.

Their eggs, which are larger than those of the goose, are white, splashed with dark spots at the larger end. These are never exposed to the air after incubation commences, but, when the female wishes to leave them to seek food, the male crowds her gently off, and in like manner yields possession of the nest to her when she returns. Around the whole encampment is a wide path, in which the albatrosses and penguins perform patrol duty day and night, but always under command of an albatross.

A favorite resort for breeding are the Falkland Islands. The albatross may be called the buzzard of the ocean. They are easily taken in moderate weather by trailing a hook and line, the latter end of which is kept near the surface of the water by any kind of a float, the hook being baited with a piece of fat pork. A shingle answers very well for a float. They not only extend far north into the Pacific, but are found on the southern borders of the Indian Ocean, and occasionally pretty far to the eastward.

Notwithstanding the immense size of the bird, there is little flesh on the carcass, and the bones are very light and thin. Sailors are not so scrupulous but that they will make a fresh meal of them for the want of something better. They have a large quantity of remarkably fine and soft down upon their bodies, nearly an inch in thickness. The prepared skins would be very valuable, and in connexion with a sealing voyage, might, perhaps, be well worthy of attention.

There are at least two varieties, if not more; one of which is white, and the other light brown, or brown and white intermixed, and forming a beautiful combination of colors. As to the disposition of their nests in conjunction with penguins, the account appears somewhat poetical, especially that part relating to patrol-duty.

Being web-footed and of large size, the albatross is not naturally fitted for walking; no more so than wild ducks and teal. Ocean birds when brought on a ship's deck become instantly sea-sick. They remain in a sitting posture, scarcely attempting to move; and this remark applies particularly to the albatross and the Cape pigeon.

Free Pardon to Thomas R. Mellish.

WHILST all the world are proclaiming with a loud voice the goodness of Providence in delivering this persecuted, and now public man, from the tissue of webs spun by his diabolical adversary to ruin him—let us not be backward in offering him our warmest congratulations on his miraculous escape. But *what* a state is "the law" in, when a man firmly believed, nay, *known to be* "innocent," is thrown into prison, and is kept there nearly eight months! The efforts to save poor Mellish from "ten years' transportation" have been almost superhuman. Providence has aided the movers, and Her Majesty has set him "free." For once, law and equity have "kissed each other;" and, as *The Times* forcibly remarks, "justice has been justified." *Gloria Deo!* say we.

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No. 24.—1852.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12.

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REMINISCENCES OF A VISIT TO BRIGNALL AND ROKEBY.

PART II.—ROKEBY.

BY WILLIAM SPOONER.

I never looked a last adieu
To things familiar, but my heart
Shrank, with a feeling almost pain,
Even from their lifelessness to part.
MRS. SOUTHEY.

(Continued from page 355.)

FURNISHED WITH THE REQUISITE CARD OF ADMISSION to the domain of Rokeby, I presented myself on the following morning at the lodge entrance.

After enrolling my name in the visitors' book, the path to the river side was pointed out to me by the keeper of the lodge, who was kindly tending a young rook which had been injured by a fall from the nest a few days before. The invalid, I remember, was perched upon a lower branch of one of the large trees adjoining the lodge, and it was pleasing to hear that the parent birds frequently visited their unlucky offspring. I had no doubt that, by the old birds' attention and the good man's kind assistance, Master Jim would soon be in a condition to wing his flight to the neighboring pastures in company with the rest of the family.

Crossing the open glade of the park which lies between the river and the lodge, and which was richly gemmed with a variety of beautiful woodland flowers—the wild hyacinth in particular, among the most striking, I reached a carefully-arranged flower garden near the river side. Leaving that gay plot of highly-cultivated ground on my right, I found myself immediately on the banks of the Greta.

Emerging from "Brignall's dark wood glen," the river flows on in a wide expanse; and passing under the old bridge, continues so to flow for some short distance, until it finds a passage through the romantic ravine

which divides Rokeby from Mortham. The former is situate on the left bank, and the latter on the right of the Greta.

The "great magician," who, by his potent skill has brought before the mental vision of his reader, the wilds of his native country in all their grandeur and magnificence, describes this scene with the same truthful and magic pen:—"The river runs with very great rapidity over a bed of solid rock, broken by many shelving descents, down which the stream dashes with great noise and impetuosity, vindicating its etymology, which has been derived from the Gothic, GRIDAN, to clamor. The banks partake of the same wild and romantic character; being chiefly lofty cliffs of limestone rock, whose grey color contrasts admirably with the various trees and shrubs which find root among the crevices, as well as with the hue of the ivy, which clings around them in profusion,—hanging down from their projections in long sweeping tendrils. At other points, the rocks give place to precipitous banks of earth, bearing large trees intermixed with copse wood. In one spot the dell, which is elsewhere very narrow, widens for a space, to leave room for a dark grove of yew trees, intermixed here and there with aged pines of uncommon size. Directly opposite to this sombre thicket, the cliffs on the Rokeby side of the Greta, are tall, white, and fringed with all kinds of deciduous shrubs. The whole scenery of this spot is so much adapted to the ideas of superstition, that it has acquired the name of Blockula, from the place where the Swedish witches were supposed to hold their Sabbath. The dell, however, has superstitions of its own growth; for it is supposed to be haunted by a female spectre, called the Dobie of Mortham."

At the time of my visit (more than thirty years after Sir Walter wrote the above description), I found the tall cliffs on the Rokeby side also wreathed with ivy, which from their lofty crests hung in long floating tendrils—

"As pennons wont to wave of old
O'er the high feast of Baron bold."

On the opposite side, innumerable daws were loudly chattering among the rocks, in whose crevices these birds "nest," and establish their haunts. On this side, the rocks were less clamorous, and sedulously engaged in tempting their newly-fledged offspring to fly from their native branches to visit other members of the colony. Gliding through the river might be seen numbers of spotted trout; some rising at the water-fly as it sportively circled on the surface of the stream; and others, in the deeper beds, basking in the sunbeam as it found an opening through the greenwood spray, and lighted up the dancing leaves—making the recesses of the glen still darker by the contrast. Startled by the coming step, or the passing shadow, the timid, quick-eyed fish would seek safety beneath some rocky stone, or fly to coverts far under the overhanging bank.

Approaching by the river side, near to the mansion of the demesne, you come to a small stone bridge thrown across the Greta. Dark-blossom'd wall-flower springs from the interstices of the rough-hewn masonry in wild profusion; and, with the delicate blue harebell interspersed, nearly covers the bridge.

Huge rocks on either side, serving as abutments or foundations for the bridge, here confine the channel of the river, which, impeded in its course, dashes with roaring fury through the narrow ravine over opposing rocks; while eddies of the stream, striving to rejoin the wild current, are borne back into sequestered nooks, foaming their brown dark waters into yeasty froth in their struggle for freedom. Arriving on the opposite side, where there is a dairy erected at the end of the bridge in the coolest and most romantic of situations, you see before you a path leading to the Castle of Mortham. This building stands about a quarter of a mile from Greta Bridge; and is scarcely so far removed from the junction of the Greta with the Tees. "It is a picturesque tower, surrounded by buildings of different ages, now converted into a farm-house and offices. The battlements of the tower itself are singularly elegant, the architect having broken them at regular intervals into different heights; while those at the corners of the tower project into octangular turrets. They are also from space to space covered with stones laid across them, as in modern embrasures—the whole forming an uncommon and beautiful effect. The surrounding buildings are of a less happy form, being pointed into high and steep roofs. A wall, with embrasures, encloses the southern front, where a low portal arch affords an entry to what was the castle court. The situation of

Mortham is eminently beautiful, occupying a high bank; at the bottom of which the Greta winds out of a dark, narrow, and romantic dell, and flows onwards through a more open valley to meet the Tees."

"'Twas a fair scene! the sunbeam lay
On battled tower and portal grey;
And from the grassy slope he sees
The Greta flow to meet the Tees,—
Where, issuing from her darksome bed,
She caught the morning's eastern red;
And, through the softening vale below,
Roll'd her bright waves in rosy glow,
All blushing to her bridal bed,
Like some shy maid in convent bred;
While linnet, lark, and blackbird gay,
Sing forth her nuptial roundelay."

I now retraced my wandering steps to the inn at Greta Bridge, selecting the path through the glen on the Mortham side of the river:—

"A stern and lone, yet lovely road
As e'er the foot of minstrel trode!
Where he, who winds 'twixt rock and wave,
May hear the headlong torrent rave;
And like a steed in frantic fit,
That flings the froth from curb and bit,
May view her chafe her waves to spray,
O'er every rock that bars her way;
Till foam-globes on her eddies ride,
Thick as the schemes of human pride,
That down life's current drive amain,
As frail, as frothy, and as vain!"

Pursuing the morning's ramble, my walk lay through an extensive open pasture, behind the inn, along the river's side. I could not help noticing, as I passed on, the multitudes of sand-martins, which "nest" in large numbers in the banks. A path across the meadow leads to the Greta woods. To obtain an entrance, you must pass beneath a cluster of vast beech-trees, recalling in their age and grandeur the celebrated trees of the same kind that adorn the park of Knowle, at Seven Oaks, in Kent. The pathway through the wood, leads direct into the main road to Barningham, and saves the foot passenger a circuitous walk to that village, about two and a half miles distant from Greta Bridge. The footway, I should remark, gradually ascends, until you gain the summit of the rocks overhanging the Greta, opposite Brignall—winding between a vista of oak, birch, ash, and hazel. The banks, I observed, were bordered with the purple heather; and where the sunbeam can penetrate the green copse wood, the small bilberry plant is seen springing up with its pretty myrtle-like leaves, and deliciously sweet and deep blue fruit. In the coverts, the green bracken (fern) throws out its feathery stalks, affording a shelter for the rabbit; and at the twisted roots of old trees, or under the hanging banks, rises the tapering fox-glove, drooping its pretty crimson bells,

in whose spotted chalices may be seen the "red-hipt humble bee," revelling in sweets, or resting in repose.

Solitude here reigns triumphant; for few tread these remote thickets. But, hark! the feathered denizens of the woods are pouring forth their sweet notes, borne high above the clamor of the water's music; just as the clear tones of a skilful singer rise on the ear, superior to the harmony of the orchestra's combined accompaniment.

Proceeding onwards, I saw every now and then, through openings in the wood, the undulating stream—a beautiful combination of gold and silver—as it sparkled in the sunlight. Never shall I forget how beautiful was the effect produced! Listening awhile,—

"Invisible in flecked sky
The lark sent down her revelry;
The blackbird and the speckled thrush
'Good-morrow' gave from brake and bush;
In answer cooed the cushat dove
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love."

I had not progressed far before I came upon one of the weasel tribe, who was bearing away a young rabbit he had just captured. The poacher, the moment he espied me, dropped his game; making, as fast as he could run, for his retreat in the rocks. On taking up poor little bunny, I found his body still warm, life being only just extinct. As no advantage could arise by depriving Monsieur Weasel of his plunder, I placed the rabbit at the entrance of his hole; and, on my return in the evening, I found the arch-villain had carried him off, and, no doubt, "pouched" him.

I had now reached the outlet from the woods into the main road. I was here startled by the whirring of wings and a brief cry of alarm. Looking in the direction whence the sound proceeded, I saw a thrush which I had disturbed by opening the gate. Within three feet of this gate, she had built her nest.

I perceived it on the branches of a larch; and her ladyship was, no doubt, sitting when I passed. A more secure place she might readily have selected; for not three feet further off, the coppice and trees clustered there about the rocks which hung high over the river's course below, and were, apparently, inaccessible. The spot she had chosen was an evidence of the road being little frequented; and let us hope that the few passers-by respected the dwelling of the gentle bird. How many of us, in our youth, have been spoilers of the homes of these interesting creatures; and how recklessly ignorant were we of the pain we inflicted, and the distressing sorrow we occasioned! Surely, if children were early impressed with the wickedness of torturing or teasing animals, wantonly killing insects,

and robbing birds of their eggs or young, by precepts most likely to operate upon their *feelings* and understanding—much of such cruel, lamentable, and demoralising mischief might be prevented. It is not many years since the humane Member for Galway, the eccentric but kind-hearted Richard, popularly known as "Dick" Martin,* was unsuccessful in his endeavors to pass a statute for the prevention of cruelty to animals; and his efforts were met with ridicule and frustrated with scorn. But "a change came o'er the spirit" of the age. The good and estimable man lived to carry out the object of his noble desire; and we have since advanced a little in the scale of humanity.

Not to dwell on my walk to the village, or particularise the changes which thirty years had produced in the little hamlet, let me say that I at once sought the high moors and surveyed with admiration the rich scene viewed from that eminence. Many, many charming landscapes, have I gazed on in bygone years, yet on no one of them, in my remembrance, more beautiful than this. A valley, stretching the whole expanse from west to east, dotted with towers, spires, woods, uplands, parks, mansions, meadows, and streamlets—the whole environed by lofty hills and dark moors, lay below me "slumbering in the summer ray."

Embraced in one grand view, were Barnard Castle—the towers of Bowes, Mort-ham, and Richmond. In the far distance rose Raby's proud battlements, crowned with the banner of the noble house of Cleveland floating in the breeze.—I lingered here so long, occasionally observing the curlew and the lapwing in their wheeling flight, that evening's approach had stolen upon me unawares. And now—

"The sultry summer day is done,
The western hills have hid the sun;
But mountain peak and village spire
Retain reflection of his fire.
Old Barnard's towers are purple still,
To those that gaze from Toller Hill;
Distant and high, the tower of Bowes
Like steel upon the anvil glows;
And Stanmore's ridge, behind that lay,
Rich with the spoils of parting day."

Thus ended my day's ramble. Night's dark blue mantle, spangled with its golden stars, has enwrapped the woods; but—

* This eulogy on "Dick Martin" must be taken *cum grano salis*. If man be an "animal," then was his humanity very questionable; for the Hon. M.P. died largely in our debt, and we could never obtain one halfpenny of our claims on him. Living in the wilds of Ireland, Dick felt "safe;" for had anybody gone to "take possession," he would assuredly have been murdered.—Ed. K. J.

"On Brignall cliffs, and Scargill brake,
The owlet's homilies awake;
The bittern scream'd from rush and flag,
The raven slumber'd on his crag,
Forth from his den the otter drew,—
Grayling and trout their tyrant knew,
As between reed and sedge he peers,
With fierce round snout and sharpen'd ears;
Or, prowling by the moonbeam cool,
Watches the stream or swims the pool;—
Perch'd on his wonted eyrie high,
Sleep seal'd the tercelet's wearied eye,
That all the day had watch'd so well
The cushat dart across the dell."

It may not be irrelevant to mention here, that the happy moments passed in these woods caused me, some years ago, to suggest to my highly-gifted friend, the late Robert MUDIE, the composition of a little volume illustrative of British natural history.

Never before had Mr. Mudie's observant and ingenious mind been directed to that particular branch of popular science; and to this circumstance we owe his various and valuable contributions on Ornithology.

TROUT IN DERWENTWATER.

MR. EDITOR,—Let me correct the report which has gone abroad to the effect that the drought has this Spring destroyed both trout and spawn in the breeding streams of the Vale of Derwentwater. I can assure anglers, who are mourning over the destruction of the finny tribe in the Vale of Keswick, one of the most ancient and beautiful resorts of the rod-fisher, that the trout here have escaped better than probably anywhere else in England or Scotland; for the Derwentwater streams and rivers are what the angler calls "early," and last year the majority of the grey trout had spawned in the tributaries of the Derwent, and gone down to their secure retreats in the depths of the lakes by the middle of October.

In the middle of November the breeding streams were empty of spawning trout, so that the watchers of the Derwentwater Angling Society were then dismissed for the season. You know, Sir, the ova of trout, like those of the other species of the Salmonidæ, take from 100 to 110 days to be hatched; so that our small brooks and rivers swarm with the young fry in February and early in March, and have thus this year been enabled in a great measure to escape the effects of the long drought. The newspapers contain accounts of the beds of rivers in various parts of England and Scotland being quite dry; and there, no doubt, young and old trout have perished together; but here, when the rivers are low, the trout retreat to the lakes of Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite, which are linked together by a fine angling river only three miles long; and after every flood they issue forth up all the runners, while the early period of the year at which they spawn very much secures the young fry, as it has especially done this year, from the effects of spring droughts.

While there has been no river fishing, therefore, anywhere this year, there have been some days of excellent sport in the lakes of Crummork, Buttermere, Bassenthwaite, and Derwentwater; and as soon as we have two or three days' rain our streams will be stocked with the fish which have been secure in the depths of these lakes during the long drought. There can be no doubt that for many years to come the bad effect of this dry spring will be felt by anglers, especially in plain countries; and this leads me to remark that it would be very well for those who reside near "late" to be in communication with the rod-fishers of "early" rivers like those of the Vale of Derwentwater, and in seasons like the present to make timely arrangements for securing a supply of vivified ova, or, when the places were not far apart, even of the young fry. These, with care, might be carried in large panniers—changing the water frequently on the way.

But a still better plan would be, to turn out trout ready to spawn in suitable places—such as mill-races—secure from the effects of heavy floods, on the one hand, and from any danger of want of water to cover the ova, on the other, and to dismiss the young fry in spring during suitable states of the rivers. Good and secure spawning beds, either artificial or left to be made by the fish themselves, might be formed in these mill-races, or in similar runners constructed with sluices to regulate the stream, and furnished with the proper gravelly bottom for the purpose. A very little care annually taken, would secure the anglers of any district from suffering the loss of the young trout, either from droughts or floods. The mill-streams of the Tweed, the Spey, and other fine salmon rivers, might be thus used for breeding this royal fish. Placed at regular intervals along the rivers, and under constant surveillance as they are, they would form the finest artificial "rudds" possible. While salmon are monopolised, however, as at present, by great proprietors, near the mouths of rivers, it is quite impossible to expect anglers on upland streams where the salmon breeds, to take any interest in their preservation, and this noble fish is therefore becoming gradually extinct in these islands. To protect the trout as a game fish, and to secure the breed from poachers, floods, and droughts, is an object still attainable by the angler; and, in a county like this of Cumberland, where the rivers and lakes are open to all rod-fishers, it becomes an object well worthy of especial care.

From the days of Isaac Walton the lovers of angling have generally been lovers of nature, and in a large majority of instances it is the love of pure running streams, fresh green fields, and silent colloquy with nature, which lures out the student, the artist, and the man of business. Among these beautiful mountains, lakes, and rivers of Cumberland, the combined attractions exist in a pre-eminent degree, and will no doubt be resorted to so long as—

"Flowing rivers yield a blameless sport."

Derwent-Bank, Keswick, May 20.

L.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

"He who opposes his own judgment against the consent of the times, ought to be backed with UNANSWERABLE TRUTHS; and he who has TRUTH on his side is a fool as well as a Coward, if he is afraid to own it because of the currency or multitude of OTHER MEN'S OPINIONS."—
DEFOE.

No. XII.—DR. GALL'S OWN PREFACE.

[HAVING given all due consideration to the LIFE OF DR. GALL in our first Eleven Chapters, we propose, before introducing his great work, the PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN, to submit his own Preface. It will not occupy more than two chapters, and should on no account be passed over without a most careful perusal.]

WHEN any discovery or new doctrine is announced, the question is usually asked, how the author conceived the first idea?

Although the same experiments may not lead different individuals to the same meditations, yet when these same experiments are collected and presented in order, they give rise to ideas in the mind of the reader so analogous to those of the author, and the discovery often appears to him so natural an event, that he is ready to exclaim, "Why had I not made it long since?"

This is precisely what has happened with respect to my doctrine, the origin of which rests on very ordinary facts. Most of those who have heard my lectures have said to themselves, and I doubt not that most of my readers will say likewise, "How is it possible, that these truths have been so long overlooked?"

From my earliest youth, I lived in the bosom of my family, composed of several brothers and sisters, and in the midst of a great number of companions and schoolmates. Each of these individuals had some peculiarity, talent, propensity, or faculty, which distinguished him from the others. This diversity determined our indifference, or our mutual affection and aversion, as well as our contempt, our emulation, and our connections. In childhood, we are rarely liable to be led astray by prejudice; we take things as they are. Among our number, we soon formed a judgment, who was virtuous or inclined to vice; modest or arrogant; frank or deceitful; a truth-teller or a liar; peaceable or quarrelsome; benevolent, good or bad, &c. Some were distinguished by the beauty of their writing, some by their facility in calculation, others by their aptitude to acquire history, philosophy, or languages. One shone in composition by the elegance of his periods; another had always a dry, harsh style; another reasoned closely and expressed himself with force. A large number manifested a talent or a taste for subjects not within our assigned course. Some carved and drew well; some devoted their leisure to painting, or to the cultivation of a small garden, while their comrades were engaged in noisy sports; others enjoyed roaming the woods, hunting, seeking birds' nests, collecting flowers, insects, or shells. Thus, each of us distinguished himself by his proper characteristic; and I never knew an instance, where one who had been a cheating and faithless companion one year, became a true and faithful friend the next.

The schoolmates most formidable to me, were those who learned by heart with such facility that, when our recitations came, they took from me the honors which I had gained by my compositions.

Some years afterwards I changed my abode, and I had the misfortune still to meet individuals endowed with a surprising facility for learning by heart. It was then that I remarked, that all these resembled my former rivals in their large prominent eyes.

Two years afterward I went to a university; my attention first fixed itself on those of my new fellow-students who had large prominent eyes projecting from the head. Such generally boasted of their excellent memories, and though in many respects by no means the first, all of them had the advantage of me, when the object was to learn promptly by heart, and to recite long passages with correctness.

This same observation having been confirmed to me by the students of other classes, I naturally expected to find a great facility of learning by heart in all those in whom I should remark the prominence of the eyes. I could not believe, that the union of the two circumstances which had struck me on these different occasions, was solely the result of accident. Having still more assured myself of this, I began to suspect that there must exist a connection between this conformation of the eyes, and the facility of learning by heart.

Proceeding from reflection to reflection, and from observation to observation, it occurred to me that, if memory were made evident by external signs, it might be so likewise with other talents or intellectual faculties. From this time all the individuals who were distinguished by any quality or faculty, became the object of my special attention, and of systematic study as to the form of the head. By degrees, I thought I could flatter myself with having found other external characters, which were constantly met with in great painters, musicians, mechanics, and which consequently denoted a decided propensity to painting, music, the mechanical arts, &c.

I had in the interval commenced the study of medicine. We had much said to us about the functions of the muscles, the viscera, &c., but nothing respecting the functions of the brain and its various parts. I recalled my early observations, and immediately suspected, what I was not long in reducing to certainty, that the difference in the form of heads is occasioned by the difference in the form of the brains. But, I never went so far as to imagine that the cause of the moral qualities or the intellectual faculties resided in such or such a place in the bones of the cranium.

Was it not then very natural to expect, that in discovering and demonstrating, in men endowed with remarkable propensities or talents, the existence of some external signs of their qualities, this discovery would lead me to a knowledge of the functions of the brain, and of its parts? The hope of having it in my power to determine, one day, the relation of the moral and intellectual forces with the organisation, the hope of founding a physiology of the brain,

was so powerful an encouragement, that I could not but form the resolution to continue my researches, until I had either attained my end, or was convinced of the impossibility of reaching it.

This beautiful enterprise would not have been difficult, if, entirely at liberty, I had been abandoned wholly to myself and to nature. But, it too often happens, that the more scientific one becomes, the further he departs from the simple truth; and this was precisely what I experienced. My imperfectly established conviction was shaken, in proportion as I gained new information, or rather, as I heaped up errors and prejudices.

Philosophers assure us, said I to myself, that all our faculties come from external sensations, or, at least, that all men are born with equal faculties, and that the differences between them are owing either to education, or to accidental circumstances. If it be so, there can be no external signs of any faculty; and, consequently, the project of acquiring in this manner a knowledge of the functions of the brain and its parts, is a mere chimera.

But I always returned to my first observations. I knew that my brothers and sisters, my companions and school-fellows, had received nearly the same education, or rather, that in general, they had received none. All had grown up in the midst of the same circumstances and analogous impressions. I also saw that ordinarily those whose education had been carefully watched, to whom the instructors had given lessons in private, were, in fact, behind others in capacity.

We were often accused of aversion to study, and of want of zeal; but many of our number could not, with the best disposition, and the most determined efforts, raise themselves in certain points, even to mediocrity; while in others, they surpassed their school-mates without effort, and almost, it might be said, without perceiving it. In fact, our masters did not give much credit to the system of the equality of the faculties, for they thought proper to exact more of one scholar, and less of another. It often happened to them to speak to us of our natural gifts, of the gifts of God; and they exhorted us in the words of the gospel, telling us that each would render an account in proportion to the talents which he had received.

Add to this, that I observed both in tame and wild animals, of which I had always a considerable number about me, differences of faculties and of character, as in men. One dog was almost of himself skilful in the chase, while another, of the same race and the same litter, could be trained only with great difficulty; one was very cross, and quarrelled with all other dogs, while another was very mild and peaceful; this one could not find his way back even from a small distance; while that, on the contrary, though very young, returned, after being lost, from very distant places. Such a bird listened with great attention to an air which was played before him, and learned it with admirable facility; another, of the same covey, and fed and treated in the same manner, paid no attention to it, and sang nothing but his own note.

One pigeon was the faithful mate of his companion, and in spite of repeated trials, could not be made to couple with another female; while another pigeon, on the contrary, stole into all the dove-cotes, to gallant and carry off females that were strangers to him.

In all these cases, I could not suppose either evil inclinations, the influence of education, or different impressions on the external senses. I was consequently obliged to conclude, that the propensities and the faculties, both of men and animals, were innate.

But then arises this question: On what is this innateness founded? Does it belong to a peculiar principle, a spiritual principle, the soul? and this soul, does it exercise its faculties freely and independently of organisation; or, is the exercise of its faculties subordinate to certain material conditions? or, in fine, are these faculties the result of organisation itself?

If this principle, this soul, enjoys the exercise of its faculties independently of organisation, it is, together with all its functions, beyond the sphere of the physiologist; the metaphysician and the theologian alone will arrogate the power of pronouncing on its nature. But I will submit the following questions to those who pretend that this principle is independent of organisation. Is this principle the same in both sexes? Does it change its nature in infancy, childhood, puberty, manhood, old age, decrepitude? Is it at all modified according to the quantity and quality of the aliments by which the body is nourished—according as digestion is easy or laborious? What becomes of this independence in sleep, in drunkenness, in apoplexy, in acute fevers, in effusions, excrescences, inflammations and ulcers of the brain and its envelopes, in derangements of the functions of the liver and stomach? Every one knows that such circumstances interrupt, suppress, exalt—alter, in a thousand ways, the functions of the soul.

Ought not these facts then to lead us to the conclusion, that the exercise of our propensities and faculties, whatever the principle we adopt, is subjected to the influence of organic conditions?

Who then will deny, that the propensities and the faculties are within the domain of the physiologist? It is for him to examine these material conditions, these organs of the soul; it is for him to determine whether the greater or less perfections of these organs, induces a more or less energetic manifestation of their functions; it is for him to seek to what point and under what conditions, the most favorable development of the cerebral organs impresses visible or palpable signs on the external surface of the head. It is, in fine, the task of the observing physiologist to examine what are the parts of the brain affected by a determined propensity, sentiment, talent.

WILD FLOWERS.

ALAS! how all things change as we advance in life! The swallow comes and goes, and comes again, and finds no difference in *his* summer haunts; but it is not so with man. We never find two summers alike,

save in boyhood, and we are not sure if the cause be wholly physical, but certainly they were sunnier then. Then, as now, we yearly longed for the return of spring and this sweet month of May; but how differently do we now enjoy them! *Then* they called us away to green hedges and bird-nesting. Now we go out to see the flowers—the wild spring flowers, sweetest and fairest of all the year.

What were the earth without its annual spring and recreation of beauties—the sweet flowers! They come to us yearly, like old once familiar friends, and every year they come with the same appearance of youth and freshness. They have been called the stars of earth: but they are dearer to us than even the stars. The stars are ever with us, and we become familiar with their eternal sameness. They are old, and cold, and distant. But the spring flowers cluster about us with the bloom of youth on their cheek, and blow their warm sweet breath on our face.

The stars are indeed “a mystery and a beauty,” and we love to look on them, and think of each as “in his motion like an angel singing to the young-eyed cherubim;” but we often cannot but look on them too, as worlds, and think of crime, and sorrow, and suffering; and, indeed, they frequently seem to us to have a gray and care-worn look, as if they were groaning and travailing in pain—wearing till they too be renewed; but the wild flowers have ever the fresh look of quiet unfathomable sweetness. Who that has ever earnestly gazed on them—“the violet, sweet as are the lids of Juno’s eyes or Cytherea’s breath,” or fairest of all, “the clustered smilers of the bank,” the dear blue speedwell—can wonder that they have ever been the favorites of beauty-loving and love-singing poets? The “forget-me-nots” too! Many strange surmises have been made respecting the origin of the name. But we think it is just what their first look says to every one—Forget me not! From their insignificance and position, they are most apt to be omitted and unseen by the careless wayfarer; but once seen, they are never after to be forgotten.

How singularly lovely and appropriate are the names of most of our wild flowers! It almost seems to us as if they had named themselves, or at least by their looks suggested to the mind of their admirers *what* they should be called. The “forget-me-not,” for instance, and the “speedwell” too, clustering and peeping out as they do, by the roadside hedge-rows with their bright, bland smiles; how they cheer the traveller’s heart! the last look of each one, as he passes, seeming to speak peace to his soul, and wish him friendly speed on his journey. What should they be called but “speedwell” and “forget-me-not?” and how much lovelier to

call them so, than to name them *veronica chamædrys* and *myosotis palustris*!

How detestable are all the botanical titles of flowers, when compared with their beautiful homely English names! We cannot believe that the rose does smell as sweet called by any other name; indeed, we never came on one of our sweet favorites in botanical canonicals, without much of the same feeling as a young lady would experience at meeting her dear lap-dog with a pan tied to his tail. With her, we conclude, it has got a most unseemly and unnecessary appendage. Is “philosophy,” in the words of the poet, “not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,” in the names she gives to flowers?

But let that be as it may, he certainly misses one of the best blessings of life who has not made to himself friends of the wild spring flowers. At our age we neither are wooed by, nor woo our kin, but the May flowers woo us to the woods and fields; and there we as fondly woo them, too, as we did long ago. They make us young at heart again; for they, unlike our kin, look on us and speak to us just as they did twenty or thirty years since. But alas! though they speak to us as simply and as eloquently, they have other things to say to us than they then had. Their youth and beauty speak to us of other friends, who, once as dear and fair as they, now lie “in cold obstruction,” awaiting not the time of the singing of birds, but the blast of the trumpet. Thus they lead us back to life by a pathway marked by the graves of those who have ended their toils before us. It has been our lot—as, indeed, it is the lot of most of us as we enter “the sear and yellow leaf” of life—to see most of our best-loved ones fall before us; still, as one by one they fell, to some sweet flower, whose fate seemed most like their own, have we told their story, and given to preserve their memory; so that now there is scarcely a flower, from the pure and premature snow-drop and frail celandine, to the longer-lived primrose and violet, but has a double life; and yearly, as it comes afresh from death-land, brings with it a tale of some old lost friend.

Glasgow, May 25.

ROLAN.

[We quite agree with “Rolan” in deprecating the eternal repetition of hard Latin names in connection with flowers, &c. We say, with CHARLES WATERTON—let us call all things by their own PROPER names.]

CHANCERY.—Every animal has its enemies. The land-tortoise has two enemies—man and the boa constrictor. Man takes him home and roasts him; the boa constrictor swallows him whole, shell and all, and consumes him slowly in the interior. *Just so does the Court of Chancery swallow up a great estate!*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—Q. E. D. YARRELL'S Treatise, in 3 vols., is the best. The volumes are *not* sold separately. Do not buy any of the *old* works. They are useless. The price of Yarrell's book is £4. 14s. 6d. The circumstance you mention about the leaves, is no direct indication of a *dry* summer. It is merely a coincidence—H. H. Thanks. The Chimney Swallow, next week—A WELL-WISHER. Use the same sized cage as was recommended for the Canary; and feed on flax, canary and rape seeds.—G. H. Thanks. They will *all* be used.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them; our time being overwhelmingly occupied with PUBLIC duties.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, June 12, 1852.

WE INTIMATED IN OUR TWENTIETH NUMBER, in reply to certain kind inquiries put to us, that the continuation of this JOURNAL after Midsummer would depend entirely upon the public voice.

We have, from the outset of our little venture, made no secret of our troubles, nor hesitated to "declare the thing as it is." This frankness, it would seem, has gained us a vast number of good friends, who have decided, on their own responsibility, that the JOURNAL *shall* go on.

To this end, they propose, voluntarily, to patronise the Paper at the price of THREE-PENCE, being at the rate of one-fourth *less*, we find, than the charge made for *any other existing periodical on Natural History*. We erred greatly, in not having ascertained this fact in the first instance; but it is not yet too late to repair the error. In order that no caviller may urge our having taken any undue advantage of the Public, this arrangement is made known at the earliest period. *It will not come into operation until July 5*,—immediately after the issue of the Numbers for the first half-year of 1852.

Fortunately, this is a question between ourselves and the Public *only*. We have not got the Booksellers to consult in the matter at all. They never have kept the JOURNAL on sale, since the publication of the two first Numbers; and we verily believe they imagine it to be printed in some "unknown tongue," and its contents heretical,—so afraid are they to expose it in their shops! All copies of our Paper disposed of by these gentlemen, are from *direct orders* given them by regular subscribers. We have therefore nothing to thank them for,—nothing to lose from their interference; whilst we still

retain the good-will and countenance of all our staunch supporters.

From the very voluminous Correspondence which has reached us within the last fortnight, from the nearest as well as the most remote parts of the country, we have ascertained beyond all doubt that a Paper like ours (the *only* one of its class) is a great desideratum; and that the parties to whom it particularly addresses itself (a large body) will not hesitate to support it at the price suggested to us. A very general opinion prevails, that were it *reduced* to one penny, its sale would not be increased thereby to the weekly extent of 100 copies in a twelvemonth. The *cause* of this is quite obvious. It does not suit the million.

For the masses, there are hosts of Penny Periodicals provided; and these are all far better adapted to their wants and tastes than a Paper like ours, which *can* only interest people who "think," and who love to trace the footsteps of Nature. We honestly profess to write for none others. The multitude cry out for fun and fiction; we stick steadily to "facts," and the improvement of the mind. Every one has a just right to follow the bent of his own taste; nor have we one word to say against it.

Here let us observe in conclusion, that had we possessed the "ways and means" (which "the Chancellor of our Exchequer" reminds us we do *not* possess),—it is just possible we might have struggled on some months longer; in the vain attempt to retrieve the heavy pecuniary loss we have up to this period sustained. It is however fortunate for us, that we spoke out so plainly; and took the sense of our kind readers when we did. They have at once proposed an efficient remedy to "check" the present evil; and they hold out encouraging hopes that, by their united future energies, they will, ere another six months shall have passed over our heads, enable our bark to glide more smoothly over the waters of difficulty and unfair opposition. What we have had to surmount in this way, is too well known; and we shall assuredly not "rip up such old grievances" again.

THE VERY INTERESTING ACCOUNT in our last Number, of the tameness of a "hen" Robin (for the authenticity of which, in every particular, we will vouch), induces us to offer a plain, unvarnished tale of another equally pretty fact,—at the present moment meeting out eye daily. It requires no apology for an insertion in a Paper like ours.

Immediately contiguous to the door opening into the garden of our private dwelling (at the rear), is a mound of flowers, &c., in "rock-work," on either side; its extreme

elevation, exclusive of the tops of the foliage, not exceeding three feet.

Towards one of these, we have for some time had our attention directed by the constant entrance and exit of a pair of Robins,—a pair of such exquisitely-formed birds as perhaps were hardly ever before seen. Having a very great objection to interfere with, or pry into the minute operations of the feathered tribe when performing the duties of incubation, we have on all occasions merely bowed to these parents *in posse*, or whistled to them in passing,—not caring too closely to scrutinise their movements. We will now show how we have been “rewarded” for this act of discretion on our part; and how we have been taken into the fullest confidence of the “happy pair,”—now the parents *in esse* of a “happy family.”

On the morning of Sunday last, we were preparing to take our usual walk to church, when we saw both the papa and mamma of whom we speak, perched on a rod of iron immediately opposite the window. The object of this iron rod, we should remark, is to sustain the weight of an awning, or sun-blind, when the heat is oppressive.

Each of the robins had in its mouth a small worm; and each was evidently striving hard to catch the eye of the master and mistress of the house. There could be no mistake about this. We knew well, from by-gone experience, what the “game” was, and what was about to follow. We therefore at once obeyed the signals, and kept a steady eye upon the performers in this most interesting drama.

Mamma was the first to move in the matter. Descending from her seat aloft, she flew on the ground below, towards one of the mounds of rock-work. These being well and thickly planted between their interstices with flowers, shrubs and evergreens, all beneath was concealed from view. Her little majesty now trotted up with immense importance (her carriage was worthy of a queen dowager in olden times), and artfully darting in between the leaves of a cuba, disappeared from sight. Papa also followed with similar dignity and agility—and we joined in the rear.

Carefully removing the wide-spreading leaf of an umbrageous *Saxifraga cordifolia*, under which her ladyship had found access to her hiding-place—we saw (not eighteen inches from the ground, and between some pieces of brick-work which had been displaced) one of the most beautifully-constructed nests that can be imagined! Within, were *eight* inmates; all in a state of the most helpless infantine innocence, having been only recently hatched.

The delight of the parent birds, when they

watched our surprise and pleasure (true physiognomists are your little birds!), cannot be expressed in words. No fear had they,—no unjust suspicions,—no anticipations of evil; but they flew in, and flew out with the greatest confidence, knowing that in us they had a true friend.

Day by day have we noted the progress of these little fellows, and they have thriven marvellously. No wonder, however, needs to be expressed about *this*; for their parents bring them in, every two or three minutes, such a succession of luxuries that they *must* get fat, as they eat them all!

We may, and *ought* to mention, that though we frequently peep in at, and talk to the parent birds when seated on their nest brooding their young, yet have we never put forth our hand to touch them, or given them reason to suspect treachery. We are aware that *many* tame birds have suddenly ceased to become so, in consequence of this breach of good manners, and invasion of the tacit treaty of good faith. We name it here, emphatically, as we feel sure our readers will thank us for the timely hint.

The anecdote we have just recorded is one of many, equally interesting, that take place from time to time in our secluded grounds. When we say that we rejoice in such things, we say but the truth. Nor are we ashamed to acknowledge publicly, that our own feelings, thoughts, and actions, have often been “hallowed” by a careful consideration and minute observation of the dumb creation. We have looked elsewhere for “example,” and have found little worth following. We have turned our eyes upon “the lower world,” and *there* have we learned much practical wisdom. The expression,—“Go to the ant,” &c., was *not* spoken without much meaning.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS are reminded, that it will be needful for them to order IMMEDIATELY, through their respective Booksellers, any of the BACK NUMBERS of this JOURNAL which they may require to complete their Sets.

At the end of the present Month, the Stock will be made up into VOLUMES; and there may be, afterwards, some difficulty, if not an impossibility, of obtaining any particular NUMBER or PART that may be wanted.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

TO THE EDITOR,—Sir, I am no flatterer; but I think there is something due to you for the extraordinary energy and perseverance you have evinced, in carrying on your very excellent

JOURNAL under such peculiarly adverse circumstances as have beset you from your opening day. Will you oblige me by inserting the enclosed remarks of a Public Journalist, which I have extracted from one of our leading papers, the "Times," of July, 1849? The Editor would seem to have had *you* in his eye when he penned them; for you have throughout realised *all* his ideas in your mode of action:—

"It is of great importance, in order to be successful in any undertaking, that a man possess a good degree of firmness; because, if after he have undertaken any business or enterprise, he become discouraged merely because he meets with a few difficulties and embarrassments which he did not anticipate, his capabilities for conducting his business will be paralysed, and his efforts weak and ill-directed—so that his failure will almost of necessity be the result. But if a man of a firm and decided cast of character meet with obstacles to his prosperity, he nerves himself to meet them, taxes his utmost ability, and directs all the energies of his mind and body to remove the causes of his embarrassment; and the result in nine out of ten cases will be complete success. He could scarcely fail to be successful, unless he has engaged in an enterprise for which he possesses no qualifications, and to which his energies are inadequate; which is rarely the case with a man of firmness. Such men, generally speaking, 'weigh well the means, the manner, and the end' of their designs, before attempting to put them into execution, and when their resolutions are once taken, trifles do not stop them."

I need not say, that I feel sure *you will continue* to carry out your original intentions. For my own part, I will gladly support your JOURNAL at whatever increase of charge it may be deemed necessary to issue it. *It has no competitors*; and there is a large field open for an extended usefulness.

Yours,

Liverpool, May 24. WILLIAM ANDERSON.

[There is so much kindness of feeling in our Correspondent's letter, that at the risk of being deemed egotistical we print it. It has a "moral" in it that may be useful to the Public.]

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The Diseases of Poultry.—These are so many and so various, that I shall be really obliged if you will from time to time give us the result of your long experience in the treatment of them. I have seen it asserted under your hand, that with care, few deaths need occur, and few cases of sickness. Tell us, if you please, all about it,—for I delight in everything connected with a poultry yard.—ANNE T., Mitcham.

[We shall have a world to say on this subject, as we travel on. Our stock is all in perfect health. We have had but one death in the family since January, 1851, and that was during the "fall of the leaf" from atrophy. Our poultry-yard exhibits pleasing evidence of the most robust health and vigorous constitutions prevailing amongst all the inhabitants. We allude to the Sebright bantams, and the more choice varieties, as well as those of the more common

kind. When fowls are ill, or drooping, their proper "corrective" is rue. They want no more "doctoring" than we do. If seventeen-eightieths of our medical men—we say it with all becoming respect—were to "accept the Chiltern Hundreds" and retire, so much the better would it be for society at large; but as society at large "cannot see it," why should we? Therefore, let us bestow our consideration on Poultry. Round each of the poultry "walks," we have planted a complete hedge of Rue—the medicinal qualities of which, in combination with proper food, are remarkable. The heads of these plants are bent forward, and introduced through the circular galvanised iron wire holes, which form the front of the "walk." We find, from time to time, that much of the Rue is eaten. Nature evidently indicates the "why" and the "when." Of course the houses where the birds roost are thoroughly cleansed, thrice weekly,—in summer daily. They thus enjoy "sweet" sleep, and escape being poisoned by the foul and impure gases, which would, but for this precaution, necessarily arise immediately under their nostrils. Herein lies a grand secret, and the hint is worth picking up. A constant and liberal supply of fresh water should never be neglected under any circumstances. This is immensely important. We keep them well supplied with old mortar, pebbly gravel, red sand, and brick-rubbish. We also throw them in twice a week a quantity of raw, juicy cabbage-leaves, and long grass; occasionally some boiled potato parings, rice and fragments—feed them twice every day (at half-past seven, and half-past one) with oats and barley mixed; and turn up with a spade, twice a week, the raised ground which forms their "walk." By this last move, some scores of underground inhabitants become disturbed, and rise to the surface. The fowls by this, get an extra benefit, which may be called, "the diet of worms." The "walk" being thus frequently turned up, is kept perfectly sweet and wholesome; and the water, filtering through the earth, leaves the surface clean and dry. Hereby are the fowls preserved in a rude state of health. To enable them to get the full benefit of what little sunshine there is, in the winter season, we elevate their outside perches (square perches, of course), to the fullest admissible height. This supplies them with air and exercise, and, in our opinion, adds to their happiness in no small degree, by affording them an extended prospect. These remarks, Mistress Anne, will aid you for the present. More, by-and-by.]

A "nice Distinction" between Instinct and Reason, as connected with a Domestic Cat.—Dear Mr. Editor, I do not remember meeting with any case of instinct, nay, almost reason, in the domestic cat so remarkable as the following. Brevity being a necessary qualification for writers in the Public's "OWN JOURNAL," I will "state my case" in as few words as possible. A friend of mine, a large manufacturer near this town, has three cats running about in the factory. A very short time since, they all three were "confined" at nearly one and the same time. The kittens of two of them were

all drowned, as were also several of those belonging to the third. The latter, as if aware of the probable fate of the others, took them away and hid them; and although the mamma has been carefully watched, it has been hitherto to no purpose. Their hiding-place, even now, is an impenetrable mystery.—J. G., *Dorchester*.

[We have *heard* of cases similar to the above, but are glad to receive a *confirmation* of their truth. Nature certainly is marvellous in her doings.]

Cats without Tails; whereby "hangs a tale."—I have much pleasure in answering an inquiry made by your Correspondent relative to a race of cats without tails, one of which is stated in your JOURNAL to have belonged to a clergyman of the name of Neville, residing at the village of Shepscombe, near Painswick, Gloucestershire. Having myself lived many years in that locality, and possessed one of the said tailless cats, I can give you every particular on the subject. Mr. Neville first brought a kitten without a tail, from the Isle of Man. She became, on her growing up, the parent of a numerous progeny. One of her kittens was given to my mother; and a more gentle, affectionate, amiable little quadruped, never acquired the affections of a household. Her fur was light tortoiseshell, and remarkably soft. She was somewhat more delicately-formed than many of her grimalkin neighbors; and as regards her tail, it was about half an inch long,—merely a little tuft. But we did not observe that the want of that natural rudder prevented her from running in a straight line, or climbing trees most admirably. Her movements were remarkably graceful, and *cat-like*, in all respects; and I never observed in her actions, or mode of progressing, the slightest similarity to those of the rabbit family. One or two of her young ones were nearly, if not quite without tails; but these we did not keep. Occasionally, she had long-tailed kittens. No relationship whatever between the occupants of the warren in Ebworth Park, and my feline friend (of whom I speak), ever existed; her mother, as I have just mentioned, came from the Isle of Man. In the Zoological Gardens were exhibited a few years since, several unfortunate tailless prisoners. The cage which contained them was marked "Manx Cats." It may be, that the same captives still look ruefully through the wires of their prison-houses, but of this we cannot speak with certainty.—M. R.

Blackbeetles and Cockroaches.—Dear Mr. Editor, your recipe for the destruction of these pests of the "lower house," is admirable. I have tried it; and it has cleared the premises already! Out of many thousand nightly intruders, *not one is now to be seen.*—PRISCILLA E.—Let me also enlighten your readers as to *another way* to get rid of blackbeetles, &c. An infallible mode of destroying them, is to strew the roots of black hellebore on the floor at night. Next morning, the whole family of beetles and cockroaches will be found either dead or dying; for such is their avidity for the poisonous plant, that they never fail to eat of it when they can get it. Black hellebore grows in marshy grounds. It may be had at all herb shops.—BARBARA S.

A Mass of Interesting Facts.—Observing how busy your fair readers are, in providing you weekly with curious and interesting facts in Natural History, let me too be (pleasingly) pressed into your service, and add my mite to the rest. I have, from time to time, entered the subjoined in my "Note Book." It will delight me to see it now entered in *yours*:—Man has the power of imitating almost every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, and sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also, 434 muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute; and therefore 3,840 in an hour, 92,160 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings and of impelled bodies, it may be remarked that size and construction seem to have little influence—nor has comparative strength: though one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a lady-bird can fly twenty million times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a Canary falcon can even reach 250 leagues in the short space of sixteen hours. A violent wind travels sixty miles in an hour; sound 1,142 English feet in a second.—If you think these matters "useful," say so, and I will live and die in your service. You cannot think with what inexpressible delight I look forward for *Saturdays*.—ELEANOR T., *Cheltenham*.

[Let us be equally candid, fair Eleanor. We also long for Saturdays; and feel real pleasure in believing that our weekly visit all over the country on that day, is hailed with a hearty welcome. Continue your kind and friendly offices, we entreat you. Mental food, and wholesome instruction, is what we delight in; and we are trying hard to make others like it also. Thanks, a hundred times multiplied.]

A Time for Everything—I am aware, Mr. Editor, that I am on delicate ground, when asking your patient hearing on a subject *not* immediately recognised as a leading feature in your paper. However, I feel sure you will *for once* give way to me, while I tell you how pleased I was to notice your passing remarks at page 321, on the evil produced by the indiscriminate promulgation of so-called religious tracts. I am, like yourself, an unceasing advocate for doing good at every opportunity; and I am sure you will agree with me, that all time occupied for other purposes than the benefit and well-being of our fellow-creatures, is time mis-spent. It were greatly to be wished, that instead of printing up in these little tracts hundreds of promiscuous passages of Scripture, ill-arranged, and many of them tending to contradict each other, some plain narrative involving a moral were devised. Treatises like these would then not only be perused without being ridiculed, but they

would work upon the mind of the reader ; and cause him to think and reflect upon the reason of his being sent into the world. They would also make him consider how his fleeting time ought to be occupied here, for the benefit of himself and others, as a responsible being. The poor lean man, as you justly remark, was an object for pity. He neither knew right from wrong, but acted under orders. Far be it from either of us to ridicule the distribution of what is *good* and *wholesome*, but the rubbish that is daily diffused all over the country in the form of Tracts, *cannot* be too sedulously guarded against. Anything tending to bring religion into contempt, such as the work you mentioned, however well meant, is nevertheless to be unsparingly condemned. I am rejoiced to see *one* Journal at least, eloquent in the defence of what is just, what is lovely, and what is good ; and not afraid to speak out when the ends of TRUTH require it. Go on and prosper.—VERITAS, *Cambridge*.

[We find from our Correspondent's letter, that he is a true Churchman ; and more than one or two passages which we have *not* copied, convince us he is a true Christian. This is still better ; for "denominations" do not make Christians. We hold that man to be a Christian, whose life and best energies are devoted to the service of his Creator ; and whose sole happiness lies in being useful to his fellow-man. We trust *our* pen will never be raised for other objects than these. Respecting our remarks at page 321, we have had many letters of sincere approval ; and *one* (evidently from a member of a Tract Society), charging us generally with a "want of benevolence." We shall best show our benevolence towards the writer, by asking him to become a subscriber to our Journal. He shall find from the day of paying his entrance money, that the "organ of benevolence" is one of the *most* prominent among our cerebral protuberances !]

Distemper in Dogs.—You have stated, Mr. Editor, that there is no cure for the distemper in dogs. I enclose you a prescription, which not only myself, but also all my friends to whom I have recommended it, and who have tried it, have found to answer in nine cases out of ten, with complete success. Well wash the dog in warm black soap and water ; when dry, apply with a stiff hair-brush some oil of tar (which is not an expensive article, and can be procured at any druggist's). Rub this well in, and repeat the same once a week, or whenever occasion requires. I have had dogs of my own cured in this simple manner, and the hair became as soft as could be in eight or nine weeks.—W. P., *Frome*.

[Gently, good sir, gently. We never affirmed that there was *no way of curing* the distemper in dogs. WE were asked,—was there any *preventive* against it ? and our answer had reference thereto. Clean water, and lots of it, fresh from the spring ; and the use of a cold bath in a pond or river, these are the only "likely" preventives that we wot of. Read the following :—] I cannot say what will *cure* the distemper, but if young dogs are fed on a light cooling diet, almost entirely without animal food, they will stand a good chance of escape. I may also tell you, that if a thimble full of Flour of Sulphur is given to them every ten

days or a fortnight, they will have the distemper *very mildly*. I should add, that sulphur is a most valuable alterative in dogs. Many old dogs will not touch it, but by being thus accustomed to it in their food when young, they will continue to take it ever after.—C. W., *Liverpool*.

[Herein is much good sound sense.]

The Distemper in Cats.—Dear Mr. Editor, I forward you the following simple remedy for the distemper in CATS. We have a cat who, some eight months since, was dreadfully tormented with this complaint. Both sides of his throat and head were bad ; and in truth he presented a wretched appearance. At last a friend recommended us to buy *sweet oil* ; assuring us that if persevered in, it would effect a cure. This I tried ; and I am happy to tell you that, after a few weeks' trial, I completely cured our old favorite. The plan is as follows :—With a piece of flannel, dipped into the oil, rub the parts affected well over, and repeat the rubbing *once or twice* a day, until the disorder be killed. After the first time or two, our cat suffered me to rub him without any resistance on his part, and appeared grateful to me for my kindness. It seemed to assuage the itching. I take this opportunity of telling you that your JOURNAL is still very difficult to get. The other day, I entered a book shop in Whitechapel, and found the man *had but one* (saved for me), which he pulled from beneath a pile of other periodicals. I asked him how he could expect ever to sell his periodicals without showing them ? and he grinned a *most horrid* grin at me. I sometimes think, Mr. Editor, that these men have neither hearts nor souls, or they would gladly spread the knowledge of KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL all over the world.—JANE W., *Mile End*.

[Ah ! Miss Jane, if all were like *thee*, what a lovely world would ours be !]

Artificial Incubation.—I am aware, Mr. Editor, that your private opinion is somewhat against the rearing of poultry artificially. [WE say, nature could never have *sanctioned* such a thing. We do "force" fruits, and vegetables, and flowers, and they *do* look very fine ; but we insist upon it they are *not* equal either in flavor, beauty, or excellence to those cultivated in the natural manner.] Let me tell you some of my doings notwithstanding. On the 1st of May, 1851, I had two chickens thus artificially hatched. They are described in my book of poultry, which you kindly reviewed for me some time since. They were known at the Birmingham Exhibition of Poultry as per Catalogue, Class XL., No. 695. One of these, the grey one, laid thirty eggs before the 5th of February last : of these, ten were selected for her to sit on. The produce was five chickens, which she brooded in my warm, light building, for *three weeks only*. She then recommenced laying, and I had four eggs in six days. From this time she ceased to brood her chickens, and ever after they walked about together as if perfect strangers. It is singular that she will lay her eggs nowhere else (if she can help it), but in the place where she was artificially hatched. Her second sequence of eggs has been thirty, yet has she not evinced any desire to sit again. She was a year old on the first of last month (May 1). During

the year, she hatched five chickens and laid more than sixty eggs. On the 3rd of last April, I took six of these eggs, and six belonging to a white hen (also described in my work on poultry), and I placed them under another hen: all these were hatched on the 23rd of April, so that I had twelve chickens from twelve eggs, laid by two hens reared by artificial aid: I have accurately named the color of the two hens, that any of your readers who might have been at the Birmingham show may remember them from the description given of them in the catalogue.—JOSEPH NEWTON, *Ichwell*.

BIRDS OF SONG.

Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart,
Something to LOVE, to rest upon,—to clasp
AFFECTION'S tendrils round.—MRS. HEMANS.

No XIV.—THE NIGHTINGALE.

TURN WE NOW FOR A SHORT SEASON, and with the kindest of motives, from our good little friends the *seed*-birds, to give a thrice hearty welcome to their amiable summer associates. We mean those sleek, trim, lovely, lively, delicate "Warblers," whose advent here, at this season, is so anxiously looked for by their expectant admirers; and some one of whom has been arriving, daily, to take up his summer quarters on our hospitable shores.

Who would think, to look at that tiny little Babillard, and that glossy black-cap, that only a few weeks since both were braving the elements at sea, and winging their flight across the troubled waters of the Mediterranean? Yet such is the fact. From Africa do they start; and little repose do they know until they reach England. We are, we believe, about the first, in our parts, to hear of the landing of any of these our visitors. Knowing the time they are "due," we daily keep a close look-out; and as we walk abroad, we are not slow to herald their approach:

"Some well-known voice salutes *our* ear,"

when others are strangers to its sound.

The last few weeks have been productive of many interesting "arrivals." We have recognised, one by one, a variety of harmonious foreign voices; and have seen whence they have proceeded.* Perched among the overhanging branches of trees, and half-secreted amongst shrubs—there sat

the choristers in the full enjoyment of their native liberty; giving utterance to their feelings in gushes of exuberant joy. Nor are these little fellows soon disquieted. They seem instinctively to know that they are "welcome;" and unsuspectingly do they keep on singing, as if anxious to claim an acquaintanceship with the passing traveller. Hard-hearted monster must he be, who seeks to destroy such pure enjoyment and such innocent mirth! And yet, this very instant lieth he in wait to ensnare his unsuspecting victim! See, he is lurking beyond yon hedge! We shall have a word or two to say about him, anon. But to return.

Even now, while we write, with our casement open, we are listening to the hero of this day's article—the NIGHTINGALE. Ravenscourt Park, which impinges immediately on our flower-garden, is ringing with his song. That magic strain, now borne upon the breeze, comes from the lover's mate. She has been drinking in large draughts of her swain's passionate avowals of constant love and affection, and is now returning him the most impassioned and pathetic outpourings of a grateful and fond heart. Every note she breathes is redolent of sincerity, fervent love, and adoration. All evince unmistakeable tokens of the depth of her attachment. Sweet Philomel! How worthy art thou of being loved; and what a pattern of virtue dost thou not hold out for imitation! We could sing thy praises until doomsday.

From this time forward our hedgerows, coppices, brakes, fields, gardens, lanes, and shrubberies, will be heard to echo with the choicest melody—not the melody of the new comers *only*, but a grand chorus from a union of voices, native as well as foreign. The thrush, the blackbird, the woodlark, and the robin,—all love to commingle their notes with those of the "warblers." No discord have we here—all is "concerted" music.

How pleasant is it, in this truly lovely month, to rise with the early lark, and listen to the music of the grove! From four A.M., until half-past four, the birds are at full "Matins." Have our readers ever attended any of these performances? If not, let such of them as reside in the country make a single trial. If they be lovers of Nature, and also lovers of the feathered choir, how they will thank us for our suggestion!

How delightful is it, just now, to wander out at eventide by the side of a rivulet or running brook, or to saunter through a mead, a meadow, or a secluded lane! The birds may then be heard chanting their choral "Vespers." Many such happy walks have fallen to our happy lot, in days gone by; and as our love for such enjoyment seems to gain strength by time, let us hope the day is far distant when we shall seek pleasure in more

* If any of our readers happen by good chance to be located within a reasonable walking distance of the Duke of Devonshire's grounds at Chiswick, let them pay a very early visit to this picturesque neighborhood, and let them make a complete tour of the garden walls. In their walk, they will hear the voices of nearly every one of the "warblers." This is a very favorite spot of ours.

hurtful pursuits. But a truce to reflection. We will now at once plunge *in medias res*.

The Nightingale is looked for about the 10th of April; and he is generally here to his time—he was *this* year; unless violent gusts of wind prevail, and so prevent him breasting the Channel. It is worthy of note, that the males always arrive some ten days *before* the females. Hence, all that are trapped early, are sure to prove “birds of song,” though of course, not all equally inspired with the true *poetry* of song; for with these birds, as with us—*POETA nascitur, non fit*.

Nightingales are, of all birds, the most easy to be snared. The villainous bird-catchers, in whose callous breasts pity was never yet found, and whose iron hearts never had any feeling, know this well; and remarking with the astute cunning of a fox where the finest birds are located, they lie in wait all night for their prey. At early dawn they set to work and turn up some mould. The innocent birds at once unsuspectingly descend to seek for a worm in the fresh earth, and seeing the bait (a lively mealworm) in the trap, they greedily seize it, and find their liberty gone for ever! In this manner are the tribe caught by scores.

The poor birds, when secured, are placed in a store cage, and quickly conveyed to the bird dealers in the Seven Dials. These worthies then proceed at once to “meat them off.” This is accomplished thus:—Some fresh, raw beef, is scraped; and being divested of all fibrous substance, it is mixed into a soft paste, with cold water, and hard-boiled yolk of egg. This is put into a large tin bird-pan. In the middle of this food is placed a very small inverted liqueur glass, with the stem broken off. Under this glass are introduced three or four lively meal-worms, whose oft-repeated endeavors to break out of prison attract the attention of the nightingale. Not understanding *how* these worms are placed beyond his reach, he continues to peck at them, until by degrees he tastes the beef and egg, which is artfully rubbed over the sides of the glass. This being palatable, he satiates his appetite with it, and soon feels a zest for it—particularly as his attempts to get at the meal-worms always prove abortive. He now eats regularly—he is *meated* off.

When first imprisoned, the front of the cage is covered over with tissue paper, to prevent his majesty from being frightened by too great a glare of light. When he becomes reconciled, or rather resigned to his fate—in a few days, perhaps—this covering is gradually removed, by tearing off small sections of the paper. He must then be suspended, not at too great a height, and be disturbed as little as possible. He will sing almost immediately; but do not imagine therefrom

that he is “happy”—a bit of conceit on your part; pardonable perhaps, but far from the fact. Torn, remorselessly torn from all he holds dear in the world, dragged from his shady bowers, and pent up between walls of mahogany—there he sits, an object of real pity! His lovely voice is indeed heard—he is lovely even in his tears—but his soul is consuming away in the very bitterness of his spirit. Let us poetically imagine that his faith has been plighted long ere he reached our country, and that he has preceded his lady-love only for the purpose of welcoming her on her arrival!

In the face of all these naked facts, we still persist, year by year, in making fresh prisoners. This being so, let us perform the very pleasing duty of showing the best way of making them tame, and “reconciled to their fate” when imprisoned. It is a horrible task truly, and repugnant, to try and *alter a bird's nature*, but we will e'en attempt to alleviate his sorrows, if we cannot remove them.

THE TWO COATS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

“THUNDER and lightning!” said my uncle, as he strode across the room in a towering passion, and struck the table, where I sat reading, violently with his fist. “Thunder and lightning! does the younker understand what I am saying?”

Now I had a sort of indistinct consciousness of some humming noise, as of one talking rapidly and incessantly for some time in the apartment; but as my brain was fully employed in endeavoring to comprehend one of the more abstruse passages in the Kantian system of philosophy, the sound had merely reached the ear without proceeding any further on its journey toward the understanding. My uncle's fist upon the table, however, claimed some attention, and I accordingly transferred my eyes from the calm philosophic page on which they had been dwelling, to the fiery visage of my relative.

“I tell you what, Master Augustus Von Schnediker,” said that gentleman, with an emphasis such as might have been expected from the richest merchant in Hamburgh, in a fury—“I tell you what, sir, I will leave every guilder I possess in the world to your half-cousin, Slagenhausen, and cut you, sir, off with a copy of your adored Kant; and see what that will do for you!”

“Sir,” said I, with the greatest simplicity in the world, for my uncle's communication had merely disturbed my previous ideas without dislodging them, or making room for others—“let it be the new edition, published by Carl, of Leipsic.”

Kant himself could not have puzzled my uncle more effectually than did this very moderate request. He expected to have struck me down as with a thunderbolt, and he saw that a feather had fallen upon me. He was a good deal of a humorist, and felt somewhat inclined to laugh; but then again he prided himself on being a man of substance, and it vexed him to the heart to see what he valued so highly, treated so lightly; consequently he felt rather more inclined to swear. Between the two he did neither. He sat down, lighted his pipe, and rang the bell for the servant.

"Step next door for Von Schaick, the attorney, Sister Annschen," continued he—"I will put up with this no longer. I will make my will this very night, and Slagenhausen shall be the man."

"He shall not have a stiver!" said my aunt.

"We'll see!" said my uncle.

"A poor, pitiful creature," said my aunt.

"He attends to business," said my uncle.

"A fellow that humors all your foolish whims for the sake of what you may leave him," said my aunt.

"True; but he attends to business," said my uncle.

"He will not care a puff of tobacco for you when you are gone," said my aunt.

"But he will care for the counting-house," said my uncle.

"Mr. Von Schnediker," said my aunt, in her very best argumentative tone—"don't make a fool of yourself! Would you cast off the only son of your only brother?"

My uncle took his pipe from his mouth, uncrossed and recrossed his legs, and put it back again.

"Disinherit a Schnediker for a Slagenhausen?"

My uncle's seat seemed mighty uncomfortable, and he puffed and smoked most fearfully.

"Your nephew—who has eaten of your bread, and drank of your cup, and sat by your stove for twenty years!"

"Pooh! pooh!" said my uncle, but visibly softening apace.

"And, moreover," continued my aunt, following up her advantage—"is he not the very model of your brother? I never saw two noses so much alike in my life!"

My uncle looked direct at my nose. So did my aunt.

"It's the handsomest nose in Ham-burgh!" quoth she.

My uncle felt the full force of the compliment; and the extreme difficulty of disinheriting a nephew with a nose so like his own, became every moment more apparent.

"We'll do nothing rashly," said he: "Von Schaick can take a friendly glass, and we'll talk about the will another time."

"Make it now," said my aunt—"Augustus shall inherit the estate, marry Amelia Spigelberg, and perpetuate the name of Schnediker."

To these propositions I expressed my unqualified assent; for little as was my objection to inheriting the estate, I had still less to marrying Amelia Spigelberg, with whom I was, for a student in philosophy, I may say most ridiculously in love.

"He'll take Kant to bed with him on his wedding night, and set fire to the curtains with sitting up to read him," said my uncle.

"Nonsense, brother; you talk of things you know nothing about," said my aunt.

"Humph!" said my uncle.

The door opened, and in walked Mr. Von Schaick. I laid aside my books and papers, and joined the two worthies over a social bottle. We became animated. Glass followed glass; and tobacco-smoke and wisdom issued from my uncle's mouth in about equal quantities. To the latter I assented in monosyllables, or listened in respectful silence; upon which my uncle declared he had never heard me talk so sensibly in the whole course of his life. Among other matters, it was resolved to cure me of my bookish propensities by showing me a little more of the world; and as I spoke the language of England like a native, and was well acquainted with her history and literature, it was resolved I should take a trip over in a British vessel which my uncle had chartered. The will was made that night; I know not precisely how, but my aunt Annschen remarked the next morning, "that my uncle acted sensibly enough when he only took the trouble of listening to good advice."

Accordingly, in the following week, amid an abundance of kisses and confectionary from my aunt, sighs and tears from Amelia, and cash and cordiality from my uncle, I embarked on board the British brig Swallow, for London. I pass over our interesting departure from the mud and mist of the low German shores; I pass over, in elegant silence, the pleasures of being becalmed three days off the delightful Dogger Bank, famous for cod and fog. I pass over, in short, all the agreeable vicissitudes of the sea—storm and calm, sickness and unsavory scents, and all its accumulation of petty nuisances and petty substitutions for comfort. It is enough, that after twelve days' purgatory, I came on deck one delicious May morning, and found the Swallow skimming gracefully along the gentle bosom of the Thames, surrounded on all sides by an almost inconceivable number of vessels sailing and tacking in every direction. The scene was lively and brilliant in the extreme, and awakened no inconsiderable

portion of my dormant German enthusiasm. Indeed, I think no foreigner of education approaches the English shore without a strong sensation of interest. Whether for praise or for blame—whether as an object of respect or admiration, or dread and dislike—still he has heard England talked about from his infancy. Standing aloof and isolated from the world, she is yet mixed up with all its hopes and fears, and struggles; and in every continental collision the unceasing question is, what may, can, or will be done by England? And then the piled-up glories of her literature, reaching unto the highest heaven! Whatever may be thought of that literature by the polished, fluent, flippant, superficial, sophisticated Frenchman, who cannot, because of the largeness of his vanity and the smallness of his soul, feel and comprehend it; yet to a true German, sprung from the Saxon stock, it is the mightiest congregation of intellect ever furnished by a nation; and he assigns, without a particle of envy, or even reluctance, a place in the regions of Glory to a Shakspeare or a Milton, far above the Goethes and Schillers of his beloved “father-land.”

My first seven days in London passed with unmingled satisfaction. Amply furnished with funds by my uncle, I went everywhere, saw everything, and squandered my cash with the careless freedom of a young man. Oh! pleasant is it to be the medium through which cash flows briskly to the admiring public, softening the asperities and fertilising the feelings of the grateful receivers! My letters furnished me with introductions to the houses of the first merchants, and everywhere was I received with the most unvarying civility and kindness. To the house of the worthy Mr. Simpkins, in particular, I was invited—pressed and feasted to an almost uneasy sense of repletion, both with physical nutriment and intellectual condiments: for the six Misses Simpkins, though tolerably pretty, were most intolerably accomplished, and seemed to be afflicted with a perfect German mania. They danced German dances, sang German songs, admired German authors, and chattered about the Rhine and the Hartz Mountains for the hour together. Indeed, had I been a vain man, I might have been inclined to think their attentions personal; for Miss Lydia went so far as to remark that—“they might say what they pleased about Italian skies and Italian sunsets, but for her part she should prefer a permanent residence in Germany to that of any other country. It was so strangely interesting! such a divine mysticism hung over it! In fact, there was a fascination about it which she was utterly unable to

account for!” All this was very gratifying to me: but indeed, wherever I went, all was joy and sunshine; and on the seventh night I retired to my bed, firmly impressed with the conviction that the English were the most cordial, civil, hospitable, kind-hearted people on the face of the globe.

The eighth morning brought a change. I sat dallying over my breakfast, deeply immersed in the study of my favorite author, when a neighboring clock reminded me that it was considerably past the time I had purposed waiting upon a gentleman to whom I had a letter, and who was absent from town on my first arrival. On becoming aware of the lateness of the hour, I hurriedly snatched up my hat, and rushed precipitately down stairs. In passing the door, I had the misfortune to bring my body in very forcible contact with that of a staid, grave citizen, who was walking leisurely down the street. I apologised accordingly; but the old gentleman continuing to look as gloomy as a Walcheren fog, I proceeded to say—“that upon my honor, the untoward circumstance was perfectly accidental”—when I was interrupted by a coarse laugh of vulgar derision from the old person, who insultingly asked—“what the deuce such a fellow as I had to do with honor?” and furthermore expressed his opinion that the middle of the pavement was the fittest place for such an outcast from society! “An outcast from society!” what can he mean, thought I, and I felt mightily inclined to resent this insulting language; but, as I said before, he was a man far advanced in life, and I was in a great hurry, so I passed onward without further parley, leaving the uncivil piece of corpulency to recover its good humor at its leisure.

(End of Part I.)

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NOTES ON A RAMBLE THROUGH LONDON TO DULWICH AND NORWOOD.

Come! let's away to greet the *primrose*,
And *daisy* trodden down like modesty;
The *fox glove*, in whose drooping bells the bee
Makes her sweet music, the *narcissus* (named
From him who died for love), the tangled *woodbine*
Lilacs, and flowering *limes*, and scented *thorns*:
ALL THESE, from the voluptuous winds of JUNE,
Catch their perfumings. B. CORNWALL.

WE WHO LIVE IN ENGLAND, are too well aware of the nature of the climate to place any great reliance upon a continuance of fine weather,—even though a sunny day or two *should* shine upon us now and then, and gladden our hearts. Neither one swallow, nor one week of sunshine, constitutes an English summer.

Alive to this fact, we are ever on the look-out to seize upon the first fine day that offers, to bury ourselves in the bosom of the country. There alone do we feel "happy;" surrounded by the jewels of Nature, and revelling in the poetry of the earth.

At this season, we always look for (and are seldom disappointed) RAIN in abundance—to wit, on the first *fete* at Chiswick, the Derby day at Epsom, and the opening of Vauxhall Gardens. The first of these escaped the honor this year, but the two last dropped in for it nicely! Anticipating this, we sallied forth on Tuesday (May 25) the day immediately preceding; and we showed our foresight therein. Did we not congratulate ourselves on the day of the Derby for our weather-wisdom—when we saw the victims of fashion and the betting-table come shivering and fluttering home through the pelting rains and "heavy wet!" Did we not also feel devoutly thankful that we were out of "the affair" altogether! Long faces, discontent, oaths, drunkenness, and debauchery, were seen and heard, we understand, from one end of the road to the other. *Chacun à son gout!* It seems the knowing ones were taken in—so much the better. Let us hope, however, that the "winners" will make good use of their money; for alas! the

"betting-shops" which have sprung up all over London (after the manner of mushrooms) portend extensive ruin to *somebody*. If we were in power for one single day, our very first measure would be the instantaneous destruction of these dens of infamy, and the demons who own them. This by the way.

We have alluded to our determination for a ramble on the 25th ult. The morning was 'grey,' with some little wind stirring; but the clouds were high. Every now and then a streak of blue presented itself. This decided our movements. Again associating ourselves with the amiable ally of our former walks, we threaded our way to Fleet Street; and as the clock struck ten, we found ourselves seated behind a very intelligent coachman, and *en route* for Dulwich. Our carriage was an omnibus, drawn by a team of three fine horses; and our way lay through the very heart of the City.

To a contemplative and reflecting mind, an opportunity now presented itself that was worth improving upon. Our own thoughts being for the time tranquil, and business forgotten, we viewed all that passed before us with a philosophic eye. What a scene did we witness, ere we reached the confines of the Borough! What anxious countenances met us at every turn! How were their thoughts, objects, doubts, fears, hopes, and anticipations painted on their brow! The day was "beginning." What would be its "end?"

Nor was the contrast less painful, when we observed the well-filled omnibuses and coaches rattling along with the merchants, stock-brokers, and wealthy citizens. These ever evinced by their jolly, happy countenances, as they approached our Modern Babylon, that the cares of the world, or rather the frowns of the world, troubled *them* not. They could jest, joke, and chat, with a heart light as air,—whilst many on whom our eye fell, were unmistakeable objects of despair; coming up to town perhaps to *try* and accomplish that which, if *not* accomplished, might seal their ruin. There was the fear of disho-

nored bills, "executions," and arrests, mingled with vain hopes, and human agony—all but too plainly marked upon many a face, to pass by unseen. We felt more than once a strong desire to be "wealthy" for *their* sakes; for our heart was that of a "Brother Cheeryble." We are no strangers to the feelings for the alleviation of which we plead, and at which we can of course only glance *en passant*. Not to dwell on this painful subject, we may remark, that we envy not the feelings of any man who can behold unmoved the commencement of such "a day" as we have pointed out; and when we say that it is "*an every-day picture*," in the barest outline only, we speak but the naked truth.

Just as we reached the corner of the street leading to the railway termini (immediately over London Bridge), we were hailed by a passenger in a pair of white ducks, with a waistcoat to match, and a drab-colored shooting coat. He was evidently a man of an independent spirit, although of moderate stature; and he was in a state called by some "happy." His garb told us that he was a workman of some kind, and his "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties" (for he was trying hard by suction, to test the flavor of a cigar which was *not* ignited) proved to us that he was a man of energy. He mounted, and took his seat immediately beside us; and observing a boy selling fuzees, he called him and effected a purchase. Opening the box, for which he had paid "one penny," he found that instead of "six rows" as announced by the vendor, there were only *three* rows of fuzees; but as the coachman, ere the discovery was made, had placed him and the cunning dealer far removed, he said,—“he must grin and bear it.” He philosophised, however, on this incident; and barring certain anathemas of our friend against dishonest dealers, our readers shall have the benefit of our little gossip.

"You are a wag," said we to him of the white ducks; "and you seem to bear hard, under the cover of a jest, upon the ways of the world." "That's just it, masters," replied he (for both we and our associate were interested in drawing him out), "it's a precious rum world we live in, and hard work to take care of one's self." He then told us much and many of the evils practised on this globe of ours, the truth of which we were bound to acknowledge, for we could not deny it.

It seems this young man was employed as a mechanic, at the fair wages of thirty shillings per week (we should imagine from the glibness of his tongue and action, that he would climb a scaffold like a cat). He was then going down to Dulwich, to work at a six months' engagement. We asked him, what he did with his money, and how it was that he was "fresh" so early in the day? "Aye,

masters," replied he, "you have me there! The fact is, I live with my mother, and I pay her twenty shillings for board and lodging; the other ten shillings"—(here he paused, and looked sideways at us) "I—I—I spend at the public-house in drink." Here his head dropped forward on his breast. It was really grievous to see a fine young fellow like this, the victim to bad example, and we brought him to book by argument. So far was he from feeling offended, that we found him readily accessible to reason, and really obliged to us for taking the trouble to reason with him. "What you tell me, masters," said he, "is excellent; but when I get to the public-house on *Saturday*, I cannot help taking a drop, first with one and then with another, and when I get home I am doubled up." In this man we see represented *many* other good workmen, led away by bad example and the public-house. We did not spare him a bit; but when we left him (at Dulwich) his mind was full of a savings'-bank,—a glass of ale *at home* with his mother—the prospect of a wife and family (nicely provided for)—respect shown him by his master—a horror of the inevitable consequences from drinking ardent spirits—and a dread of "entering that nasty public-house again." Let us hope—we *do* hope, that our morning's journey had some beneficial result. But we have passed Camberwell, and are now ascending Denmark Hill.

What a beautiful ascent have we here! and how very lovely each side of the road does look, with its rows of lofty trees, overhanging the more unpretending but not less beautiful lilacs, laburnums, and white and red thorn—the fragrance of which, borne upon the breeze, is so delightful to the senses! And what a magnificent landscape do we catch sight of, every now and then, through an opening as we pass onward! Most wisely has Mr. Boucher established his country-seat here; and equally sagacious has his neighbor proved himself. The one, an eminent tanner, has showed us there is "nothing like leather;" and the other, that there is nothing like "Stationery."—Who would *not* be stationary in such an earthly Paradise!

Dulwich, with its rural entrance, is now before us. How very rustic everything looks; and how very clean and tidy all the villagers seem! No rude boys and girls can we see, staring us out of countenance; but all modest and respectful. This is too rare an observation not to be recorded. And there, on the right, stands the "Greyhound tavern." "What a nice, tempting house for a snack!" said we. We heard our companion echo the sentiment *con spirito*; and in we went. We had used the word "snack," as the provocative to an appetite. It answered well. Seated before a "well-ap-

pointed table," and waited upon by a modest and most attentive damsel, let us confess to having gone through the "business before the house" with commendable zeal. Nor should we be justified in omitting from our records, that

"In this village here,
Is sold the *best* beer."

We verified it "again and again," in the large room up stairs. We have oft heard the expression—"mending your draught." Here we learnt its meaning, and shall not forget it when we again pass that way. In speaking of *that* ale, we do not

"Chronicle 'small' beer."

But let us on to the Gallery, and briefly run our eye over one of the most beautiful collections of Pictures extant. We must not dwell to particularise these mighty efforts of the old masters; nor attempt to express the feelings of delight with which we contemplated the work of their hands. We only regretted that we could devote so small an atom of our time to the enjoyment of *such* a luxury; but as we came out with a defined object, *that* object we pursued. We shall assuredly soon again revisit the spot. By the way, we *will* specify one picture—"the Locksmith," (see Catalogue, No. 299) by Carravaggio. The longer we looked at it, the more we saw in it to admire. The same feeling predominated towards a very young and most interesting little widow, who was thoughtfully pacing the room with a catalogue of the Pictures in her fair hand. To be honest, let us say that our attention was *not quite* equally divided between the 'Locksmith' and 'the Widow.' Both were truly admirable; but we had "a choice"—more particularly as we had asked the Widow to refer to her catalogue for our information, and she had complied with the most bewitching grace. If we may explain the difference between the two—the Widow had the more "speaking" countenance, and seemed to us therefore the more "natural."

Before leaving the neighborhood, and immediately contiguous to the College, we observed two trees, tall and widely-spread, covered with fair, pink blossoms, somewhat similar to the delicate almond. We sought out the gardener, and learnt from him that they were "*Judas* trees." Like most of our "gardeners," however, he knew neither the 'why nor because' of the name, nor from whence the trees came. They were certainly very beautiful—so modest, and so chaste.

We now girded ourselves for a long walk, and the golden sun bore us company. On our progressive steps, we need not dwell at length; as the exquisite scenery of this and the adjoining localities is so well known. Proceeding towards *Penge*, our eye was

refreshed by the picturesque scenery which presented itself in a variety of landscapes, "ever changing, ever new,"—not only on one side, but on both sides of the road, stretching far away in the remote distance. Birds had we too, singing to us all the way we went; and it was a question with us,—*which* felt happiest; we or our aerial attendants? We imagine the point to be difficult to determine. Among the choir—the thrush, blackbird, robin, blackcap, and chaffinch, were the principal performers. The nightingale occasionally indulged us with a hymn,—and so were our enjoyments varied.

Dulwich Wood—what a lovely spot!—held us prisoners for some time. We here found *much* to admire in nature's never ending handiwork. Emerging on the opposite side, we found ourselves in a lane skirted on either side with the most beautiful trees, many of them rejoicing in a profusion of blossoms,—the rich perfume from which was grateful indeed. Pursuing our road, and mentally enjoying what our pen can never dot down upon paper, we wandered on, in a devious course (for we knew not, neither cared we where we were going), till we reached the upper end of Norwood. Here we halted, to make some observations on the extensive scenery that lay before us, and to take a sight of the spot whereon are to be erected the remains of the Crystal Palace. This "great job," as it is called, is already devised, and about to be carried into effect. We hardly need say how rejoiced we are, in common with all lovers of virtue, order, and decorum, to find that the undertaking is so far removed from its late site. There is no doubt that many will be ruined by it; and as little doubt that many will make a fortune out of it. Already a multitude of "shares" are bought up by speculators to "sell again," and dupes are as numerous as the dupers. This will go on "as usual" till the bubble bursts. By the way, we were, without knowing it, in company the other day with the Overseer of these Works. We were seated *vis-à-vis* in an omnibus, and journeying to town together. We were amazed to hear this gentleman—alone among so many—expatiating on the millions of money to be made in one year by this speculation. He gravely assured us, and our fellow travellers, that twenty single days (if the weather held fine) *would alone repay the whole cost of the building and grounds* (498 acres)—*leaving a handsome surplus*. We fought him valiantly, point by point, statement by statement; and when at last we said that all the tag-rag of London would frequent the place, his remark was—"Exactly so. It is numbers that will do it. One man's money is as good as another's." We asked him, "if he had any shares to sell?" He said, "Oh, no! There is not one to be got

at any price." On hearing this, we marvelled; but before we had time to collect our thoughts we received a poke in the ribs from an umbrella. A sly fellow in the corner, who knew the overseer by sight, and had been enjoying our freedom of speech, squeaked out, "D—o—n—t you know him? he is the overseer, just going down to the Works!"

We will end this discursive sketch, with a glance at the "California Tea Gardens," situate on the Common, and known as the Gipsy Hill, Norwood. Fortunate indeed is Mr. SPARSHOTT the lucky owner of this most beautiful spot,—we say lucky, because, in addition to his already large business (for all visitors flock here in multitudes to get a view from these extensive heights), he will be within a few moments' walk of the mammoth building of which we have spoken. The workmen too, during the progress of the operations, will here find excellent accommodation. We had the pleasure of an hour's chat with the intelligent *Maitre d'Hotel*; and seldom do we remember to have been more agreeably and profitably entertained. He was possessed of much information on a multitude of matters, for which we had long thirsted; and he threw much light upon what with us had long been dark. Full of anecdote was he too; and withal of an honest, kind, and friendly disposition. We shall see him again. Let us note here, for the benefit of travellers, that at this house also is to be obtained a glass of excellent ale—or, as one of the landlord's sons relishingly expressed it, "a drop of the right sort." We "mended our draught"—by way of experiment!

The loam at this spot is of the finest and richest character (superseding the use of guano altogether); and most of our potted plants in London, and their suburbs, owe their beauty to its fertilising powers. We learnt from Mr. Sparshott, that the demand for it was very considerable. It lies in abundance on the slopes, which are characteristically called the "diggings." From this lofty eminence, you may distinctly see Harrow, Hampstead, Highbeach, Camberwell, the Docks; and indeed the whole vicinity of London. Hence is it so universally resorted to by visitors.

We picked up an ornithological anecdote here. A friend of the landlord, hearing a noise one day in a neighboring hedge, put up his hand and caught a chaffinch, which was engaged in a dispute with some other bird. Watching his opportunity, he made a dash at the adversary. It was a cuckoo. The chaffinch had a nest hard by, with four eggs in it. The cuckoo was busy sucking these eggs, when the *fracas* took place. The chaffinch, the cuckoo, the nest, and the four eggs, are all safely preserved. We saw them, nicely arranged in a glass case; and also a

second large case of valuable birds, equally well "set up." On quitting "California and its diggings," we found ourselves in sight of a homeward-bound omnibus; into which, after a day of unmixed pleasure and sociability, we consigned ourselves.

Thus did we quickly reduce the distance (some fourteen miles) between ourselves and our "household gods." Would that every emigrant from "California" could reach "home" with as little difficulty,—and enjoy himself as much when he got there!

POPULAR DISCUSSIONS.*

NO. VI.—ON TROUT BREEDING.

(Continued from page 356.)

THE PARTICULARS which were furnished me by the party who waited on the gentleman of fortune in Yorkshire, with reference to stocking his lake with trout, are as follows:—

He said; "When I came near a spawning bed, I sometimes examined it to see how the eggs were going on. If I disturbed it too much, and the roe floated down the stream below the loose gravel, it was not two minutes before the little trout began to come up to the tail of the spawning-bed evidently on the look-out for spawn. In wading up the brooks with a light, at night, in search of spawning fish, wherever we found them we found the little trout waiting below, some of which we caught, and found them in all cases with roe in them, in many instances full of it up to the throat. When I got back to Mr. —'s, I examined the feeder of his lake, and found trout spawning in no more gravel than I could hold in my two hands. How could the spawn get covered in this little morsel, which, when one pair had spawned in it, was taken possession of by another pair? Indeed, in all the brooks I visited, I found a sad deficiency in this respect, and I am as certain as I am of my existence, that thousands upon thousands of the eggs which would otherwise hatch, are destroyed for the want of gravel at the time of spawning. When I had seen how deficient Mr. —'s feeder was in gravel, I immediately directed two or three cart-loads to be put in the stream, and levelled down, and next morning I found fifteen pairs of fish spawning in the new gravel." These are

* Under this head, we INVITE Contributions similar to the present. The advent of our JOURNAL is, we know, hailed with delight by many who take an intense interest in matters of the kind; and it finds its way into so very many channels at home and abroad, that the Discussions likely to take place give promise of much profitable as well as instructive entertainment. Our columns are open to debate; but conciseness is recommended on all occasions.—ED. K. J.

facts which I submit to the consideration of gentlemen having trout-streams ; and I think the due observance of the few recommendations here made, and a strict look-out for poachers at the same time, will enable them to store their rivers and lakes with an abundance of these fine fish. No doubt, Mr. Editor, some of your numerous piscatorial readers will be able to offer additional suggestions which will be advantageous.

Sir. George Mackenzie, and after him "Ephemera" (in his Book of the Salmon), says, that the water-ouzel is very destructive to salmon and trout roe. If he has actually detected this in their crops, after shooting them, I can say nothing more. But if it is supposed that this is the case because they are frequently seen on the spawning beds. I submit that the probability is that they are doing great good there instead of much harm ; and that in all likelihood they were feeding on the water-lice and aquatic larvæ which generally swarm there, and which feed on spawn, whatever water-ouzels may do. I know that at other seasons, water-ouzels feed on these aquatic larvæ, as I have had many opportunities of observing from a building overhanging a stream where they used to feed when they had young ; and, notwithstanding Mr. Waterton has said that it is impossible for birds to walk at the bottom of the water (because their bodies are of less specific gravity), yet I have seen them do so many a time. Mr. Waterton probably forgot, that there is a great probability that birds can at pleasure exhaust the supply of air which pervades their bones, and other parts of the body. If they do this, may not the body be then heavier than the water ?

Salmon and trout can exhaust their air-bladders, in a great measure, as every one who has caught many very well knows. Their place in a pool is frequently betrayed by the air-bubbles which rise from them to the surface of the water, particularly after they have been chased for some time. Then, if they cannot get under a stone or root, they will lie as close to the bottom as they can ; and as I suppose, to do this the more readily and effectually, they keep emitting bubbles of air from the mouth (belling as fishermen call it). The otter also, when hard hunted, frequently betrays his whereabouts in the same manner.

I have said that water-lice and aquatic larvæ prey upon the ova of fish ; but it is not so easy to prevent their depredations as it is those of the small fish, which also feed on the roe, because the lice and larvæ burrow in the gravel, and penetrate wherever the roe is to be found. In very small brooks, where the trout do not remain long after being hatched, these pests might be destroyed by quick-lime ; but the remedy is almost as bad as the disease, because every small trout remaining in the brook, would be destroyed also. The

best plan, no doubt, is to give the fish plenty of gravel to spawn in, and the ravages of one tribe of depredators (the fish) would be checked. At all events, it is better that the game should be left to the weasels and polecats alone, rather than that, in addition to these enemies, they should be preyed upon by foxes, cats, hawks, and carrion-crows.

I have called these little things water-lice ; but this is for want of a better name (not having a work on Natural History to refer to, which enables me to give the proper one). They are in appearance, or reality, freshwater shrimps ; and scud about in the water, when disturbed, pretty much in the same manner. The aquatic larvæ, which are most destructive, are what are known by anglers as creepers, and are the larvæ of the May fly (stone fly of the south of England), and those of the upright-winged flies, known as drakes, which in their turn serve as food for fish, are first-rate flies in the angler's estimation. The March brown, which is one of them, rises from the bottom of the water by myriads in sunny days in March and April, and is caught by the trouts as they rise. I have sometimes, when taking my hook out of the mouth of a large trout which had been feeding on these flies, seen him disgorge a mass of them almost as large as my thumb. It is a curious transformation which these creepers undergo ; as, without any chrysalis or dormant state, they change almost in a moment from creeping at the bottom of the water to flying about in the air.

"Ephemera" says, that salmon will not spawn in fresh gravel. I have never tried them by putting gravel in to tempt them ; but I have already shown that trout will do so ; and salmon will certainly spawn in places where other salmon have done so previously. In all such cases, the gravel is as fresh as that would be which was poured into the stream from a cart ; for the salmon effectually stirs it up from the bottom, and generally the stream is so rapid that the sand and mud have no chance of subsiding ; so that an experienced eye will detect where fish have been spawning by the freshness and brightness of the gravel.

I may take this opportunity of stating, that I have now great hopes of breeding hybrids between the salmon and the trout. The result of pending experiments in this matter shall be made known at a future day.—T.G., *Clitheroe, June 2nd.*

THE SALMON AND ITS GROWTH.

MR. EDITOR,—Knowing the interest that yourself and your readers take in all that concerns the Natural History of this noble fish, I send you some further particulars. In order to ascertain as correctly as may be,

the changes which take place from time to time in their growth, the Tweed Commissioners have recently been sitting in deliberation as to the best method of action.

A large number of fish which had spawned above Whitadder Bridge, have been "marked." The salmon-shaped fish, with dark pectoral fins and a blueish green silvery body (which are believed to be salmon smolts), have been "marked" by cutting the upper part of the tail and the fin immediately above it. The larger and thicker fish, with bright orange pectorals, and a duller hue of body (called bull-trout smolt), have had the lower part of the tail, and lower back fin cut. Above the tail, an India-rubber band is stamped "Tweed, 1852," attached to BOTH.

Some doubt still exists, whether the salmon species confine themselves in the sea to the estuaries of the rivers in which they breed, or have been bred; or whether they roam along the coast and enter other waters. The latter view would seem to be correct; for a case in point has already occurred in connection with these "marked" fish—one of the Whitadder kelts having been taken two days after it was marked at Seaton Sluice, about 100 miles from the mouth of the Tweed.—W. J., Newcastle, June 1.

BIRDS OF SONG.

Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart,
Something to LOVE, to rest upon,—to clasp
AFFECTION'S tendrils round.—MRS. HEMANS.

NO. XV.—THE NIGHTINGALE.

HAVING entered our strongest protest against the capture of nightingales, as being an act of wanton cruelty, we will now proceed to our prescribed duty; and show how to atone in the best way we can for our having deprived them of liberty. This will be best evinced in our care to provide them with a suitable domicile, and food adapted to their constitution. But first, a word or two about purchasing them, and selecting them.

The principal dealers in these birds reside in the classic region of the "Seven Dials;" and as there is much "trickery" practised there, we will pave the way for plain sailing.

In order to make a great show of business, some of these dealers—one in particular—collect together a number of nightingales' cages, at least ten days before the birds arrive amongst us! These are placed on high shelves, after being artfully papered up in front with tissue paper; so as to make people believe that each cage contains a nightingale. When folks express their surprise at the birds coming over so early, they are told—"the birds are very wild, and must not be looked at, for at least ten days. At the end

of that time they will be *quite* tame, and in full song." This bait is generally swallowed by verdant youths, who keep on calling till at last they *do* hear a nightingale sing! *Perhaps* there are two "*real*" birds among the whole of the papered-up cages!! A little caution, and a little common prudence after this intelligible hint, will put a novice on his guard, and enable him to appear a knowing one. He cannot speak too little; but he had need be all eye and all ear.

As April nightingales, when fresh caught, can never be depended upon for their continuance in song, their rateable value is but trifling. Five shillings is quite ample in any case, unless indeed a bird "comes out" in some remarkable manner, and sings the week through. This however is of rare occurrence. Besides, a nightingale is naturally of a sulky disposition; and if moved from one place to another, will perhaps remain dumb from that very moment. In his second season, this draw-back will not exist. But *this* entirely depends upon yourself, as we shall show.

Newly-caught nightingales are what the bird-dealers call "rank." That is, they are full of snatches of rapturous song; and eager to join their mates directly on their arrival. There is no difficulty in ascertaining this latter. The voice of the lover while paying adoration to his "soul's idol," is heard both far and near. It breaks out in transports of unrestrained melody, and innocent playful joy. Then do they at once commence the arduous duties inseparable from wedded life.

The females build, lay, and go to nest, almost immediately. Hence the males, when caged, sing, not to please themselves, nor their new masters. No; every strain, every note, every inspiration they draw—all are intended for the ear of their betrothed—their first, their only love! Constancy, such as this, is rarely known. Indeed, full many of these lovely warblers fall lifeless from their perches soon after they have been caught. They sing their own "death song," in the hope that its expiring melody may reach the ears of those they so idolise, and from whom they have been so remorselessly torn. Vain hope, truly!

It is well to be deliberate in the purchase of a nightingale. Hear him, if you can, both by daylight and by candlelight. If his song be short and hurried, and given out by snatches, he is "love-sick." Pass *him* by. If, on the contrary, you can meet with a bird loud and constant in song, and joyous withal, he is not very likely to break *his* heart for love. Buy *him* at once.

Now for the all-important consideration of the proper sort of cage for his reception. These birds, for the most part, court retirement. They come out (except in our snug, private gardens, where they sing all day)

when the din and turmoil of the day are over. They seem to despise all mixing with the noisy hum and hideous hubbub of our busy world, and are seldom heard in the neighborhood of crowded public thoroughfares. Studying his habits, therefore, let his cage be of mahogany (we have already stated where these "model cages," may be had). Let its length be 17 inches; height, 14 inches; depth, 11 inches. The sides, back, and top, must all be of mahogany, and the front of strong lacquered wire, or of cane. In the centre of this, let there be a hole made, sufficiently large to give the bird's head free play when drinking; and let a tin drinking-pan be suspended immediately opposite. Tin must *not* be used for the reception of his food. Nothing is so suitable for this purpose as a *small* white earthenware circular soap-dish, which should be fitted in a mahogany frame, hung on hinges, and made so as to open outwards. Place this at one of the sides towards the back of the cage, and let it be secured by a button outside. Fit up just such a frame-work on the opposite side; and insert in the centre a circular glass-washer. See that the water in this be changed twice at least, daily.

There must be two perches, one above, and one below. The former should be fixed as high as possible, allowing the bird just sufficient room to stand quite upright, and no more. This should run exactly across the cage, from end to end, and be immediately in the centre, so as to allow ample room for the bird's tail. The lower perch should be similarly fixed from end to end, but placed immediately behind the tin drinking-pan, say at barely two inches' distance. To keep your bird quite private, a green silk curtain may be fixed on a spring roller, at the top of the cage, immediately over the wire. This could be drawn down or raised *ad libitum*. It is seldom, however, that a curtain is required.

Now for his Majesty's food. Being an insectivorous bird, the nearest assimilating diet that we can provide him is, raw *rump*-steak, all *lean*, and perfectly sweet. If tainted in the least degree, and he partakes of it, it will be all "*dick-y*" with him.

The trouble necessary to be expended upon these birds is great, yet are they worthy of it. To insure your beef being fresh, procure it twice, daily, of your butcher. A penny-worth each time will suffice. Now for manipulating with it, and preparing it *selon la règle*.

All operations in connection with a nightingale's food must be performed on a circular slab of *marble*, and the naked hand must be kept at a respectful distance. Use a silver fork to hold the beef, and scrape it with a small *sharp* steel case-knife. If the rump-steak be tender and lean, as it ought to be, it will scrape kindly. Discard from it all the

fibrous matter, and place the residue on one corner of the slab. Moisten this gradually with a little cold spring water, and then mix with it some yolk of hard-boiled egg. The consistency of the whole should be moderate, neither too thin nor too solid. Either extreme is to be carefully guarded against.

Such of the above food as remains uneaten, should be thrown away about 1 P.M.; and the earthenware dish, after being thoroughly scalded, should be re-filled. Not only does the meat become tainted through the excessive heat of the weather, but it is speedily rendered nauseous by the constant incursion of blow flies, whose pestiferous breath and all-but-living eggs pervade all animal matter within their sight, smell, or reach.

Gathering of the Vine.

THE following graphic sketch is from a work recently issued, called "Claret and Olives." It will be perused with interest.—The ancient types and figures descriptive of the vintage are still literally true. The march of agricultural improvement seems never to have set foot amid the vines. As it was with the patriarchs in the East, so it is with the modern children of men. The goaded ox still bears home the high-pressed grape too, and the feet of the treader are still red in the purple juice which maketh glad the heart of man. The scene is at once full of beauty, and of tender and even sacred associations. The songs of the vintagers, frequently chorussed from one part of the field to the other, ring blithely into the summer air, pealing out above the rough jokes and hearty peals of laughter shouted hither and thither. All the green jungle is alive with the moving figures of men and women, stooping among the vines, or bearing away basketfuls of grapes out to the grass-grown cross roads, along which the laboring oxen drag the rough vintage carts, groaning and cracking as they stagger along beneath their weight of purple tubs heaped high with the tumbling masses of luscious fruit. The congregation of every age and both sexes, and the careless variety of costume, add additional features of picturesqueness to the scene. The white-haired old man labors with shaking hands to fill the basket which his black-eyed imp of a grandchild carries rejoicingly away. Quaint broad-brimmed straw and felt hats—handkerchiefs twisted like turbans over straggling elf locks—swarthy skins tanned to an olive brown—black flashing eyes—and hands and feet stained in the abounding juices of the precious fruit—all these southern peculiarities of costume and appearance supply the vintage with its peasant characteristics. The clatter of tongues is incessant. A fire of jokes and jeers, of saucy questions and more saucy retorts—of what in fact, in the humble and unpoetic but expressive vernacular, is called "*chaff*"—is kept up with a vigor which seldom flags, except now and then, when the butt-end of a song, or the twanging close of a chorus strikes the general fancy, and procures for the *morceau* a lusty encore.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION will be continued in our next.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—J. G. in our next.—T. H. If you read our "Treatise on the Canary," you will there find express directions given for the choice of a male bird. The action of the throat, and the liveliness of the bird must direct *you*, as you are unfortunately deaf. Feed your birds as directed in the above "Treatise," which has appeared in this JOURNAL.—FEDELTA. You will receive a letter by post.—W. A. A. Thanks, very acceptable.—M. L. A. You should not have fed your young canaries on *seed*, so soon: no wonder they all died!—A LONDON FOOTMAN. Keep your goldfinch till next year. Your old canaries are useless to breed from. Read our "Treatise on the Canary;" in which will be found *all* you inquire about.—A. Z. Many thanks.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any "facts" connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—Of these we daily receive such immense quantities, that we must really beg the writers to excuse our not replying to them; our time being overwhelmingly occupied with PUBLIC duties.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, June 19, 1852.

WE HAVE TAKEN SPECIAL CARE not to let the season get too far advanced, before we paid a visit to Bushey Park, where grow the "chestnut trees" of immortal memory. What multitudes flock to see these stately trees when in full flower! They are right. No work of art can vie with them.

We chose a day, last week, when the wind was lulled; and the sun partially hidden by fleecy clouds. Never did we gaze upon a more lovely sight than was presented by the vista extending along the entire avenue, as we entered the park-gates. We may have seen some of the cones larger, but never more profuse, nor more elegantly arranged in their respective ascending tiers.

We trust our readers have also availed themselves of an opportunity to see this same goodly sight. If not, it is now too late. All attempts at description would fail signally.

Whilst in this most picturesque neighborhood, we hardly need say that our ramble extended far and wide. Kingston, Surbiton, Ewell and the parts adjacent, and many a peep at the lovely river scenery,—all amply repaid us for a little bodily fatigue. We hold these beautiful localities in high reverence; and shall never forget the music of the feathered tribes who hold their court here. No fear have *they* of bird-catchers!

We are now beginning to feel, almost for the first time, some of the sun's heat; and we are gradually dispensing with the cheer-

ful fire on our hearth, which, until now, has really been a necessary companion for our comfort. What a remarkable climate this is! But let us step into the garden, and see what is doing there.

The roses are now daily coming into blossom, and diffusing their charming odors all around. So many varieties have we now, that we can hardly find space to particularise them. What can be more enchanting, says one of our amateur rose-fanciers, than the newly-opened rose of Provence, looking upward, half shamefacedly, from its fragile stem, as if just awakened from a happy dream to a happier reality?

It *is* the loveliest Rose we have, and the sweetest,—*except* the Rose-unique, which looks like the image of the other cut in marble; the statue of the Venus de Medicis beside the living beauty that stood as its model. We must yet make *another* exception, in favor of the White Blush Rose, rising in the centre of the group. It looks like the marble image of the two former,—just as the enamored gaze of its Pygmalion has warmed it into life. See how its delicate lips are just becoming tinged with the hues of vitality! It *breathes* already, as all the air in its vicinity bears witness.

And what of the Moss Rose? We must make yet another exception in *its* favor. Flauntingly does it hang beside its blushing neighbor,—seemingly the most careless, but in reality the most coquettish of court beauties. Apparently the sport of every coxcomb Zephyr that passes, she is in truth indifferent to all but her own sweet self; and if more modest in her attire than all other of her frail sisterhood, yet does she only adopt this particular mode because it makes her look more pretty and figurative. Her "close fit cap of green," the fashion of which she never changes (because she knows what *becomes* her best), ought to teach some of our ladies a salutary lesson. Our English fashions, alas! are *never* "becoming;" for they invariably disguise what God himself made exquisitely beautiful.

But we must stop our gossip about the flowers of the garden, to which there would be no end,—nor must we to-day wander with our readers into the fields among the sweet clover and the wild flowers, now in all their beauty. Let us however "hint" at them with a winning voice; and recommend an early visit to their sequestered haunts, for now—

Sweet are the fanning breezes felt,
Breathed through the dancing boughs;
Sweet do the rural noises melt
From distant sheep and cows.
The lovely green of wood and hill,
The hummings in the air,
Serenely in the breast instil
The rapture reigning there.

We have shown what awaits the lover of Nature, if he will only seek it. If he fail to do so, be the blame his own!

OUR SUBSCRIBERS are reminded, that it will be needful for them to order IMMEDIATELY, through their respective Booksellers, any of the BACK NUMBERS of this JOURNAL which they may require to complete their Sets.

At the end of the present Month, the Stock will be made up into VOLUMES; and there may be, afterwards, some difficulty, if not an impossibility, of obtaining any particular NUMBER or PART that may be wanted.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The Chimney Swallow, a Cage Bird.—As you have expressed an opinion, that it would be interesting to many of your readers to be informed how I succeeded in keeping Chimney Swallows during last winter, I have much pleasure in informing you. In September, 1851, I procured two adult swallows, and commenced by cramming them every hour with raw beef, scraped fine, and yolk of hard-boiled egg, well mixed with a little pure water. The difficulty was, to induce them to eat dead food. This I overcame by placing a small portion on the point of my finger; and when they picked at it, they caught the food in their beak, and swallowed it. I then stuck small portions of the food on the wires of the cage, above the meat; and as it fell off, they followed it with their eye, and picked it up. It was however a matter of time and patience. One died on the 1st March, the other this morning. I send it herewith; and you will observe that confinement has changed its legs from a black to a flesh color. I would have given this one its liberty when its companions returned; but confinement had taken away the powers of flight, and it would only have been consigning it to a lingering death. While on the subject of soft-billed birds, allow me to say that nothing but beef and egg will cause them to thrive and be healthy. Neither will they sing well on any other food. I am also greatly against giving them any insects whatever; and you will please bear in mind that I have had many years' experience in the matter.—H. H., *Knightsbridge*.

[We quite agree with you in the matter of beef and egg for soft-billed birds; it is the *only* legitimate food: although they will and do "live" upon other preparations. When we have given insects (earwigs, &c.), it has been as a "corrective," and we have saved many a fine bird thereby.]

Ducks hatched by Fowls.—Can you tell me, Mr. Editor, how it is that so many ducks are hatched by fowls in preference to the more natural mode? In my neighborhood, the ducks never want to sit; and a friend tells me that, for the last twenty years, he has never known *more than one* duck evince any desire to go to nest. It is suggested here, that the cause may be the want of

running water. It seems to me very cruel to place duck-eggs under fowls; for the agony of the poor hen when the ducklings take to the pond is extreme. Their instinct does not, cannot explain the difference made by nature in the habits of ducks and fowls. Hence they live in perpetual misery.—C. A. B., *Northleach*.

[We, too, have made the same observations as yourself. Where we find one duck with ducklings, we find twenty (at least) of our domestic hens performing the office of mother to the young ducks. It is not at all unlikely that the habits of the domestic duck may be changed by confinement. There is no other reasonable way of accounting for their so seldom wanting to sit.]

Nests of Birds.—How delightful it is, Mr. Editor, to contemplate the admirable wisdom of Providence, with reference to the nests of birds! What can equal the great goodness which thus gives industry to the weak, and foresight to the thoughtless! No sooner have the trees put forth their leaves, than many thousands of little workmen commence their labors. Some bring long pieces of straw into the hole of an old wall; others affix their edifice to the windows of a church; these steal a hair from the mane of a horse; those bear away, with wings trembling beneath its weight, the fragment of wool which a lamb has left entangled in the briars. A thousand palaces at once arise, and every palace is a nest. Within every nest is soon to be seen a charming metamorphosis; first, a beautiful egg, then a little one covered with down. The little nestling soon feels his wings begin to grow; his mother teaches him to raise his head on his bed of repose. Soon he takes courage to approach the edge of the nest, and casts a first look on the works of Nature. Terrified and enchanted at the sight, he precipitates himself amidst his brothers and sisters who have never as yet seen that spectacle; but recalled a second time from his couch, the young king of the air, who still has the crown of infancy on his head, ventures to contemplate the boundless heavens, the waving summit of the pine trees, and the labyrinth of foliage which lies beneath his feet. And, at the moment that the forests are rejoicing at the sight of their new inmate, an aged bird, who feels himself abandoned by his wings, quietly rests beside a stream; there, resigned and solitary, he tranquilly awaits death, on the banks of the same river where he sang his first loves, and whose trees still bear his nest and his melodious offspring!—It is pleasing to record all these notable things; and highly gratifying to have a Paper like the Public's "OWN JOURNAL" in which to perpetuate them.—ELIZA T., *Finchley*.

What is the proper Food; and what are the proper Sort of Cages for Robins?—Dear Mr. Editor,—If you write so delightfully about birds, we who read your JOURNAL are hardly to blame if we try and prove the truth of what you say, by keeping "pets of our own." I have just had a nest of five full-fledged robins given me; and they are so tame, that I have resolved to open my heart to you—and ask you how I am to treat them? I feel sure, if you knew how naturally

"affectionate" I am (a point on which I am aware you are justly particular), you would at once oblige me. I have a very pretty garden, nicely walled in; and I take such delight in it that I seldom want to go abroad for other amusement. Thus have I made you my "confessor," and most anxiously do I await your reply.—FANNY B., *Clapham*.

[Oh, Fanny, Fanny! How are our words wasted, week after week; and how vainly do we preach against cruelty whilst you young ladies will continue to practise it! We do not in *this* case, call *you* cruel; for you have had a present made you, and you show a disposition to lavish your "affection" on the prisoners of whom you have the charge. Let us then see what is to be done. If "expense be no object" (as the style and character of your letter, from which we have quoted, leads us to believe), obtain five cages. Place one bird by itself in a separate cage. The length of each cage should be two feet, width ten and a half inches, and the height fourteen inches. The back, top, and sides of each, should be boarded; with wire in the front only. Two perches should be placed in each cage, crosswise; and one long perch from end to end at the front, where the birds come to eat their food. Besides these, there should be two brass-fronted tin pans for food; and a hole in the wire large enough to admit the bird's head, when drinking. Add to this a small round glass, moderately deep, filled with water, and placed in one extremity of the cage for washing in, and the habitation is completed. It will be highly requisite to hang the cages one above (or side by side with) the other, so that the birds can never see each other; else, such is their inherent jealousy, song will be out of the question. The reason for our recommending all your birds to be caged up, is, that out of the number one or two fine songsters may be secured. When satisfied as to the merits of your birds, let those which are least musical fly. They will never leave the garden after you have once tamed them; but will be constant visitors at your window. As robins, and indeed all birds of the soft-billed kind, are for the most part insectivorous, it is absolutely necessary to feed them upon what most closely assimilates with their natural and proper aliment. This, from long experience, we have proved to be raw meat, and yolk of egg, boiled very hard; providing them at the same time with a small quantity of other food, composed of bruised hempseed, stale buns, and CLIFFORD'S German paste, or mild cheese,—the whole rubbed small, and mixed well together with the white of the same egg whose yolk you have already used. This must be fresh every morning; as must also the water for washing and drinking. The meat must be rump, or very tender lean beef-steak, scraped (the smooth way of the grain) with a sharp table-knife and it must afterwards be carefully freed from strings and fibres. Add the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, and moisten with cold water, till the whole substance assumes a moderately soft, but not "watery" paste; and give some of it, when so prepared, to each bird, in a small round dolls' saucer. It is possible, when your birds have moulted and donned their

scarlet livery, that they will prefer the German paste, egg, cheese, and bun, to the raw meat,—especially if you treat them now and then to a mealworm. In their youth, however, it is *needful* to feed them on the meat,—else they would become attenuated and die. Robins, like the nightingale, are very affectionate; and it rests with yourself to make a conquest of their hearts. They must, we opine, be hard-hearted indeed if they are indifferent to *your* good offices,—else are we no judges of character from a person's handwriting. You may consult us again, Miss Fanny, if you please. You know that, quite as well as we do!]

The Robin,—a 'Dab' at Butter!—I don't know, Mr. Editor, if you are aware of it, but butter is so great a dainty to these birds, that in a friend's house, frequented by one or two of them, the servant was obliged to be very careful in keeping what was in her charge covered, to save it from destruction; if unprotected, it was certain to be eaten. I have known them to visit laborers at breakfast hour, to eat butter from their hands, and enter a lantern to feast on the candle. One, as I have been assured, was in the constant habit of entering a house in a tan-yard, in Belfast, by the window, that it might feed upon tallow, when the men were using this substance in the preparation of the hides. But even further than this. I have seen the redbreast exhibit its partiality for scraps of fat, &c. Being present one day in December, 1837, when a golden eagle was fed, a robin, to my surprise, took the eagle's place on the perch the moment that he descended from it to the ground to eat some food given him, and when there, picked off some little fragments of fat, or scraps of flesh; this done, it quite unconcernedly alighted on the chain by which the "rapacious" bird was fastened. I mention these observations of mine, with a view to have them confirmed by others, who no doubt have had similar opportunities for noticing the robin's *penchant* for butter.—G. H., *Stepney*.

[We are well aware of the robin's love of cheese; but we never particularly noticed his affection for butter or tallow. He has often shared our bread and butter at the breakfast-table, but he ate it fairly. We never found anything left!]

How many Opportunities there are for doing Good!—Are there not, Mr. Editor? Nor is it right to withhold even the smallest effort, when opportunity offers. A single penny, given in cases of extremity, has saved many a man's life. Why then not be liberal in feeling, even when the purse is low?

What if the little rain should say,
"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields;
I'll tarry in the sky?"

What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stray,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?

Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to charm
And beautify the flower?

I say, Mr. Editor, each one of us can do something; and if you think the "hint" worthy of a

place in the Public's "OWN JOURNAL," please give it insertion.—C. A. B., *Northleach*.

Natural History of Ailsa Crag.—At a recent "lecture," given by George Donaldson, Esq., at Glasgow, some very interesting particulars were disclosed in connection with the Ailsa Crag. This famous rock, from which the Marquis of Ailsa takes his title, is a huge mass of basalt, nearly three miles in circumference, and 1,200 feet high. It stands near the mouth of the Forth of Clyde, and is often visible at immense distances. Here is the chief building place in Scotland of the Solan goose and the guilemot. In a few days, this rock will be covered with countless thousands of these birds; and interesting as the sight is to an ordinary observer, it is doubly so to ornithologists. The lecturer remarked, that he had, at various times, seen the guilemot move her egg by clasping it with her wing close to her body,—thus proving that the wing is in some degree a prehensile organ. He had also witnessed the newly-fledged birds carried to the sea on their parents' backs,—a fact much disputed, and one which some of the most able ornithologists have decided against. [Here we see again the necessity for bowing to real "facts," which the want of experience had not before brought to light.] The egg of the guilemot bird (each bird has only one) is cream-colored, with a brownish mark "scribbled" all over it. It is a remarkable fact, that amongst all the millions of eggs laid by these birds, no two have ever been found precisely alike. The lecturer volunteered a jocosse remark, that this *might* be a provision of nature to enable each bird to recognise its own egg amidst the indescribable confusion existing in the colony. The same diversity of mark exists in the egg of the house sparrow (*passer domesticus*), and some few others.
—J. B. M., *Glasgow, June 1*.

ON THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I was so much delighted with some remarks that appeared in a former Number of your excellent JOURNAL, that I have ventured to send you some few of my own on a similar subject. Feeling greatly interested in the matter, I trust you will, if my ideas are in unison with your own, give them insertion in the Public's "OWN JOURNAL."

Surely, Sir, there can be nothing of more importance to parents, than the Education of their children; and yet, with what little study is this noble work attended!

Every mother should inform herself on this subject as far as her means will permit, for it is her first of duties. Far too little attention has been paid to the art of guiding and training the human mind in its earliest development; less, indeed, than is devoted to the acquirement of most mechanical arts; although this is as far above all other considerations as the lark is above the sparrow, the heavens above the earth!

The formation of human character depends upon surrounding circumstances; and I think half the misery in the world may be fairly attributed to the ignorance of mothers. We cannot comprehend how subtle is the influence which operates on the susceptible organisation of a tender child. A smile and a kind word are as grateful and as developing for good purposes, as spring-rains are to the early flowers; whilst a harsh word and a scowl may engraft that which shall end in everlasting torment.

Even as I believe we are influenced by every wind that blows, and by every star that shines, so is a child influenced and moulded by every word and look of the mother. It feels a thousand influences that fall upon it unseen and untold; but they are silently felt, and have each their mission. From the first moment of its dawning faculties, a child begins to observe and to learn. From the first hour it can discern objects, it is open to object-teaching; and is influenced by example. I have a little child, six months old, that is very susceptible to surrounding influences; and manifests its susceptibility in a remarkable way. For instance, two days since, a strange nurse came to it, and it cried when she took it up; but, as the nurse is very fond of children, to-day my child cries when it is taken from her. Children, even infants, are wonderful physiognomists, far better than we are. They are not blinded by deceit and sin, and the mask of falsehood turns clear as crystal to their innocent gaze. They always know who loves them; and can see it through ugliness and deformity; while beauty and fairness of feature do not blind them to hatred, or dislike. This is evident from the earliest infancy. Let us not say then that children are too young to understand; and therefore too young to obey. We are too ingenious in framing excuses for our own neglect of duty. The proper education of children requires the devotion of heroes; the most undaunted zeal, and a never-wearying perseverance; and when we lack these, we are glad of any loop-hole of escape. We are like the "Faculty," who oppose Mesmerism as a curative agent for disease, simply because of the immensity of labor and patience it requires to effect a cure by its agency; and because its general use would do away, for the most part, with medicine.

You can teach the kitten and the dog, that they must do certain things, and must not do certain other things. You can also teach birds to do your bidding to a marvellous extent. A Frenchman has recently collected a large number of canary birds for a show; and he has taught them such implicit obedience to his voice, as to march them in

platoons across the room, and direct them to the ready performance of many simple manoeuvres. Think you that an infant is less acute and less teachable than these?

Let the mother who doubts the ability of her child to learn obedience, try how soon and how easily she may teach her child that he must not touch the tongs or poker; and that when sitting on her lap at table, he must not touch the cups and saucers. A child may be taught obedience in such things as these, and it should be as much disciplined the first year of its life as any succeeding one; for the "child is father to the man." The mother's authority should be established over the child as soon as it can comprehend the meaning of looks and gestures. And how much trouble will a mother escape by having her children thus early taught to obey!

I think that the great cause of rebellion in children and opposition to their parents' will and wishes, is, that they perceive their want of parental qualifications, and begin to act on their own authority; feeling conscious that they really know better, which is not unfrequently the case! So necessary a thing in parents is wisdom, and so few possess that treasure.

Knowledge, love, affection, and attention, will inevitably secure the respect and love of any child; but harsh severity will engender fear; and fear is fatal to love. Fear engenders hatred; and the affection derived through fear is only the attachment of the beaten slave. The most efficient family government may be administered, if the child be made to understand that disobedience will not pass unpunished for itself, and not for being found out.

I have also noted, how terrible a thing it is to place one's self in direct opposition to the wishes of a child, and oppose temper against temper. If a child wants anything, and you think it is not desirable, endeavor by all means to direct its attention to something else. Children have such a fund of curiosity, that this will be found a comparatively easy matter, and the result will be infinitely better than to drive it into a fit of passion, by setting your temper in opposition to the child's, which would speedily be placed on a level with your own—thus very soon becoming your master. A weighty responsibility devolves upon the parents; for they not only give birth to their offspring, but they mould and shape their future life. The child, as Tennyson beautifully says, "is a link among the days to knit the generations each to each;" and parents in educating a child are setting in operation a train of circumstances which will affect all coming time. "Love" is the great agency of development for good. "Love" will ever

cause the angel side of human nature to be uppermost, as the moon draws the tides of the sea. My faith in "love" is great; therefore I would say to parents with regard to their children—

So let your large twin-love bend over them,
As the calm, silent heavens bend over earth,
Revealing God's own starry thoughts and things,
And pouring round an atmosphere of glory.
So shall the Image of your hearts' Ideal—
The Angel nestling in their bud of life,—
Smile upward in the mirror of the face;
A blessed beauty in your darken'd ways,
AND A PERPETUAL FEAST OF HOLY THINGS!

ROSINA JANE MASSEY.

THE TWO COATS.

(Concluded from page 384.)

ON arriving at my destination, I was shown by an astonished-looking servant into a splendidly-furnished apartment. Presently the door opened, and the master of the mansion entered with a smirk and a bow, but no sooner had he cast his eyes upon me than his countenance underwent all the changes from surprise to perplexity, from perplexity to coolness, from coolness to contempt, and from contempt to downright superciliousness. When it had settled at the last agreeable stage, he opened his lips, said he "should be happy to see me again before I left England, but that he was so much engaged at present that I must positively excuse him," rang the bell for the servant, and wished me a very good morning. I was petrified—but too indignant to speak; so I seized my hat and left the house, with all the blood of the Von Schnedikers burning in my face.

I cooled by degrees; and having no definite object in view, wandered listlessly about from place to place, ruminating on the unpleasant occurrences of the morning, when, to my agreeable surprise, I perceived the six Misses Simpkins ambling down the street, in the direction in which I was advancing. When we had nearly met, they looked towards me, stopped abruptly, whispered, and then crossed suddenly to the opposite side. Surely, thought I, this is a mistake; they cannot have recognised me. Accordingly I crossed likewise, met the young ladies full in the face, and, with the bland and pleased expression of countenance necessary on such occasions, I proceeded to address them in my very best style. Instantly six glasses were raised and levelled full at my person, and the physiognomies of the Simpkinses exhibited a curious combination of horror, vexation, and chagrin, to me perfectly unaccountable.

"Really," lisped Miss S., "they were

sorry to appear abrupt to Mr. Von Schnediker, but they had an engagement which unfortunately admitted of no delay." Two cabriolets were instantly beckoned to—the doors of the vehicles opened—in they fluttered with the precipitancy of disturbed wild-fowl—drove off—and Master Augustus Von Schnediker was left gazing after them with a visage that "ought to have been seen to be properly appreciated!"

"By day and night but this is wondrous strange!" thought I, and no less strange than irritating and perplexing. Owing, perhaps, in a great degree to not having mixed much with the world, an almost morbid sensibility formed a considerable item in my character, and a feverish anxiety took possession of me to account for the sudden change. It was but yesterday that I was allowed to be a handsome, intelligent, prepossessing young man, whose conversation and company were courted by all; and lo! to-day I was a scoundrel! "an outcast from society!" and a being visibly contemned and shunned by every person with whom I came in contact! yet I was conscious of no alteration in myself. I was still, as far as I knew, as handsome, intelligent, and prepossessing as ever; but it was evident that the citizens of London had come to a very different conclusion. The collective wisdom of Gottingen could not have accounted for it; and I wandered about, until the shades of evening began to fall, in a state of hopeless bewilderment. I now found, to add to my stock of comforts, that I had lost my way. This as a stranger, had frequently happened to me before, and I had invariably been courteously shown the right path: but this unfortunate evening, in order to be in keeping, I suppose, with the unfortunate day, my inquiries were disregarded, and I was laughed at, or directed wrong, or told "to follow my nose." At length fatigued and wearied, I staggered into the first reputable hotel that came in my way, seated myself in a vacant box, rang for the waiter, and ordered a pint of sherry.

"Sherry!" said the man, with a marked emphasis and a most incredulous stare.

The waiter eyed me from top to toe.

"I *think* you said sherry, Sir!" said he.

"Sherry," I said.

The waiter moved up to the top of the box, and collected some silver spoons, which were lying about; those he deposited in his pocket. He then went his way, and returned with a modicum of villanous Cape.

"I will trouble you for the money," said he, before setting it down.

I handed him a sovereign in payment. The waiter looked harder than ever. He deliberately chinked it three distinct times upon the table, took down a pair of scales, weighed

it before my face, and then, as it appeared to me, reluctantly proceeded to count out the change upon the table. Between each particular shilling he stole a furtive glance towards me, and when he had concluded, I heard him observe to a sort of under-waiter on leaving the room, "I say, Jem, keep an eye on that 'ere fellow." Jem's office was not of long duration; for, after tasting the delectable beverage set before me, I arose and took my departure.

"A bill of the play," cried a shrill voice in my ear; "only one penny; but you, Sir," added the boy as he surveyed me, "may have it for a half-penny!"

I took the bill, and gave the boy what loose copper I had in my pocket; upon which he stared, thanked me, and said, "I was very much of a gem'man, though I did not look like one." Thankful for even this equivocal compliment, I made my way into the pit of Drury-lane Theatre, in order to lose for an hour or two my own uncomfortable identity in the fictitious joy and sorrows of others. It was rather crowded when I entered, and I had some difficulty in obtaining a seat; but I soon found myself at my ease in regard to room. A large vacant space was speedily formed around me, as if contamination was in my very touch; or, as if every individual was afraid of being suspected of being in my company. This was singularly unpleasant; and determined, if possible, to ascertain the cause, I moved along the seat towards my left-hand neighbor, a stout old gentleman, and commenced venturing a remark on the performances. But my left-hand neighbor, the stout old gentleman, moved still further from me with all possible expedition, transferred his silk handkerchief from his coat into his hat, put his watch into his waistcoat, buttoned up his trousers' pocket next to me, clapped his hand upon it, and exclaimed, "No you don't!" after which he looked round, laughed knowingly, and winked with one eye. Presently all the people near him commenced buttoning up their pockets, laughing, and winking with one eye. I looked behind—every one was so employed. I glanced one eye aside, and then the other—it was all the same. I sought relief by looking towards the stage, but every face before me was turned from it. They were all looking at me; and every individual man among them buttoned up their pockets, laughed, and winked with one eye! This was not to be borne. The perspiration started from my forehead. But what could I do? I could neither resist nor remonstrate; so I leaped up and made my way towards the door. No sooner had I commenced my retrograde movement, than a simultaneous tittering took place among the people who had before winked and but-

toned up their pockets; and cries of "Smoked!"—"Won't do!"—"Too hot to hold him!" with similar equally mysterious ejaculations, saluted my ears from all quarters, as perplexed, irritated and disgusted, I forced my way through the crowd.

I once more found myself in the open air, and the night-chill fell gratefully on my feverish brow. "Why are these things?" thought I; and as my indignation abated, the sickness of heart and sense of forlornness, which in moments of misfortune fall upon the wanderer in a foreign land, came over me. Wearied in mind and body, I proceeded to make the best of my way toward my lodgings, determined to forget in sleep the troubles and vexations of the day, when, in passing the end of a street, the cry of a young female struck upon my ear. This at once aroused me, and I hastened to the spot, where I found a girl struggling with a coxcombically-dressed fellow in a state of intoxication. I, of course, ordered him to desist; he refused. A struggle ensued—a crowd assembled, and just as I was on the point of overpowering my antagonist, I was rudely seized by the collar by two men, who said I must go before a magistrate for creating a disturbance. I immediately explained, that it was not I who was in the wrong; that I was "merely doing what every man with the common feeling of his nature must have done under the circumstances—assisting a helpless and unprotected woman." Upon which, one of the men laid his finger on one side of his nose and gave a peculiar whistle, and the other burst into a coarse laugh, and exclaimed, "Precious blarney!" I then demanded to be taken before the magistrate, feeling assured that I should receive the thanks of the gentleman rather than punishment, when I explained how I had acted. The magistrate, however, would not allow me to speak, but said that my "disgraceful and ruffianly appearance was sufficient to justify the officers in what they had done;" and concluded to my utter astonishment, by ordering me to be taken to prison. "Disgraceful and ruffianly appearance!" How was this? Was I, indeed, myself, or some one else? Surely some extraordinary transformation must have taken place in my outward man, or surely this was most inappropriate language to address to a gentleman with the "finest nose in Hamburgh;" and, as my aunt used partially to add, "a face to correspond." But I had little time for meditation or reflection, for I was immediately dragged like a criminal through the streets toward the prison. I had entertained a high opinion of the jurisprudence of England, and a feeling of admiration towards

her laws and institutions, which amounted almost to reverence; but surely, thought I, this is not justice; and whatever physical obstacles might intervene, I felt there was no moral tie to prevent me from breaking from the officers the first opportunity. Accordingly, in turning a corner, by a sudden jerk I succeeded in freeing myself from their grasp—knocked down the one who endeavored to regain his hold—and amid shouts of "Stop thief!" the barking of dogs, and the loud cries of men, women and children, managed, after many a devious turn, to elude pursuit and reach my lodgings.

Spent and breathless, I threw myself into a chair. My landlady stood gazing upon me, apparently deprived of utterance by the excess of her amazement. In order to appease the good woman's anxious curiosity, I collected my remaining faculties, and detailed to her, as briefly as possible, the fatigues, insults, vexations, and persecutions I had undergone in the course of the ill-fated day, expecting, as a matter of course, a large return of wonder and sorrowful sympathy. To my utter astonishment, however, my narrative appeared to create very little surprise; but gazing at me more intently than ever, my landlady set down the candle, lifted up her hands, and exclaimed, "Why la, Sir! what else *could* you expect? You HAVE BEEN OUT ALL DAY WITH YOUR OLD COAT ON!"

Instantly, and for the first time, I looked at the sleeves. It was even so. The mystery was solved—the truth revealed. An old black coat—old when I went on ship-board, and which had been worn, torn, and soiled on the passage, until it had sunk one hundred degrees below respectability—had been brought on shore and laid in my bedroom by an over-careful German servant. On this eventful morning I had, somehow or other, found my way into it; and, deeply immersed in the Kantian system until a late hour, had, without further thought, started up and proceeded to pay my visits with this piece of sin and degradation on my back! It was plain now why I was a scoundrel, a vagabond, and a suspected pickpocket. I said not a word, but wishing my landlady a good night, went to bed and slept.

When I awoke the next morning, there hung the coat! My determination on the preceding evening had been to have it destroyed—burnt—rent into fragments, and scattered to the winds of heaven! but

"A sadder and a wiser man,
I rose the morrow morn."

"Welcome, old friend!" said I, as I took it up; "I have seen deeper into the heart of things—I have learned more of the mysteries of civilisation and of men and men's

ways, by wearing thee one day, than years of superfine cloth and silken prosperity might have taught me." I spread it out on the table. It appeared a mere old coat no longer. It became a map of moral geography in my eyes, whereon were laid down all the sins and vices of society. What a want of principle the two holes in the elbows denoted! What atrocities lurked in the rent in the skirts! and what manifold shames and infamies lay clustered upon the worn-out collar! Then the utter lack of refinement and intelligence evinced by the bare seams of the back! while the smaller spots and bald places, scattered plentifully over the surface, admirably typified the minor faults and follies of humanity. But yesterday, it was in my eyes a piece of old, useless cloth; to-day it seemed to me of greater potency than Prospero's wand, and endowed with more miraculous powers of transformation. Hang this coat, thought I, upon the back of Talent, and Talent forthwith degenerates into Mediocrity; transfer it to Mediocrity, and Mediocrity immediately sinks into something below contempt. Clothe Humor in it, and Humor becomes coarseness: put it on Wit, and Wit is Wit no longer, but straightway takes the place of forwardness, insolence, and impertinence. How would a delicate flight of fancy be neutralised by that threadbare cuff; and what a world of playful satire would the uncovered edges of these two uncovered buttons annihilate! How pointless (continued I, pursuing my vein of speculation) would fall jests from the unfortunate proprietor of this, which, proceeding from the wearer of one of its unimpeachable brethren, would "set the table in a roar," and shake the sides of respectful and admiring listeners with inextinguishable laughter! Let even Genius himself throw off his mantle, and cover himself with this, and his most ethereal flights would straightway be considered but as the ravings of insanity, and his most profound thoughts as the mysticisms of dullness. Or, if it were possible, let Shakspeare be forgotten, and send Genius in this garment, with Hamlet in his pocket to the manager, and oh! the exquisite criticism he would have to endure! the unchecked rudeness—the mock civility—the paltry condescension he would have to bear! How would such a coat obscure the divinity of the thoughts, and heighten the improbabilities of the plot; and how would the insolent laugh, the small witticism, and superficial sneer circulate round the green-room! Why even the sodden-headed supernumeraries would feel privileged to twit Genius in such a vestment; and back he would come, unrecompensed, with Hamlet in his pocket, to bear as he best might,

"The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely;

The insolence of office, and the spurns
Which patient merit from the unworthy
takes."

"There is more in this than is natural," said I, "if Philosophy could find it out;" and grateful as I felt for the lesson I had received, never did I go forth again, during my residence in London, without instinctively glancing at the condition of the habiliments in which I had bestowed myself; being assured, by experience, that the man is little—the coat is much.

I spent two years in travelling in England and on the Continent; but amid all the varied calls upon the attention and fancy of a young man, never did I lose sight of the extreme difference in the behavior of the world to men wearing the two classes of coats; the one seemed invariably to be regarded as the outward and visible signs of all that was praiseworthy and respectable—the other of all that was vile and despicable. When I have heard a number of people busy chorusing the virtues and good qualities of any man, I have been at no loss to guess the texture of the cloth that covered him; and when I have heard persons railed at as cynics or misanthropes, or stigmatised as reckless, careless, good-for-nothing fellows, I have generally found them to be some originally warm-hearted enthusiasts, who had trod the rough roads of existence in dilapidated and disreputable garments.

On my return to Hamburgh, I found a considerable portion of my uncle's estate settled upon me. The worthy gentleman was quite overjoyed to see me; a wife and a pleasant country-seat on the banks of the Meuse were waiting my arrival, and my good Aunt Annschen admired the formation of my nostrils as much as ever. I married, with as little delay as possible, Amelia Spigelbergh—did not sit up in bed to read Kant; and the wedding night, therefore, contrary to my uncle's prediction, passed off without any "extraordinary" incident.

Since that time, I have also advanced considerably in my relative's estimation by abandoning, in a great measure, the Kantian, and adopting the COATIAN system of philosophy, which the good man is pleased to say has some sense in it; and, though my dislike to the counting-house still continues, yet have I not been idle. During the four years I have been married, I have become an author in a double sense—having finished three children, and five volumes of my great work on the "Coatian System," which when complete, will I trust exemplify in all its various, complex, and mysterious bearings—moral, physical, and intellectual—THE EXTREME DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A MAN WALKING THROUGH THE WORLD IN A GOOD COAT AND A BAD ONE.

Origin of the Moss Rose.

THE Angel of the flowers, one day
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay;
That Spirit, to whose charge is given
To bathe young buds in dews from heaven.
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose,—
“ Oh, fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all are fair,
For the sweet shade thou’st given to me,
Ask what thou wilt, ’tis granted thee.”
“ Then,” said the rose, with deepened glow,
“ On me *another* grace bestow.”
The spirit paused, in silent thought—
What grace was there that flower had not?—
’Twas but a moment. O’er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws;
Thus robed in nature’s simplest weed,
Say, CAN that Rose in grace exceed?

The Uses of Punctuation, Emphasis, etc.

How often do we recognise the most curious verbal errors, and find cause for laughing at incorrect punctuation; emphasis being often laid upon the most improper words! And yet the necessity of correct punctuation is generally acknowledged.

We have heard various instances cited in which the sense of certain phrases was entirely changed, from the omission of a note of interrogation, the misplacing of a comma, or *vice versa*, as the case might be. The following extraordinary instance is from a speech made by Mr. Wilson, 3rd December, 1737, during the debates of the Convention of the State of Pennsylvania, in which he, after observing with reference to the constitution (proposed for the Government of the United States) that, if detached parts are taken of any system, it may be made to appear absurd and inconsistent with itself, proceeds as follows:—“ I do not confine this observation to human performances alone; it will apply to Divine writings. An anecdote which I have heard, exemplifies this observation. When Sternhold and Hopkins’ version of the Psalms was usually sung in Churches. a line was first read by the clerk, and then sung by the congregation. A sailor stepped in just as the clerk was reading this line:—‘ The Lord will come, and he will not;’—the sailor stared: and when the clerk read the next line: ‘ Keep silence, but speak out,’ the sailor left the church, thinking the people were not in their senses.”

Again, with regard to emphasis,—we have heard of a clergyman, who, when reading a certain chapter of the Book of Kings, where an old man addressing his sons desires them to prepare an ass for him to ride, laid the emphasis thus: “ saddle *me*, the ass; and they saddled *HIM*.”

If there be a difficulty in comprehending

these sentences, how much greater must the inconvenience be when the phraseology in general use is considered unintelligible, as was the case with a medical man, who was once summoned to a cottage in Teesdale, where a boy was in need of his services. “ Put out your tongue,” said the doctor; the lad stared in astonishment. Esculapius himself, had he been present, could not have spoken in a tongue more unknown to the patient, than did his disciple. The doctor repeated the request, but with no better effect. The mother of the lad at length came to the rescue, and exclaimed, “ Talk English, doctor; the boy does not understand.” Then, turning to her son, she spoke to him in their *provincial* dialect, which the boy gave instant token of comprehending, for he complied immediately.

We see still, daily, the most ridiculous instances of bad punctuation, false emphasis, and incorrect expression — even amongst those who ought to know better. Let this be reformed, say we!

The Orchis.

IN some of our gardens may be seen a particular species of the Orchis. This flower has a spot in its breast, resembling a bee, sipping its honey. Hence is it called the *Bee-flower*. Langhorne thus alludes to it in his “ Fables of Flora :”—

“ See on that floweret’s velvet breast,
How close the busy vagrant lies!
His thin-wrought plume, his downy vest,
Th’ ambrosial gold that swells his thighs.
Perhaps his fragrant load may bind
His limbs; we’ll set the Captive free,—
I sought the *living bee* to find,
And found the *picture of a bee*!”

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No. 26.—1852.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26.

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PROGRESS OF THE SEASONS.

JUNE, AND "THE LONGEST DAY."

Now misty clouds of purple hue
Are fading from the eye;
And ruddy streaks, which morning drew,
Have left a dappled sky.
The sun has called the bees abroad,
Wet with the early hour,
By toiling for the honeyed load
Ere dews forsake the flower.

WE HAVE, FROM TIME TO TIME, been severe on this changeable climate of ours; and surely not without reason. It is only just now, so to speak, that we have bade adieu to fires on the domestic hearth; and that we have been able to open wide our windows and our doors, to give entrance to the air of heaven. Let us, however, kindly draw a curtain over the trying past, in anticipation of the pleasing future,—for now

Every bathed leaf, and blossom fair,
Pours out its soul to the delicious air.

Yet is it distressing to think, that the "longest day" has already passed, and that the coming days have even now begun to shorten! This, before we have experienced any of the warmth of Summer! We have long been trying to feel poetical, and to imagine we could write beautifully about "Spring;" but alas! our pen has been nerved to the task full many a time, and as often has it failed in the attempt. Nature has "looked lovely" in her vernal attire; but the AIR has been cold, and the winds have been from that stereotyped quarter—the East. Hard work is it for a poet to "sing," during the prevalence of an Easterly wind!

But we believe the time *is* now come, or is coming, when those who are gifted with an elegant and accomplished mind can walk about at large amid the gay creations of the material world; when they can imbibe images at every step, to form their objects and illustrate their positions. Delightful, truly delightful, is the analogy which exists between the external appearances of nature,

and the particular affections of the soul; and most strikingly do they exemplify that general harmony which subsists in all the universe.

WE love to study this analogy. By it, we associate good fortune with a fine morning; ignorance with darkness; youth with Spring; manhood with Summer; Autumn with that season of life, known as "the sere and yellow leaf." Winter we associate with age. THOMSON thus beautifully embodies the thought:

"Behold, fond man!

See here thy pictured life: pass some few years,
Thy flowery Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,—
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene."

We assimilate Summer and Winter too, with good and ill fortune; and the comparison is not inapt.

Availing ourselves of these analogical licences, we may improvise a few pretty ideas—pretty, because seasonable. Perhaps they never ought to be *out* of season! Thus for instance, we may compare a dingle to a smiling infant; a glen to a beautiful girl; a valley to a captivating virgin. When the valley opens into a vale, it may not inelegantly be associated with the idea of a well-formed, finished matron. Then, when we would speak of Sol, the glorious sun, we might almost be excused for saying that he rises from behind beds of coral; that he glides in a universe of sapphire over fields of emerald; mounting his meridian among seas of crystal, and tinging every cloud with indigo, till he finally sinks to slumber among beds of amethyst.

But a truce to lofty flights in the regions of fancy. The season is fast advancing, and we must hasten to enjoy it whilst we may. We will say nothing to-day about strolling through the lovely lanes and enchanting hedge-rows, which are now tempting us all abroad; nor will we dwell upon the delights

of such strolls, and the little innocent incidents connected therewith—such as meeting a marching regiment of young Misses, headed by their “correct” governess, who, when they come to a stile, coughs, and keeps them all stationary till *you* have passed; &c. &c. In our days of boyhood, we resented these little annoying manœuvres on the part of these “prim” pieces of educational parchment, and we *would* look behind us; aye, and “assist!” Why not? What did we see?—only a pretty ankle or two (now carefully concealed by modern drapery and disgusting prudery from the observation of passers-by), and some harmless feats of juvenile gymnastics, followed by much pretty confusion of little ambling feet; also a ruddy tint on the cheek, which it did us good to behold. Health and innocence nestled in that ruddy tint, when *WE* were boys; and many, many times have we saluted it, and imparted that innocence and health to *our own*—rejoicing in “the impression” all the week, and praying for the Sabbath to come round again soon, that we might possess ourselves of it in duplicate.

“Nunc pia simplicitas nostris fugit exul ab arvis!”

But lest we be charged with some hidden meaning, whilst discoursing even in one line of the “unknown tongue,” let us anglicise Virgil’s thought, and lament with him at the “departure (or rather “flight”) of holy simplicity from our fields and hedge-rows.”

“Honi soit qui mal y pense!”

say we. Oh, that we could return to the “innocence of our first estate!” We blush for the world we inhabit. But let us to the garden, whilst its beauty lasts. We have, in a former paper, noticed the roses. They deserved and obtained a separate notice.

’Tis now that the flaring peony (*WE* have in our garden some of the most beautiful of their kind) throws up its splendid globes of crimson and blush color, from out its rich dome-like pavilion of dark leaves. We daily observe, too, the elegant yet exotic-looking family of the amaranths putting on their fantastical attire of fans, feathers, and fringes; and in a few days, we hope to gaze on that most lovely and pathetic little innocent, “Love-lies-bleeding.”

Then again let us behold the Balsams. How these delicate creatures rejoice in the air which is allowed to blow upon them! Like too tender maidens, they have been sighing for this, ever since they came into bloom; not considering, in their innocence, that one rude breath of air would have blown them into their graves.

The Fuchsia next claims our attention. That most exquisitely-formed of all our flowers, native or exotic, is no longer confined

like an invalid to a fixed temperature, but it is permitted to mix with its more hardy brethren in the open air.

Now do the whole tribe of Geraniums “get leave of absence from their Winter barracks,” and are allowed to keep guard on each side of the hall door, in their gay regimentals of scarlet and crimson; carefully and neatly arranged “each under each.” But we must be brief with the rest.

See where the favorite family of the Pinks shoot up their hundred-leaved heads from out their low, ground-loving clump of frosty-looking leaves. They seem in such haste to scatter abroad their load of sweetness, that they break down the polished sides of the pretty green vase in which they are set; and hang about it like the tresses of a school girl on the afternoon of dancing-day.

Now, Sweet Williams (let us rejoice that *OUR* name is “William!”) lift up their bold but handsome faces right against the meridian sun, disdaining to shrink or bend beneath his most ardent gaze. Hence their claim to the name of “William”—a “Conquering” name, that has ever carried and ever will carry all before it!

Now the Columbine dances a *pas-seul* to the music of the breeze. It is her “first appearance this season,” and she performs her part to admiration, notwithstanding her harlequin husband, fritillary, has not been heard of for the last month. The yellow globe flower now flings up its balls of gold into the air; and the modest little Virginia stock scatters its rubies and sapphires, and pearls, purposely upon the ground. Lupins too, are “looking up.” They spread their wings for flight, but cannot for very fondness escape from the handsome leaves over which they seem hovering.

We must on no account take our leave of the garden, before introducing our much-loved, innocent friend Mignonette. She is now making good her pretty name, which all must admire “in whom dwells soul.”

Au reste, the princely poppy, and starry marigold, the innocent little wild pansy, the pretty pimpernel, and the dear little blue germander—these *will* spring up, unasked, all over the garden; and can any of us find it in our hearts to treat them as “weeds?”

MODERN MARRIAGES.—Most of our modern marriages are contracted in the ledger, and concluded according to the weight of the cash-box; some are estimated by the height, length, and breadth of the family pedigree, or by rank and station in life; others again have their origin in blind sensuality, wherein, intoxicated by passion, each idolises the other; but when sober, discovers that a fiend prompted the worship. Then is “married life, harried life,” and the anticipated endless spring proves perpetual winter.—From a little volume called “*Labor stands on Golden Feet.*”

POPULAR DISCUSSIONS.

NO. VII.—THE BOOKSELLERS AND THE READING PUBLIC.

THIS is true liberty,—when free-born men,
Having to advise the public, may speak out;
Who *can* and *will* do this, deserves high praise.

EURIPIDES.

NOW THAT THE CLAIMS of the Crystal Palace have been fully satisfied, and the interest excited thereby amongst "all Nations" has entirely subsided, another great question forces itself upon the British Public,—we mean the "Booksellers' question."

This question is of the last importance to all persons interested in it; for it involves some very serious considerations that cannot be lightly set aside; and as we conceive the matter to come peculiarly within our province for discussion, we will try and sift the "why and because" as well as the tendency of the "movement." The principal facts have already been brought in detail before the public; but as there has been much foreign matter mixed up with them, we will endeavor to place the whole in a clear light, so that "he who runs may read"—the great object sought to be accomplished by this article.

The great publishing houses in London have, in their hot-headed zeal, recently deemed it advisable to interfere with the profits or discounts usually allowed, up to the present time, to certain of the retail dealers. They assign as a reason for this, that some of the retail houses have been in the habit of selling books to the Public at a lower rate of discount than is sanctioned by "the Trade." The discount sanctioned by the trade, to be allowed to the public, is 10 per cent. By some persons 20 per cent. has been commonly allowed!

This arbitrary proceeding on the part of the great houses, who have armed themselves with a power which they do not legally possess, has been denounced in no measured language by Lord CAMPBELL; and "the association" (as the illegal Synod termed themselves) has been dissolved. They admit now, one and all, that they have, by their own insane folly, "put their foot in it." However, the matter will *not* rest here—a crisis is at hand, and the sooner it takes place the better. We give below some remarks by our contemporary, the CRITIC, on this subject, which will be read with interest. We shall to-day confine ourselves to the question of "Authors and the Retail Booksellers;" and show how the former have ever been deeply indebted to the latter. In making this inquiry, we give no opinion about the desolation that appears to hang *in terrorem* over the large number of retail dealers in town and country. We imagine that they *must*, sooner or later,

do as did the Innkeepers on our high roads, resign in favor of the public voice. The public demanded railways, and would have what they wanted; the public also want books at cost price, and vow they will have them. The weakest here must go to the wall.

But let us now show how very greatly authors have been indebted to the retail dealers. Supposing Messrs. LONGMAN & Co. have issued a new work, by an author of unknown merit, and on a subject perhaps not particularly popular. Well, this book, in the regular way of trade, has been taken round and shown to all the retail dealers previously to publication. This has been a customary thing, and it is technically called "Subscribing a Book."

The retail bookseller's judgment not having time to exercise itself to decide, in two or three hasty moments on the merits of the book submitted to him, he looks to the "terms" on which the books are "offered" to him for purchase. He finds that instead of an allowance of 25 per cent., there is on this occasion (only) a temptation put in his way of a still further discount of 5 per cent.; and that any number of books he may choose to order, not fewer than four, will be put down to a six months' account; whereas, if he decided against speculation, and did not order the four copies, he would have to *pay cash* for a single copy (if ordered of him by a customer), and at a rate of profit not exceeding 25 per cent. Under the tempting considerations we have alluded to, very many *extra* copies of a book would be, and have been, disposed of, and spread over the metropolis—this, to the great advantage of an author.

Let us analyse this principle closer. If an obstinate author,—most authors are so! were by his whims and caprices to refuse the houses in Paternoster Row the usual trade allowance,—of course his book would be altogether banished from this grand emporium of literature. *All* the retail booksellers, who flock down here as to the fountain head, not finding the book they wanted to be readily obtained at their usual market, would make no further inquiry for it; and it would die "still born." The author might "advertise" it, as many authors do, to be had at his own private residence; but the sale would be ridiculously small. In fact, the book would, to all intents and purposes, be "burked." The greater therefore the facility given to the circulation of a book, the greater the sale. Few people will trouble themselves to walk about, from shop to shop, without finding the book for which they are in search. If nobody keeps it, they argue it can be good for nothing.

Have we not OURSELVES suffered immensely from this very JOURNAL not having

been obtainable in the various shops of London when asked for? also, of the provincial booksellers? The "character" of our Periodical it is true, has, during its weekly progress, gone abroad; and many people (fortunately for us) have persevered till they did get what they wanted. But it is not so in every instance; and the cost of forcing the JOURNAL by advertisement, and other means, has to us been truly serious. That which by the co-operation of the booksellers might have been effected by the smallest possible outlay, has cost us several hundreds of pounds.* We do not wish to bear unfairly hard upon the booksellers, as we are aware that "periodicals" are troublesome, and occupy time in the collection and in the delivery.† It was this that caused us to issue QUARTERLY VOLUMES as well as weekly numbers; and we need hardly say how materially this has benefited the circulation and notoriety of the work.

If the great houses are to sell their own publications hereafter, over the counter, and the usual avenues for an extended sale and notoriety are to be closed (which no doubt they will be),—then, we tell authors without any fear of being contradicted, that their interests will suffer very material damage; and so they will find it.

With respect to the allowance of 25 per cent. to the retail dealer, we maintain it is not too large for the risk he runs. If a man over-speculate on grocery, meat, or any article of necessary consumption, he can find buyers readily—not so with books, which are essential luxuries. A man may be "fond" of reading, but he may not be able to "afford" to pay for such a luxury. Whereas life MUST be supported, and he MUST *buy* and *eat*.

In the matter of books; if they do not "sell," and the retail dealer has three left on his hands out of four (a not uncommon occurrence), what is their market value? Mere waste paper. We are practically acquainted with all these matters, and speak

* We must here notice the beneficial effect produced by the introduction of the NEW POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS. Authors are now able, independent of the trade, to send their books and periodicals all over the country without a moment's delay, at the rate of 6d. per lb. weight! We have ourselves benefited by this to an immense extent, and shall continue to do so.—ED. K. J.

† Aware of this trouble, we went round to all the various dealers, and offered voluntarily and readily to EXCHANGE *every week, until disposed of*, any copy or copies of the "JOURNAL" that they might purchase. This, although relieving them of all risk, failed to induce them to invest the outlay of even one single penny! Hence is our complaint "reasonable," and their conduct unjustifiable. However, the Post-office authorities have "punished" them sufficiently.—ED. K. J.

feelingly. There are a vast many more interesting matters connected with the subject, to which we shall return. The "Cheap Booksellers" must not be let off scot-free. Meantime let not the *public* imagine for one instant, that they will ever buy books one farthing cheaper because they buy them of the PUBLISHERS who issue them. We shall set this point *quite* at rest, anon.

(From the "Critic.")

Lord Campbell has given judgment against the Booksellers' Association, and it is dissolved. The question now is, what must be done? Public opinion has also pronounced itself strongly on the same side;—of course it applauds those who sell cheapest, even though the effect of it is to destroy thousands of dealers, and make a few great monopolies. Nevertheless the deed is done. Sentence has gone forth against the retail booksellers all over the country, who are consigned to certain ruin. It was for *their* protection only that the association was formed. The Publishers had no personal interest in it. They could have no object in allowing twenty-five per cent. to the retailer, beyond the benefit of the retailer. [This is *very* questionable!]

But the Publishers are told now, that they have no right to concern themselves at all about the retailer; that they have but to sell their books at their own prices, leaving the retailer to determine at what prices he will sell each one, adding to the Publisher's price so much as he considers will remunerate him. Therefore the Publishers must now look to themselves alone, and take no thought beyond their own counters. This is the judgment of Lord Campbell, the desire of the "Times," the proposal of Mr Gladstone, and the resolution of the authors. Let the Publishers, then, bow to the decision, and henceforth regulate their business accordingly.

We would propose to them that they carry out the principle that has been pronounced to be the right one, and that in future they *allow no discount at all*, but *fix their own prices for their books, and sell them at those prices to any person who pays cash for them over the counter*, leaving the buyer to sell them again at any advance beyond this he will or can. This would be the simplest course, the fairest to all, and it would be carrying out the *spirit* as well as the letter of the opponents of the system that has hitherto prevailed. [This, brother "Critic," will never do. "Live and let live" must not be altogether lost sight of; and how *could* a retail dealer "live" under *such* circumstances!]

If, however, the Publishers are not prepared for so full a measure of "justice to all," they are bound, in fairness to themselves, to *reduce their discounts*. The argument of the opponents of the Association is, that the discount of twenty-five per cent. is too great: that the retailer can thrive with less profit than this, and indeed, "the undersellers" have been content with ten or even with five per cent. Such, too, was the effect of the decision of the arbitrators.

So be it. The course of the Publishers is clear. Let them come to a unanimous resolve in future to reduce their discounts to ten, or at

the utmost fifteen per cent. Personally they can have no objection to do so. They are not to be allowed to protect the retailers from ruin, therefore they may now look to themselves alone. Let them accept the terms of their opponents, and regulate their discounts accordingly. Not a day should be lost in this, and it should be done by general consent. It was not noticed in these discussions that nearly the same large allowance is made by newspapers. The "Times" did not say that it was doing the very same thing with its own sale for which it was abusing the Publishers. But so it is. The retailers' allowance thereon exceeds twenty per cent.!

The Authors, strangely enough, suppose, that they would benefit by cheap books! Mr Gladstone recalled the remarkable fact that in England few books enjoy a sale of 1,000 copies, and he attributed this to their being expensive. But he is not aware, perhaps, that for price to have a material effect upon the sale of a book, it is not sufficient to reduce a 15s volume to 10s. This would not introduce it to a new class, nor would it tempt those who now borrow at a library or belong to a book-club, to buy it. Unless a book is reduced to such a price that it is but little more expensive *to buy* than *to borrow* it, no such increase of circulation can be obtained as will equal the loss by the diminished price. The highest price that will admit of this is 3s. 6d. But the price that most certainly turns the scale between the borrowing and buying, is *one shilling*.

Now a book sold at a shilling, even if largely successful, does not yield sufficient profit to enable a publisher to pay more than a trifling sum for the copyright. We believe that even the "Parlour Library," which has enjoyed the largest sale of any of the shilling books, has not permitted more than £30 being given to any author or translator. Will our best authors be content with such pay for that which, in the usual type, would occupy three volumes? Certainly our best authors will *not*; and then the effect will be a decline in our literature. True, the public will continue to buy and read, in increasing numbers, but they will be content with shilling reprints of old works and American importations, which alone can be sold at that price, because they are not burdened with a copyright; and new books by writers of our day will still be limited to few, and if buyers are few, the price must be large.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

"He who opposes his own judgment against the consent of the times, ought to be backed with UNANSWERABLE TRUTHS; and he who has TRUTH on his side is a fool as well as a Coward, if he is afraid to own it because of the currency or multitude of OTHER MEN'S OPINIONS."—
DEFOE.

No. XIII.—DR. GALL'S OWN PREFACE.

FOR a long period, I continued my researches as I had commenced them, urged on solely by my fondness for observation and reflection. Abandoning myself to chance, I gathered for several years all that it offered me. It was not till after having accumulated a considerable mass of analogous facts, that I felt myself in a state

to arrange them in order. I perceived successively the results, and at length had it in my power to go to meet observations and to multiply them at pleasure.

But again, the more progress I seemed to have made, the more everything appeared to conspire against me. Here, a phenomenon supposed something utterly at war with the dogmas of physiologists; there, a consequence presented itself which refused to harmonise with the opinions of philosophers; and here, many fancies were raised respecting the dire influence which my researches were to exert on morality and religion.

In this continual struggle of facts with received notions, what was to be done? Was I to listen to the simple voice of nature, or, to the arrogant counsels of reigning doctrines? Was I prepared to interpret rightly the language of nature? I had so often deceived myself—who could answer for me, that I should deceive myself no more? Was it not a ridiculous pretension for a young man, to hope that his efforts would reveal to him things which for ages had escaped the researches of the greatest observers? On the other hand, supposing that my labors were not to be totally vain, was it not an imprudent and rash enterprise, to oppose opinions so long established in the various sciences; to contradict the anatomists, physiologists, philosophers, metaphysicians, lawyers, &c.?

How many times have I probed my conscience, to determine whether a vicious propensity, unknown to myself, did not guide me in these researches? But, as I could not have foreseen whither they would lead me, no prospect of reputation could have influenced me in pursuing them; and beside, was it the best mode of attaining fame, to venture to announce extraordinary propositions, destitute of probability, and which, if false, must be proved such, at no distant period?

The love of truth, and a conviction of the purity of my views, could alone have inspired me at each step with the confidence and the boldness, necessary for my task. When one has discovered by experiment a series of incontestible truths, he meets all possible doubts and objections with courage. Each doubt resolved, is a difficulty removed; each objection refuted, is an error overthrown. In this manner I soon succeeded in removing the obstacles, and in peaceably pursuing my course. I especially familiarised myself, at an early period, with the following observations, which ought to be deeply engraved in the mind of all observers and of all readers.

The more important a new view may be, and the more nearly the doctrine is likely to touch the affections and interests of men, the greater care should be taken by the author to avoid every kind of rash and arbitrary assertion; but, the moment he announces the truth, he ought to be assured beforehand, that he can produce only good. Let these truths concern the nature of man or the nature of brutes, let them unfold the physical or mental nature of living beings, he will be always able to appeal to the harmony and order which reign in the universe. Is it not the same Creator who has made the moral and

the physical world? Can physical truth be in opposition to moral truth? If certain men cry out at the danger with which a real discovery threatens an established doctrine, they render this doctrine singularly suspicious; for either it is false, or we may justly accuse the weakness and ignorance of the pretended interpreters of God's works.

Nothing can resist the power of truth. Now if the truth remains, and public writers or even governments attach to it pernicious consequences, who does the mischief? On the other hand, is it not at once impious and absurd to maintain that laws and constitutions ought to be founded on imposition, in order to insure the happiness and tranquillity of men?

"Let us respect truth," you will tell me; "but how are we to know that your doctrine of the functions of the brain is the truth?" Truth, as well as falsehood, has its proper physiognomy. This doctrine owes its birth to incontestible facts; these facts have revealed the general laws, in virtue of which they take place; they have led to principles which prove themselves, independently of the facts from which they are deduced: each new fact, whether furnished by chance, or called forth by a mind eager for experiment, becomes a new confirmation of it: this doctrine has introduced clearness, confidence, harmony and stability, where before there reigned only obscurity, vacillation, contradiction, versatility; it explains moral phenomena, and the modifications of these phenomena at different ages and in the two sexes, in different states of health and disease, and in different nations. In man and in animals, it reveals to us the secret of the diversity of instincts, propensities, faculties as well in species as in individuals: from the polypus to man, it demonstrates to us from fragment to fragment, the material causes of the gradual perfection of their intelligence, of which, descending in the opposite direction from man to the polypus, and returning piece by piece, it produces the diminution and the degradation; the numerous propositions of this doctrine, destroying the most accredited errors, naturally sustain and strengthen each other: it is eminently fruitful in application to human affairs, to education, to the arts and sciences, to the study of history, to medicine, to philosophy, morals, criminal legislation, &c.: it opens to the observing naturalist a boundless field for meditation. If these are the characteristics of the truth and utility of a doctrine, I am certain that we shall be more and more struck with the truth and utility of the physiology of the brain, in proportion as it is submitted to more rigorous and multiplied tests.

Strongly impressed with these ideas and supported by these motives, I turned all my attention to the finding of the means which, in the least possible time, would enable me to accumulate the greatest number of facts. I shall speak of these means, when I treat of the propensities and faculties, and their organs, particularly. I will here give a single one, which presented itself when I least thought of it, and which greatly contributed to perfect my works.

The first day of the year 1805, my father, who resided at Tiefenbrunn, in the Grand Duchy

of Baden, wrote me these words; "It is late, and night cannot be far distant; shall I see you once more?" Nothing but such an invitation, joined to the ardent desire which I cherished in my bosom of again seeing my beloved parents, after an absence of twenty-five years, could have induced me to leave my friends and my patients, for a few months. I wished too, to avail myself of this opportunity to communicate my discoveries to the learned men in the north of Germany. That my interview with them might not terminate in propositions and discussions without proof, I took with me a part of my collection. I was always convinced that, without these visible and palpable proofs, it would never be possible to fight victoriously against so many preconceptions, prejudices, and contrary opinions, as I must necessarily meet.

I experienced, everywhere, the most flattering reception. Sovereigns, ministers, philosophers, administrators, artists, seconded my design on all occasions, augmenting my collection, and furnishing me everywhere with new observations. The circumstances were too favorable to permit me to resist the invitations which came to me from most of the universities. By this means, my journey was lengthened far beyond the term which I had first fixed; but there likewise resulted so many discussions of my doctrine, public and private, that it arrived at a degree of maturity which few founders of new doctrines have been able to attain during their lives.

This journey afforded me the opportunity of studying the organisation of a great number of men of eminent talents, and others of very limited capacity, and I had the advantage of observing the difference between them. I gathered innumerable facts in the schools, and in the great establishments of education, in the asylums for orphans and foundlings, in the insane hospitals, in houses of correction and prisons, in judicial interrogatories, and even in places of execution: the multiplied researches on suicides, idiots, and madmen, have contributed greatly to correct and confirm my opinions. I have laid under contribution several anatomical and physiological cabinets; I have submitted antique statues and busts to my examinations, and have compared with them the records of history.

After having used, for more than thirty years, such diversified means, I no longer feared the danger or the reproach of having precipitated the publication of my great work. I had more reason to apprehend, that the great number of proofs I had furnished in support of each of my propositions, instead of being satisfactory, would prove to the great body of my readers actually alarming. As this first volume will be particularly devoted to the exposition of the moral part of the physiology of the brain, the reader may ask, if a physician has the right to apply his knowledge to the study of morals, the improvement of education, the houses of correction, of prisons, of the penal code, of malefactors, &c. No one disputes, that all institutions and all laws ought to have for their basis the nature of man and the wants of society. Now, to whom does human nature reveal itself more openly, and with less

reserve, than to the physician? Who has more occasion than the physician, to see men in a state of absolute unreservedness? Who is more obliged to study their physical and moral character, and the influence of one on the other? Who is better prepared for it, by accessory knowledge, and by the study of natural sciences? Finally, who remarks and knows how to appreciate, as well as the physician, the influence of food and drink, of temperature, of a critical period approaching, or already present, of temperament, climate, affections, passions, diseases, &c., on the determinations of men? The physician alone by night and day is witness of the most secret events in families, and of their most intimate relations. Virtuous or vicious, the man who suffers and struggles against death can with difficulty conceal from the physician his real character. Who would not wish to have for a friend, the man to whom he confides his wife, his children, himself? The man who, at every hour, must stand ready to devote himself absolutely to his patients, and perhaps to meet death at their bed-side? It is to such a friend, to whom all that relates to human nature is so well known, that men unfold the hidden windings of the heart; they feel obliged to discover to him their weak points and eccentricities, which may guide him more surely in his judgment. Who, like the physician, can trace that extremely delicate line of demarcation which distinguishes immorality, wickedness, and crime, from certain derangements of the mind, so often masked, from imbecility, from madness? Ought not circumstances so numerous, and so favorable, to give the physician profound and certain views of human nature? Let this same physician be endowed with the genius of observation; let him be familiarised with the origin and nature of the propensities and the faculties of man, with the excesses and abuses with which these same propensities and faculties continually menace him, and you will have the best qualities to furnish valuable results, in all cases where the object is to direct sagaciously, and to judge equitably the actions of men. Moses, that great legislator, fixed his principal attention on the physical character of men. Is it not to physicians that men are indebted for an infinity of excellent establishments of police, and for good laws? Since some great men have given several complete treatises on medical police and statistics, as well as on legal medicine, how many instructors and moralists are there, who borrow from medicine those means which they employ with the happiest results!

If all which I have mentioned, is not yet accomplished, it is because, neglecting the useful example of the ancient sages of Greece, men have separated from each other too far, physiology, medicine, education, morals, legislation, instead of appreciating their mutual relations;

* The truth of these remarks must be obvious to all. The sphere of the physician is great and important, and if he would make use of his frequent opportunities to observe nature as modified by disease, the result of his observations would be a valuable contribution to philosophy. We do not mean simply those symptoms which have reference to the physical system only—but those mental manifestations, which change with the different stages of disease.—Ed. K. J.

and still more, because there are few philosophic physicians who can embrace the whole extent of their sphere of activity, and elevate themselves to the full dignity of their rank.

END OF THE PREFACE.

[We shall commence the regular publication of "Dr. GALL's Physiology of the Brain" in our Second Volume. What we have already prefaced it with, has created an appetite which positively seems to know no bounds. TRUTH cannot now remain "stationary."]

Scylla and Charybdis.

SCYLLA and Charybdis, or Scylla and Glaucus rather, is an appalling story of jealousy. Scylla properly belongs to the opposite coast of Naples; but as she and her fellow monster Charybdis are usually named together, and the latter tenanted the Sicilian coast, and the Strait between them was very narrow, she is not to be omitted in Sicilian fable. Charybdis (quasi Chalybdis, *Hiding?* though some derive it from two words signifying to "gape" and "absorb") was a female robber, who, having stolen the oxen of Hercules, was condemned to be a whirlpool, and suck ships into its gulf. But she was a horror not to be compared with Scylla, though the latter was thought less dangerous to pass. It has been thought by some, that by the word Scylla is meant the female sea-dog or *seal*—a creature often found on this coast. Be this as it may (and the seal, having a more human look than a dog, might suggest a more frightful image, to say nothing of its being more appropriate to the water), who was Scylla? and how came she to be this tremendous monster? From the jealousy of Circe. Scylla was originally a beautiful maiden, fond of the company of the sea nymphs, and Glaucus (sea-green), a god of the sea, was in love with her. She did not like him; and Glaucus applied to Circe for help, from her skill in magic. Circe fell in love with the lover, and being enraged with the attractions that made him refuse her, poisoned the water in which Scylla bathed. The result was the conversion of her lower limbs into a set of barking dogs. They were part of her; and when in her horror she thought to drive them back, she found herself "hauling" them with her—one creature, says Ovid, hauling many—

"*Quos fugit, attrahit una.*"—*Metam.* XIV., v. 63.

This is dreadful; yet Homer's creature is more so. Her proceedings exactly resemble the accounts which mariners have given of a huge sea-polypus—a cousin of the kraken, or sea-serpent—who thrusts her gigantic feelers over the deck of an unsuspecting ship, and carries off a few seamen. There is a picture of it in one of the editions of Buffon. But the dog-like barking, and the terrific head and teeth, to which the imagination involuntarily gives something of a human aspect, leave the advantage of the horrible still on the side of the poet.—LEIGH HUNT.

GOOD TEMPER.—Such is the magical effect of good temper, that it will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FORESTIERA—Ten thousand thanks. We have waited; we will wait, with increased patience. The promise given, we feel *sure* will be redeemed. The Robin, next week.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—WILLIAM C. Your letter is truly welcome. You see yourself how you may walk all over London and not get our JOURNAL! You were right in not taking the one which the dealers tried to foist on you. Our NAME *alone* is our safeguard. Your birds are *well* matched. They will "hatch" the *second* time. The first, is oftentimes a mistake; through *over-anxiety*. The "Maidstone Canaries" next week. —ÆOLUS. In our next.

CORRESPONDENTS sending in any "facts" connected with Science or Natural History, are requested in every case to append *their names and places of abode*. In no instance, however, will their names be published without their express sanction.

To obtain this Paper without any difficulty, our readers need only ORDER it to be sent to them by any of their local Booksellers or Newsvendors. It is published simultaneously with all the other weekly periodicals.

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL.

Saturday, June 26, 1852.

AT THE TERMINATION OF OUR FIRST HALF-YEARLY VOLUME, it will naturally be expected that we shall have a word to say for ourselves. Yet would we greatly prefer to let the Public say it for us. We are but indifferent hands at a speech.

Our candor with the regular readers of this JOURNAL has been such, that we imagine they know almost as much of our affairs as we ourselves know. We have striven hard, both by day and by night, to please the Public and to line our purse. The first we have succeeded in, we believe, to the full—the latter is *empty*—very! The consequence has been, a necessity on our part to deliberate on future movements. This deliberation has convinced us, that to go on, as at present, would be both ridiculous and impossible. We must therefore consider all, up to this period, a dead and heavy loss. We stated as much, in a former number; and intimated our intention to drop the work at Midsummer. "The million," we find, will not support it,—only the choice few, as we have proved.

This announcement of ours, however, has been received by the Public not only with regret, but with kindly-urged remonstrance; and we have been entreated to reconsider our determination.

This re-consideration would have been vain, had not our friends at the same time voluntarily offered, nay *proposed*, to continue our Paper at the more remunerative price of threepence, from and after Midsummer.

This kind proposal we have well weighed, calculating the chances of war.* Some few

subscribers, who prefer quantity to quality, we must expect to lose,—of course. But as our Periodical is one of a peculiar kind,—increasing in interest, and indispensably useful to a large class of the community, we are inclined to hope that our temporary loss will ere long be compensated by *new* adherents to our cause,—and these, *not* in small numbers.

With respect to the proposed advance in price—it is, after all, nothing at all remarkable; for works of a peculiar class (Natural History in particular) are, on the average, issued at the rate of *sixpence* per sheet of sixteen pages. We shall therefore still be *very far* below the usual mark. Certain it is, that at the present price, or even at twopence, a periodical like this *could not be* carried on with success. In this matter, we must own ourselves to have been originally in error. We calculated on a very large sale; and therefore fixed the price at a very low charge. We *now* know better how to judge of the "Public's pulse." Still, it is satisfactory to have made the experiment.

It must be borne in mind, that *all* the toil in the formation of the Volume now about to be issued has fallen on ourself alone. Unaided, we have attended personally,—not only to the literary department, but to the commercial department—every minute circumstance connected with the internal machinery having from the very first day been worked out as well as projected by ourself. If therefore a periodical *so* conducted (its proprietor doing the work of some half-dozen people) cannot be made remunerative at the price of three halfpence, or twopence, it becomes a "palpable fact" that the sooner some change is made the better. As we have before said,—we write to "live" as well as to please; and we feel sure that NOT ONE of our readers who wishes us well would have it otherwise. It will be long, under *any* circumstances, before we can expect any profitable return for our labors,—but we are quite content to view "profit" in the remote distance. What we want is, all we ask is,—aid to defray the actual weekly cost incurred for the production of our Paper. We are vain enough to believe, still, that eventually merit *will* triumph. We say "merit," because there *is* some merit attached to a body who works as hard as we do, and who sticks to it so very closely. Fortunately, we have the organ of "order" largely developed; and as for our activity, ubiquity, and powers of

—unknown indeed, save by name, but well-known by their valued professions and proofs of friendly feeling. We note this the more readily, because where we might reasonably have expected to find a friend, *there* we have found a Levite. Yet is this "the way of the world!"

* It is pleasing to us, to observe how many kind friends we have in all parts of the country,

locomotion—these are too well known to require to be dwelt upon.

Now for a few words about the prospects of the JOURNAL. It was some little time before we could get a correct insight into what such a work really ought to be. Time, however, has ripened our first immatured arrangements, and the "character" of the work is formed. It is a universal favorite.

This FIRST VOLUME is, doubtless, one of very great interest,—as the elaborate INDEX (now preparing) will show. But this interest is, after all, only just beginning. The subjects that lie before us in the matter of birds innumerable, animals of all descriptions, and a host of popular discussions that are continually brought under our observation,—these, and a multitude of other intensely-interesting topics, are now crowding daily upon us.

Our own long and extensive series of Articles on "British Song Birds" (now only just commenced); a Reprint of the Great Work of Dr. Gall; interesting Selections from new and expensive Works of Merit on all matters of Natural History and Popular Science; Essays and Sketches in every variety of style, and on an endless variety of subjects,—these, and numerous other matters, we have at our fingers' ends, ready for immediate use. In the animal, vegetable, and mineral worlds alone, surely our stores are inexhaustible!

As for our increasingly voluminous Correspondence on Birds, Insects, and animals of every class, together with directions (given and received) for their treatment and cure when ill,—this, of itself, will prove a magnet of the most powerful attraction. Indeed, a CONSULTING JOURNAL, like ours, has claims of no common kind both on the public in general, and on "fanciers" in particular,—inasmuch as there is not another existing periodical devoted to the consideration and discussion of such interesting subjects.

Before concluding our remarks, we must express our unfeigned gratification at having found readers (not a few) among the most "unlikely" of the inhabitants of this great metropolis. We are not ashamed to say, but glory in the fact, that we have seen our JOURNAL in the hands of some of our most humble mechanics, domestic servants of both sexes, and poor tradesmen—many of whom, our Publisher tells us, come for their Paper regularly every Saturday, their countenances radiant with anticipations of real pleasure. And why should these humble, worthy folk, *not* read a Periodical like ours? Surely they have as much right as we have to "think," and admire God's fair creation.

We rejoice in having such readers; and shall try to get more of them. We will,

moreover, venture to assert that, poor as these people are, yet will they be among the very first and foremost in assisting to get our good ship under weigh. *Nous verrons.*

WHEN WE RELATED the personal anecdote of the nest of Robins, located in the "rock-work" of flowers (see page 377), we had little idea that we should have to recur to it with a feeling of sorrow. Yet has something occurred in connection therewith, that *must* be recorded for the benefit of others.

Our readers can be no strangers to the complaints that have been made to us about domestic cats,—nor to the atrocities of which they have oft been proved "guilty." We only wish that we could conscientiously side with those who affirm they are *not* "vermin." We affirm that they are,—and let us prove it.

The eight inmates of the nest, as already described, were thriving nicely. Day by day did we peep at them, and enjoy the delight felt both by the parents and their children, whenever they met. However, one morning we were alarmed by observing the evident foot-prints of a cat or cats, not very far from the nest of robins, whose elevation, as we before remarked, did not exceed eighteen inches from the ground. That the enemy had not yet discovered them, we knew; but we also knew that she soon would do so. We therefore felt bound to protect *all* members of our own family, by taking "precautionary measures."

These precautionary measures consisted in preparing "something" extraordinary, for extra-ordinary visitors. An extra-ordinary visitor *did* come,—and an extra-ordinary cat-astrophe was the result! We had cooked something savory, overnight. In the morning, early, we found that it had disappeared. Rejoiced at the circumstance, we proceeded to congratulate our little friends on their enemy being "dead." Dead she was, sure enough; but before taking her final leave of this world, she had contrived to tear *four* of the robins from their nest, and to decapitate three of them, leaving their corse mangled. The rest *would* have shared a similar fate; but the "charm" we had prepared began to "work." In the act of completing the wholesale murder, "retribution" had claimed the murderer; and her measured length proclaimed her doom. Life had fled; but on her lip there dwelt

"A sense of conscious guilt."

If our readers be gifted with the powers of imagination, let them (feebly it must be) conceive the state of agony in which we found the poor parents,—weeping and wailing over their murdered children. Their cries are even now ringing in our ears.

To examine the living, and to remove the dead, was the work of a few moments only. We found the surviving nestlings paralysed from fright, and shrinking from the touch. One of them had been struck by the paw of the tyrant; and it lay in the nest, cold and motionless. Subsequently, by the care of the mother, and by the warmth imparted by her incubation, it recovered. Every night after this, we erected a wall of close wooden trellis round the rock-work,—thus defying the enemy, and at the same time affording ingress and egress to the papa and mamma. These latter will never forget us, nor our good offices. The young have safely taken their flight (their exodus was a droll sight!); and all now come to the window to greet us throughout the livelong day.

We may remark here, that the nest of five young thrushes, built within arm's length of our window, and of which we before made mention,—have also taken wing.

Hitherto, we have had ONE eye upon the cats. Henceforward, we shall have TWO. We have, moreover, *other* two pairs of eyes actively engaged on the same look-out. These animals have (each) one hundred lives. Some of them, we imagine, are held on a "precarious tenure." WE would not "insure" them!

OUR SUBSCRIBERS are reminded, that it will be needful for them to order IMMEDIATELY, through their respective Booksellers, any of the BACK NUMBERS of this JOURNAL which they may require to complete their Sets.

The Stock is being made up into VOLUMES; and there may be, hereafter, some difficulty, if not an impossibility, of obtaining any particular NUMBER or PART that may be wanted.

A copious INDEX to the First Twenty-six Numbers, with Title-page, Preface, &c., is now ready, price Threepence. This, which is procurable in the same manner as the JOURNAL, is also done up with Part VI., price Thirteen-pence.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Tameness of the Thrush.—I was much pleased with your truly interesting account of the song thrush, which has built so close to your house. Are these birds usually so tame, or is their tameness the result of living in sequestered grounds like yours? It must be delightful to have such sweet visitors near one's window and to see them feed their young.—G. LAMB, *Stockwell*.

[The thrush is a less suspicious bird than most; and therefore it confides more than it ought to do in the good feeling of mankind. London, and its suburbs, can witness the truth of what we affirm. Thousands upon thousands of young thrushes are, while we write, doing penance between bars of iron and wood. Their

parents, for this year, are "wise too late." They will be more cautious for the future. In private gardens, the thrush builds fearlessly. He seems to know that he is there secure. As you seem interested about the habits of the thrush, we transcribe for you a "note" on that bird, which appears in WHITE'S *Selborne*.—"In the neighborhood of Pitlessie, in Fife, a pair of thrushes built their nest in a cart-shed, while four wheel-wrights were engaged in it as a workshop. It was placed between one of the hulls of the harrow and the adjoining tooth. The men were busily employed at the noisy work of joining wood all the day; yet these birds flew in and out at the door of the shed, without fear or dread, and finished their nest with mortar. On the second day, the hen laid an egg, on which she sat, and was occasionally relieved by the cock. In thirteen days the birds came out of the shells, which the old ones always carried off. They fed their young with shell-snails, butterflies, and moths."—Where these birds are unmolested, they love to let you *see* them feed their young; and a pretty sight it is!]

Muscular Strength and Voracity of the Insect World.—Dear Mr. Editor—In a little work I have just been reading, there is a most interesting description given of the all-but incredible power of insects, in reference to *locomotion*. I have copied it, and now send it to the Public's "OWN JOURNAL" for insertion.—"The fables of antiquity have seldom ventured to attribute to the most redoubtable of mythological heroes, such deeds as are every day performed before our own eyes; for the labors of Hercules, and the masonry of the Cyclops, equally sink into insignificance when compared with the most ordinary achievements of the members of the insect world. Should any of our readers be sceptical upon this point, perhaps the following illustrations of super-herculean strength with which the commonest insects are endowed, selected from various sources, may prepare us to credit more easily the facts which we shall have to record in subsequent pages. The common flea, as every one knows, will, without much apparent effort, jump two hundred times its own length; and several grasshoppers and locusts are said to be able to perform leaps quite as wonderful. In the case of the insect, they scarcely excite our notice; but if a man were coolly to take a standing leap of three hundred and eighty odd yards, which would be an equivalent exertion of muscular power; perhaps our admirers of athletic sports might be rather startled at such a performance. Again, for a man to run ten miles within the hour would be admitted to be a tolerably good display of pedestrianism; but what are we to say to the little fly observed by Mr. Delisle, 'so minute as almost to be invisible,' which ran nearly six inches in a second, and in that space was calculated to have made one thousand and eighty steps? This, according to the calculation of Kirby and Spence, is as if a man whose steps measured only two feet, should run at the incredible rate of twenty miles in a minute."—From the same volume, I have collected evidence of the *destructive powers* of certain lepidopterous

insects. It is equally worthy of notice.—“The pine forests of Germany are exposed to the ravages of various lepidopterous insects, such as *Smerinthus pinastri*, and in particular *Gastropacha pini*. Now, a pine tree once stripped of its leaves, or *needles*, as the Germans term them, does not recover like an oak or a sycamore, but dies. Many hundred acres of the finest timber are thus often destroyed in one district. It is an interesting sight to any but the owner, to visit a forest under the infliction of *Gastropacha pini*; the thousands of caterpillars, eagerly feeding, produce a distinct crackling sound as the hard dry pine leaves yield to their persevering jaws. The large moths fluttering lazily about, or perched on the leafless sprays, await the approach of evening, when the game-keepers kindle large fires in the open spaces. Into these, multitudes of the moths fall and are consumed; but this, with all that are destroyed by hand or devoured by birds, would avail little, but for the services of certain insects. Among these, the *Calosoma* is one of the most active; both larva and beetle mount the trees, and slaughter moths and caterpillars far more than are requisite to satisfy their appetite. Those seasons in which the pine moth is most numerous, are also remarkably favorable to the *Calosoma*, and to several kinds of Ichneumons, which also prey upon the *Gastropacha*.”—I shall have many other interesting communications, dear Mr. Editor, to send you shortly.—NANNETTE.

[A world of thanks be thine, dear Nannette. We knew the handwriting again, though the “signature” was changed. We believe, and wish to believe, that your name is Nannette. It is such a sweetly pretty name!]

Cultivation of the Hop.—I was not aware, Mr. Editor, till recently, that the emanation from the hop was conducive to health. But I find on inquiry that it really is so; and I am naturally anxious to make it extensively known. Dr. WALDROP in his “Diseases of the Heart,” has the following remarks:—“Animals as well as man are instinctively impelled to eat substances when they are out of health, in order to assist the digestion of their food; and no cattle will thrive upon grasses which do not contain a portion of bitter extractive. Even the inhalation of the odor from the *flowers of the hop*, has a very beneficial effect upon the sick; and in Kent, where it is extensively cultivated, those employed in collecting the flowers are so greatly improved in their health, that many persons who are enfeebled, quit the metropolis to ‘pick hops,’ and return to their homes with their appetite and strength materially improved.”—If this were to be inserted in the Public’s “OWN JOURNAL,” with a note by the Editor, it might be conducive to much good.—VIGIL, *Staines*.

[We can most readily believe that hops in a garden are conducive to health, as well as a handsome ornament to the garden itself. Being thoroughly hardy, they will grow anywhere and thrive luxuriantly. We are among their chief patrons, and have pleasure in assisting at their more general introduction.

Notes on the Yellow-hammer.—Last autumn,

Mr. Editor, I bought a young male yellow-hammer, and kept him with a hen canary during the winter. I intended, if possible, to breed from them; but by some neglect on my part, on the 12th of May, Mr. Y. made his escape out of the cage, and took up his abode in some trees opposite the window. Here he remained for two days, occasionally coming and flying to the window of the room in which the hen canary is kept. But he would not enter the room. I then lost sight of him till May 27th. After being away twelve days, I again saw the merry little fellow on the window-sill, calling to the birds in the room; and from that time till now he comes regularly every morning for some seed, or watercress, which I put out for him. He then goes to the cages of some linnets hard by, for water; and he seems to be on good terms with them. During the day, he has been seen feeding in the yard with the fowls and pigeons. On my calling to him from the window, he will answer me, and fly round about the house. For the last four or five days, he has had some sharp work with the sparrows; and this morning, when I put the seed out for him, down came *five* sparrows: a sharp battle commenced between them, and twice was Mr. Y. beaten off the field. Still on he came again, as strong as ever! At last, I was obliged to drive the enemy away, or I think they would have killed him. I do think he would have been a match for any two of them; but five to one was too much for the young fellow! I feel quite reluctant to cage him up again; and yet I fear the sparrows will set on him in a body, some day, and kill him. During the time he was in confinement, he was very tame, and would answer me when I called to him. So far as I could judge, he seemed very fond of the hen, and I think she was also fond of him. I gather this from the fact of her being very restless when he is in sight, and by her keeping on calling to him. I tried to pair her with a male canary after Mr. Y. got away, but she fought him most desperately, and in a manner I never saw canaries fight before. I verily believe she would have killed him if I had not parted them.—J. A. B.

[Is not this a case of “true love?” If so, why not let “two fond hearts” be united? Let us hope that, *for once*, the “course of true love” will run smooth. We admire your hen canary for her propriety of feeling, and revere her for the way in which she “resented” the proposals of a new suitor. “*Ne sutor,*” &c.]

Grapes spoilt by Mildew.—The great injury done to the vines, of late years, by mildew, has caused earnest inquiry to be made about a remedy; and many interesting experiments have been tried to vanquish the enemy. I send you the following, which I have cut from my newspaper. It is in an abridged form, but it will suffice to show the result gained by a practical operator. He says:—“I have tried various experiments, some of which have been only partially successful; but I am happy to say that I have at length hit upon a very simple method of applying sulphur, which has in a short time accomplished all that I could desire—namely, the total extirpation of the mildew from every part of my vines. In the first place, I had the stems and old branches painted

with sulphur and train oil ; but in spite of this, a fortnight afterwards, spots of mildew appeared on many of the leaves, petioles, and young wood. My vexation at the thought of losing my crop for the third time, drove me almost to the regions of despair; but after a little reflection, I threw an ounce of powdered sulphur into a waterpot nearly filled with water, and taking up a syringe I repeatedly squirted the water upon the sulphur till it was properly mixed; and while it was thus held in suspension, I immediately syringed the vines in every direction, using considerable force. This was within two or three days of their coming into bloom. When I examined the vines next day, not a particle of living mildew was visible even under my microscope; but merely the dark spots, where the tiny forests had recently luxuriated, covered with heaps of their demolished stems, thrown together, and glued into a paste by means of their own viscous covering, incrustated with the fine particles of sulphur, so as to resemble rocks of yellowish coral. If the mixture be applied properly, every portion of the vines will be sprinkled with the sulphur; for, by using sufficient force, it will fall like a mist or fine spray, and wherever it falls no mildew can live. I have ascertained that it is not killed by the application of dry sulphur, but it continues to thrive in the intervals of the particles of sulphur, which, in a dry form, do not come into immediate contact with it. Another disadvantage of the dry application is, that it does not adhere to the smooth upright petioles and other parts, as will be found to be the case when applied in the manner I have above described. Should the mildew appear again on the new foliage, which I think very probable, the operation must be repeated until the berries begin to color; after which there is no danger, for the juice has then undergone a change, which this parasite does not affect. When all danger of the mildew returning is past, the sulphur may be washed off with clear water with the same instrument that applied it. This plan is equally available to vines out of doors, and no doubt will prove of the greatest benefit to the vineyards abroad, as also to peach, rose, and other trees."—I have no doubt, Mr. Editor, you will have, in the course of the season, many communications on this subject; and I hope we shall be able, eventually, to triumph over what has hitherto been such an annoyance to us all.—JOHN T., *Clifton*.

[We shall be glad to receive as many "hints" on this subject, as possible. We have witnessed, for several years past, sad havoc made on grape vines by mildew, both in-doors and out-of-doors.]

String made of Gutta Percha.—Among the curious applications of Gutta Percha, I have heard that *string* for tying up plants forms one of them. Are you aware of this, and do you know if it answers?—W. E., *Hampstead*.

[We have not actually *seen* this application, but we have heard it spoken of as being good. The following we find in the *Gardeners' Record*:—"Gutta Percha string is infinitely the neatest article we have yet seen for tying plants. It is soft, flexible, sufficiently strong, and withal so imperceptible as to be scarcely visible. It is made of various sizes, at a price moderate enough

to admit of general employment. We saw it in use in the garden of J. H. Schroder, Esq., Stratford, a short time since, and at a little distance it was not perceivable—though strained from a pot upwards to the flower-spike of an Orchid, with bright yellow blossoms."—From the description, and as it must be durable, we imagine you may safely procure it for the purpose required.]

What Birds do; and what Birds do not do; &c.—Have you seen, Mr. Editor, the very ridiculous anecdotes that are going the rounds of the press, about robins attacking snakes, &c. &c.? These monstrous absurdities do a serious injury to the cause we all advocate; and I think a word or two from *you*, by way of caution, might be of service.—GEORGIANNA M.

[You must remember, fair lady, that this is "the season" for all the enormities of which you complain. Our contemporary, the "Dumfries Courier," is always "immense" in these wonderful stories. So also is our own "Morning Herald." The more outrageous the concoction, the more readily does it gain insertion, till by repetition the monkey's tail, originally ten inches, arrives at the protracted length of as many yards. What a *terminus*! say you. It is. During the last week, we have observed lots of these "preparations" peeping out; but we are "too old" to be caught by them. Nature is uniform in her actions; art puts "too much color in the brush," and is hence readily detected. We shall now see, daily, flourishing accounts of enormous cabbages, tremendous gooseberries, and other "dressed up" monstrosities (*always* exhibited by the vegetable and animal kingdoms at *this* season!). By way of "proof," let us subjoin two of many which have gone the rounds as truth:—"Extraordinary Cauliflower.—On Monday, Mr. J. Draper, of the Globe Tavern, Hatton Garden, who has just returned from a tour in the West of England, produced a monster cauliflower, just brought from the estate of Mr. Mainwaring, of Leominster. This extraordinary (!) vegetable weighed within an ounce of 34 lbs.; in girth it was 6 feet 5 inches; and in height from the stem, 84 inches."—This is headed, "An Extraordinary Cauliflower." Is it not "extraordinary," Miss Georgianna? Let us however append the SECOND. "Curious 'Fact' in Natural History.—Some years ago, [capital!] a single male nightingale made his appearance in the vicinity of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and soon after took up with a female yellow-hammer, and by her, at different times, had several young. Contrary to common opinion, a male hybrid, or *mute* of that progeny, formed a connection with either a common house or a field sparrow, and by her had one solitary young one. Though in every instance the young seem to be healthy, they are remarkably small [invisible we should say!] and seem entirely to have lost the power of song. [No doubt *such* birds must sing "very" small!] They are very cheerful and very tame."—The above, cut from the "Weekly Times," is also travelling about the country. We think, Miss Georgianna, we have "seconded" your wish tolerably well!]

Ravages committed by Song Birds in Gardens, &c.—Dear Mr. Editor, I am now on a visit at a friend's house in the neighborhood of Dorchester, who farms a large estate, and who has an excellent kitchen garden near the house, sloping to the south. I am happy to find, that the gentleman and his sons are all converts to the utility of the rook; but I regret that they pursue regularly and remorselessly a war of extermination against all blackbirds, starlings, sparrows, and tom tits, *cum multis aliis*,—asserting (and I fear not without some reason) the following list of grievances in justification, viz.:—that the blackbirds eat sacks of gooseberries; the starlings great quantities of cherries (having the audacity to get under the nets put over the trees, and not being very easily frightened away); and the sparrows, all the young pea-plants as soon as they show themselves above ground. In a word, the family is obliged to *buy* early peas, although possessed of so large an extent of garden ground! The little tits, I am told, do general mischief; and to wind up all, I find to my horror, that no fewer than two hundred blackbirds, besides large numbers of all the others, have been slain this year *already*. Now, although, I have every wish to advocate their cause to the fullest extent, and indeed have done so to the best of my power, yet I fear I cannot, in the face of such evidence, do so any longer with hopes of success; for persons “convinced against their will, are of the same opinion still.” Now, my dear sir, I want your kind assistance in the shape of “counsel’s opinion” on the subject; so that we may make converts, if possible, of those who doubt the “utility” of these poor little pets. Awaiting such kind counsel, I am, yours, &c.—J. G., Dorchester, June 6.

[You bring a “heavy case” before us, yet would we adjudicate fairly. Whilst we advocate the cause of mercy and kindness to the dumb creation, we must not show any morbid sympathy for their too great increase in numbers. What more innocent and harmless than a lamb, or a pigeon? still, they must be killed both for our use, and for expediency. With respect to the tom-tits, we have recently proved that *they* are “harmless.” Blackbirds *do* love fruit, no doubt; and if they encroach “without leave,” they must, we fear, take the consequences. The same with starlings. These handsome rogues will soon strip a tree of its cherries. They are welcome, and so are the blackbirds, to all *ours*; they prevent us and our children from having the stomach-ache. So do we reconcile their little peculations. But as all the world do not see through the same glass, we fear we must incline towards their being driven away by gunpowder,—frightened however, rather than killed. At *this* season, when they have so many “young” depending on them for food, we call it cruel to slay them. “If they *must* be slain,” and their numbers reduced,—let it be either very early or very late in the season. As regards *sparrows*, we have not one word to say in their favor. They possess *not one* good quality. Their depredations are alarming, and we are inclined to regard them as “vermin.” Still they may be exterminated without cruelty. They increase by armies.]

BIRDS OF SONG.

Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart,
Something to LOVE, to rest upon,—to clasp
AFFECTION’S tendrils round.—MRS. HEMANS.

No XVI.—THE NIGHTINGALE.

UP TO THIS TIME, THE NIGHTINGALE has been keeping us awake the live-long night with the music of his celestial voice,—every grove, every thicket has echoed to his song. What *pleasure* then can it afford us, to sit down and plan in cool blood how we may hold him a prisoner for life,—how confine him by bars of wire, and walls of wood! Yet, as duty and pleasure are not inseparable, and we have undertaken the task,—let us to it with all the nerve we can muster. So now to descend at once to plain prose.

Many persons refuse to keep Nightingales, because of the trouble incurred in procuring them fresh meat, twice daily. It may be some relief to such individuals to point out a “substitute” for raw beef.

We have been acquainted, in our time, with several first-rate Nightingale fanciers; and by interchanging “notes” with each other, we have picked up many facts worth recording. Among others, it appears that the Nightingale will live and thrive both upon German paste and bullocks’ liver.

The former, however, will suit “branchers” and nestlings only. By “branchers” we mean those young birds which are bred here, and caught soon after they have left their parents. By accustoming them, by degrees, to CLIFFORD’S German paste, and stale bun, they will soon get used to it; and if a meal-worm be given them, every morning, the diet will agree well with their constitution. Nestlings and branchers, however, are alone to be *so* fed; and the former must on no account be put on such diet *too suddenly*. Until a nestling is at least six weeks old, he must have succulent food given him. *Then* you may mix a small quantity of German paste with the raw meat, until he acquires a taste for it. We will say nothing about a *relish* for it; for we are quite sure raw beef is, after all that can be said, their *most natural aliment*.

Nestling Nightingales ought to be taken, if taken at all, when about ten days old, and fed with the end of a *stick*, exactly in accordance with the instructions given under the article—“Canary.” Every now and then, when their rapacious mouths are turned up for food, dip your little finger into cold spring water, and let a drop or two dribble into each bird’s throat. It assists their digestion wonderfully.

When it is a *sine quâ non* that a fresh-caught bird, just arrived, should be fed

upon bullocks' liver, bear in mind that raw beef must in the first instance be given him, or he will inevitably die. The liver must gradually be introduced in his food, so that he may get an acquired taste for it. By degrees, the quantity of beef must be lessened, and the liver increased,—the former, eventually, being discontinued altogether.

The proper place to get your bullocks' liver, well boiled, is at the dealers' in tripe. Ask for a pennyworth of the "nut" of bullocks' liver. See that it is quite fresh, and grate it fine on the smaller-sized holes of a bread-grater. A little stale sweet bun may occasionally be rubbed in with it. If your birds thrive on this—and we have known some remarkably fine birds do so—you will be spared a world of trouble and anxiety. Grate your liver every morning, and see that it is sweet. The blow-flies will do their utmost to poison it, the moment they can get at it. When this occurs, change it directly.

The food on which Nightingales live, being an animal substance, causes, when digested, a very offensive smell in their cages. This renders it a matter of imperative necessity to clean and scald their trays *regularly every morning*. When dry, cover them thickly with fine red sand. This will prevent the woodwork from being unduly tainted. You will never regret following out this instruction, to the very letter.

Many, novices, imagine that because Nightingales are caught with mealworms—of which they are remarkably fond—that *therefore* they should be abundantly supplied with them. This is a palpable mistake. It must be borne in mind, that these birds, like many others, when in confinement can get little exercise. Consequently, their digestion is comparatively feeble: and, if fed upon much live food, they would be liable to fits—perhaps to apoplexy. We should recommend not more than one daily. Still, mealworms should always be kept in the house, in case of sickness. When one of these "birds of passage" is ill, nothing is so good as a mealworm to restore him. It acts beneficially on his system. We are induced to be very precise and very minute in our instructions with respect to these birds. When we first commenced treating of them, we thought, and hoped by the way we expressed ourself, that we should deter many persons from attempting to keep them. It seems, however, that the effect has been the extreme opposite from what was intended; and we are daily urgently entreated to give the fullest possible instructions for their being kept in a state of health and song. It fortunately happens that we are well and deeply read in all that concerns the Nightingale. As, therefore, it would be unkind in

us to withhold the knowledge of what will benefit our little "pet,"—seeing that he is "doomed" to be immured in a cage—we will continue to speak clearly and kindly of all that will tend to his well-being in confinement. Let us hope in return, that our advice will be strictly followed.

WHITEBAIT AT GREENWICH.

ON thinking over the various whitebait dinners which have fallen to our lot in the last month—somehow you are sure to find the remembrance of them all "pleasant." I have seen some wretches taking whitebait and *tea*, which has always inspired me with a sort of terror, and a yearning to go up to the miserable objects so employed, and say—"My good friend, here is a crown-piece; have a bottle of iced punch, or a tankard of delicious cider-cup,—but not tea, dear sir; no, no, not tea; you can get that at home—there's no exhilaration in congou." It was not made to be drunk on holidays. Those people are unworthy of the "Ship." I don't wish to quarrel with the enjoyments of any man; but fellows who take tea and whitebait should not be allowed to damp the festive feelings of persons better engaged. They should be consigned to the smiling damsels whom one meets on the walk to Mr. Derbyshire's, who issue from dingy tenements no bigger than houses in a pantomime, and who, whatever may be the rank of the individual, persist in saying, "Tea, sir? I can accommodate your party; tea, sir,? srimps?"

About the frequenters of Greenwich and the various classes of ichthyophagi, many volumes might be written. All classes of English Christians, with the exception of her Majesty and Prince Albert (and the more is the pity that their exalted rank deprives them of an amusement so charming!) frequent the hospitable taverns—the most celebrated gormandiser and the very humble. There are the annual Ministerial Saturnalia just now "on;" and which, whenever I am called in by her Majesty, I shall have great pleasure in describing in these pages, and in which the lowest becomes the highest for the occasion, and Taper and Tadpole take just as high a rank as Lord E. or Lord M. Then there are many "private" banquets here; at which many remarkable sayings and doings take place, which need *not* to be "reported!" There are the lawyers' dinners, too, when Sir F. or Sir W. are advanced to the honor of the bench of the attorney-generalship, and where much legal pleasantry is elicited. The last time I dined at the "Ship," hearing a dreadful Bacchanalian noise issuing from a private apartment, I was informed, "It's the gentlemen of Punch,

sir." What would I not have given to be present at such an assembly of choice spirits! Even missionary societies and converters of Quashimdoos Indians come hither for a little easy, harmless pleasuring, after their labors; and no doubt the whitebait slips in pailfuls down their hungry throats, and is as highly relished by them as by the profane crowd. Then in the coffee-room, let a man be by himself, and he is never lonely. Every table tells its little history. Yonder sit three City bucks, with all the elegant graces of the Custom House and the Stock Exchange. "That's a good glass of wine," says Wiggins. "Ropy," says Figgins; "I'll put you in a pipe of that, to stand you in three-and-twenty a dozen." Once in my presence, I heard a City "gent." speak so slightly of a glass of very excellent brown sherry, that the landlord was moved almost to tears, and made a speech, of which the sorrow was only equalled by the indignation. Sporting young fellows come down in great numbers, with cut-away coats and riding-whips, which must be very useful on the water. They discourse learnedly about the two favorite horses, and say, "I'll bet you three to two of that." Likewise pink-faced lads from Oxford and Cambridge. Those from the former university wear lavender-colored gloves, and drink much less wine than their jolly comrades from the banks of Cam. It would be a breach of confidence to report their conversation; but they really can, and *do* "come out!" Of course there are foreigners. I have remembered many "Mosaic Arabs," who dress and drink remarkably smartly; honest, pudding-faced Germans, who sit sentimentally over their punch; and chattering little Frenchmen with stays, and whiskers, and canes, and little lacquered boots. These worthies drink ale, for the most part saying, "Je ne bois que l'ale moi," or "que la biere est bonne en Angleterre. Et que le vin est mauvais," shrieks out the pigmy addressed; and so they club their sixpence, and remain faithful to the malt-and-hoppish liquor.

It may be remarked, that ladies and Frenchmen are not favorites with inn-waiters, cabmen, and such officials, doubtless for reasons entirely mercenary. I could continue the subject for a week; but, sir, the evening grey is tinging the river; the packet-boat bells are ringing; the sails of the ships look greyer and more ghost-like as they sweep silently by. It is time to be thinking of returning, and so let us call for the bill, and finish with a moral. My dear sir, it is this. The weather is beautiful. The whitebait singularly fine this season. You are sure to be "happy" if you go to Greenwich. Go then; and, above all, TAKE YOUR AMIA-BLE LADY WITH YOU. Ah! if but ten readers will but follow this advice, then shall

I not have taken up my pen in vain; and I shall, moreover, have made ten charming women happy!
L. W.

PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

The Hungarian Musical Company, who have returned to London after a most profitable engagement in the Provinces, are again delighting the Public at the Concert Room of the Princess's Theatre. We presented ourselves, a few evenings since, to bid them welcome,—and what a welcome did they give us!

To say that this "band of fifteen" had improved in their absence, would be absurd—for we believe there is no room for improvement. But we had much varied entertainment, and "novelty" fell upon our ear with increased delight. The overture to "Guillaume Tell," and the Pot-Pourri from "Lucia di Lammermoor," were given with an effect and precision perfectly indescribable. We observe in this Company, what is so much wanting in all our existing orchestras—a unity of feeling, and a unity of action. Where these are found—and we honestly confess to have rarely found them united elsewhere—the *ensemble* is "harmony."

KALOZDY, we observe, has now doffed his uniform; and in so doing he has done right. We were amazed to conceive how *such* sounds as he drew forth from his instrument could have been produced by a person armed to the teeth, as *he* originally was with his national costume. His arm has now free play; and his exertions, though great, must be considerably lessened.

These CONCERTS will be continued for a short season; and we advise all who really love MUSIC and MELODY, to take a ticket for the whole course. The situation is central, and it is accessible to all.

FARMERS' WIVES IN 1550.

From a scarce old Book. "The Boke of Husbandryse," published by Judge Fitzherberd, in 1550.

"What workes a wyfe should doe in generall."

First in the morning, when thou art waked and purposes to rise, lift up thy head, and bless the Lord, and make a sign of the holy crosse—in the name of the Father, the Sonne, and the Holy Ghost, and if thou saye a Pater Noster, a Ave, and a Creed, and remember thy Creator, thou shalt speed much the better, and when thou art up and readye, then first swepe thy house; dresse up thy dysshe-borde, and set all thynges in good order within thy house, milk ye hinde, soyle thy calves, set up thy milke, take up thy children, array thyself, and provide for thy husbandes breakfaste, dinner, souper, and for thy servantes and children, and take thy parte with them, and so ordeyne corne and malt to the myll, to bake and brue withall when

neede is, and mette it to the myl, and fro the myl, and see that thou have thy measure agyne, beside the toll, or else the myller dealeth not truly with thee, or else thy corne is not drye as it should be. Thou must make butter and chese when thou maye, serve thy swyne both morninge and eveninge, and polen (poultry) meate in the morning; and when time of the year cometh, thou must take heede how thy hennes, duckes, and gese do ley, and to gather up thy eggs, and when they were broody to set them there, as no beastes, swyne, nor other vermine hurt them. And thou must know that all hole-footed fowle wyll sit a month, and all cloven-footed fowle will sit but three weekes, except a pen-hen, and such other great fowles as craynes, bustards, and such like. And in the beginning of March, or a little before, is time for a wyfe to make her garden, and to get as many goode seedes and herbs as she can, and specyally such as be good for the pot and for to eate, and as oft as need shall require it must be weded, or else the weeds will overgrow the herbes; and also in Marche is time to sow flaxe and hempe; but howe it should be sown, beten, braked, tawed hecheled, spon, wounden, wrapped, and ouen, it needeth not for mee to shewe; for women be wise enough, and thereof make they shetes, bordclothes, towels, shertes, and such other necessities; and therefore lette thy distaffe be allwaye redy for a pastyme, that thou be not idel. And undoubted a woman cannot get her livinge honestly with spinning on the dystaffe, but it stoppeth a gap, and must be had.

It may fortune sometime that thou shalte have so many thynges to doe, that thou shalt not well knowe where is best to begyn. Thee take hede what thing should be the greatest losse if it were not done, and in what space it would be done; and then thinke what is the greatest losse and there begine.

It is convenient for a husbände to have helpe of his owne, for many causes, and then may his wyfe have part of the wool to make her husbände and herself some clothes; and at the leaste she may have the lockes of the sheep therewith to make clothes, or blankets and coverletes, or both. It is a wise occupation to winnow all manner of cornes; to make malt; washe and wring the clothes: to cut corne, and in time of neede to helpe her husbände to fill the mucke wayne (cart or dung cart), drive the plough, to lode hay, corne: and such other. Also to go or ride to the market, to sell butter, chese, mylkes, eggs, chickens, hennes, pygges, guese, and all manner of corne, and also to buy all manner of necessarie thinges belonging to a household, and to make a true rekening accompt to her husbände what she hath received and what she hath payed. And yf the husbände go to the market to buy or sel, as they oft do, he then to shewe his wyfe like manner. For if one of them should use to disceive (deceive) the other, he disceyveth himselfe, and he is not like to thrive, and therefore they must be true either to other. I could peradventure shew to the husbände of divers poyntes that the wives disceive their husbandes in, and in like manner how husbandes disceive their wives. But if I should do so, I should shew more subtile points of disceite than others of them knew before; and therefore, me seemeth best to hold my peace. [!]

LOVE.—Life's reward,—rewarded *in* rewarding.

Can I?—or Can I not?

THE inward persuasion that we are free to do, or not to do a thing, is but a mere illusion. If we trace the true principles of our actions, we shall find that they are always necessary consequences of our volitions and desires, which are never in our power. You think yourself free, because you do what you will. But *are* you free to will, or not to will; to desire, or not to desire? Pause ere you reply. Again: are not your volitions and desires necessarily excited by objects or qualities totally independent of you?

But you will say, "I feel free." This is a mere illusion, which may be compared to that of the fly in the fable, who, lighting upon the pole of a heavy carriage, applauded himself for directing its course. Man who thinks himself free, is a fly,—who imagines he has power to move the universe, while he is himself unknowingly carried along with it. Let our good readers "chew the cud" of these meditations, and we feel sure they will side with us in opinion. The experience of one single day will test the whole question.

A Word against "Encores."

It seems as if the pleasures of this world, even when the intellectual and the sensual are blended, would never bear attempted repetition. To enjoy one series of sensations *once*, is all that is usually permitted to man. Almost all *encores* are failures, whether of song or situation. The wish to hear and see with feelings which it is impossible we can ever experience again, ungratified, is better than its fulfilment; with the exception, however, of scenery, in which "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." Perhaps the inferiority of any recurrence of a pleasant incident to its original, arises in part from our expecting a similarity of minute circumstances, which never recurs, and feeling disappointed that "another" is not "the same." How often have we since revisited loved spots, where in boyhood we revelled, in the vain hope of experiencing the same delights as of yore! Alas! no. This power of renewing bygone feelings is not given to man. Every successive day brings with it some unexpected change, as many of us too well know to our discomfort.

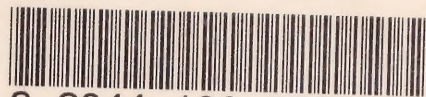
The Land of Pearls.

SOME ask'd, how pearls did grow, and where?
Then spake I to my girl
To part her lips, and shew them there—
The quarrelets of pearl.—HERRICK.

END OF VOLUME I.

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